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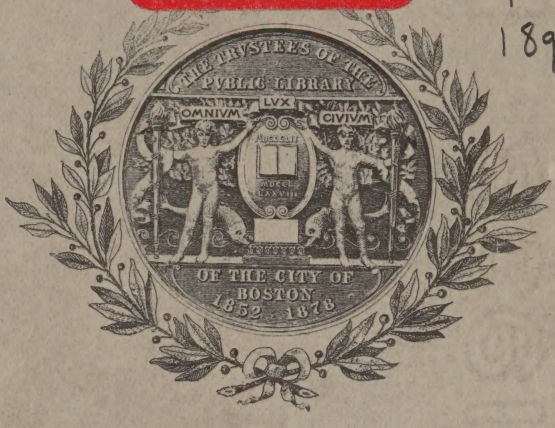

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HIS VANISHED STAR.

I.

It was a great property, reckoned by metes and bounds. A day's journey might hardly suffice to traverse the whole of his domain. Yet there was no commensurate money value attaching to these leagues of mountain wilderness, that bore indeed a merely nominal price, and Kenneth Kenniston's was hardly the temperament to experience an æsthetic gratulation that his were those majestic domes which touched the clouds and withstood the lightnings and lifted up an awesome voice to answer the thunder, or that his title-deeds called for all the vast slopes thence down to the unimagined abysses of the abandoned mine in the depths of the gorge. It was the spirit of speculation that informed his glance with a certain respect for them, as he turned his eye upon the mountains, and bethought himself how these austere craggy splendors were calculated to impress the shallow gaze of the wandering human swallow. He even appraised, in the interest of possible summer sojourners, the rare, pure, soft air with which his lungs expanded. Science was presently set a-prying about the margins of rocky springs, hitherto undiscovered and unnoticed save by oread or deer; a few blasts of dynamite, a great outgushing of exhaustless mineral waters, a triumphant chemical analysis, ensued, and an infusion of enthusiasm began to pervade his consciousness. Such resources — infinitely smaller resources — elsewhere in the world meant a fortune; why not here?

He was an architect by profession, and the aspect of the world seemed to him parceled out in available sites. It cost his imagination, trained by study and enriched by travel, no conscious effort to perceive standing in fair proportions, turreted and terraced, finished to the last finial, the perfected structure of his projected summer hotel, on that level space above craggy heights, facing the moon and the valley, with the background of still greater heights, ever rising, heavily wooded, to the dome towering above. He saw it, as a true architect, in completion; as the wren sees his builded nest, not as the single straw or wisp of hair. Yet the day of small things must needs be overpassed, — of straws and wisps, of struts and purlins, plates and tie-beams. His day of small things was full of wrangling and bitter bafflings, heart-burnings and discouragements. His partners in the undertaking had not been induced to cast their lot with his save by the exercise of infinite suavities of crafty eloquence, overpowering doubt and fear, and indisputable demonstrations of disproportionate profits in the very air. One was a seer in a commercial sort, an adept in prognosticating unexpected expenses for which no covenant of provision had been entered into, and he beheld full-armed disaster menacing every plan save that of his own preference. The other had no imagination whatever, architectural or otherwise. He recognized no needs which required adornment, and measured the taste of the public by his own disposi-

tion to spend money to gratify it. That Kenniston's plans should have come through the ordeal of their councils, with the ever lopping-off incidents common to the moneyed non-professional, retaining any residuum of symmetry or grace or beauty argued much for their pristine value. He regarded them for a time with a sort of pity and affronted tenderness for their maimed estate, but little by little the original intentions faded from his mental view, and he could see with renewed satisfaction the flag flying from the tower without remembering that he had held this octagonal gaud upon the building by main force, as it were, against the iconoclastic grasp of the practical men.

Nevertheless he was relieved to be free of their presence. He felt that it was well that their legitimate business — one as a stock broker, the other a real-estate agent — held them to their desks in the city of Bretonville. The manifest purpose of their creation, he thought, was fully served in their furnishing forth their quota of the sinews of war. He was much younger than either, but he had learned something beyond their knowledge in this internecine strife, and when it became necessary to provide for them occupation, to prevent further interference in the venture which had come to be of most hopeful interest to both, he wrote to them touching the finding of a suitable man to keep the hotel when built, certain that in this quest for a Boniface he had set them by the ears, and relying on their different temperaments to keep them wrangling together and to leave him in peace.

Every sylvan detail of the scene pleased his artistic and receptive sense, as he stood on the great natural terrace, the site of the future building, and surveyed the landscape. It was a phenomenally felicitous opportunity. This plateau projected from a lateral spur of the Great Smoky chain, and faced the southeast. Thus the main body of the mountain range, diagonally across the Cove, seemed strangely near at hand; one could study its chasms and abysses, its jungles of laurel and vast forests, as it were from mid-air; it was the point of view of a bird. Through a gap lower down, the parallel lines of the eastern ranges became visible, elsewhere hidden by the great boundary ridge, — a wonderful fantasy painted in every gradation of blue, from the slaty grayish hue near at hand under the shadow of a cloud, the velvet-like tones of ultramarine beyond, and still further the metallic hardness of tint as of lapis lazuli, till the most delicate azure outline of peaks faintly obliterated its identity against the azure eastern sky. All unflushed the sky was here, although to the left the clouds were red above the western mountains. They closely hemmed in the Cove, heavy, massive, purple and bronze and deeply green, in such limited latitude of color as their lowering shadows would lend. Far down their slopes the river ran, threading the deep forests with elusive glimmers of silver. He could not hear its voice, but from great cliffs hard by the silvery melody of the mineral springs beat upon the air with a rhythm inexpressibly sweet and wild and alluring. So definite it was that it seemed odd that one did not "catch the tune." In an open space some scattered sheep were feeding, — the effect pastoral and pictorial. The whole scene, with its blended solemnity and beauty and dignity, would well accord with the castellated edifice his fancy had set in its midst. It might indeed be a mediæval world upon which the windows should look, instead of the prosaic nineteenth century, so far it would appear from sordid to-day, so well would the fashion of the building aid the illusion, were it not for a section of the foreground immediately below the cliffs of the terrace, where there stood, bare and open and unsheltered, a primitive log cabin, a stretch of cornfields, a horse-lot, a pig-

pen, and all the accessories of most modern and unimpressive American poverty and ignorance. Being near, and bearing human significance, the prosaic little home seemed the most salient point, in its incongruity, in the whole magnificent landscape. The methods of the mountaineer furthered, too, the effect of antagonism. Along the side of one of the ranges near at hand, a great gaunt blackened area bore token of a "fire-scald." Kenniston's eyes rested frowningly on this deep burnt scar upon the face of nature. It came from the pernicious habit of "setting out fire in the woods" in the autumn, to burn away the undergrowth and dead leaves, in order to give freer pasturage to wandering cattle. Here, as is not unfrequently the case, the fire, instead of merely consuming leaves, twigs, and shoots, had gathered strength and fury, burning the giant trees to great blackened, deadened skeletons, bleakly standing, and had devastated some hundred acres. He could see in the sparse shadows the cattle feeding on the lush herbage, and he ground his teeth to reflect upon the alarm any future conflagration would spread among the autumnal lingerers of summer birds, or the catastrophe that might ensue to the chateau on the rocks.

"We *must* buy him out," he muttered. "He *must* be made to go."

Kenniston's heart was as heavy with presage as if his flimsy chateau stood on the cliffs behind him; for it was not to be mediæval in point of strength of materials.

The project of buying out Luther Tems seemed hardly so feasible as when first presented to the minds of the company. Their proposition to this effect had already been made to the astounded mountaineer, and rejected with a plump No. A second and better considered effort, coupled with a disproportionately large pecuniary consideration, had fared no better. There Luther Tems was, and there he meant to stay, as his father and his grandfather had before him to a great age, till Death bethought himself at last of these loiterers in so obscure a corner of the world, and, although belated, gathered them in. The company was now at its wit's end. The place was an eyesore, a trail of the serpent in this seeming Paradise. It was, too, a source of danger and discomfort, and to seek to remove it was one of Kenniston's errands here, as well as to confer with the contractor, in his dictatorial character as one of the company rather than the architect. His visit was so timed that he was on the ground a day or so in advance of his coadjutor, and in furtherance of his project had asked for quarters in Luther Tems's house.

Far was it from Luther Tems, the fear of being over-persuaded. He was a lugubrious presentment of obstinacy, as he sat at his hearthstone. The immovable determination expressed in the lines of his face and the curve of his lips was incongruous with the other characteristics of his aspect. He was not of the gigantic build common among the mountaineers. He was singularly spare and alert, and there was something in his movements and in the lines of his figure which betokened that when endowed with more flesh it had expressed an unusual grace. His features were absolutely regular, and although the eye, sunken amidst a multitude of wrinkles and half hidden by the beetling eyebrow, no longer showed the fine lines of its setting and its pristine color and brilliancy, and his jaw was lank from the loss of teeth, and his well-cut lips were contorted over his quid of tobacco, he still exhibited to the discerning gaze of the architect enough traces of the beauty of his younger days to justify the feminine sobriquet of "Lucy." A good joke it had been in the Cove forty years before, but custom had dulled its edge and hallowed its use, and now he would have had to think twice before he saw aught incongruous in the appellation. It was a convenience in

some sort, too, and averted misunderstandings, for his son bore his name of Luther. Although inheriting a share of his father's good looks, it had been admixed with the "favor" of the Tates, his mother's people, who were a tall, burly folk. He was heavier far than his father, and slower at twenty-four than "Lucy" Tems would be at eighty. The strong resemblance in their faces ended there, for naught could be more unlike the elder than the meditative composure with which the younger man sat and smoked his pipe, and now slowly rose and replenished the fire and seated himself anew. He had nothing in look or motion of the panther-like, dangerous intimation that informed the old man's every gesture and glance. But this expressed itself with a certain supple, feline effect in his daughter, a tall girl, in whom the beauty of his youth was duplicated. She had the chestnut hair, the exquisitely fair complexion with its shifting roseate suffusion, the large beautifully set dark blue eye, the high narrow forehead from which the hair grew backward, but lying on the temples in delicate fibrous waves, — all the fine detail that had graced her father's youth, and that had seemed so wasted on the wild scapegrace boy of the mountains, merely attaining the recognition of ridicule among his fellows, and valueless to its possessor. She wore a dark blue homespun dress that enhanced her fairness, and she sat in a low chair in the firelit log room and busied herself, with a monotonous gesture and a certain sleek aspect, in carding cotton. Kenniston had seen her previously, and in his preoccupied mind she roused no interest, neither then nor now.

He sat down by the fire, among them, much nettled to observe that there was a stranger, a man whom he had never before seen here, ensconced on the opposite side of the hearth. The shadow of the primitive mantelshelf obscured his face, and even when the fire flashed up it barely sufficed to show his burly figure in an attitude of composed waiting and observation.

His presence added an element of doubt and difficulty to the already troublous negotiation, and Kenniston, accustomed to civilized methods, and having expected to carry all before him, felt a sinking of the heart out of proportion to the value of the property he coveted. He had, in his experience, conducted delicate and difficult negotiations, involving large considerations, many parties in interest, and conflicting claims, to a successful issue. And yet, what enterprise so unpromising as to buy from a man who will not sell! So did the half-masked presence of the stranger in the shadow shake his confidence that he did not at once open the subject nearest his heart. A short silence ensued upon the greetings, and he was fain to lay hold upon the weather as a subterfuge.

"It holds fair, colonel," he said.

He used the title in secret derision, as the usual sobriquet of men of dignity and substance in the lowlands. He had scant faith in the existence of any discerning perceptions and delicate sentiments in the minds or hearts of people in homespun; it had served to amuse him at his first meeting with old Tems, when he had not dreamed that so uncouth a character had a part to play upon the elaborate stage of his own future, which was a-building with such care and thought and hope, and he had laughed in his sleeve to observe the simplicity and acquiescence with which the fine title was accepted. He intended its use in no military sense, and he did not learn till afterward that old Tems carried a veritable title, which he had earned on stricken battlefields, and had later commanded a band of guerrillas whose name was a terror and a threat.

Tems took his pipe from between his lips. "It holds fair," he echoed drawlingly; then, "Dunno fur how long," as if to admonish any speculator in the

weather to be not too happy in a vale of such incertitude.

"All signs favor!" A sudden singing feminine tone pervaded the conversation.

Kenniston glanced up. In one corner, a stairway from the attic above came down into the room. A young girl, whom he had not before noticed, was sitting on the steps midway. From this coign of vantage she overlooked the room, and participated in the conversation when moved to do so.

Kenniston fancied that from some real or affected rustic shyness because of his presence she had sought this retirement, for she flushed deeply at his glance, and bent her head over a piece of rough mending which she seemed to be perpetrating on a jeans coat with a gigantic needle and a very coarse thread. She could hardly have seen very well to set the stitches, and as her side was toward him he could ill distinguish her face for the shadow and her industrious attitude and her falling hair.

Julia Tems looked up at her with a laughing glance, half raillery, half sneer. But the brother took up the question with an air of contention; he wanted rain for his corn crop, and he believed the clouds must surely hold it in trust for him.

"The fog war a-getherin' along the mountings this evenin', an' I seen 'bout a hour ago a thunderhead a-loafin' round over Piomingo," he averred with a certain bitterness, as if to protest against the arguing away of these prospects.

"Waal," the singing voice, curiously vibrant, broke forth once more, "we air likely ter git a good full rain, ez would holp up the crap 'fore long, but we ain't goin' ter hev no steady set o' bad weather now. Signs don't favor it."

The old man again took his pipe from his mouth.

"Ye-es. An' a body mought b'lieve from yer talk that ef Satan war ter cotch us by the right leg this week, he 'd be mighty likely ter turn us loose by the lef' leg nex' week." He laughed sarcastically. "All of us air s'prisin' apt ter be suited, no matter how things turn out." He replaced his pipe, adding, with the stem between his teeth, "That 's Ad'licia's notion," and then smoked imperturbably.

The little optimist looked at him with an indignant, affronted gaze for a moment, then bent once more to her sewing.

She had forgotten Kenniston, and her face was fully revealed in the moment that she had turned it on her critic, — an oval face, with a little round unassertive chin, a thin delicate aquiline nose, a small mouth with full lips, the indenture in the upper one so deep as to make it truly like a bow, and widely opened gray eyes that resembled nothing so much as moss agates. They were veiled by long, reddish lashes, and the hair that hung curling down about the nape of her neck was of a dull copper hue. Her complexion was exceedingly white, and she had that thin-skinned look which is incompatible with freckles as annuals; in those milk-white spaces about the eyes were sundry tokens of the sunny weather which even the dark days of winter would not obliterate. Her figure was slender, and she did not look strong. She wore a brown homespun dress, and she bit the coarse thread with a double row of small perfect white teeth as she addressed herself to threading her big needle anew.

"Studyin' 'bout the weather, an' gittin' onhappy 'bout yer buildin'?" demanded old Tems of his guest.

There was a slight twist of the lips suggestive of covert ridicule on his part, as he asked the question.

Kenniston was totally unaware of furnishing in his proper person amusement to the mountaineer, but to his host he seemed a fool more bountifully endowed with folly than any other specimen of the genus with whom Tems had ever been brought into contact, and the projected hotel he accounted a ludicrous impossi-

bility. It was his secret persuasion that most of the population of this country had been slain in the war; he had himself seen much slaughter in its grim actuality. The idea that there were people who would wish to come long journeys to fill that vast projected structure seemed the most preposterous vaporing of imbecility.

"Ain't they got nowhar ter bide?" he would demand, in incredulous pity for the homeless summer birds.

He had come at last to treat it in his own mind as a bubble, a mere brainless figment, and only his courteous instincts prevented this from becoming apparent, although now and again it was perilously near revelation.

"Well, no; I think the weather won't affect my building for a good while yet," answered Kenniston. Then, with a sudden afterthought, and perceiving the opening, "I 'm troubled, though, about the blasting for the coal cellars and wine cellar. There will of necessity be quite an avalanche of fragments of the rock falling into the valley, and I wanted to give you warning of it before it begins."

The look of attention deepened on the old face. The thin old head suavely nodded.

"Thanky, sir. I feel obligated." And old Tems relapsed into silence.

Kenniston was baffled for a moment, but presently he returned to the charge.

"You and your family could leave the premises while the blasting was in progress. It might be inconvenient, but" —

"Yes — ye-es — ef so minded," the ancient householder acquiesced.

"By all means," Kenniston pursued with more energy, stroking his brown whiskers with one hand, while he looked, keenly interrogative, at his interlocutor. "There might be danger, positive danger, in remaining." Then, seeking an ally, and taking hope from the quiescent silence of the stranger in the corner, "*You* agree with me, surely?"

The stranger laughed, a round, vigorous, elastic tone.

"Waal, I reckon ole Cap'n Lucy is about ez good a jedge ez ter the dangers in dealin' in gunpowder ez ye 'll meet up with this side o' Jordan. I 'd be willin' ter leave sech ter him."

"Of course — of course," Kenniston agreed hastily. "Only I am anxious to have no sort of responsibility, — moral responsibility, I mean, — in case of an accident to any member of his family."

He reflected that two of these were feminine, that the sex is to a unit a coward by open confession, and he sought to play upon their fears.

But once more Adelicia interfered to show the more hopeful side of things.

"It 's toler'ble fur from hyar, a right good piece," she turned her head to say before she again bit the thread.

"Not from the site of the first blasting; the wine cellar will be under the billiard-room, which will be in the pavilion at this end of the bluffs." He had waxed warm, excited. "The rock could easily be flung as far as this, and even if no human life were endangered might kill horses or cows, or crash through the roof, or break down the chimney."

"Waal, the comp'ny is a good, solid, solvent comp'ny, ain't it?" said the man in the corner unexpectedly, — "respons'ble in damages?"

Kenniston recoiled suddenly, and Tems pricked up his ears, like the old warhorse that he was. The prospect of conflict in whatever sort was grateful to his senses, and he snuffed the battle from afar. In this, too, he saw his defense and his opportunity. Kenniston would hardly have conceived it possible that, with such inconsiderable adversaries, he could be routed in diplomacy. It was not, however, to bring matters to this point of view that his schemes were designed.

"I hope there will be no need for a demand for damages," he said stiffly. Then, driven back upon his last resource, the simple truth, he continued, turning

toward the man in the corner, "It has been partly to avert all dangers and troubles that the company has been trying to buy out Mr. Tems, at his own price."

"My h'a'thstone hain't got no price," said old Tems acridly.

Kenniston had thrown himself back in his chair with a dogged exasperation of manner. His hands were thrust into the pockets of his short flannel coat. His square chin, glimpsed in the parting of his full beard, was deeply sunken in its lustrous fibres. His lowering blue eyes were fixed on the fire, all aglow, for at this altitude the chill summer nights cannot dispense with the smouldering backlog. His legs, in their somewhat worn integuments of dark flannel and long boots, — for there are penalties to footgear and garb in clambering about these rough mountains, — were stretched out before him, and Adelicia's cat found them convenient to rub against, as she arched her back and purred in the dull red light. He felt at the moment irritated beyond measure. This idea of a lawsuit, craftily interjected by the stranger whom he himself had called into the conversation, might seriously embarrass the proceedings of the company. It could be held *in terrorem* at every point. Nay, it might incite Tems to seek out occasion to make a pretext of injury. It added a prospect of indefinite discomfort and jeopardy to the already harassed present.

"I kin b'lieve that, Cap'n Lucy, — I kin b'lieve that," said the stranger, with a sudden outpouring of his full, mellow, rich voice. Its sonorousness and sweetness struck Kenniston only vaguely then, but he remembered it afterward. "Ye want yer *home*, an' the company wants yer *hut*."

"I don't want thar money, — ain't got no cur'osity 'bout the color of it," old Tems said tartly.

Neither of the younger Temses uttered a word. Luther smoked imperturbably, and Julia, as sleek, as lithe, as supple as a panther, bent her beautiful, clear-cut, distinct face above the cards, which she moved with a flexible elasticity that made it seem no labor. Every line about her was sharply drawn; the very plaits of her glossy hair showed their separate strands, over and under and over again, in the coil at the back of her head. Against the dark wall she had a fixity, a definiteness of effect, like a cameo, in contrast with the somewhat tousled head which Adelicia held back to observe her completed industry. She lifted the mended coat in both hands before her, and contemplated the patch, set on indeed as if it should never come off again, but with what affront to the art of fine needlework!

She was not so absorbed, however, as to be unmindful of the disaffected state of feeling in the room below, and she must needs seek to improve it.

"We ain't so mighty easy tarrified, nohow," she remarked, suavely addressing the information more directly to Kenniston's pretended fears for their safety. "An' ez ter rocks fallin', an' sech," — she turned her head askew to better observe the effect of the flagrant patch, — "I hev tuk notice ez trees streck by lightning mostly falls whar thar ain't no house."

"'Kase thar be mighty few houses whar the trees be lef'," observed old Tems, whose contradictory faculties were called into play every time she spoke.

"Waal, fower hev fell, lightning-streck, sence we-uns hev been a-livin' hyar, an' nare one teched us," she argued.

Kenniston caught his breath. "How long have you been living here, colonel?" The secret gibe came back to him with the sudden secret renewal of his hope.

"Five year, or tharabout," growled old Tems.

"Five year this comin' fall," put in Adelicia, with exactitude. "We-uns lived then nigher sunrise, on the flat o' the mounting, over thar." She nodded with her wealth of bronze curls toward

the east to indicate the direction of the locality.

"And if you would move then, colonel, why not now?" demanded Kenniston.

It seemed as if old Tems would not reply. So deep a scowl had corrugated his face that in its wizard-like aspect not the faintest vestige of his famous ancient beauty remained.

"Burnt out," he growled at last.

"The fire-scald, ye see," explained Adelicia, turning her oval face upon Kenniston.

It had an old-fashioned, even a foreign cast, was his superficial thought, as he gazed up at her in the dusky shadows of the staircase; it reminded him of some antique miniature. But his recognized idea was expressed in the words, echoed in surprise and with a touch of dismay, "The fire-scald!"

"Fire war set out in the woods ter burn the bresh; but the wind sprung up, it did, an' the fire tuk the house an' fence an' all. Ye mus' hev noticed the fire-scald over yon?" Once more she nodded her head in intimation of the direction. "Then we-uns moved down hyar an' raised this house."

Old Tems's surly, disaffected look caught her attention. "But this hyar house air a heap better 'n the burnt one; that war old, fur true, an' I tell ye the wind used ter shake it whenst stormin'. Roof leaked, too. Roof war so old that the clapboards war fastened on with wooden paigs stiddier nails. My great-gran'dad — Cap'n Lucy's gran'dad — did n't hev much modern improvemints, leastwise in blacksmith's gear, when he kem hyar ter settle from old Car'liny."

She glanced down, smiling. Her strangely old-fashioned little face was lovely in smiling, but Kenniston did not heed; he did not even hear her words; he was absorbed in a train of thought that came to him as she talked.

She looked slightly ill at ease for a moment, perceiving the defection of his attention; then, as if to make the best of it, she turned her head and glanced over her shoulder at the man in the corner.

"Ye hev hearn that?" she said.

He nodded. She saw the gleam of his full blue eye. "They called East Tennessee the 'Washington Deestric',' arter them days," he said, his big voice booming out. Then he went on to tell of an old house which he knew, in which wooden pegs also served as nails, as a set-off, it might seem, to the ancient dwelling that perished in the "fire-scald," and presently he was wrangling with old Tems as to the precise route that certain early settlers were said to have taken through the mountains, in which discussion even the silent Luther joined, and Kenniston was left undisturbed to his thoughts.

These thoughts were significant enough. He had seen this vast property of his only once before in all the years that it had been in his possession. It had descended to him in due course, with the rest of the paternal estate, at the death of his father, who had been a successful merchant of Bretonville. He had had some little but well-restrained inclination for speculation, and these miles of mountain fastnesses were a single instance of it, looking to the future development of mineral resources. The abandoned mine in the gorge expressed the failure of hopes of silver and lead, which had led him only for a little while and only a short distance. He himself had never laid eyes on his purchase; but once, in a college vacation, the son, on a pedestrian tour, had stretched his legs to some purpose up and down these steeps and across the line. Kenniston remembered now for the first time how the face of the country had impressed him then, for the fire-scald had so altered its aspect. The slope where the quaint little ante-Revolutionary house was perched had then seemed high and steep. In building anew, Luther Tems had selected a site on more level ground, considerably removed from

the area of the burnt district. Possibly the fear of disaster when those blackened and decaying trees should finally complete their doom and fall, or the vicinage of springs for the essential water supply for man and beast, had served to influence his decision; but he had certainly made a very considerable journey from his former situation, and cut a large cantle out of the Cove in his present settlement.

Kenniston's mind was hard upon the trail of the boundary lines, as his absorbed eyes dwelt on the red fire. They were ill defined in his memory, for when the great body of a man's land, numbering thousands of acres, bears a merely nominal price, a few furlongs amiss here or there in the wild jungle of the laurel are hardly worth the counting. In this particular instance the accuracy of metes and bounds made a difference all apart from actual values. It was his recollection that his lines included all those slopes to the "backbone," a high craggy ridge that ran like a spinal column adown the mountain mass. If this were the case, old Tems had inadvertently set up his staff of rest on his neighbor's land, was himself a mere trespasser, and might be ejected without difficulty in due process of law.

Kenniston stirred uneasily as he contemplated this possibility. In its extreme unpopularity there was a very definite menace. He could ill afford to antagonize the whole countryside. The lawless, illogical mountain population would be arrayed as a unit against his interests. Even single-handed, old Cap'n Lucy seemed formidable, when active aggressions were contemplated. And he could appreciate, too, the seeming injustice, from the rustic standpoint, that, for the frivolous and flippant desire of keeping the landscape sightly for the fastidious gaze of the gentlefolk, an old man and his family must be turned out of house and home. Kenniston knew that although he might pay the full value of Cap'n Lucy's improvements, the popular censor would account this naught if the mountaineer were forced to quit his home against his will.

Nevertheless law is law, and Kenniston could easily forecast the triumphant result of a legal arbitrament. Tems had not been ensconced here, within his own inclosures, claiming as his own, long enough to acquire any title under the statute of limitations, even if he could establish adverse possession. The property was his own, and he would satisfy even every moral claim upon him in paying the interloper the full value of his improvements. At all events, he would have the line run out, and perhaps the land formally processioned.

At the idea of prompt action in the matter, his full red lips, only partially visible through his beard and mustache, were pressed together firmly; his teeth met with a certain stiffening of the jaw into a hard, determined expression; his eyes were cast up suddenly over the primitive humble interior of the cabin with a certain impatience of its uncouthness, so at variance with the gala trim of modern comforts, so homely, so American, so hopelessly, desperately, the presentment of the unprogressive backwoods. Built five years ago, said they! It might have graced the "Washington Deestric'." His white teeth showed, as he half sneered and half laughed. He would, if he might, with a wave of the hand, have swept it and all it represented out of existence; nay, into oblivion. As his eyes came once more to their former point of rest, the fire, they suddenly encountered the intent gaze of the man in the corner. It discomfited Kenniston in some sort, although he could not have said why. His glance fell; he nervously uncrossed and recrossed his legs, and thrust his hands deeper into his pockets. A vague sense of sustaining covert enmity had begun to pervade his consciousness. He could not say whether this were induced

by the mere inception of the unpopular idea of eviction, or whether it were a subtle perception of something antagonistic in the mental attitude toward him of the composed, watchful man who sat in the corner. It was not a furtive observation. It dwelt upon him openly, deliberately, steadily. It held no element of offensiveness; it was so calm, so incidental, so apparently, so naturally, the concomitant of the thoughtful, contemplative pipe, which now and again his hand steadied, or removed to release a wreath of the strong tobacco smoke which pervaded the apartment. Yet Kenniston felt, oddly enough, that it was not an incidental observation. It was charged with much discernment. A discriminating analysis was, he instinctively knew, coupled with it. He began, on his part, to more definitely gauge the two or three fragmentary contributions which the stranger had flung into the talk. The allusion to the solvency of a company and its responsibility in damages savored of a knowledge far beyond the ken of the Cove, this region of primitive barter, where there is neither currency nor commerce; where the operations of far-away courts are but faintly echoed, as of retribution overtaking some reckless and unwary criminal, and the provisions of the law seem merely futile and disregarded devices of lawyers who seek to live upon the people by their enforcement. Then the crafty contrast of the differing estimates of the house, the one as a home, the other as a hut, intimated some definite capacity to play upon the springs of human emotions. He wondered if he had ever before seen this man. He had a good memory, but he did not charge it with the various mountaineers he met, and sometimes he forgot their names, and occasionally their personality. He was restive under this slow, reflective gaze, and he pushed back his chair suddenly and walked away to the door. It was open and widely flaring, and he stood there as if scanning the weather signs.

For so long he had seen the castellated walls of his new building rise upon the great natural terrace of the mountain, above the series of crags, that he experienced a sort of subacute surprise to mark the loneliness and melancholy of the landscape. Only the pinnacles of the mists glimmered in the moon, as unsubstantial as the turrets of his fancy. Below were all the darkling spaces of the night-shadowed forests. Above, the heavily wooded slopes loomed vaguely in the dim light, for the moon was in her first quarter, here showing the gaunt face of a crag, and there a ravine made visible by thronging spectre-like vapors. The stars were bright. Near the great dome he marked the scintillating circlet of the Northern Crown; its splendors seemed enhanced, he thought, by the vicinage of that towering, densely dark mass beneath. So still it all was! He heard the silvery tinkle of the liberated mountain springs near his own site sounding with such freshness, with such elfin spontaneity, with such flexible fantasies of cadence, that one would have imagined he must surely have bethought him how featly the chorusing oreads were singing; it only brought to his mind anew the chemical analysis, and the hordes of valetudinarians waiting to bring all their ills, real and imaginary, to lay them, with more valuable considerations, at the shrine of his Spa.

His sense of difficulties and discouragements took on a new lease, and as he turned impatiently away from the door he almost ran against young Luther Tems, who had come to gaze upon the clouds with that humble, expectant wistfulness characteristic of those votaries of the weather, the farmer class.

"Would you-uns jedge thar war rain in that batch o' clouds settin' ter the south?" he drawled seductively, as if he sought to influence favorably the unprejudiced opinion he asked.

"I 'm no judge of weather signs," Kenniston returned succinctly, although in another mood it would have suited well his satiric bent to invent and promulgate a formula of fictitious barometrical science.

As he glanced loweringly toward the fireside group, thrusting his hands into his pockets and advancing with long steps to his former chair, he was quick to observe that the man in the corner seemed to have determined on a leisurely departure. He had risen, and was returning to his pocket a brier-root pipe, taking the sedulous pains to knock all the ashes out of it on the jamb of the fireplace, which betrays him whose pocket linings have more than once been the scene of an incipient conflagration. Kenniston regarded him, as he stood in the full light, with a disaffected interest, a sort of responsive enmity. And yet there was nothing of itself inimical in this man's bearing. On the contrary, suggestions of good fellowship predominated in his open manner and clear blue eye. He was exceedingly tall, not judging by Cap'n Lucy's elegant and slight proportions, nor by the burlier Luther's height, but by actual measurement. It had been long since he had shaved, — his full yellow beard hung like a golden fleece far down over the breast of his brown jeans coat; his long, straight yellow hair, of the same tint, had its edges upturned in the semblance of curl by the obstacle of his collar. He had a large, bony, hooked nose, which gave a certain strength to his countenance. The fashion of the feature was such as to suggest sagacity in some sort, as of keen instinctive faculties, but its expression was as ferocious as that of an eagle's beak. His mustache hid his lips and was lost in his beard. He wore great spurred boots drawn high over his brown jeans trousers, and a wide-brimmed black wool hat. A faded red handkerchief about his neck now and again showed amidst the hirsute abundance, for he turned his head quickly and vigilantly. He had an air of self-confidence which was somewhat imposing. It constrained in his interlocutor a sort of reluctant acceptance of his own estimate of himself. Kenniston, looking at him with an unacknowledged respect for the untrained natural forces his personality expressed, felt him to be formidable; how, or why, or when, it was not manifest, nor in what sort his conciliation might be compassed, nor how it should be worth the effort. His bland phrases of departure set the man of etiquette ill at ease. Kenniston was accustomed to uncouthness in the mountaineers, even to lowering looks and open expressions of enmity when he or his plans impinged on their prejudices; polite duplicity, the native of drawing-rooms, seemed strangely out of place in this region of paradisaic simplicity of feeling and manner. His own acute social sense and his valued commercial acumen had given him an intuition of this man's aversion to him or his projects, or both; but his hand was feeling yet the stranger's cordial grip, and the sonorous invitation, "Obligated ter hev a visit over at Lost Time," was ringing in his ears.

"Who is that man?" he abruptly demanded of his host, as soon as the jingle of the spurs and the sound of the horse's hoofs were silent on the air. Then, seeking to make his question more incidental, he added, "Seems to be a friend of yours."

Cap'n Lucy and Luther looked at each other, exchanging a grin of derision. The two girls seemed unaccountably embarrassed.

"Waal, stranger," said the old man, "he 's a widower, a sort of perfessional widower."

Luther broke out laughing with a hearty joviality. It surely was not he who had been deluded by the clouds and made the sport of the winds; it hardly seemed possible that he could take so much pleasure in aught save good prospects of the fruits of the earth.

"He hev gin me an' Luther a heap o' trouble, an' we-uns hev tuk a power o' counsel tergether ez ter what we-uns war goin' ter do 'bout it," old Tems continued.

Kenniston, conscious that he had roused some standing joke, cast his slightly satirical glance from one to the other, and with a sort of scornful patience waited their pleasure to enlighten him.

Adelicia, with heightened color and an affronted aspect, was making a great show of inattention; while Julia, with her sleek, deft grace, went on impassively carding cotton.

"He kems hyar a-visitin' the whole fambly, an' thar he sets an' sets; an' Luther loses his sleep, till, follerin' the plough nex' day, he dunno the share from the ploughtail, nor Gee from Haw; purty nigh fit ter fall in the furrow, jes' walkin' in his sleep."

Once more Luther's crude boyish laughter rang against the rafters; this was at all events no somnambulistic demonstration.

"Ef thar was jes' *one* gal in the fambly, Luther an' me would git off gyard jewty; but ez fur ez he lets on he jes' kems ter visit us all, — *all;* an' hyar we hev got ter set, an' watch him cast sheep's-eyes fust at one gal, then at t'other, till Luther an' me air plumb cross-eyed, looking two ways at once."

It was a great mutual possession to have so witty a father and so appreciative a son.

"A' fust," continued the old man, when the filial hilarity had somewhat subsided, "I jes' felt like I could n't spar' either o' the gals. Whenst my darter was born, the fust thing I done war ter buy me a shootin' iron, express fur the fust feller ez kem a-sidlin' round, talkin' 'bout marryin' her, an' takin' her away, an' tryin' ter make her b'lieve ez he was a finer feller 'n her own dad; an' I did n't know — the insurance o' some folks is powerful survigrous — but he *mought* set up ter purtend ter be *better lookin'!*"

His daughter might seem to have shown her appreciation of his famous good looks by adopting them all. As she lifted her eyes and smiled upon the narrator, the brilliant and spirited beauty of her face might indeed be a welcome reminiscence of the time when he, too, wore so fair a guise, and impart a zestful relish of the resemblance.

"An' then Ad'licia, she kem hyar when her mother, my sister Amandy, died. My sister hed married a second time, a mighty mean man, an' whenst I tuk Ad'licia — she war 'bout three year old — I jes' said, 'Yer mam did n't hev much jedgmint in marryin', an' I reckon ye 'll take the failin' arter her; an' ye 'll show sech jedgmint ez ye kin l'arn in marryin' nobody.' An' she agreed: she war n't very young at three, jes' sorter youngish; an' though people mought think she hed n't hed a chance ter view the world on sech a p'int, she hed her senses powerful well in hand. So we made a solemn promise. An' I felt plumb sot up till lately. I don't want nare one of 'em ter marry. A fust-rate man ain't wuth a fifth-rate woman, much less a fust-rate woman," he declared chivalrously. "Leastwise, ye can't git the gals' daddies ter think so. An' now, jes' ez we air all so sot an' stiddy in our minds, hyar kems this widower, this *perfessional* widower; fur he don't show no signs o' bein' nuthin' else! An' we dunno whether he kems ter listen at Julia hold her tongue, or Ad'licia talk, or hear Luther praise God fur the weather, or ter git my best advice on politics. We 'd do ennything ter git shet o' him. He mought hev air one o' the gals, ef he 'd only say *which.*"

And he chuckled as he gazed into the fire.

"What 's his business? Farmer, I suppose?" suggested Kenniston.

"Naw; he hev got a leetle store, — powerful leetle trade, 'count o' the cross-roads store at the settlemint, though he trades right smart. Liberal, too. He 'll

take ennything, — load o' corn, load o' wood, sech like heavy truck ez thar ain't no sale fur ginerally, 'count o' the wagonin' an' roads bein' so heavy. Whenst you-uns git yer railroad put through," — he gave him a rallying wink at this aberration, as he esteemed the projected narrow gauge, — "ye 'll mend all that."

"Oh, yes; you 'll be in touch with the markets of the world then," said Kenniston, with his satiric laugh. "Only a little question of freight rates between you and New York."

This sarcasm did not cut so deeply as one might imagine. It would have been impossible to insert the idea — save with an axe — into old "Lucy" Tems's brain that New York was more important and metropolitan than Colbury, or essentially more remote.

"This Lorenzo Taft ain't been so sociable till lately. That 's what makes me call him a *perfessional* widower," old Tems went on, with a peculiar relish for the designation. "He hev two childern, gal an' boy, an' the gal hev been with her gran'mam down in Blount County till the old woman died; an' now he hev got 'Sis,' ez he calls her, with him, an' he wants a step-mammy fur her! He ain't a-courtin' a wife fur hisself; he 's courtin' a step-mammy fur 'Sis.' An' in course his sheep's-eyes would go cornsider'ble furder with the gals than they do, ef they did n't know that he air jes' out a-trappin' fur 'Sis.'"

"Waal," said Adelicia suddenly, "I dunno ez folks oughter think hard of him fur that, 'kase 'Sis' did look powerful lonesome an' pitiful, settin' up all by herself 'mongst all the men at the store."

"Thar, now!" exclaimed Cap'n Lucy triumphantly, "makin' excuses fur folks agin! I told ye ez ye could n't hold out till bedtime 'thout excusin' this one fur that, an' t'other one fur which."

"Waal," said Adelicia, "it 's a mighty late bedtime."

She was rolling up the coat as carefully as if a first-class triumph of needlework had been accomplished upon it.

"'Sis' did n't 'pear ter me ter need enny lookin' arter whenst I seen her," said old Tems heartlessly. "She 'peared ter be some fower or five hunderd year old, an' stiddy an' settled ter accommodate."

"She be 'bout ten year old," said Adelicia gravely.

"I wonder," said Cap'n Lucy, with a twinkle of the eye, "I *do* wonder ef that thar pernicious way o' makin' excuses fur folks's faults would hold out ef Ad'licia war ter set out ter be somebody's step-mammy!"

Luther suddenly held up his hand with an intent look, bespeaking silence. The rain was coming. From far away one could hear the steady march of its serried columns, now amongst the resonant woods, and now through open spaces, and again threading narrow ravines. A bugle blast of the wind issued suddenly from a rocky defile, and was silent again, and once more only the sounds of that resistless multitudinous advance pervaded the mountain wilderness. Already the influx of air from the open door was freighted with dank suggestions commingled with the odor of dust. For a panic was astir in the myriad particles that lay in heaps in the sandy road; they seemed to seek a futile flight in some inadequate current of the air, and were wafted a few paces along, to fall again upon the ground, and finally to be annihilated by the vanguard of the great body of the torrents. A tentative drop here and there on the clapboards of the roof, increasing presently to a brisk fusillade, and then all individuality of sound was lost in the tumultuous downpour under which the cabin rocked.

Perhaps it was because he had seldom been brought into such close intimacy with the elements that Kenniston found little sleep that night under the rever-

berating roof. He could touch it by lifting his hand in the tiny shed-room beneath the eaves, which was devoted to his use as a guest-chamber. At arm's length, too, with but the thin barrier of the clapboards intervening, was the wild, riotous rain. He seemed in the midst of its continuous beat and thunderous splash, as its aggregations swept from the eaves into the gullies below, so entirely did its turmoils dominate his senses. Now and again the shrill fanfare of the triumphant wind sounded, and a broad, innocuous glare of sheet lightning illumined the little apartment through the multitudinous crevices between its unplastered boards; for this addition to the house was not of logs, like the main structure. He could see, too, at intervals, as he lay in indescribable discomfort on the top of the big feather bed, the landscape without through the open door; for the heavy, close air had induced him to set it ajar. He found a certain interest for a time in these weird illuminations: the great mountains, slate-tinted in the searching yellow glare, with clouds of white vapor hanging about them; the rain, visible in myriads of fine lines drawn perpendicularly from zenith to valley, apparently stationary, as if it were some permanent investiture of the atmosphere; the little porch, low-browed, on which the door of his room opened, and which leaked with a heavy, irregular pattering; and half a dozen dogs lying there, having taken refuge from the storm. A scraggy cedar-tree close beyond held down its moisture-freighted branches, and amongst them he saw once a great owl, business interrupted for the nonce, staring at him with big yellow eyes, as it ruffled up its feathers against the rain.

He was conscious of sustaining the steady, sedate gaze of the nocturnal fowl even when the whole world would disappear as with a bound into the depths of darkness. As if the sound had been restrained by the presence of light, the tumult of rain would seem redoubled upon the roof. The unmannerly elements evidently disturbed no one else in the house. It was as silent as if no life beat within the walls. The very dogs were still. One of them, a fat, callow fellow, with an ill-appreciated sense of a joke, roused them once by facetiously snapping at a sleeping confrère's tail, set wagging by the propitious happenings of dreamland. Whether it was that he had interrupted the gustful gnawing of a visionary bone, or simply that his elder was of a vicious temperament, he was soundly cuffed, rolled over on his fat, round sides, and sent shrieking under the house. He came out after some indulgence of vocal woe on a piercing key, and, perceiving Kenniston, sought to make his acquaintance. Being a shaggy shepherd, his rain-laden hair diffused a peculiarly canine odor throughout the little room; he was used to rebuffs, and it required but a single tweak of the ear to send him, depressed and discouraged, to prosaic slumbers among his kindred.

The lightnings failed. The world was plunged into unbroken gloom. The hours wore on into the deeps of the night. Once, as Kenniston was on the point of losing himself in sleep, he heard a shrill blood-curdling cry, searching out every nerve of repulsion in his body, — a panther shrieking from the terraces of his castle in the air. Even the fierce dogs, lifting their heads to listen, only whined and huddled closer together. When at last he dreamed, his mind clung close to the theme that held his waking thoughts. It was of processioning those wild acres of mountain fastnesses, and the serpentine lengths of the surveyor's chain seemed alive as the chain-bearers dragged it writhing through the grass. And again he was taking off the hospitable roof beneath which he slept, and riving off the doors, and somehow Cap'n Lucy was curiously helpless to resist this desolation of his roof-tree. But the man in the corner was plotting against him, and seek-

ing to excite public animosity; and while he was busy in counterplotting, suddenly Julia appeared, with a strange face, subtle and insidious and sinister, leading the panther which he had heard filling the night with terror. And he was frightened, and awoke.

II.

Lorenzo Taft met the rain halfway to his own dwelling. He pulled his hat over his eyes and bent to his mare's neck before its fury, and although the animal now and again swerved from the bridle path at the glare of the lightning, she carried her master steadily and fleetly enough; and it was not far from his reckoning of the hour that they should pass the Lost Time mine when a broad illumination of the skies revealed the great portal, gauntly yawning in the side of the range, where a tunnel had been made in the search for silver, and abandoned. He pulled up his dripping steed and seemed to listen. Water had risen within, evidently, from the infinite enmeshment of the underground streams and springs that vein the great range; he heard it lapping upon the rocks, as it came pouring along its channel in the tunnel. It played around the mare's fetlocks, and now and again the animal fretfully lifted her forefoot. Another flare of the weird, unearthly yellow light, more lingering, brighter, than the last, showed the swift clear flow of the current, the great bleak beetling rocks of the oval aperture, the trees on the mountain side high above it, and beyond, three hundred yards or so, a little log cabin set upon the slope, which was a gentler declivity here, surrounded by a few acres of cornfield, and the appurtenances of beehives, hen-house, and rickety barn common to the humbler dwellings of the region. He could even see, between the house and the steep ascent immediately behind it, the far-away crags, as the range rounded out, glimmering in the lightning down the vista thus formed.

It seemed the simplest of domestic establishments, and a forlorn little family group met his gaze as he opened the door and stepped within. The fire had dwindled to a few embers; a flickering flare from a handful of chips flung on in anticipation of his return, heralded by the sound of the mare's hoofs, showed the unplastered log room of the region, more unkempt than is usual, and betraying the lack of a woman's hand. The slight preparation for his reception was not the work of a boy of twelve, who sat soundly sleeping in a splint-bottomed chair, his whole attitude one of somnolent collapse, as if he had not a bone in his body, his round face white and freckled, his curly red hair growing straight up from his forehead, his slightly open red mouth of a merry carelessness of expression even in unconsciousness. On the opposite side of the fireplace a little girl was staidly seated. She had a narrow, white, formal little face; thin light brown hair, short and straight and smooth, put primly back behind her ears; a small mouth, with thin, precise lips; a meek eye, with a gentle lash. Her father looked at her with a sentiment of awe rising in his stalwart breast. "Consider'ble older 'n the Newnited States, an' I hed ruther keep house for a regiment o' pa'sons," he commented silently.

She wore a checked homespun dress, spotlessly clean, a dark calico apron, high-necked, buttoned to the nape in the back, shoes and blue stockings, which are rare among the children in the mountains at this season; and despite her limited inches, she was as formidable a spectacle of perfect precocity and prim perfection as ever a man who liked to go his own gait had the pleasure of looking upon. Miss Cornelia Taft was entirely competent to see all that might be going on in her small world, and she had brought her own unalterable standards with her, in her pocket as it were, by which to judge.

There was a little unacknowledged weariness in her expression, and a certain stiffness as she got down out of her chair, which intimated that she was not quite equal physically to her intention to sit up for him. He was about to requite this after the usual manner of those favored with this feminine attention, but she had begun to rake out some Irish potatoes roasting in the ashes, and Lorenzo Taft's remonstrance was subdued from his original intention.

"Look-a-hyar, Sis," he said, "why n't ye go ter bed? Ye must n't sit up waitin' fur me this time o' night. I don't eat no second supper, nohow."

But he was presently disposing of the refection of potatoes, corn bread, and buttermilk in great gulps, while she looked on with her inexpressive, unastonished eye.

"Why n't ye make Joe go to bed?" he demanded, his mouth full, as he nodded at the sleeping boy.

The vaguest expression of prim repudiation was on her face. "He 'lowed he war n't sleepy," she said, with some capacity for sarcasm. She would have mended Joe as if he were a rag doll, but for his stalwart resistance. She did not expend herself in vain regrets. She had cast him and his tatters off forever, unless indeed he should come some day and sue to be made whole.

"Waal," said Lorenzo Taft, bending a perplexed brow upon her, "jes' let him be, an' ye go on upsteers an' go to bed. Ye 'll never grow no higher ef ye set up so late in the night."

The child turned obediently toward the stairs, or rather a rude ladder that ascended to the loft, while Lorenzo Taft paced back and forth in the room with a long, elastic stride, troubled and absent, and only conscious at the last moment that it was a look of the keenest curiosity that the little maid's placid eyes cast down upon him just before she disappeared amongst the shadows of the loft.

He stood still, disproportionately perturbed, it might seem. Then he sought to reassure himself.

"I reckon I ain't much similar ter ole Mis' Jinaway, nohow; an' ez she air useter a quiet, percise ole 'oman's ways an' talk, I mus' seem toler'ble comical, bein' so big an' hearty, an' take big bites, an' talk loud, an' ride in the storm." He paused in the midst of his sophistry. Her look was so intelligent, so keenly inquisitive. "She 's mighty leetle, but" — his caution had returned — "a ca'tridge o' giant powder ain't so powerful bulky. I hev got ter git somebody ter take keer o' her, — or ter take keer o' *me*, sure!"

If the small Cornelia Taft's curiosity had been excited by what she had already observed, she would have thought his subsequent proceedings very strange indeed, could she have supervised them. But her placid little eyelids had closed at last upon her calm little eyes, and a very few gentle homesick tears for a place where they washed the dishes, and swept the floors, and slept in an airy room with the firelight flickering, and mended their garments; if amusement must be had, what gay times she and her grandmother had enjoyed, to be sure, when they raced as they knit their stockings, pausing twice or thrice in the evening to compare speed and measure the accomplished hose! A very strange man she thought her father, and she would have thought him stranger still if she could have seen him presently take a lantern and cross the open passage to the other room of the log hut, which served as store. There were embers here as well, and as he barred up the door again they showed the array of gear needed for a country trade, — knives, shoes, shears, saddles, harness, rope, a little calico, sugar, coffee, salt, and iron. There was a counter at one side, on which stood the scales. It seemed a very commonplace structure, unless one should see him open a door into it on the inner side. This was not a cupboard, which might have been convenient; it gave upon a door in the

puncheon floor, which, lifted, showed a ladder leading to the cellar. He went through, feet foremost, closing the counter door after him as well as the other. He lighted his lantern, not with a coal or flint, as is usual, but with the more modern and progressive match, and then down the ladder he went very warily, for it was a somewhat slight structure, and he was a heavy man. It could be removed, too, in a moment, which added to its insecurity.

And still there was naught apparent which could justify so much caution. The lantern, now fairly alight, revealed empty boxes and barrels, and a scanty reserve of stock similar to the goods which the shelves above showed. He pushed a few boxes aside, took down a board or two of the wall in the rear, and in another moment was in one of the tunnels of the abandoned mine, the wall replaced behind him, and all his traces covered.

Surely, a man was never more ingeniously secure, he thought, as he went at a brisk pace into the depths of the mountain, and it would all be jeopardized by the influx into the Cove of a horde of tourists and summer sojourners that the projected hotel might bring. No exclusive aristocrat was ever more jealous of his seclusion from the roving of his kind than Lorenzo Taft. And then this danger of his own household, his own hearthstone; this silent, disapproving, prying, perfect little primness!

He crossed water once. He never crossed it without remembering the instinct of the deer pursued to put a running stream between its flight and the hunter. The rivulet, very narrow here, flowed in a rocky bed at a swift rate. This was a tributary of the larger torrent that had flooded the mine, and, together with the small output and the inadequate prospect, had caused the work to be abandoned. Two of the miners had been drowned in the catastrophe, and this circumstance had doubtless contributed to the solitude of the locality. It was a place of strange sounds, with the forever-echoing rocks, and few curiosity seekers had ever ventured farther than the great outer portal of the Lost Time mine. Into this tunnel, with which Taft had joined a tunnel of his own secret workmanship, the water had not risen, albeit the lower excavations were all submerged; and as he went dry-shod, he heard the deft patter of his tread on the well-beaten "dirt" path multiplied behind him by the echoes into the semblance of many a following footfall. This illusion might have jarred less accustomed nerves, but Taft had heard this impalpable pursuit so long with impunity that he was hardly likely to heed it now. Something, however, that he sometimes heard, and that was oftener silent, he had learned to watch for, to fearfully mark the sound when it came, and to note its absence with a shuddering sense of vacancy and a chill suspense. It was like the sound of a pick continually striking into the earth, not with a hurried or fitful stroke, but timed with a composed regularity characteristic of the steady workman. Sometimes it seemed far away, sometimes immediately overhead, and again just underfoot. Those who heard it accounted for it readily enough. Who had set the ghastly superstition afoot none might say, but the belief widely obtained that the two lost miners thus wrought continually in the depths of the mountain, digging the graves that had been denied them on the face of the earth. To Taft, the familiar of the dark, the weird, and the uncanny, it seemed a likely enough solution of the mystery, and he nothing doubted it. He could not account for another phenomenon, not so frequent, but often enough forced upon his contemplation to bring him to an anxious pause. Sometimes he heard, or thought he heard, voices, loud, resounding, distinct, — hailing, hallooing voices; and again so uncertain, so commingled, were these vi-

brations, so repetitious and faint, that he could not be sure that they were not merely echoes, — echoes of the talk and mirth of the group of moonshiners whom another turn of the underground passage showed him at their work in the broader space of a chamber of the mine, where the great timbers still stanchly supported the roofing masses of earth, and the walls of sandstone bore freshly the gaunt wounds that the blasting had wrought in their rugged sides.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

WITHIN THE HEART.

Built as in dream, yet firmly wrought,
The starry, shadowed temple grew;
With flowering columns high, of thought,
And heavenward span of arch, wherethrough
Fair visions, with sweet color fraught,
Like angels lightly hovering flew.

By day, by night, it rose aloft, —
From firm resolves within the brain,
Like chiseled stone, though murmuring oft
At toil, the toiler might complain;
For Meekness, with her whisper soft,
Aroused him to the work again.

None saw the sanctuary reared;
Even to the builder it was veiled;
And he, in prayer low bending, feared
His effort worthless; still bewailed
That, longing for a shrine endeared
Within his heart, he yet had failed.

But every flash of light from dark,
And every little deed well done,
And every supernatural spark
From the pure world beyond the sun,
Lent to his outline clearer mark,
And lit the pinnacle well-nigh won.

For all the fibres of his mind
Sprang upward in strong lines of truth;
And all the splendor God designed
Was mingled with his human ruth,
Till his whole being seemed entwined
With him who giveth joy to youth.

So grew the fane his heart within.
The Presence dwelt there: holy fire

Burned where a wreathing incense thin
  Like yearning souls rose higher, higher, —
The utmost altar of heaven to win,
  And quench, in God's will, man's desire.

Each thought of his, a buttress strong,
  The inner temple's wall kept whole.
His heart was roofed with scorn of wrong;
  His faith like steepled bells would roll
Alarm. His words were like the song
  And organ-music of the soul.

This is the story of a man
  Humble and striving, worn and faint,
In whom his fellows did but scan
  His faults, and touch the human taint.
He died, and showed the spirit's plan.
  We saw the man; God saw the saint.

George Parsons Lathrop.

IN THE HEART OF THE SUMMER.

A CONTINUED CALENDAR.

THERE is still a lingering blossom on the quince bush, its breath as sweet as narcissus' own; indeed, the two odors are strangely alike, considering that there is no family tie between the two flowers. The quince blossom perhaps waited, a-tiptoe on the highest branch, until it could see its far-away cousin, the rose, which blooms to-day. It is an unwise love that gathers in this first harbinger of the full-hearted summer, whereas the last token seems to invite fate at our hands.

You thought to possess the first rose?
Ah, but possession was brief;
So fresh as it was, so frail!
At a look, you beheld it turn pale;
  At a touch, it recoiled;
At a kiss, from the lip of the leaf
(Consumed with anger and grief)
The glow and the perfume fail!
You thought to possess the first rose, —
  See how you are foiled!

. . . . . .

Enter Summer, on the seed wings of the maple. All day these pairs of yellow keys have been falling with an indolent twirling motion; the wings, being set at an angle with each other, simulate the butterfly with parted fans. Falling, they soon wither, and then suggest dead insects of the grasshopper family, with frayed deciduous wing tissues. The position invariably taken by the seed on reaching the earth is as though it would hug the ground. The part containing the embryo, being heavier, alights first; however the wind may move the seed about, this part is still directed downward, acting almost like a magical entering-wedge, if chance send it to any smallest crevice in the mellow and welcoming ground. So, I remember, did the "cups" of the acorn disappear into the earth, in an incredibly brief time; while the unconsidered "saucers" remained scattered around beneath the tree. "Nature's germins" descend, as

if impatient to have done with the dark sleep that leads up to the resurrection and the life.

What are the conditions required that the dew should be beaded, as this morning, at the tip of every grass blade? What conditions of temperature, of moisture, or of the blade itself secure this result? It is of the spring and the early summer rather than the later time. Here 's your true dewberry, fruit of a night, of flowerage ripened by morning light; round or oval; white or gray, or sometimes flecked with the colors of the prism, as though belonging to a species that had "escaped from cultivation," — say from the gardens of the rainbow. Contemplation of the dew alone, among the marvels of nature, might suffice as food for a day's wonder.

> Hast seen the constellations of the morn,
> That sparkle in the meadow grass unshorn?
> Hast seen, in liquid guise, the model small
> Of the great crystal sphere that circles all?
> . . . . . .

It was only yesterday that I lived in a world of sweet wayward promise, of tantalizing betokening and suggestion, to be fulfilled or not, as the genius of the year might list. The season was a babe in arms but yesterday. A thousand infantile pinkish little hands were reached out tentatively and helplessly as the old branches put forth their young foliage. Then I was impressed with the subtlety and delicacy of the shadows which this scant foliage cast upon the ground; they were infused with light, as it seemed to me, as though the leaves were not yet opaque, but allowed the sunshine to be strained through them and fall upon the earth beneath, — beneficently tempered by their medium. Then, too, I noticed how the little cottonwood leaves, on the very first day of their enlargement, while yet short of stem and moistly tender, began quivering and flickering, — the characteristic thing for them to do, just as young ducks, on emerging from the shell, run for the water. And how beautiful were the oaks with their soft, rosy-gray young leaves and tassel-like blossoms! I have seen no unfolding leaf-buds so delicate and evanescent in appearance. They seemed designed to last scarcely beyond a flower's term of existence, much less to grow into the tough and vigorous green of the civic spray. Of the grapevine that clambers about the porch and eaves I may say, —

> All the young leaves of the vine
> Ruby are, — as if good wine,
> Coursing through the woody stem,
> Rose to warm and gladden them.

Among these flower-like masqueraders, the leaf-buds of the black walnut and hickory strike me with special delight and wonder. With the colors of the Turk, more pertinently the colors of the tulip, they well suggest how flowers may be but "modified leaves," as the botanists tell us. Or, truce to Science and her truths, these party-colored leaves show us what the poets have always tried to teach us, in their own divine faith: that there is a transcendent premium put upon the spring of the year; that then mere leaves have the beauty of flowers, while flowers undergo a translation that juggles our human senses, as though, for the time being, we sojourned

> "Where the daisy is rose-scented,
> And the rose herself has got
> Perfume which on earth is not."

. . . . . .

So many leaves! At first I had a half impression that I must count them (in order to keep up with my notations and numerations of the untarrying season!); but we soon come to think of these myriads not as so many leaves individualized, but as foliage in the mass. They still appear somewhat tender, somewhat drooping, as though the stems were draped with them. A few days more of this June sun, and the tension and firmness of the leaf will be so increased that it will then have assumed its permanent summer habit.

What at first sight appeared to be a bit of amber honeycomb, hung among some weeds, turned out a nursery of young spiders. When I disturbed this yellow agglomeration, it underwent a strong centrifugal shock: immediately a myriad little globular bodies scattered themselves along radiating webs in every direction, like a shower of gold in miniature; each individual facing towards the circumference of the webby tissue. Repeated disturbance induced additional retreatings from the centre, until the entire nursery was pretty well dispersed through its ancestral halls of gray filmwork.

Clover begins to show the blush, the wind to bring fragrant advices from its territory; and the bees know their Mecca, by the pilgrim hum that makes thither.

Where is the poet's Mount Parnassus
'Mid cloudland heights sublime?
Where now his fountain Helicon,
His Hyblan bees and thyme?

Any green summer-mantled hilltop
His happy feet may climb
Shall be the poet's Mount Parnassus
'Mid cloudland heights sublime!

Any leaf-hidden river-birth
His Heliconian spring,
Around whose brink, disguised as wood birds,
The Muses flit and sing!

Any unsickled, waving meadow,
In June scented and warm,
Shall be to him the slopes of Hybla
With Hybla's murmuring swarm!

Water, earth, sky, these are the prime elements in all Nature's pictures. Why, then, exact that the earth shall be thrown up in certain forms of hill and mountain, or spread out plain-wise, or that such and such antitheses of land and water shall be presented? Can we never be contented unless certain chosen configurations lie before us? It is great Nature everywhere, whether her wearing apparel be trees, rocks, or liquid woof of changeable waters. The creek I know so well proceeds from these so well-known pastures on into more open country, thus aiding the imagination. But all the elements are present in my perspective. If here they seem deficient in beauty and variety, it is my fault, and not theirs. Let me quicken my appreciation.

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Some children brought in a young crow to-day. It had less of callow innocence than any other feathered bantling I had ever seen. It might already have been a hundred years old! Big head; long bill; in its eye, of which the iris is blue, a strange mixture of melancholy and sinister speculation. The crow seems to me the Hebraic type among birds.

The bobolink, in his black robes trimmed with patches of soiled ermine, with his yellow-white head (as if powdered), parades as a bigwig, whose judicial bench is the rail fence. There he turns himself about and about, with an absurd, ruffling gravity and stiff deportment that are most amusing to observe. But as I went through the meadow I thought that the best concerted music to be heard there came from the bobolink's efforts, consisting, as it seemed to me, of solos, quartettes, semi-choruses and full choruses, in delightful alternation. A small flock of these birds will often rise into the air together; and when they have reached the utmost crescendo of their flight, they all at once break into a chime of silvery, tinkling notes, sounding much farther off than the real distance would justify. I hear the syllables "to-link! to-link!" rather than "bobolink!"

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A few moments ago, a humming-bird was resting on the branch of a flowering shrub under the window. He wiped his bill, and deported himself with the deliberation and dignity of the largest bird. His fine shimmering color, an iridescent green, almost makes him pass for a fleck of colored light shot from a prism. As he sat resting his little body, suddenly

swooped down an oriole, taking possession of the flowering shrub and all the demesne, and routing my Ariel. A shabby trick in a bird that swings his palatial home aloft in the proud elm.

We have a very select summer boarder, namely, the catbird that came today and helped herself to a plate of sweet-cake on the table by the window. Ten times she repeated her visit, with many an assertive "chuck! chuck!" and demonstrative flirt of her long tail. Feeding greedily herself, she was off with other sweet morsels, presumably for young ones at home. While she was away, I placed a dish of strawberries beside the dish of cake, to see if fruit would not offer a superior inducement. But no; this winged Sybarite would have nothing but cake, — perhaps with the provident notion that she could procure fruit anywhere out of doors, but not culinary tidbits, which latter were best seized upon when an opportunity presented itself. Be sure such cates and "diets daint" shall not be wanting, dear melodist and droll humorist, whom Grimalkin hears perplexed, not guessing who is the satirist thus mimicking his own mode of expression!

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A child by the roadside stringing strawberries upon a culm of grass. What fragrant, flavorous, dewy, and sunny memories the picture induced! I seemed to know better what was the true quintessence of that wild fruitage than in the days when I was its small purveyor.

How strange that we must in a measure lose our youth in order to possess it! In actual adolescence we are hoodwinked with the idea that age gathers upon us. We are afflicted with the burden of our years and an exaggerated sense of responsibility. We may understand that literal first youth is past — were there no other betokenings — by the fact that we are no longer so weighted with this impression of age and responsibility. By and by we begin to disregard years, to know that we affect very little the progress of mundane affairs, and to account ourselves almost as "quits" with Time and his reckonings. But this feeling of agelessness does not come, unfortunately, till the years have taken toll of us. We must be older in order to be young. "Similia similibus curantur."

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Not till to-day have I heard the chirr of the cricket; it sounded wondrously familiar, like a small but distinct telephonic message from old summers gone. It might have said, "I am the piper that dances the gay season away ere you know it!"

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Passing a sluggish black pool in the woods, I was startled by a sudden rushing and splashing, as of the water itself without other agency. Upon looking again, I saw that the pool was alive with young tadpoles, whose scuttling at my approach had caused the noise. Can that justly be designated *stagnant* water which is the living element of so many organic creatures?

The chewink hopping about among the charred débris of burnt stumps and rotting chestnut logs had blended in his plumage the charcoal and burnt sienna tints of both. He resented loudly our presence, but we did not follow up the clues which his indiscreet expostulations gave of a nest near by. Perhaps we were rewarded for our forbearance by being permitted to discover a brooding thrush on a branch of the tree just over our heads. She suffered our near approach philosophically, remaining as motionless as a bird carved in wood, except for the miraculously quick winking of her round eye; watching us very steadily, however, and no doubt with a palpitating heart. We were almost directly beneath her, and so could see well her smooth white throat with its freckle-markings of brown. It was a little odd that to both

of us her appearance suggested that some frog had acquired the beak of a bird and arboreal habits! This fancy-fact led us to comment on the imputed relationship, in palæozoic time, between bird and reptile. (I hope the thrush did n't understand what we said!)

A needle in a haymow has its analogue, — a wren in a brush heap. How did I chance to see the brown sprite among the brown twigs? Perhaps there was a drawing magnetism in that cunning bright eye. The wren's behavior at first was crisp and disputatious; then there was a trill so sweetly affable, I felt it like an adroit flattery; then, as if having communicated himself too far to a stranger, and growing cautious, he kept his opinions to himself, while he nimbly thridded the meshes of the brush heap.

At this time, the plenitude and festivity of life in the world of nature are everywhere beheld, felt, and heard. The sweet census of existence is every moment swelled, and new participants of the universal joy seem hurrying upon the stage, to play over again the drama, a thousand thousand times played, though by other individuals, in the long evolution of nature. I think of those delicious lines of Keats on the waking of Adonis: —

> "Then there was a hum
> Of sudden voices, echoing, 'Come! Come!
> Arise, awake! Clear summer has forth walk'd
> Unto the clover-sward, and she has talk'd
> Full soothingly to every nested finch.
> . . . Once more, sweet life, begin!'"
> . . . . . .

A breezy day. Phœbe, from the top of the great maple by the bridge, suits her call to the airy gayety of the time, for it is, "breezy! breezy! breezy!" ever and anon, while in the interval I know that she darts some yard's length from her perch, then back again, and that in consequence there is one less ephemeral, gauzy-winged creature to celebrate Midsummer Day.

How thrilling are the alternations of sunshine and shadow, as they pass in rapid succession over the country! They move from west to east. A belt of woodland against the western sky suddenly darkens as the sailing clouds come over, and draws a purple hood over its fresh summer green. The shadow flows on to the brim of the full meadow next the woods, then moves forward; the wonderful undulations of golden-green and purple-green fleeting over the landscape are like the stratified hues I have noticed in the perspective of the Lake. By the time the moving shadow has reached my standpoint the distant woodland flashes into clear sunlight, here and there flinging out its live banners.

The dandelion's hoary globe of pappus might be taken as a symbol of wisdom, of gray hairs and severe musing, in the midst of the boon season. At some distance a company of these gray heads glitter in the sunshine, as though in that spot were a garden of flowers. A ball of dandelion down raised just above the level of the grass seems about to go bounding over its velvety surface, like soap bubbles that children toss in a shawl. It glitters in the sunshine, but at evening shines as if with a pale light of its own, a humble student lamp in the grass.

> The dandelion shows no more
> The sunny disk she sometime bore,
> Wherein Apollo might behold
> His imaged face in finest gold;
> But on the grass she bows her down,
> And stoops, to gain a silver crown,
> An astral circlet gleaming bright,
> Yet soft as snow, as airy-light!
> And now her head she slowly lifts,
> And by the wind spreads subtile gifts.
> Still lack we wit to mark, or heed,
> How, cabined in the drifting seed,
> Through the wide ways of heaven flee
> The light hopes of the year to be.
> . . . . . .

Among the sweets of the season should be counted the grapevine in blossom. Talk of the perfume of the ripe cluster! It scarcely approaches the deliciousness of

the blossom, whose odor resembles that of the lily of the valley. Very curious is the structure of the flower itself. The green corolla, at first tightly fitted around the stamens, is next borne upon their tops, whence it is finally thrust off, like a cap doffed upon a spear, from which it is dropped to the ground.

The flower of the timothy, or herd's grass, is very beautiful, in these fresh mornings lavish of dew. The solid spike set with misty rays held out on all sides at perfect poise is, as it were, a rude stock or holder wherein are thrust so many gracilent, sprite-haunted blossoms. But how soon departing! Whether from the increasing heat of the day, or because their allotted time is brief, when I looked for them at noon yesterday, I found in their place only drooping yellow chaff clinging to the spike. This change affected me more than might the disappearance of a more obvious beauty of florescence, seeming in some special way to emphasize the fugaciousness of the season. But this morning there was a fresh relay of blossoms balancing their precious panniers of pollen dust around the sturdy spike, as their predecessors of yesterday had done.

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A BOOK IN THE RUNNING BROOK.

I'll pluck a tablet from the slaty ledge,
A pen I'll carve me of the straightest sedge,
Then dip it in the bright loquacious brook;
And so I'll write a brief riparian book.

Beyond that grove of reeds the sunbeams sink
Into the polished stream, and make it wink
With dazzling eyebeams; and just here it burns
An hundred sunglasses; and yonder earns
Pactolean honors, — a pure golden-stream
That up its bank reflects a wealthy gleam.
Still further on, what silvery lightnings glance
Where the spent ripples fall into a trance,
As though a sultrier air upon them rested!
Those silvery flashes are the fish white-breasted;
There do they leap in wavy tournament, —
A moment seen, then with the water blent.

A willow by the curving stream I see,
About to leave the habit of a tree,
And to assume (true Ovid, wert thou here!)
The water-nymph in raiment thin and clear.
Her naked foot the lovely changeling dips
Ere down the smooth inclinèd bank she slips,
To lose herself within the wavering stream,
That weaves for her a tunic without seam.

Here walks the peetweet, pied as autumn leaf
Or mildewed ribbon from November's sheaf;
This way a killdeer wings, with startling cry;
A halcyon skims along the imaged sky,
And scares the minnows into deeper coves;
And hither finches come in chattering droves;
The tanager alights and dips his wing,
Once, twice, and thrice, and then, with sudden spring,
He shakes the moisture from his scarlet plumes,
And carries fire into the willow glooms.

Here hum the gauze-winged children of the day,
And waifs unknown from realms of sylph and fay;
And silently the ghostly dragon-fly
Sips the still water, and flits swiftly by.

So, on and on I wrote. The book complete,
I lay it at the winsome naiad's feet:
She smiles her pardon, and the waters lave it;
I leave my pen among the reeds that gave it.

. . . . . .

A good firefly night, warm, still, and dark. I think the firefly must resent brilliancy in the heavens that puts out its own luminary. Gleaming and darkling, coming and going, this least of the wandering stars or planets has its dark side, which at times is turned towards us. The butterfly to the day, the firefly to the night; the one in the livery of the sun and the Orient, the other clothed upon with the lustre of the stars! In some degree, like the maid from the south of Ireland who serves my friends, I too am afraid of the "loights in the grass." Any time, I think, they may become "brave translunary things," and sail away beyond the range of the fly that sips nectar from the cup of the gods, in yonder constellated field.

The other evening, bringing home a handful of flowers from S——'s garden (O lavendered memory of how many such cullings in the dewy dusk, for me!), I was followed, and the flowers were purloined of their sweets, by a great night-

moth, — a true sphinx with a riddle, provoking us to ask if it be not the long-sought connecting link between bird and insect! This elfin creature hovered about the flowers with a humming-bird's poise, motion, and musical accompaniment, using its siphon-like proboscis to sound the honey depths of the flowers. I noticed that, although it occasionally stopped to consider the roses, it invariably returned to its favorite honeysuckle. The long proboscis, or feeder, coiled like a watch-spring, when not in use, perhaps three inches in length, and bent in the middle at a right angle, is scarcely to be seen in the dusk of evening; hence the insect appears to hover quite aloof from the flower, and to woo it delicately rather than to rifle its treasure. The eyes of the insect are two rubies, and the whirring wings must be strong to bear up the weight of its gross body. It was this tidbit which a late robin was anxious to secure, the other evening; but the morsel proved unmanageable or distasteful, for the bird soon dropped it, and went up to his sleeping-chamber in the old maple.

A GARDEN OF THE PAST.

TO ———.

I am the night-moth Memory.
I sleep all through the day;
At evening, to the Garden
I take my murmuring way.

Of old, above the Garden
Hung Ariadne's Crown;
And, filtered by the starlight,
The gradual dew came down.

The white flowers, in the darkness,
With pale star-lustre shone;
The dark flowers by the fragrance
And soft flower-touch were known.

There no new flower shall open,
No blooming flower decline.
I am the night-moth Memory;
The Garden, it is thine!

But art thou in the Garden?
A spirit fills the place;
Its mute voice — is it *thy* voice?
Its veilèd face, thy face?

A long time I lay in the dry grass, looking at the world above me, until the sky seemed like a slow, deep stream with countless submerged gems, — a diamond river, in which I lay fathoms deep. Two brilliant meteors glanced through the zenith, like veritable starbeams shot by an invisible archer.

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The country and the city are antipodal in this: that as we very fitly speak of the "dead of winter" in the country, we might with equal propriety of description speak of the "dead of summer" in the city. In this season, urban aridity and desolateness everywhere stamp themselves upon the mind of the late delayer within walled-town limits. The very houses that befriended us in the winter are now closed, blinded, — barricaded by the spirit of inhospitality, seeming to say as we pass by, "I know you not." In the meshes of the wistaria, that one flower of romance peculiar to the metropolis, — like the moon-lighted face of a Juliet leaning in expectance from her leafy balcony, — there now remains but an occasional withering cluster of blossoms, pale indeed from the heat, but more from the dust. The infrequent trees that in spring evinced a pathetic cheerfulness, striving, like true philanthropists of nature, to make an oasis of greenness for dwellers in the waste places of brick and stone, have lost all hope and purpose; and, as if desirous of autumn, the very leaves seem to droop and cling about their stems. The sole of the foot aches from concussion with the heated pavement. That curiously distancing effect produced to the eye by hot air in motion, which in the country makes the far harvest fields seem yet farther, is even more distinctly experienced in the town. It is a Sahara distance from one side of the square to the other, — an eye-narrowing, shimmering perspective of sunshine, dust, and drought. How is it to be crossed?

. . . . . .

And still my thoughts turn back to a certain waste of quarried stone where but lately I sojourned.

Amid this shade of leaning pines
That on the sunlit ocean gaze,
I dream how fierce the same sun shines
Upon the city's paven ways.

From breezy choirs far overhead
The pewee's note comes smooth and sweet:
I dream of the unnumbered tread,
The shock, the echo, of the street.

Within this solitude that longs
For speech and sight of friendly guest,
I dream of weary, jostling throngs
Whose mutual glances read unrest.

Beneath the darkness and the dews
Shot through with tender, starry light,
I dream how Fear her flight pursues
Amid the city's checkered night;

While sleepers hear, by care oppressed,
The great heart of the city knock
Unsoothed within her troubled breast,
And shadows from the morrow flock!

. . . . . .

This afternoon I have my chair and book under the apple-tree, — a book of travels. Meanwhile, whenever I look up, or rather down, from its pages, I note other Excursions: those of a discontented beetle, a gorgeous creature, with bronze breastplate and peacock-green surtout. He has traveled I know not how many parasangs (I take him to be a Persian), — perhaps a yard; and now back again he comes, apparently dissatisfied, toiling painfully over small sticks and rough grains of earth. He has now to mount a hill some three inches high. Ah, tedious effort! Now he disappears on the other side; now reappears, and starts on another fruitless vagabondage.

The dropping of the early-ripe apple marks a distinct stage in the summer's advancement. As I look up into the heavily laden tree, it is easy to fancy that the apples are actually crowding one another on the thickset branch, silently persevering as if with some mutual idea of decimation. They are like an overcrowded population, or like school urchins on a bench, who push one another until some one falls off.

Early this morning, looking out at the eastern heavens, it was a surprise to see our old acquaintances of the winter evening, — the Pleiades, Orion, Taurus. But no cold sparkle of the jewels in Orion's belt, no gleam from the eyes of Taurus. Instead, the air being smoky and obscure, the stars of these constellations, forever associated with the frosts of winter as they are, seemed now more like hot coals, or the "seeds of fire" seen in a bed of ashes or through a cloud of sultry smoke.

The Earth slept well at this hour, — slept as though she had been sleeping from old time. I heard the chirping of the crickets, regular, monotonous, as though it were the pulse-beat of the air itself. The comfortable sleepy dark, like some feline sleeper, seemed to be purring with the muffled sonorous vibrations that pervaded the dim world. The few actually waking sounds in nature, the occasional cockcrow or lowing of cattle, were either absorbed by the dull air, or so modified as to seem like distant strains of music.

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Nothing could be finer than the great domes of ethereal marble and agate that, during these hot days, are built up from the southern horizon. I don't know how this village below is affected, generally, by the sight of that city yonder; but, for me, the heavens have been haunted, full of presences, — Olympian deities, Parthenon sculptures, friezes illustrating Homer. When an occasional heat-lightning is sent across these thunderheads, the flash reveals what to the fancy might be the crimson-hung interior of a palace or the glow of red lamps in a shrine. Sometimes the entire mass of such cloud-structures rises halfway to the zenith, glittering like a true sun-kissed mountain; a great white beacon, the pillar of cloud by day, for a sign and guidance. Sometimes the sun shining behind the cumulus gives it a flashing border of light so intense as to be almost intolerable to the

eye; suggesting that a bolt of lightning has been arrested on its passage through the billowy gulf, and there made permanent. These are the tantalizing clouds of other people's rain, — specious and magnificent, but fruitless to our parched fields; and yet the favored land toward the south, where it has been raining, cannot keep all nature's bounty to itself. The moist rumor flies, and the air is temporarily sweetened and freshened for us by reason of the showers that have fallen elsewhere.

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The summer begins to crisp and shrivel up. The earth itself seems about to be destroyed and sifted, as fine dust, into the empyrean. A wagon on the country road, half seen in clouds of dust, reproduces, in monochrome, the child's memory of Biblical pictures portraying Elijah in his chariot enveloped in swathings of flame. Everywhere in nature there is a painful sense of oppression, — the oppression of unshed tears.

> What thing, most bitter in a bitter world,
> Is also sweetest? Child of Sorrow, speak!
> "It is the sea-salt drop that lies impearled, —
> Dew on the heart, the tear upon the cheek!"
>
> And in a bitter world, what bitterest thing
> Itself exceedeth? Child of Sorrow, tell!
> "In arid lands, the scalding geyser spring,
> And tears, the bated tears, that never fell!"

And always, nowadays, we hear the harsh whir of the harvest-fly in strained crescendo. The ear-drum vibrates painedly to this exacerbating sound. As the performance climbs to its highest note and greatest volume, the hot air seems fanned to a correspondingly greater degree of caloric.

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At last the long-wished-for rain. It came in the early morning; at first desultorily, doubtfully, as though it had nearly forgotten its own methods. It culminated in a brisk, rattling shower, falling away in a most delicious diminuendo, single threads of its weft of sound being broken one by one, and one by one, till not even a raveling remained. Then were heard the voices of the chief rain-lovers among the birds, the robin, the wren, and the summer yellowbird. And so the fresh day was ushered in, and so looked upon a world from which all tan and dust freckles had been washed away.

Edith M. Thomas.

ADMIRAL LORD EXMOUTH.

Like the English tongue itself, the names of British seamen show the composite origin of their nation. As the Danes, after the day of Copenhagen, to them both glorious and disastrous, claimed that in Nelson they had been vanquished by a man of their own blood, descended from their Viking forefathers; as Collingwood and Troubridge indicate the English descent of the two closest associates of the victor of Trafalgar; so Saumarez and the hero of this sketch, whose family name was Pellew, represent that conquering Norman race which from the shores of the Northern Ocean carried terror along the coasts of Europe and the Mediterranean, and as far inland as their light keels could enter. After the great wars of the French Revolution and the battle of Algiers, when Lord Exmouth had won his renown and his position had been attained, kinship with him was claimed by a family still residing in Normandy, where the name was spelled "Pelleu." Proof of common origin was offered, not only in the name, but also in the coats of arms.

In England, the Pellew family was

settled in the extreme southwest, in Cornwall and Devonshire, counties whose nearness to the great Atlantic made them the source of so much of the maritime enterprise that marked the reign of Elizabeth. Lord Exmouth's grandfather was a man of wealth; but, as he left many children, the juniors had to shift for themselves, and the youngest son, Samuel Pellew, the father of the admiral, at the time of the latter's birth commanded a post-office packet on the Dover station. He accordingly made the town of that name the home of his wife and children; and there Edward, the second of his four sons, was born, April 19, 1757. Their mother was the daughter of a Jacobite gentleman, who had been out for the Pretender in 1715, — a fact which probably emphasized the strong Hanoverian sympathies of Samuel Pellew, whose habit was to make his children, every Sunday, drink King George's health upon their knees.

In 1765, when the future admiral was only eight years old, his father died, and the mother making an imprudent marriage three years later, the children were thrown upon the world, with small provision and scanty care. The resolute, active, and courageous character of the lads, however, brought them well forward among their equals in age. At school, Edward was especially distinguished for fearlessness. Of this he gave a marked instance, when not yet twelve, by entering a burning house where gunpowder was stored, which no other of the bystanders would approach. Alone and with his own hands the lad brought out the powder. A less commendable but very natural result of the same energetic spirit was shown in the numerous fighting matches in which he was engaged. Being threatened with a flogging for one of these, the circumstance became the immediate occasion of his going to sea. If flogged, he declared, he would run away; and, as a decided taste for a seafaring life had already manifested itself, his guardian thought better to embrace at once the more favorable alternative and enter him regularly in the navy. He thus went afloat towards the end of 1770, the date at which Nelson, also, though one year younger, began his career.

Pellew's first cruise was in the Mediterranean. It came to a premature end through an incident which merits recording as indicative of the rude condition of the British navy at that time, though a generation had passed since Smollett underwent the experiences which he has handed down to us in his Roderick Random. The captain of Pellew's frigate, a man of low antecedents, kept on board a woman not his wife; and a quarrel between her and one of the midshipmen led to the latter being expelled from the ship and sent on shore in Marseilles. Pellew insisted upon accompanying his messmate, and the two lads of fourteen, aided by some of the lieutenants, secured a passage home. It shows a pleasing trait in our hero's character that, some years afterwards, he advanced materially the professional fortunes of the son of the captain who had thus abused his power.

Pellew next passed under the command of a Captain Pownoll, between whom and himself were established such warm relations, of affectionate interest on the one side and reverential regard on the other, that Pownoll became a family name among the descendants of the admiral. He himself gave it to his first-born, and it still appears in the present generation. Under him, also, Pellew was brought into direct contact with the American Revolution; for on board the frigate Blonde, Pownoll's ship, General Burgoyne embarked in 1775 for Canada, there beginning the undertaking which ended so disastrously for him. It is told that when the distinguished passenger came on board, the yards being manned to receive him with the honors due to his rank, he was startled to see

on one yardarm a midshipman standing on his head. Upon expressing alarm, he was laughingly reassured by the captain, who said that Pellew — for he it was who put this extra touch upon the general's reception — was quite capable of dropping from the yard, passing under the ship's bottom, and coming up on the other side. A few days later the young officer actually did leap from the yardarm, the ship going fast through the water, — not, however, as bravado, but to aid a seaman who had fallen overboard, and whom he succeeded in saving.

Throughout his youth, the exuberant vitality of the man delighted in these feats of wanton power. To overturn a boat by press of canvas, as a frolic, is not unexampled among lads of daring; but it is at least unusual, when a hat goes overboard, to follow it into the water, if alone in a boat under sail. This Pellew did, on one occasion, when he was old enough to know better; being at the moment in the open Channel, in a small punt, going from Falmouth to Plymouth. The freak nearly cost him his life; for, though he had lashed the helm down and hove to the boat, she fell off and gathered way whenever he approached. When at last he laid hold of her rail, after an hour of this fooling, barely strength remained to drag himself on board, where he fell helpless, and waited long before his powers were restored. It is trite to note in such exhibitions of recklessness many of the qualities of the ideal seaman, though not so certainly those of the foreordained commander in chief. Pellew was a born frigate captain.

At the end of 1775 the Americans were still engaged in the enterprise against Quebec, the disastrous termination of which is familiarly known. The raising of the siege, already inevitable, was finally determined by the appearance of the small naval force of which the Blonde was one. Immediately upon its arrival, towards the beginning of March, 1776, the commanding British general, Carleton, attacked the besiegers, who, already prostrated by disease and privation, abandoned their positions and fell back upon Sorel, at the mouth of the river Richelieu, the outlet from Lake Champlain to the St. Lawrence. Here they remained until June, when the enemy, who had received heavy reinforcements, advanced in overpowering numbers. The Americans again retired above the rapids of the Richelieu to St. Johns. From that point there is a clear channel; and, embarking there, the retreating force, without further molestation, reached Crown Point, a fortified post at the head of the lake, commanding the narrow stream to which it is reduced in its upper part. Twelve miles above Crown Point is Ticonderoga, the well-known border fortress of the Colonial and Revolutionary wars; and for fifteen or twenty miles farther the stream is navigable for boats of some size, thus affording an easy means of communication in those early days of impassable forests and scanty transport.

Though greatly superior on land, the British had now for a time to stay their pursuit; for the water highway essential to its continuance was controlled by the flotilla under the command of Benedict Arnold, forbidding further advance until it was subdued. The presence of these vessels, which, though few, were as yet unopposed, gained for the Americans, in this hour of extremity, the important respite from June to October, 1776; and then the lateness of the season compelled the postponement of the invasion to the following year. The toil with which this little force had been created, a few months before, was thus amply justified; for delay is ever to the advantage of the defense. In this case, it also gave time for a change of commanders on the part of the enemy, from Carleton to Burgoyne, which not improbably had a decisive effect upon the fortunes of the next campaign.

As soon as established at St. Johns, the British took steps to place a naval force upon the lake, an undertaking involving trouble and delay, notwithstanding their greatly superior resources in men and material. Some thirty fighting vessels, suitable to the waters upon which they were to act, were required, and also four hundred bateaux for the transport of the troops. These had either to be built upon the spot, despite the lack of all dockyard facilities, or else to be brought bodily from the St. Lawrence, dragged overland, or through the rapids of the Richelieu, until the deep water at St. Johns was reached. In this hardy, strenuous work, Pellew, naturally, was conspicuously active; and in its course he gained a particular professional accomplishment which afterwards stood him in good stead. Several vessels were built upon the shores of the stream; among others, one of three hundred tons, the Inflexible, whose heavier timbers had been brought from England and carried overland to St. Johns. The construction of these craft was superintended by a lieutenant of scientific knowledge as a ship architect; and through close association with him Pellew's instinctive appreciation of all things nautical received an intelligent guidance, which gave him a quick insight into the probable behavior of a ship from an examination of her build, and enabled him often to suggest a suitable remedy for dangerous faults.

Thirty days after the keel of the Inflexible was laid at St. Johns, the vessel herself not only was launched, but had set sail for the southward. Except the principal pieces of her hull, the timber of which she was built was hewed in the neighboring forest; and indeed, the whole story of the rapid equipment of this squadron recalls vividly the vigorous preparation of Commander Perry, in 1813, for his successful attempt to control Lake Erie. The entire British force, land and naval, now moved toward Crown Point. On the 11th of October the American flotilla was discovered, a short distance above Plattsburg and about twenty miles from the foot of the lake, drawn up between Valcour Island and the western shore. It lay there so snugly that the British, wafted by a northwest wind, had actually passed to the southward without seeing it, and the discovery was purely accidental, — a fact which suggests that Arnold, who must have felt the impossibility of a force so inferior as his own contesting, or even long delaying, the enemy's advance by direct opposition, entertained some purpose of operating in their rear, and thus causing a diversion which at this late season might effectually arrest their progress. It is true that such a stroke would frightfully imperil his little squadron; but, in circumstances of absolute inferiority, audacity, usually the best policy in war, offers the only chance of success. Retreat, however methodical, must end in final destruction. To act towards St. Johns, trusting to dexterity and to local knowledge of the network of islands at the foot of the lake to escape disaster, offered the best chance; and that the situation thus accepted would not be hopeless was proved by the temporary evasion of pursuit by the Americans, even in the open and narrow water of the middle lake.

The British moved to attack as soon as the hostile shipping was discovered. Pellew was second officer of the schooner Carleton, of twelve guns, the third vessel of the flotilla in point of force. The wind being contrary, and apparently light, the Carleton alone of the sailing vessels got into action; and although she was supported by a number of rowing gunboats, whose artillery was heavy, the match was unequal. Her first officer lost an arm; her captain, Lieutenant Dacres, was so severely wounded that he was about to be thrown overboard as dead; and Pellew, thus left without a superior, fought the vessel through the

engagement. When signal was at last made to withdraw, the Carleton was able to do so only by help of the gunboats, which towed her out of fire. On the other hand, Arnold's flagship, the schooner Royal Savage, which had fought in advance of her consorts and under canvas, was so badly crippled that she ran ashore on Valcour Island, and was abandoned in the subsequent retreat.

Pellew's personal activity and strength enabled his gallantry to show to particular advantage in this sanguinary contest. When the Carleton, in her attempt to withdraw, hung in stays under the island, her decks swept by the bullets of the riflemen on shore, it was he who sprang out on the bowsprit to bear the jib over to windward. When the towrope was cut by a shot, it was Pellew again who exposed his person for the safety of the vessel. His two seniors being forced by their wounds to leave the schooner, he succeeded to the command, in which he was afterwards confirmed.

The British flotilla anchored to the southward of Arnold's little force; but that active and enterprising officer succeeded, during the night, in stealing between it and the western shore, and retired upon Crown Point. The chase to windward continued during the next day, but a favorable shift of wind reached the British first, and enabled them to close. Arnold again behaved with the extraordinary bravery and admirable conduct which distinguished him in battle. Sending on the bulk of the squadron, he, with two galleys, took the rear, covering its retreat. Fighting like a lion, he opposed the enemy's advance long enough to secure the escape of six of his vessels; and then, seeing his one consort forced to strike, he ran his own galley ashore and set her on fire. "Arnold," says the naval historian Cooper, "covered himself with glory, and his example seems to have been nobly followed by most of his officers and men. The manner in which the Congress was fought until she had covered the retreat of the galleys, and the stubborn resolution with which she was defended until destroyed, converted the disasters of this part of the day into a species of triumph." "The Americans," says a contemporary British writer, "chiefly gloried in the dangerous attention paid by Arnold to a nice point of honor, in keeping his flag flying, and not quitting his galley till she was in flames, lest the enemy should have boarded and struck it."

Pellew received like recognition, not, perhaps, from the popular voice, but from his official superiors. Sir Charles Douglas, the senior naval officer at Quebec, Lord Howe at New York, and the First Lord of the Admiralty in England, all sent him personal letters of commendation; and the two latter promised him promotion as soon as he came within their respective jurisdictions.

These two gallant enemies were soon again brought together in an incident which came near to change the career of one of them, and, in so doing, to modify seriously the fortunes of many others. Arnold having one day pulled out on the open lake, in his venturesome manner, Pellew gave chase in another boat. The Americans being hard pressed and capture probable, Arnold unbuckled his stock and himself took an oar. So nearly caught was he that he had to escape into the bushes, leaving behind him stock and buckle; and these, as late as sixty years after, remained in the possession of Pellew's brother. Had he thus been deprived of the opportunity that Saratoga gave him the next year, Arnold's name might now be known to us only as that of the brave officer who kept his country's flag flying till his vessel was in flames.

On the 14th of October Carleton landed at Crown Point, which the Americans had abandoned; but the lateness of the season deterred him from advan-

cing against Ticonderoga, and he soon afterwards returned to Canada. The following year the invasion was resumed, under General Burgoyne. Pellew accompanied him with a body of seamen, taking part in all the operations down to the final surrender. Burgoyne, indeed, afterwards chaffed him with being the cause of the disaster, by rebuilding the bridge which enabled the army to cross from the east bank of the Hudson to the west.

Returning to England in the early part of 1778, Pellew was made lieutenant, and in 1780 we find him again serving under Captain Pownoll, as first lieutenant of the Apollo frigate. On the 15th of June, in the same year, the Apollo met the French frigate Stanislas. A severe action followed, and at the end of an hour Pownoll was shot through the body. As his young friend raised him from the deck, he had barely time to say, "Pellew, I know you won't give his Majesty's ship away," and immediately expired. The engagement lasted an hour longer, when the enemy, which had all the time been standing in for the Belgian coast, took the ground, the most of her spars, already wounded, going overboard with the shock. The Apollo had hauled off a few moments before, finding that she had less than five feet of water under her keel.

Though unable again to attack the Stanislas, which claimed the protection of the neutral flag, the result was substantially a victory; but to Pellew's grief for the death of a tried friend was added the material loss of a powerful patron. Happily, however, his reputation was known to the head of the Admiralty, who not only promoted him for this action, but also gave him a ship, though a poor one. After a succession of small commands, he was fortunate enough again to distinguish himself, — driving ashore and destroying several French privateers, under circumstances of such danger and difficulty as to win him his next grade, post captain. This step, which, so far as selection went, fixed his position in the navy, he received on the 25th of May, 1782.

The ten years of peace that shortly followed were passed by many officers in retirement; but Pellew was a seaman to the marrow, and constantly sought employment afloat. For five years, accordingly, he commanded frigates, chiefly on the Newfoundland station; and in them, though now turning thirty, he displayed the superabundant vitality and restless activity that had characterized his early youth. "Whenever there was exertion required aloft," wrote a midshipman who served with him at this period, "to preserve a sail or a mast, the captain was foremost in the work, apparently as a mere matter of amusement, and there was not a man in the ship that could equal him in personal activity. He appeared to play among the elements in the hardest storms. I remember once, in close-reefing the main topsail, the captain had given his orders from the quarter-deck and sent us aloft. On gaining the topsail yard, the most active and daring of our party hesitated to go upon it, as the sail was flapping violently, making it a service of great danger; but a voice was heard from the extreme end of the yard, calling upon us to exert ourselves to save the sail, which would otherwise beat to pieces. A man said, 'Why, that's the captain! How the —— did he get there?' He had followed us up, and, clambering over the backs of the sailors, had reached the topmast head, above the yard, and thence descended by the lift," — a feat unfortunately not easy to be explained to landsmen, but which will be allowed by seamen to demand great hardihood and address.

All this was the simple overflow of an animal energy not to be repressed, the exulting prowess of a giant delighting to run his course. It found expression also in joyous practical jests, like those

of a big boy, which at times had ludicrous consequences. On one occasion of state ceremony, the king's birthday, Pellew had dressed in full uniform to attend a dinner on shore. The weather was hot, and the crew had been permitted an hour's swimming around the ship. While his boat was being manned, the captain stood by the frigate's rail watching the bathers, and near by him was one of the ship's boys. "I too shall have a good swim soon," called the latter to a comrade in the water. "The sooner, the better," said Pellew, coming behind him and tipping him overboard. No sooner had the lad risen to the surface from his plunge than it was plain that he could not swim; so in after him went the practical joker, with all his toggery. "If ever the captain was frightened," writes the officer just quoted, "it was then."

But along with all this physical exuberance and needless assumption of many of the duties of a foremast hand, Pellew possessed to a very remarkable extent that delicate art of seamanship which consists in so handling a ship as to make her do just what you want, and to put her just where she should be; making her, to use a common sea expression, do everything but talk. This is a faculty probably inborn, like most others that reach any great degree of perfection, and, while a very desirable gift, it is by no means indispensable to the highest order of naval excellence. Nelson did not at all equal Pellew in this respect, as is indicated by an amusing story transmitted by a Colonel Stewart, who served on board the great admiral's flagship during the expedition against Copenhagen: "His lordship was rather too apt to interfere in the working of the ship, and not always with the best judgment or success. The wind, when off Dungeness, was scanty, and the ship was to be put about. Lord Nelson would give the orders, and caused her to miss stays. Upon this he said, rather peevishly, to the officer of the watch, 'Well, now see what we have done. Well, sir, what mean you to do now?' The officer saying, with hesitation, 'I don't exactly know, my lord. I fear she won't do,' Lord Nelson turned sharply to the cabin, and replied, 'Well, I am sure if you do not know what to do with her, no more do I, either.' He went in, leaving the officer to work the ship as he liked." Yet Nelson understood perfectly what ships could do, and what they could not; no one could better handle or take care of a fleet, or estimate the possibility of performing a given manœuvre; and long before he was called to high command he was distinguished for a knowledge of naval tactics to which few, if any other, of his time attained. He was a great general officer; and whether he had the knack of himself making a ship go through all her paces without a fault mattered as little as whether he was a crack shot with a gun.

Pellew's powers over a ship (certainly the most beautiful and most graceful of machines; a machine, too, so varied in its movements and so instinct with life that the seaman affectionately transfers to her credit his own virtues in handling her) were so remarkable that it is somewhat singular to find him, in his first frigate action, compelled to discard manœuvring, and to rely for victory upon sheer luck and pluck. When war with the French republic began in 1793, his high reputation immediately insured him command of a frigate, the Nymphe. The strength of England as a naval power lay largely in the great reserve of able seamen manning her merchant ships; but, as these were scattered in all quarters of the world, great embarrassment was commonly felt at the outbreak of a war, and especially when it came with the unexpected rapidity of the revolutionary fury. As the object of first importance was to get the fleets of ships of the line to sea, Pellew had to depend chiefly upon his own indefatigable exer-

tions to procure a crew for his vessel. Seamen being hard to find, he had on board a disproportionate number of landsmen when the Nymphe, on the 19th of June, 1793, encountered the French vessel Cléopâtre, of force slightly inferior, except in men, but not sufficiently so to deny the victor the claim of an even fight.

A peculiar incident preceding the action has interest, as showing the strong preoccupation of men's minds at the opening of war, before meetings with the enemy have lost novelty. Pellew's younger brother, Israel, a commander in the navy, being otherwise unemployed, had come out with him for the cruise. The Cléopâtre having been first seen in the early morning, Edward would not have him called till just as the Nymphe was closing. As he came on deck, the brother said affectionately, "Israel, you have no business here. We are too many eggs from one nest. I am sorry I brought you from your wife." But the other was unheeding, his eyes fixed upon the stranger. "That 's the very frigate," he cried, "that I 've been dreaming of all night! I dreamt that we shot away her wheel." And, hastening to the after-gun, he made the French ship's wheel the object of an unremitting fire.

By the way the enemy was handled it was evident that she was well manned and ably commanded. She had, in fact, been in commission for over a year. Great as was his own skill, Pellew could not venture upon manœuvres with a green crew, untrained save at the guns, and only filled the night before by pressing from a merchant vessel. He therefore determined upon a simple artillery duel. The Frenchman waited under short canvas, while the Nymphe, with greater way, drew slowly up on his starboard, or right-hand side; both ships running nearly before the wind, but having it a little on the left side. Each captain stood uncovered, and as the bows of the Nymphe doubled upon the stern of the Cléopâtre, within three hundred feet, a French sailor was seen to run aloft and fasten a red cap of liberty to the mainmast head. The eyes of the British seamen were fastened upon their commander, awaiting the gesture which he had set, instead of word of mouth, for opening fire. At 6.15 he gave it, raising his cap to his head. A furious cannonade at once began, and, the Nymphe shortening sail as soon as fairly abreast her antagonist, the two frigates continued on parallel lines, maintaining their relative positions as though at anchor, and rolling easily in the soft summer sea under the recoil of their guns. So nearly matched were the gunners that the conflict, unusually deadly though it was, might have lasted long, but at a little before seven Israel Pellew's dream was fulfilled. The Frenchman's wheel was shot away, and, the mizzenmast going overboard at the same time, the Cléopâtre yielded to the impulse of her forward sails, turned sharp round to the right, and ran perpendicularly into the Nymphe. The British boarded her, fixed in this disadvantageous position, fought their way aft, and, although the French crew was numerically superior, in ten minutes hauled down the colors. In this brief hour they had lost 23 killed and 27 wounded, the enemy 63 killed and wounded, out of ships' companies numbering respectively 240 and 320.

This was the first decisive frigate action of the revolutionary war, and in consequence great was the enthusiasm aroused. Lord Howe wrote to Pellew, "The manner in which you have taken the enemy's ship will set an example for the war." In truth, however, while admitting the soundness of Pellew's judgment, the demand upon his personal skill was less, and the credit due therefore less, than in the second successful frigate action, in the following October, in which Sir James Saumarez commanded. Not only was the French vessel's superiority in force more marked, but

Saumarez's ship there met with an accident similar to that which befell the Cléopâtre, from the consequences of which she was extricated by his masterly seamanship. Both captains, however, deserved the reward of knighthood bestowed upon their success. Israel Pellew was promoted to post captain.

During the first three years of this war, British commerce in the neighborhood of the Channel suffered most severely from French cruisers. The latter resumed the methods of Jean Bart and other celebrated privateers of the days of Louis XIV.; the essence of which was to prey upon the enemy's commerce, not by single vessels, but by small squadrons of from five to seven ships. Cruisers so combined, acting in mutual support, were far more efficient than the same number acting independently. Spreading like a fan, they commanded a wider expanse than the single vessel; if danger arose, they concentrated for mutual support; did opportunity offer, the work was cut out and distributed, thus insuring by cooperation more thorough results. At the suggestion of Sir Edward Pellew, the British Admiralty determined to oppose to these organized depredators a similar system. Squadrons of crack frigates were formed, and sent to cruise within the limits of the Channel fleet, but independent of its admiral. In these squadrons Pellew served for the next five years; to him a period of incessant, untiring activity, and illustrated by many brilliant and exciting incidents, for which the limits of this sketch afford no space.

There are, however, two episodes in which he was so distinctly the central figure that they demand at least a brief narration. In January, 1796, while his ship was repairing, a large East Indiaman, carrying some six hundred troops and passengers, was, by a series of mishaps, driven ashore on the beach of Plymouth, then an unprotected sound. As she struck, all her masts went overboard, and she lay broadside to the waves, pounding heavily as they broke over her. Pellew was at this moment driving to a dinner with his wife. Seeing crowds running from various directions towards the same quarter, he asked the reason. Upon learning it, he left his carriage and hurried to the scene. When he arrived, he recognized, by the confusion on board, by the way the ship was laboring, by the poverty of the means that had been contrived for landing the imperiled souls, — only a single hawser having been run to the shore, — that the loss of nearly all on board was imminent. Night, too, was falling, as well as the destruction of the vessel impending. After vainly offering rewards to the hardy boatmen standing by, if they would board the wreck with a message from him, he said, "Then I must go myself." Though then close to forty years of age, his immense personal strength and activity enabled him, though sorely bruised thereby, to be hauled on board through the breakers by the hawser, which alternately slacked and then tightened with a jerk as the doomed ship rolled to and fro in the seas. Once on board, he assumed command, the want of which, through the absence of the proper captain, had until then hampered and well-nigh paralyzed all effectual effort. When his well-known name was spoken, three hearty cheers arose from the troops on board, echoed by the thousands of spectators on shore; and the hope that revived with the presence of a born leader of men showed itself at once in the renewed activity and intelligent direction of effort, both on the decks and on the beach. The degree of the danger can be estimated from the fact that boats from the ships of war in port, his own included, tried in vain to approach, and had to run for safety to the inner harbor. With sword drawn, — for many of the soldiers were drunk and riotous, — Pellew maintained order, guided with a seaman's readiness the preparations for landing, and saw the women, the children,

— one child but three weeks old, — the sick, landed first, then the soldiers, lastly the seamen. When he himself was transferred to the beach by the same means that his skill had contrived for others, but three persons remained on board, officers of the ship, who eased him on shore. The injuries he had received in his perilous passage out, and which confined him to his bed for a week, forbade his being last.

The year that opened with this magnificent act of self-devotion saw Pellew, at its close, bearing a seaman's part in the most serious crisis that befell his country during the wars of the French Revolution. The end of 1796 and the earlier months of 1797 marked the nadir of Great Britain's military fortunes. The successes of Bonaparte's Italian campaign were then culminating; Austria was on the point of making peace with France; England was about to find herself alone, and the discontent of the seamen of the navy, long smouldering, was soon to break out into the famous and threatening mutinies of the Channel fleet and of the Nore. At the same time, France, relieved on her eastern frontiers, felt able to devote seventeen ships of the line and eighteen thousand troops to the invasion of Ireland.

Pellew, with two frigates besides his own, was stationed off the mouth of Brest harbor to watch the enemy's movements, the main British fleet being some fifty miles to seaward. To this emergency he brought not only the intrepidity of a great seaman and the ardor of an anxious patriot, but likewise the intense though narrow Protestant feeling transmitted from a past, then not so remote, when Romanism and enmity to England were almost synonymous. "How would you like," said he to an officer who shared Pitt's liberal tendencies, "to see Roman Catholic chaplains on board our ships?" and to the end of his life he opposed the enfranchisement of persons of that creed.

The French expedition against Ireland sailed from Brest on the 16th of December, 1796. Having sent off successively each of his consorts with information for the fleet, Pellew remained with his own ship alone, the Indefatigable, at the moment of the final start. There are two principal channels by which Brest can be left, one leading to the south, the other due west. The French admiral had at first intended to use the former; but, the wind showing signs of an unfavorable shift, he endeavored to change the orders just as night was falling. The weather being hazy, his signals were understood by but few of the forty odd vessels composing the force: eight or ten joined him; the remainder followed the original instructions and went out by the south. Pellew attached himself to the admiral's division, kept along with it just out of gunshot, and by making false signals, burning blue lights and sending up rockets, introduced into the attempts to convey the wishes of the commander in chief such confusion as rendered them utterly futile. Having satisfied himself as to the general direction taken by the enemy, he left them, and made all sail for Falmouth, where he arrived on the 20th.

Space does not allow us to follow the fortunes of the expedition. Suffice it to say that the greater part reached Ireland safely, but, through stress of weather, was unable to land the troops, and went back to France, by detachments, in January, 1797. It is during this process of return that Sir Edward Pellew again appears, in perhaps the most dramatic incident of his stirring career.

On the afternoon of January 13, being then in company with the frigate Amazon, and about one hundred and twenty miles west of Brest, a French ship of the line was discovered. The stranger, named the Droits de l'Homme, was returning from Ireland, and heading east. The frigates steered courses converging towards hers, seeking to cut her off from

the land. The weather was thick and gloomy, with a strong west wind fast rising to a gale. At half past four, as night was falling, the French ship carried away her fore and main topmasts in a heavy squall; and an hour later, the Indefatigable, now under close reefs, passed across her stern, pouring in a broadside from so near that the French flag floated across her poop, where it was seized and torn away by some of the British seamen. The enemy, having on board nearly a thousand soldiers besides her crew, replied with heavy volleys of musketry, and, as the frigate passed ahead, sheered violently towards her, attempting to board, and in her turn grazing the stern of the Indefatigable. In another hour the Amazon drew up, and then the two frigates took their positions, one on either bow of the Droits de l'Homme, whence, by easy movements of the helm, they alternately raked her. The labor of the gunners, however, was most severe, due to the deep rolling of the ships, on board which, also, the seas poured in volumes through the gun-ports. On the main decks the men fought up to their middles in water, the heavy cannon broke away from the breechings, or ropes used to control them, and even the iron bolts tore out from the ships' sides under the severe recoil of the guns. Thus through the long winter night the three ships rushed headlong before the gale towards the French coast, intent on mutual destruction; the constant storm of shot, though flying wild under the violent motions of the vessels, tearing through spars and rigging, and crippling them in much that was essential to their safety.

At four o'clock in the morning of the 14th, long before daybreak, land was sighted right ahead. The Indefatigable hauled at once to the southward, the Amazon to the northward; the French vessel alone, seemingly unconscious of the danger, kept on, and as she passed Pellew's ship fired a broadside which severely wounded all the masts. The situation of the combatants was well-nigh desperate. They had reached the coast of France at a point where it forms a deep recess, called Audierne Bay, from either side of which project capes that must be cleared in order to gain once more the open sea. But one of the three escaped. The Droits de l'Homme, unmanageable for want of sail power, tried to anchor, but drove, and struck on a shoal some distance from the beach. Of sixteen hundred souls on board when the battle began, over one hundred had been killed; and of those who survived the fight, three hundred perished in the wreck. The Amazon, likewise crippled, though not so badly, went ashore to the northward only ten minutes after she ceased firing. Of her people, but six were drowned. The Indefatigable, beating back and forth against the gale before the scene of the disaster, upon which her crew gazed with the solemn feeling that such might soon be their own fate, succeeded at last in clearing the southern cape at eleven o'clock, nearly twenty-four hours after first meeting the foe.

The interest of Pellew's career centres mainly in his command of frigates. This independent but yet restricted sphere afforded the fullest scope for a conspicuous display of those splendid qualities — fearlessness, enterprise, sound judgment, instant decision, and superb seamanship — which he so eminently possessed. He was above all the frigate captain. "Nothing like hesitation was ever seen in him. His first order was always his last; and he often declared of himself that he never had a second thought worth sixpence." In 1799, by a new Admiralty rule, he was transferred to a ship of the line, and thenceforth served in that class of vessel until his promotion to admiral.

As a general officer, Pellew had no opportunity to show whether he possessed ability of the highest order. For five years he held the command in India; and soon after Collingwood's death

he was, in 1811, appointed commander in chief in the Mediterranean. On both stations he evinced that faculty for careful organization, systematic preparation, and sagacious distribution of force which carries success up to the point which administrative routine can reach; and it was to this, rather than to any brilliant tactical dispositions, that he afterwards owed his victory at Algiers, in a square stand-up fight against stone walls. All this, however, falls far short of the genius of a great captain. Whether, having forged his weapon, Pellew could also wield it; whether, having carefully sowed, he could also reap, must remain uncertain. The indications are not favorable. His biographer, who seems to have known him well and had access to his papers, did not, from this intercourse, draw any very fruitful conceptions as to tactics or strategy; for he quotes approvingly the following argument addressed by a British officer to Napoleon: "The officer soon convinced him that the tactics which he had made so effectual on land, by concentrating an overwhelming force upon his enemy, were not applicable to naval operations." After the Nile and Trafalgar, there is about this a kind of hopelessness, upon which it is needless to enlarge.

Pellew's Mediterranean command coincided in time with the period of Napoleon's falling fortunes. After Trafalgar, the Emperor decided to increase his navy largely, but to keep it in port instead of at sea, forcing Great Britain also to maintain huge fleets, the expense of which, concurring with the commercial embarrassments that he sought to bring upon her, might exhaust her power to continue the war. In consequence of this policy, British military achievement on the grand scale was confined to the army in the Spanish peninsula; and in the bestowal of rewards, after Napoleon's first abdication, but one peerage was given to the navy. The great claims of Sir James Saumarez were disregarded on the ground that his flag was not flying at the moment, and Pellew was created Baron Exmouth.

During the process of settlement which succeeded the final fall of Napoleon at Waterloo, Lord Exmouth remained in the Mediterranean. In the early part of 1816, he was ordered to visit with his fleet the Barbary ports, and to compel the unconditional release of all slaves who were natives of the Ionian Islands; they having become subjects of Great Britain by the terms of the peace. For many years, while the powers of Europe were engrossed in the tremendous strife of the French Revolution, these piratical states, under pretense of regular hostilities, had preyed upon the coasts as well as upon the commerce of the weak Mediterranean countries, and captives taken by them were kept in bitter slavery. The United States alone, although then among the least of naval powers, had taken arms to repress outrages that were the common reproach of all civilized states, — a measure whose success went far to establish the character of her navy and prepare it for 1812. Lord Exmouth was also directed to demand peace for Sardinia, as well as for any other state that should authorize him to act for it. Only Naples availed itself of this opportunity.

As far as his instructions went, his mission was successful; but, by a happy accident, he was able, at Tunis and Tripoli, to extort from the rulers a promise that thereafter captives should be treated as in civilized countries; in other words, that they should no longer be reduced to slavery. Algiers refused this concession; and the admiral could not take steps to enforce it, because beyond his commission. The Dey, however, undertook to consult the Porte; and the fleet, with a few exceptions, returned to England, where it arrived towards the end of June.

Meanwhile English public feeling had become aroused; for men were saying

that the outrages of the past had been rather welcome to the commercial selfishness of the country. The well-protected traders of Great Britain, shielded by her omnipotent navy, had profited by crimes which drove their weaker rivals from the sea. Just then news came that at the port of Bona, on the Algiers coast, where there was, under the British flag, an establishment for carrying on the coral fishery, a great number of the fishermen, mostly Italians, had been wantonly slaughtered by a band of Turkish troops. To insist, arms in hand, upon reparation for such an outrage, and upon guarantees for the future, would doubtless be condemned by some of our recent lights; but such was not then the temper of Great Britain. The government determined at once to send a fleet to the spot, and Lord Exmouth was chosen for the command, with such a force as he himself should designate. The gist of his instructions was to demand the release, without ransom, of *all* Christian slaves, and a solemn declaration from the Dey that, in future wars, prisoners should receive the usage accorded them by European states. Great Britain thus made herself, as befitted the obligation imposed by her supreme maritime power, the avenger of all those oppressed by these scourges of the sea. The times of the barbarians were fulfilled.

During a long career of successful piracy, the port of Algiers had accumulated an extensive and powerful system of defenses. These had doubtless suffered in condition from the nonchalant fatalism of Turkish rule, encouraged by a long period of impunity; but they constituted still, and under all the shortcomings of the defenders, a most imposing menace to an attacking fleet. To convey a precise impression of them by detailed verbal description would be difficult, and the attempt probably confusing. It may be said, in brief, that the town faces easterly, rising abruptly up a steep hill; that from its front there then projected a pier, nearly a thousand feet long, at whose end was a circular fort, carrying seventy guns in three tiers; from that point a mole extended at right angles to the southward, — parallel, that is, to the town front. This mole was something over a thousand feet in length, and carried throughout two tiers of guns, linked at their northern extremity to the circular fort at the pier end. These principal works were flanked and covered, at either end and on the hillside, by others, which it is unnecessary to particularize. The total number of guns in position numbered five hundred, of very respectable size for that day. The basin formed by the pier and the mole constituted the port proper, and in it, at the time of the attack, was collected the entire Algerine navy, nine frigates and corvettes and thirty-seven gunboats, the paltry force that had so long terrorized the Mediterranean.

To the surprise of the Admiralty, Lord Exmouth asked for but five ships of the line, five frigates, and five smaller vessels, to which were added four mortar boats to play upon the town and arsenal. To all expressions of doubt he replied, "I am satisfied, and take the responsibility entirely upon myself." He trusted to the extreme care of his preparations, which neglected no particular of equipment or organization, elaborating every detail of training and discipline, and providing, by the most diligent foresight and minute instruction, that each officer concerned should know exactly what was expected of him. In short, it was to perfection of quality, and not to an unwieldy bulk of superfluous quantity, that Exmouth confided his fortunes in this last hazard.

The fleet sailed from England on the 28th of July, 1816, was joined at Gibraltar by a Dutch squadron of five frigates, whose commander asked to share the coming contest, and on the 26th of August was off the north point of Algiers Bay, some twenty miles from the town. At daybreak the next morning, the weather

being almost calm, a flag of truce was sent in, bearing the British demands. During its absence a breeze from the sea sprang up, and the fleet stood in to a mile from the works, where it stopped to await the reply. At two P. M. the boat was seen returning, with the signal that no answer had been given. The flagship queried, "Are you ready?" Each ship at once replied, "Yes;" and all filling away together stood down to the attack, the admiral leading.

The Algerine batteries were fully manned; the mole, moreover, was crowded with troops. With singular temerity, they fired no gun as the ships came on; fearing, seemingly, that, if thus received, the prey might turn and escape. The British, on their side, observed the utmost silence; not a gun, not a cheer, marred the solemn impression of the approach. The flagship, Queen Charlotte, piloted by an officer who had served continuously with Exmouth since 1793, anchored by the stern across the mole head, at a distance of fifty yards, her starboard batteries pointing to sweep it from end to end. Still no sound of battle, as she proceeded to lash her bows to those of an Algerine brig lying just within the mole. This done, her crew gave three cheers, as well they might. Then the stolid, unaccountable apathy of the barbarians ceased, and three guns in quick succession were fired from the eastern battery. Stirred by a feeling of compassion, Lord Exmouth, from the flagship's poop, seeing the Moorish soldiery clustered thick upon the parapets to watch the ships, waved to them with his hand to get down. At the first hostile gun, he gave the order "Stand by!" at the second, "Fire!" and simultaneously with the third the Queen Charlotte's broadside rang out, and the battle began.

The other ships in succession took the posts assigned them, — with slight inaccuracies, it is true, but upon the whole the admiral's plan was substantially realized. The broadsides of the ships of the line were opposed from end to end to the heavy central batteries on the mole and pier; the lighter vessels engaged the flanking works, thus diverting the fire which would have harassed the chief assailants; and the bomb vessels from the rear threw their shells over the fighting ships into the town and arsenal. Soon after the contest opened, the thirty-seven Algerine gunboats, crowded with troops, were seen advancing, under cover of the smoke, to board the flagship. The attempt, rash to insanity, met the fate it should have expected; thirty-three were sent to the bottom. An hour later, Lord Exmouth determined to set fire to the enemy's frigates. The service was performed by an officer and boat's crew, with a steadiness which elicited from him such admiration that, on the return of the party, he stopped the firing of the ship's upper battery to give them three cheers. As the hostile vessels burned, one of them drifted so near the Queen Charlotte as nearly to involve her in the same fate.

From three to ten P. M. the battle lasted, steady disciplined valor contending with a courage in no way inferior, absolutely insensible to danger, but devoid of that coherent, skillful direction which is to courage what the brain and eye are to the heart. "I never," wrote Exmouth to his brother, "saw any set of men more obstinate at their guns, and it was superior fire only that could keep them back. To be sure, nothing could stand before the Queen Charlotte's broadside. Everything fell before it, and the Swedish consul assures me we killed above five hundred at the very first fire, from the crowded way in which the troops were drawn up, four deep above the gunboats, which were also full of men. It was a glorious sight," he continues, "to see the Charlotte take her anchorage, and to see her flag towering on high, when she appeared to be in the flames of the mole itself; and never was

a ship nearer burnt; it almost scorched me off the poop. We were obliged to haul in the ensign, or it would have caught fire." He was himself struck thrice, though not seriously injured. A cannon ball carried away the skirts of his coat, and one glass of the spectacles in his pocket was broken, and the frame bulged, by a shot.

At ten P. M., the ammunition of the fleet running short, and its work being substantially accomplished, the ships began to haul off. The sea defenses and a great part of the town were in ruins. "To be again effective," wrote Exmouth, "the defenses must be rebuilt from the foundation." The flanking batteries and the hill forts continued to annoy the vessels as they retired, but the spirit of the Dey was broken. Towards eleven a light air from the land sprang up, which freshened into a violent and prolonged thunderstorm, lasting for three hours; and the flashes of heaven's artillery combined with the glare of the burning town to illuminate the withdrawal of the ships.

The following morning the Dey signified his submission, and on the 30th of August Lord Exmouth made known to the fleet that all the terms of Great Britain had been yielded; that Christian slavery was forever abolished, and that by noon of the following day all slaves then in Algiers would be delivered to his flag. This was accordingly done, the whole number amounting to 1642; which, with those previously released at Tunis and Tripoli, raised to 3003 the human beings whom Lord Exmouth had been the instrument of freeing from a fate worse than death. Of this total, but eighteen were English; the remainder were almost wholly from the Mediterranean countries. On the 3d of September, just one week after the attack, the fleet sailed for England.

Profuse acknowledgment necessarily awaited the hero of a deed in which gratified martial exultation so happily blended with the sentiment of pity for the oppressed. The admiral was raised to the next rank in the peerage, and honors poured in upon him from every side, — from abroad as well as from his own countrymen.

Here Lord Exmouth's career closes. He lived yet sixteen years in honored retirement, bearing, however, the burden of those whose active occupation is withdrawn at an age too advanced to form new interests. Though in vigorous health and with ample fortune, "he would sometimes confess," says his biographer, "that he was happier amid his early difficulties." Though not a party man, he was strongly conservative, so that the agitations of the Reform era concealed from him the advantages towards which it was tending, and filled him with forebodings for the future of his country.

Like his distinguished contemporary, Admiral Saumarez, and like many others of those lion-hearted, masculine men who had passed their lives amid the storms of the elements and of battle, — and like our own Farragut, — Lord Exmouth was a deeply religious man. Strong as was his self-reliance in war and tempest, he rested upon the Almighty with the dependence of a child upon its father. His noble brother, Sir Israel Pellew, who had followed Nelson into the fire at Trafalgar, departed with the words, "I know in Whom I have believed;" and of the admiral himself, an officer who was often with him during the closing scene said, "I have seen him great in battle, but never so great as on his deathbed."

Lord Exmouth died on January 23, 1833. He was at the time Vice-Admiral of England, an honorary rank conferred upon distinguished services.

A. T. Mahan.

PASSPORTS, POLICE, AND POST OFFICE IN RUSSIA.

We imported into Russia, untaxed, undiscovered by the custom-house officials, a goodly stock of misadvice, misinformation, apprehensions, and prejudices, like most foreigners, albeit we were unusually well informed, and confident that we were correctly posted on the grand outlines of Russian life, at least. We were forced to begin very promptly the involuntary process of getting rid of them. Our anxiety began in Berlin. We visited the Russian consul-general there to get our passports *viséd*. He said, "You should have got the signature of the American consul. Do that, and return here."

At that moment, the door leading from his office to his drawing-room opened, and his wife made her appearance on the threshold, with the emphatic query, "*When* are you coming?"

"Immediately, my dear," he replied. "Just wait a moment, until I get rid of these Americans."

Then he decided to rid himself of us for good. "I will assume the responsibility for you," he said, affixed his signature on the spot, to spare himself a second visit, and, collecting his fees, bowed us out. I suppose he argued that we should have known the ropes and attended to all details accurately, in order to ward off suspicion, had we been suspicious characters. How could he know that the Americans understood Russian, and that this plain act of "getting rid" of us would weigh on our minds all the way to the Russian frontier?

But, at the frontier, the gendarmes evoked a throb of gratitude from our relieved hearts. Not a soul of them seemed to suspect that the American government owned a consul who could write his name on the huge parchments, which contrasted so strongly with the compact little documents from other lands.

"Which are your passports?" inquired the tall gendarmes who guarded the door of the restaurant, as we went to take our seats in the Russian train.

"The biggest," I replied, without mentioning our names, and they handed them over with a grin.

On our arrival in St. Petersburg, we were not even asked for our passports. Curiosity became restless within us. Was there some sinister motive in this neglect, after the harrowing tales we had heard from a woman lecturer, and read in books which had actually got themselves printed, about gendarmes forcing themselves into people's rooms while they were dressing, demanding their passports, and setting a guard at their doors; after which, gendarmes in disguises (which they were clever enough to penetrate) followed them all over the country? Why was it thus with them, and not with us? The *why* ripened gradually. We inquired if the passports were not wanted.

"No; if you intend to remain only a few days, it is not worth while to register them," was the startling reply; and those wretched, unwieldy parchments remained in our possession, even after we had announced that we did not meditate departing for some time. I hesitate to set down the whole truth about the anxiety they cost us for a while. How many innocent officers, in crack regiments (as we discovered when we learned the uniforms), in search of a breakfast or a dinner, did we not take for the police upon our tracks, in search of those concealed documents! Our excitement was ministered to by the Tatar waiters, who, not having knowledge of our nationality, mistook us for English people, and wrecked our nerves by making our tea as strong and black as beer, with a view to large "tea-money"

for this delicate attention to our insular tastes.

If no one wanted those documents, what were *we* to do with them? Wear them as breastplates (folded), or as garments (full size)? No pocket of any sex would tolerate them, and we had been given to understand by veracious (?) travelers that it was as much as our lives were worth to be separated from them for a single moment. At the end of a week we forced the hotel to take charge of them. They were registered, and immediately thrown back on our hands. Then we built lean-tos on our petticoats to hold them, and carried them about until they looked aged and crumpled and almost frayed, like ancestral parchments. We even slept with them under our pillows. At last, we also were nearly worn out, and we tossed those Sindbad passports into a drawer, then into a trunk. There they remained for three months; and when they were demanded, we had to undertake a serious search, so completely had their existence and whereabouts been lost to our lightened spirits. In the mean time we had grasped the elementary fact that they would be required only on a change of domicile. By dint of experience we learned various other facts, which I may as well summarize at once.

The legal price of registration is twenty kopeks (about ten cents), the value of the stamp. But hotel and lodging-house keepers never set it down in one's bill at less than double that amount. It often rises to four or five times the legal charge, according to the elegance of the rooms which one occupies, and also according to the daring of the landlord. In one house in Moscow, they even tried to make us pay again on leaving. We refused, and as we already had possession of the passports, which, they pretended, required a second registry, they could do nothing. This abuse of overcharging for passport registration on the part of landlords seems to have been general. It became so serious that the Argus-eyed prefect of St. Petersburg, General Gresser (now deceased), issued an order that no more than the law allowed should be exacted from lodgers. I presume, however, that all persons who could not read Russian, or who did not chance to notice this regulation, continued to contribute to the pockets of landlords, since human nature is very much alike everywhere, in certain professions. I had no occasion to test the point personally, as the law was issued just previous to my departure from the country.

The passport law seems to be interpreted by each man for himself in other respects, also. In some places, we found that we could stay overnight quite informally; at others, our passports were required. Once we spent an entire month incognito. At Kazan, our balcony commanded a full view of the police department of registry, directly opposite. The landlord sniffed disdainfully at the mention of our passports, and I am sure that we should not have been asked for them at all, had not one of the officials, who chanced to be less wilted by the intense heat than his fellows, — they had been gazing lazily at us, singly and in battalions, in the intervals of their rigorous idleness, for the last four and twenty hours, — suddenly taken a languid interest in us about one hour before our departure. The landlord said he was "simply ridiculous." On another occasion, a waiter in a hotel recognized the Russians who were with us as neighbors of his former master in the days of serfdom. He suggested that he would arrange not to have our passports called for at all, since they might be kept overtime, and our departure would thus be delayed, and we be incommoded. Only one of our friends had even taken the trouble to bring a "document;" but the whole party spent three days under the protection of this ex-serf. Of course, we be-

spoke his attendance for ourselves, and remembered that little circumstance in his "tea-money." This practice of detaining passports arbitrarily, from which the ex-serf was protecting us, prevails in some localities, judging from the uproar about it in the Russian newspapers. It is contrary to the law, and can be resisted by travelers who have time, courage, and determination. It appears to be a device of the landlords at watering places and summer resorts generally, who desire to detain guests. I doubt whether the police have anything to do with it. What we paid the ex-serf for was, practically, protection against his employer.

Our one experience of this device was coupled with a good deal of amusement, and initiated us into some of the laws of the Russian post office as well. To begin my story intelligibly, I must premise that no Russian could ever pronounce or spell our name correctly, unaided. A worse name to put on a Russian official document, with its *H* and its double *o*, never was invented! There is no letter *h* in the Russian alphabet, and it is customary to supply the deficiency with the letter *g*, leaving the utterer to his fate as to which of the two legitimate sounds — the foreign or the native — he is to produce. It affords a test of cultivation parallel to that involved in giving a man a knife and fork with a piece of pie, and observing which he uses. That is the American shibboleth. Lomonosoff, the famous founder of Russian literary language in the last century, wrote a long rhymed strophe, containing a mass of words in which the *g* occurs legitimately and illegitimately, and wound up by wailing out the query, "Who can emerge from the crucial test of pronouncing all these correctly, unimpeached?" That is the Russian shibboleth.

As a result of this peculiarity, our passports came back from each trip to the police office indorsed with a brand-new version of our name. We figured under Gepgud, Gapgod, Gabgot, and a number of other disguises, all because they persisted in spelling by the eye, and would not accept my perfect phonetic version. The same process applied to the English name Wylie has resulted in the manufacture of Villié. And the pleasant jest of it all was that we never troubled ourselves to sort our passports, because, although there existed not the slightest family resemblance even between my mother and myself, we looked exactly alike in those veracious mirrors. This explained to our dull comprehension how the stories of people using stolen passports could be true. However, the Russians were not to blame for this particular absurdity. It was the fault of the officials in America.

On the occasion to which I refer, we had gone out of St. Petersburg, and had left a written order for the post-office authorities to forward our mail to our new address. The bank officials, who should certainly have known better, had said that this would be sufficient, and had even prepared the form, on their stamped paper, for our signature. Ten days elapsed; no letters came. Then the form was returned, with orders to get our signatures certified to by the chief of police or the police captain of our district! When we recovered from our momentary vexation, we perceived that this was an excellent safeguard. I set out for the house of the chief of police.

His orderly said he was not at home, but would be there at eleven o'clock. I took a little look into the church, — my infallible receipt for employing spare moments profitably, which has taught me many things. At eleven o'clock the chief was still "not at home." I decided that this was in an "official" sense only, when I caught sight of a woman surveying me cautiously through the crack of the opposite door to the antechamber. I immediately jumped to the conclusion that a woman calling

upon a chief of police was regarded as a suspicious character; and rightly, after various shooting incidents in St. Petersburg. My suspicions were confirmed by my memory of the fact that I had been told that the prefect of St. Petersburg was "not at home" in business hours, though his gray lambskin cap — the only one in town — was lying before me at the time. But I also recollected that when I had made use of that cap as a desk, on which to write my request, to the horror of the orderly, and had gone home, the prefect had sent a gendarme to do what I wanted. Accordingly, I told this orderly my business in a loud, clear voice. The crack of the door widened as I proceeded, and at my last word I was invited into the chief's study by the orderly, who had been signaled to.

The chief turned out to be a polished and amiable baron, with a German name, who was eager to render any service, but who had never come into collision with that post-office regulation before. I remarked that I regretted not being able to certify to ourselves with our passports, as they had not been returned to us. He declared that the passports were quite unnecessary as a means of identification; my word was sufficient. But he flew into a rage over the detention of the passports. That something decidedly vigorous took place over those papers, and that the landlord of our hotel was to blame, it was easy enough to gather from the meek air and the apologies with which they were handed to us, a couple of hours later. The chief dispatched his orderly on the spot with my post-office petition. During the man's absence, the chief brought in and introduced to me his wife, his children, and his dogs, and showed me over his house and garden. We were on very good terms by the time the orderly returned with the signature of the prefect (who had never seen us) certifying to our signatures, on faith. The baron sealed the petition for me with his biggest coat of arms, and posted it, and the letters came promptly and regularly. Thereafter, for the space of our four months' stay in the place, the baron and I saluted when we met. We even exchanged "shakehands," as foreigners call the operation, and the compliments of the day, in church, when the baron escorted royalty. I think he was a Lutheran, and went to that church when etiquette did not require his presence at the Russian services, where I was always to be found.

As, during those four months, I obtained several very special privileges which required the prefect's signature, — as foreigners were by no means common residents there, — and as I had become so well known by sight to most of the police force of the town that they saluted me when I passed, and their dogs wagged their tails at me and begged for a caress, I imagined that I was properly introduced to the authorities, and that they could lay hands upon me at any moment when the necessity for so doing should become apparent. Nevertheless, one friend, having applied to the police for my address, spent two whole days in finding me, at haphazard. After a residence of three months, other friends appealed in vain to the police; then obtained from the prefect, who had certified to us, the information that no such persons lived in the town, the only foreigners there being two sisters named Genrut! With this lucid clue, our friends cleverly found us. Those who understand Russian script will be able to unravel the process by which we were thus disguised and lost. Still, in spite of this experience, I always regarded my passport as an important means of protection. In case of accident, one could be traced by it. A traveler's passport once registered at the police office, the landlord or lodging-house keeper is responsible for the life of his guest. If the landlord have any bandit propensities, this

serves as a check upon them, since he is bound to produce the person, or to say what has become of him. In the same way, when one is traveling by imperial post carriage, the postilion must deliver his passenger safe and sound at the next post station, or be promptly arrested. The passport serves here as a sort of waybill for the human freight. When a foreigner's passport is registered for the first time, he receives permission to remain six months in the country. At the expiration of that period, on formal application, a fresh permit is issued, which must be paid for, and which covers one year. This takes the form of a special document, attached to the foreign passport with cord and sealing-wax; and attached to it, in turn, is a penalty for cutting the cord or tampering with the official seal. These acts must be done by the proper officials. I thought it might be interesting to attend to securing this special permit myself, instead of sending the *dvórnik* (the yard porter), whose duties comprise as many odds and ends as those of the prime minister of an empire.

At the office I was questioned concerning my religion and my occupation, which had not been inquired into previously. The question about religion was a mere formality, as they care nothing for one's creed. I stated, in reply to the last question, that I was merely "a traveler."

"Don't say that; it 's too expensive," returned the official, in a friendly way.

"To whom? How?" I asked.

"To you, of course. A traveler, as a person of leisure, pays a huge tax."

"Call me a literary person, then, if you like."

"That 's not an occupation!" (Observe the delicate, unconscious sarcasm of this rejoinder! As a matter of fact, the Russian idea of literary men is that they all hold some government or other appointment, on the committee of censorship, for example, — some ratable position. Upon this they can depend for a livelihood, aside from the product of their brains; which is practical, and affords a firm foundation upon which to execute caprices.)

He suggested various things which I was not, and I declined to accept his suggestions. We got it settled at last, though he shook his head over my extravagant obstinacy in paying two dollars, when I might have got off with half the sum and a lie. He imparted a good deal of amusing information as to the manner in which people deliberately evade the passport tax with false statements; for example, governesses, who would scorn to be treated as nurses, get themselves described as *bonnes* to save money. I have no doubt that the authorities amiably assist them by friendly suggestions, as in my own case; only I decline to sail under false colors, by the authority of my own government or any other; so his amiability was wasted so far as I was concerned.

It would seem to the ordinary reader that the police would be able to lay hands on a man, when he was wanted, with tolerable promptness and accuracy, after all the details which the law requires in these "address tickets," as the local passports are called, had been duly furnished. But I remember one case, among several, which impressed me as instructive and amusing. The newspapers told the tale, which ran somewhat as follows: A wealthy woman of position, residing in one of the best quarters of St. Petersburg, hired a prepossessing young lackey as one of her large staff of domestics. Shortly after his advent many articles of value began to disappear. Finally, suspicion having turned on this lackey, he also disappeared, and the police undertook to find him. It then became apparent that the fellow had used a false passport and address, and was not to be found where he was inscribed. He caused an exciting chase. This ended in the discovery of a regular robbers' nest, where a large number of false pass-

ports were captured, the prepossessing lackey and his friends having abandoned them in their attempt to escape. The papers were also constantly remarking on the use made by peasant men of their passports. The wife is inscribed on the husband's "document," separate passports for wives being, as a rule, difficult of attainment in the lower classes. The peasants are thus able, and often willing, to control their wives' places of residence and movements, and preserve entire liberty of action for themselves, since their consent is required for the separate passport, or for the wives' movements on the common passport. In such cases the passport does become an instrument of oppression, from either the Occidental or the Oriental point of view.

As for the stories told by travelers of officious meddling by the police on their arrival in Russia, and of their footsteps being dogged, I have recently been favored with some light on that subject. I believe the tales, with reservations, since some perfectly innocent and truthful friends of mine related to me their own similar experience. A man, who seemed to their inexperienced eyes to be a police officer, told them that the authorities thought three weeks, one in Petersburg and two elsewhere, would be amply sufficient for their travels in Russia. They had a high-priced French courier, who pretended to know a little Russian. Perhaps he did know enough for his own purposes. He told them that they were watched constantly, and translated for the officer. But he did not tell them that they already had permission to remain in the country for the customary six months. I made them get out their passports, and showed them the official stamp and signature to that effect. This clever courier afterward stole from them, in Warsaw, a quantity of diamonds which he had helped them purchase in Moscow, and of whose existence and whereabouts in their trunks no one but himself was aware. This helped me to an explanation. It is invariably the couriers or guides, I find, who tell travelers these alarming tales, and neglect to inform them of their rights. It certainly looks very much as though some confederate of theirs impersonates a police official, and as though they misinterpret. The stories of spies forever in attendance seem to be manufactured for the purpose of extorting handsome gratuities from their victims for their "protection," and for the purpose of frightening the latter out of the country before their own ignorance is discovered. As I never employed the guides, I never had any trouble with the police, either genuine or manufactured. I visited the police stations whenever I could make an excuse; and when I wished to know when and where the Emperor was to be seen, I asked a policeman or a gendarme. He always told me the exact truth unhesitatingly, and pointed out the best position. It was refreshing after the German police, who put one through the Inquisition as to one's self and one's ancestors as soon as one arrives, and who prove themselves lineal descendants of Ananias or Baron Munchausen when a traveler asks for information.

When we wished to leave the country, I again usurped the dvórnik's duties, and paid another visit to the passport office, to inspect its workings. Our Russian passports were clipped out, and little books were given us, which constituted our permission to leave Russia at any time within the next three months, by any route we pleased, without further ceremony. These booklets contained information relating to the tax imposed on Russians for absenting themselves from their country for various periods, the custom-house regulations which forbid the entry, duty free, of more than one fur cloak, cap, and muff to each person, etc., since these books form return passports for Russians, though we surrendered ours at the frontier. As the hotel clerk or porter attends to all pass-

port details, few foreigners see the inside of the office, or hear the catechisms which are conducted there, as I did. It is vulgar, it smacks of commercial life, to go one's self. Apathy and lack of interest can always be relied upon to brand one as aristocratic. In this case, however, as in many others, I considered myself repaid for following Poor Richard's advice: "If you want a thing done, do it yourself; if not, send!"

To sum up the passport question: If his passport is in order, the traveler need never entertain the slightest apprehension for a single moment, despite sensational tales to the contrary, and it will serve as a safeguard. If, for any good reason, his passport cannot be put in order, the traveler will do well to keep out of Russia, or any other country which requires such documents. In truth, although we do not require them in this country, America would be better off if all people who cannot pass a passport scrutiny, and a German, not a Russian, passport examination, were excluded from it.

I have mentioned the post office in connection with our passports. Subsequently I had several entertaining interviews with the police and others on that point. On Sunday afternoon, in Moscow, we went to the police station of our quarter to get our change-of-address petition to the post-office authorities signed. There was nothing of interest about the shabby building or the rooms, on this occasion. The single officer on duty informed us that he was empowered to attend only to cases of drunkenness, breaches of the peace, and the like. We must return on Monday, he declared.

"No," said I. "Why make us waste all that time in beautiful Moscow? Here are our passports to identify us. Will you please to tell the captain, as soon as he arrives to-morrow morning, that we are genuine, and request him to sign this petition and post it?"

The officer courteously declined to look at the passports, said that my word was sufficient, and accepted my commission. Then, rising, drawing himself up, with the heels of his high wrinkled boots in regulation contact, and the scarlet pipings of his baggy green trousers and tight coat bristling with martial etiquette, he made me a profound bow, hand on heart, and said, "Madam, accept the thanks of Russia for the high honor you have done her in learning her difficult language!"

I accepted Russia's thanks with due pomp, and hastened into the street. That small, low-roofed station house seemed to be getting too contracted to contain all of us and etiquette.

Again, upon another occasion, also in Moscow, it struck us that it would be a happy idea and a clever economy of time to get ourselves certified to before our departure, instead of after our arrival in St. Petersburg. Accordingly, we betook ourselves, in a violent snowstorm, to the police station inside the walls of the old city, as we had changed our hotel, and that was now our quarter.

A vision of cells; of unconfined prisoners tranquilly executing hasty repairs on their clothing, with twine or something similar, in the anteroom; of a complete police hierarchy, running through all the gradations of pattern in gold and silver embroidery to the plain uniform of the roundsman, gladdened our sight while we waited. A gorgeous silver-laced official finally certified our identity, as usual without other proof than our statement, and, clapping a five-kopek stamp on our paper, bowed us out. I had never seen a stamp on such a document before, and had never been asked to pay anything; but I restrained my natural eagerness to reimburse the government and ask questions, with the idea that it might have been a purely mechanical action on the part of the officer, and in the hope of developments. They came. A couple of hours later, a messenger entered our room at the hotel, without

knocking, in Russian lower-class style, and demanded thirty kopeks for the signature. I offered to pay for the stamp on the spot, and to supply the remaining twenty-five kopeks when furnished with an adequate reason therefor.

"Is the captain's signature worth so much?" I asked.

"That is very little," was the answer.

"So it is. Is the captain's signature worth so little? Tell me why."

He could not, or would not.

I made him wait while I wrote a petition to the police. The burden of it was: "Why? I was born an American and curious; not too curious, but just curious enough to be interested in the ethnographical and psychological problems of foreign lands. Why the twenty-five kopeks? It is plainly too little or too much. Why?"

The messenger accepted the five kopeks for the stamp, and set out to deliver the document. But he returned after a moment, and said that he would entrust the five kopeks to my safe-keeping until he brought the answer to my document, — which he had had just sufficient time to read, by the way. That was the last I ever heard of him or of it, and I was forced to conclude that some thirsty soul had been in quest of "tea-money" for *vódka*. I am still in debt to the Russian government for five kopeks.

The last time I arrived in Petersburg, I tried a new plan. Instead of making a trip of a couple of miles to get the signature of our police captain, or sending the petition at the languid convenience of the overworked dvórnik, I went to the general post office, which was close by, and made a personal request that my mail matter be delivered at my new address. The proper official, whom I found after a search through most of the building, during which I observed their methods, declared that my request was illegal, and ordered me to go for the customary signature. But by this time I had learned that the mere threat to make Russian officials inspect my passport was productive of much the same effect as drawing a pistol on them would have had. It was not in the least necessary to have the document with me; going through the motions was easier, and quite as good. Every man of them flushed up and repelled the suggestion as a sort of personal insult; but they invariably came to terms on the spot. Accordingly, I tried it here.

This particular man, when I pretended to draw my "open sesame" spell from my pocket, instantly dropped his official air, asked me to write my name, with quite a human, friendly manner, and then remarked, with a very every-day laugh, "That is sufficient. I have seen so much of it on your previous petitions that I can swear to it myself much better than the police captain could."

The most prominent instance of minute thoughtfulness and care on the part of the post-office officials which came under my notice occurred in the depths of the country. I sent a letter with a ten-kopek stamp on it to the post town, twelve versts distant. Foreign postage had been raised from seven to ten kopeks, and stamps, in a new design, of the latter denomination (hitherto non-existent) had been in use for about four months. The country postmaster, who had seen nothing but the old issues, carefully removed my stamp and sent it back to me, replacing it with a seven-kopek stamp and a three-kopek stamp. I felt, for a moment, as though I had been both highly complimented and gently rebuked for my remarkable skill in counterfeiting!

As a parallel case, I may add that there were plenty of intelligent people in New York city and elsewhere who were not aware that the United States still issued three-cent stamps, or who could tell the color of them, until the Columbian set appeared to attract their attention.

Isabel F. Hapgood.

A GENERAL ELECTION: RIGHT AND WRONG IN POLITICS.

The stir of a general election broke in upon the usual quiet of the old manor house. The squire's eldest son was a candidate for one of the divisions of the county. The rooms in the old tower were turned into offices, in and out of which flowed daily streams of election business. There were committee-men, canvassers, and wire-pullers to talk and be talked to; addresses; notices of meetings; leaflets, serious and comic; new songs set to old popular tunes; photographs of the handsome young candidate, with his address on the back, to be sent to every elector; and then, as the great day drew on, the thousands of cards to be sent by post, one to every voter, with his name and number and polling-place, and a fac-simile of the ballot paper, with an explanation how it should be used. The candidate's wife, zealous alike for her husband and for the cause he represented, helped as only a woman can help in such work, rousing a new enthusiasm as often as the crowd met the carriage in which she sat by her husband's side, or as she came into the meeting with him, while hundreds of voices joined in the March of the Men of Harlech or Wait for the Polling-Day. The candidate himself, while ably supported by the leading men of his party, understood his own work well, from his experience in county business, in which he had for some years taken an active part. The squire wrote leaflets and songs, and took the chair at such of the meetings as were within his reach; and I thought myself fortunate in this my first opportunity of seeing both the serious and the humorous side of a general election. The humor was for the most part, but not always, good humor. The "civil dudgeon" sometimes "grew high, and men fell out, they knew not why;" or at least when they would have found it hard to explain why. At one of the meetings to which I went with my friends, a sound like that of carpet-beating, at the further end of the hall, made us on the platform wonder whether the wielders of the sticks were not Irishmen, instead of the young farmers they seemed to be. At another meeting, the candidate's brother stood for an hour apparently speaking, but with no sound from his mouth being audible. On still another evening, there were ominous signs that our opponents had packed the meeting, and might be expected to storm the platform, when a sturdy farmer arrived with what Mrs. Quickly would have called "a rescue or two," and which, with strategical skill, he formed into a wedge, with a chimney-sweep with brush and bag at its point. No one dared face the infinite possibilities of that brush, and the foe was scattered. But our side was generally the popular one; and on one occasion I was amused at seeing our assailants driven to take refuge behind the candidate's wife, as she sat fearless on the platform, while they tried to assure her it was for her own safety that they begged her to escape with them through a window six feet from the ground. But for the most part these meetings, of which we had sometimes three in one evening, and often in the open air, as the time was summer, were not only quiet, but enthusiastic, while consisting chiefly of our own party. And I was much struck with the seriousness of the people, enthusiastic as they were; men, and women too, were so evidently desiring to understand the arguments of the speakers, and to learn from what they heard.

The writ had come down to the sheriff, the nomination had been made, and the eve of the polling-day had arrived.

"Venit summa dies, et ineluctabile fatum."

At night I went with the squire and his youngest son and daughter to a last meeting, while our candidate and his wife went to another. The enthusiasm was great, yet I saw something serious as well as earnest in the faces before me. We knew that other meetings were being held that night, and that another host was mustering for the morrow, arrayed against us, with hopes no less high than our own. A solemn feeling of suspense, and even of awe, fell upon me, and I doubt not on those with me; and though the battle was to be fought with ballot papers in orderly polling-places, I could not but think that as great issues might be at stake as were at Agincourt, and that there was no unfitness in recalling as I did the words of Shakespeare: —

"From camp to camp through the foul womb of night
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fixed sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch:
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face;
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear, and from the tents
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation."

Then followed that long day of eager hopes and fears and guesses at what must remain unknown till the morrow, while the rival candidates and their wives spent the day in visiting every polling-place in succession. They once or twice met and crossed each other, with the courtesy which seldom fails English gentlefolk under such circumstances.

I am not old enough to recall, but the squire has described to me, the days when the freeholders journeyed from every end of the county to their county town, there to choose two knights of the shire by acclamation at the hustings, or, if need were, by voting, presided over by the sheriff, who kept the poll open day after day, and even week after week, as long as there was a single voter to come in. The several forms, ending with that of the two chosen knights, girded with swords, riding in procession at the head of their supporters, were probably little changed from the days of Hampton, or perhaps even of Simon de Montfort; and though the counties had been divided, and other polling-places added to that of the county town, the main proceedings were still the same, as the squire has told me, before the passing of the Ballot Act. On the hustings, a great wooden structure erected in the open air, the high sheriff presided over a crowd of the freeholders and the larger tenants of the county. The Queen's writ was read; the names of the rival candidates were proposed one after another, with the shouts of their several supporters. As nothing turned on the decision of the sheriff, he might be pardoned if he looked to the side of his own party and declared that their ayes had it. His decision was challenged, and the day for the polling appointed. My friend gave me an account of his doings, both as county magistrate and as party committee-man, in his own village, during one such polling-day. There was a polling-place in the village, and his story was this: —

A few days before, there had been something of an election riot in a large town some ten miles off, and a timid householder in the village, having taken it into his head that the rioters would now march upon his village, made oath to that effect, and demanded the appointment of special constables. The justices could not refuse the demand, and the squire had to swear in the constables, and to provide them with staves, for which the county had afterwards to pay a bill of twenty pounds. A strong body of rural police was also marched in. Their superintendent told my friend — the only magistrate there — that, in the event of a riot, the special constables

would be of no use if they were at the time dispersed among the crowd, and that they must be kept together in a body, in case they should be wanted to act. So my friend locked them all up in the parish schoolroom; they meekly submitting to an order which probably the magistrate had no legal power to enforce. He sent them in some old newspapers, and all the bread and cold meat which the committee of the rival candidates had left unconsumed in the several public houses; and so they were left, losing their votes and their share in the general fun, till the polling-day was over. The polling began in a wooden shed set up on a bit of open ground in the middle of the village, with a shelter for the officers and their books, — a shelter luckily not wanted, as the day proved to be one of bright autumn weather. The church clock struck eight, and the squire, who was a keen party politician no less than an active magistrate, was the first to give his vote. The incredible muddle-headedness of voters, which is now hid from all but the presiding officer and the personation agent, who sit in secret conclave in the polling-room, could then be witnessed and laughed at in open day. There, for instance, was a freeholder who had never heard of the House of Commons, but whose father had turned a bit of roadside waste into a freehold by building a house upon it, and living there without disturbance from the parish overseers. He had been brought up by the zealous agent of one party, but was now clutched at by him of the other side. When asked for whom he voted, he could only look scared and say that he was a stoutish gentleman with a bald head, but he did not rightly remember his name. And then when the polling-clerk, who had at first forbidden the rival agents to interfere, did at last reluctantly say that each might tell the man the names of their respective candidates, the poor bewildered man replied again and again, "That 's not the name," till all were exhausted; but then, after there was no other to come, he thought it was the last which he had heard, and so voted, to his own relief and that of every one except the discomfited agent. There were no telegrams in those days, but a mounted messenger came in every hour from headquarters only to report to the squire's committee that they were losing everywhere, and to carry back the like bad report from them. Still they put a good face on the matter, and kept their own counsel, in spite of the eager inquiries from the other side, who for some reason — perhaps because they were the stupid party — had not provided for keeping themselves informed of their own success. The last incident which the squire told me of was a report to his committee of two voters still left in an outlying village. An omnibus was chartered in hot haste; the voters were brought in before the clock struck four, and one voted on one side, and one on the other. Then the special constables were set free from a custody which had been inflicted on none but themselves; the crowd of voters and non-voters dispersed in good humor, though still in ignorance of how the day had gone; and my friend went home to learn the full account of the utter beating his party had received.

But these are memories of an almost forgotten past. Now all these things are shrouded, by the secrecy of the ballot, in a silence which becomes, as I have said, solemn and almost awful to those to whom the election is a serious interest, as the polling-day goes on. At last, then, night had fallen on the fight, which was lost and won, though no one knew how the day had gone. Next morning the counting began in the courthouse of the principal town in the division. The sheriff who presided had given me permission to be among the favored few who were allowed to be present during the counting. These were the candidates and their wives and their agents and the officials who had to count. The seals of

the several ballot boxes were examined and broken, and the number of voting papers in each was verified; then the whole were thrown together, "made hay of," and finally separated according to the names of the candidates for which they were marked. This separation went on at four tables at once; and as each packet of one hundred papers was completed, it was filed with a blue or a red label, as that candidate's color might be, by the counting clerk, and then handed by him to the agent of the opposite side. If he was satisfied with it, he handed it to the other agent, who made a like examination; and if there was — as sometimes happened — a doubt as to the meaning of the voter's mark, or any other question as to the reception of the ballot paper, the point was decided by the sheriff. An equal number of red and of blue labels lay on the table, for tying up the successive packets of a hundred ballot papers for one or the other candidate. The keen eyes of our candidate's wife were the first to discover that the wrappers of her husband's color were exhausted, while several remained on the other side. The counting was soon finished; the numbers were called out in the room; and the sheriff proceeded to announce the result to the eager crowd which was waiting outside. Our candidate was elected by a majority of seven hundred and ninety-three votes; and the declaration of the poll was received with enthusiastic shouts by his supporters, while those who were there in the hope of another result slipped silently away. The defeated candidate was not the old member, nor of his party, but the important question had been whether the constituency had, or had not, changed from its old political faith. There could be no doubt that the popular feeling, in so far as it could be shown by public meetings, was in my friend's favor, but nothing but the actual poll could tell the opinion of the silent voter, who did not go to the meetings on either side. To borrow Burke's simile, till then we had heard the voice of the noisy grasshoppers, but the stately cattle were browsing in silence. Now the newly elected M. P. knew that a majority of both were for him. He had to return thanks again and again to the crowd who accompanied him from the town hall to his hotel, from the hotel to the railway station. The carriage in which he and his wife sat was drawn — "hauled," as the country people call it — by their enthusiastic supporters through a crowd which numbered thousands, and covered perhaps a mile of ground. We were half an hour in reaching the station, out of which the train could hardly make its way. It was a triumphal progress, for the new M. P. was already well known in his county.

The old squire, with his younger children and his grandchildren, had waited at home for the telegram which was to tell how the battle had gone. The news had been telegraphed in various other directions. And when we — for I had returned with the new M. P. and his wife — reached the station where our carriage was waiting for us, we were welcomed by a band of music heading a procession from many miles around. The horses were taken out, and the carriage was "hauled" by the enthusiastic crowd through the village, and so up to the old manor house. The people had of their own accord put up triumphal arches. The squire's younger children and grandchildren, after hanging out a great flag on the tower, and smaller ones at every window, had joined the procession on its road; and it at last entered the gateway through the old battlemented wall, led by some of the principal tenants, while the band played Auld Lang Syne, and the squire stood at the door to welcome his son and his son's wife. It was a grand sight. I shall be told, and shall grant, that it is common enough on such occasions; but if I am asked why then it seems so striking, I answer that it was a grand sight, and a sight to awake our

deepest thoughts and feelings, to see that multitude of faces of men, women, and children, full of gladness and of love for those whom they were rejoicing to honor while sharing their triumph. It was, and from its nature must be, a passing enthusiasm, but it was not the less real for all that; the brightness of the moment must soon fade into the light of common day, but all had been the better as well as the happier that even for a moment they had been raised above themselves; and to many it would be a memory that would never die. The squire and his son each said a few words of thanks, which were heartily responded to. The shadows of evening were falling as the band again struck up Auld Lang Syne, and the people slowly filed through the archway; when the last had disappeared we went slowly into the house, and I heard the old squire repeat to himself, "Nunc dimittis."

The newly elected knight of the shire went to London to take his seat at the meeting of Parliament, and the squire and I walked down the avenue and sat again under the shade of Berowne's oak, while the gentle splashing of the little waterfall sounded in our ears, and accompanied without disturbing our talk. The squire had been laughing at some rather strong abuse of his son in the local paper which represented the defeated party; but as I fancied that he might possibly be more annoyed than he allowed, I said: —

"It is really too bad that a respectable newspaper should make such grossly false statements as to the moral and intellectual unfitness of the successful candidate, and of his election having been due to promises impossible of fulfillment, and to every other kind of influence which could be exercised over what they now call an ignorant electorate."

Squire. That is nothing to what the losing party always says, though without rushing to print, in such days of excitement as follow a contested election. It is pretty Fanny's way; and the man who wins can afford to say with the navvy, when they laughed at him because his wife beat him, "It amuses her, and it does not hurt me."

Foster. I should say "ugly Fanny" and her ugly way. I cannot help feeling more annoyed than you seem to be.

Squire. I am older, and therefore tougher, than you. When men get upon politics, they should allow each other the liberty which each claims for himself, of using words in a parliamentary sense, as the phrase goes. If a correspondent subscribes himself your obedient humble servant, you do not therefore expect him to wait on you at dinner, or carry your portmanteau to the station. Lord St. Leonards, in his Handy Book on Property Law, says that, though the Court of Chancery will enforce the terms of any contract, it will not hold a vendor to be bound by what it calls the babble of the auction room. The language at an election, like that at an auction, though it may be in the way of blame instead of praise, is high-flown, exaggerated, and has a conventional meaning which it does not bear in ordinary life. I do not defend it; I am sorry for it, and wish it could be avoided, especially as I know that some people do more or less accept such language in its ordinary sense, and so become embittered in feeling, whether they believe the abuse to be true or know it to be false. There is plenty of evil in the world. I am sorry for it, but cannot help it. I know that the day may be rainy and the road muddy; but there is plenty of sunshine, too, and we shall get to our journey's end, if we do not mind being splashed with mud and getting a little wet on the way. Or you may change the metaphor, and say with the book of Proverbs, "Where no oxen are, the crib is clean: but much increase is by the strength of the ox."

Foster. Though I shall be arguing against myself, I can cap your quotation

with a passage which I lighted upon in a pamphlet in the library, the other day, and which I think I remember: "The free expression of opinion, as our experience has taught us, is the safety valve of passion. That noise when the steam escapes alarms the timid; but it is the sign that we are safe." And again: "I have lived now for many years in the midst of the hottest and noisiest of the workshops of constitutional freedom, and have seen that amidst the clatter and the din a ceaseless labor is going on; stubborn matter is reduced to obedience, and the brute powers of society, like the fire, air, water, and minerals of nature, are, with clamor, indeed, but also with might, educated and shaped into the most refined and regular forms of usefulness for man."

Squire. You have a capital memory, and the whole passage is worthy of Milton or Burke. The old Parliamentary Hand was young when he wrote that; but fifty years' experience has evidently only confirmed him in his beliefs. So far as my own observation goes, I should say that the fastidious and sensitive men, who try to keep aloof from the dust and din, and still baser elements of politics, and try to rise above party, always, in practice, sink below it. The only men whom I have known to rise above party are those who, with moral and intellectual earnestness, throw themselves sometimes into one, and sometimes into the other party, as either seems to them right or wrong. That state of negation which the non-party man attains to is, in practice, a dull, half-hearted conservatism, as far inferior to the true conservatism as to the true liberalism. Think, too, of the unconscious selfishness of these men, who live in the enjoyment of all the infinite blessings of civilization, and have no words except of censure and contempt for those by whose hard work, with all its begriming incidents, and by that alone, all those blessings have been won and are still secured for them. "For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed; thou wert our conscript, on whom the lot fell, and, fighting our battles, wert so marred."

Foster. Our conversation is getting to be as full of quotations as the play of Hamlet; yet I must add another, that I may ask you a question about it. Do you agree with Falstaff that it is better to be on the wrong side than on none, and do you think it a shame to be on any but one?

Squire. To a young man, like yourself, I am always inclined to say Yes; to an old one, No. I do not attempt to discover the laws of the growth, wealth, and disease of the constitution of other nations than our own, by historical generalizations. When Louis Philippe came to the throne of France, in 1831, our "minute philosophers," with delight, showed how history was repeating itself. In the French Revolution as in the English, the king, who claimed to be master by divine hereditary right, had been first controlled by statesmen with historical traditions and beliefs, and then deposed and his head cut off by the men who looked and strove for a reign of pure reason. Then came in each case the reaction to a military despotism, followed by a restoration of the old hereditary monarchy, represented first by a shrewd cynic, whose one object was not to have to go on his travels again; and then by a narrow bigot, who fell in the attempt to bring back the political superstitions and practices of a bygone time, and was succeeded by a new member of the family, a prince of singular prudence and sagacity, while the nearest heir was set aside by the will of the people. All these things ran easily on all fours for those who were content with mere superficial generalizations; but where are they now? They were mere toys of the fancy, and were long ago broken and thrown away. I content myself with the study of the British Constitution; and even here I do

not pretend to do more than pick up a few pebbles which the mighty ocean is rolling in. The experience and observation of years lead me to contract rather than enlarge my sphere of possible knowledge. In politics, even the statesman of genius rarely sees more than his next step, and only after he has taken that sees again the next.

Foster. But you will allow that the world, and so the British Constitution, is governed by laws?

Squire. I do. To me the pursuits of the student of letters or the student of science are far less interesting than those of the young politician who aspires to the realization of his ideals of the constitution under which he lives. His ideal seems to him complete and perfect, and waiting only to be realized in actual life. It is well that a man should begin his study of life in the light of such an ideal, and that he should believe that it is so true and good that any contradiction must be wrong; and therefore I said, in answer to your former question, that I should say to a young man it was wrong to be on any side but one; that is, on the one side which represents and embodies his own ideal of the political life of his country. By all means would I have him enjoy this his honest belief; let him share heartily the triumphs of the party who hold up that ideal, and in the fear that its loss will be the loss of all that a good citizen holds dear. If these things be absolutely true and right, then all that opposes them must be false and wrong. But if he has the wisdom and the courage to look and see how his ideals stand the test of experience, he will again and again see them broken up and set aside by a force which they are unable to resist, while the world not only goes on just as before, but with such manifest advantage that he is obliged, and eventually glad, to confess that his ideal was not the absolute law which governed the world of politics, but only one small and partial representation of it. And so the old man answers the other half of the question, and says that it is *not* a shame to be on any side but one in politics.

Foster. Then you do not think that there is a right and a wrong side in party politics, nor any such difference between Conservatives and Liberals?

Squire. Not a pin to choose, so long as the man honestly holds with either. There is often much wrong doing, much that is evil as well as mistaken, in each party; but each party represents one side, one half of the true and the good, while it opposes the other. It does not matter which leg you put into your breeches first, said Dr. Johnson, but don't stand there getting cold while you are doubting which leg it shall be.

Foster. Yet, squire, I have heard you, at our late meetings, stir the whole audience to enthusiasm by telling them of the merits of your side, and the wrong doings of the other.

Squire. That was counsel pleading for client; but the jury heard the other side, too, before their verdict was given. Judgment followed, not for that constituency only, but for the whole nation, through its representatives in Parliament, and it will be found to be a compromise, or "resolution of forces," with one step forward on the line so indicated. Politics mean action, not science nor even logic. New things and new conditions of things are constantly coming above the horizon, which had never been dreamed of by our political philosophy. These demand action, not abstract inquiry, and it is only in and by action that the right course is found. To act you must take a side; you cannot be on both sides at once, though both have to be reckoned with in the end. The final action is really a joint one; not the triumph of a victor over the vanquished. If there were an absolute right and wrong in politics, it is inconceivable that the opinion of the whole nation should be — as we know it usually is — so nearly di-

vided that the balance of parties is turned by a very small number of votes, and that this minority, though so little less than the majority, always acquiesces in the government of that majority. And so I say that Falstaff's doctrine, which you quote, is true if properly understood.

Foster. I should call this the philosophy of party. The practical view of Burke, that no political action can be effective unless men act together in a party, and to this end make mutual concessions and compromises among themselves, always seems to me intelligible and true, though one often hears it condemned by those who, as you say, sink below party while professing to rise above it. But when you speak so of the absence of an absolute right and wrong in politics, and of its being the business of a statesman merely to ascertain the next step, and to take that, do you not underrate the work really done by the great men who appear from time to time as the leaders of the nation? The British Constitution is often compared to an oak; may it not as properly be compared to a castle, or palace, or cathedral? May we not, in Ben Jonson's phrase, say that it is made as well as born, and that art gives the form and fashion to nature?

Squire. Illustrations prove nothing, though they often throw light on a subject, and make an argument clearer by calling imagination to the aid of reason. Both your illustrations — the tree and the building — are good. Either will answer our purpose here. Let us take the oak. The oak has grown to be what it is in accordance with a law somehow contained in the original acorn. Its growth has somehow (we know not how) depended on the growth of its roots and branches; and while we cannot say that any one of these, however small, was not necessary to its growth, we may confidently say that it could not have become what it is without the vigorous growth of its greater roots and limbs. The whole is made up of its parts, and could never have existed without them; yet they have only come into existence, and still exist, as results of the original law in the acorn. And so it seems to me to be with the nation. It is not a mere metaphor to say that the life of a nation is a reality, a fact. This national life is somehow made up of, or is one with, the life of the men of the nation's successive generations. This life is more, not less, strong and active in our great statesmen than in our ordinary citizens. While we watch the immediate action of some great personality of our own generation, and stand close by him, it seems as if his individual intellect and will were directing and driving the course of events, which he might have made otherwise if he had so chosen; but when an intervening distance of time enables us to see what the whole course of events has been, we discover that, great as the man was, and great as was his mastery over the events of the hour, he, no less than the least important of the men around him, was working in obedience to an irresistible law. If you are not afraid of the language of Bacon and Milton, you may say that this law is an idea in the mind of God, which he has called on his Englishmen to carry out in their national life. Anyhow it is a law.

Foster. One question more. I have heard you tell more than one meeting that the ballot is secret beyond doubt; but what do you say of its morality?

Squire. I have often wished to deal with that point while speaking, or in one of our leaflets, but, like Mr. Parker, have always been deterred by the fear I should make that darker which was dark enough without. The question is one of casuistry, a science, or an art, in which I have little skill.

Foster. Casuistry has, no doubt, a bad sound, like sophistry and Jesuitism; yet, if the case be really one of conscience, it must be possible as well as desirable to find some solution of it; and so he must have thought who founded a pro-

fessorship of casuistry and moral philosophy combined at Cambridge.

Squire. Grote and John Mill had been all their lives in favor of the ballot; but when it was at last carried they were found in the other camp. The intimidation of the shopkeepers by their customers in the great towns, for which the ballot had been demanded by the older Radicals, had almost died out; and it was therefore surely better to retain the more manly form of open voting. And there are still politicians of the study rather than of the market-place, who insist on the loss of manliness in secret voting, and who overlook the facts obvious to all who remember the elections by open voting, and know that but for the ballot the voting must be carried on under the protection of soldiers as well as police, or there would be serious rioting.

Foster. Whatever the manliness of open voting under such protection, I think that without it there could be only the traditional manliness of Donnybrook Fair. But what of the farm laborers and the village shopkeepers in the counties? We have lately heard and seen evidence enough of the great pressure, call it legitimate or undue, put upon these classes by the squires, the parsons, the farmers, and even by their fellow-workmen. It is at their peril if they do not promise their vote to the candidate for whom it is demanded. Ought they to keep that promise when given?

Squire. I might put you off with some of the old stories of the rustic humorists and their evasions of the question how they had voted: as when one said that when the friends of the red candidate had solicited his vote he had pleased them by his answer; he had no less pleased the Primrose Dame by what he promised her; and when he went to the poll he pleased himself. Or when another told his story thus: "When the blues asked for my vote, I promised it to them; then I promised it to the reds when they canvassed me; and when I got into the polling-place by myself, I said 'Conscience forever!' shut my eyes, and made a cross somewhere on the paper, and Heaven only knows how I voted." But I am afraid this will hardly answer your question.

Foster. Not quite. I think no one can read the clauses of the Ballot Act without seeing that the act intends and provides not only that it shall be unlawful for any man to try to find out how another has voted, but also that the voter shall be able to mislead and deceive the man who does make the attempt. But is such deception moral as well as legal?

Squire. If the voter's position is such that he incurs only some social disfavor among his neighbors if he does not deceive them as to his vote, we should only pity his cowardice; but if he is a poor man, a laborer or a small shopkeeper, who will really lose his work, or the custom on which his livelihood depends, if he is known to have voted against the will of his employer or customer, the case is very different. Should he have no wife or child, he will no doubt take the manlier and the better course if he defies the intimidator and takes the consequence of refusing to say how he voted, though I, at least, will not say that every man is to be condemned who has not the courage to be a martyr. But if martyrdom is the nobler course when the sacrifice is only of the man himself, what if it includes his wife and children? We know the horrible story of the Scottish Covenanter who was urged to recant by the torture, not of himself, but of his child stretched on the rack before his eyes. I cannot think that a man is called to endure such martyrdom as that. I say that *all* the guilt, not part of it, lies on the head of the questioner; and the voter who is asked how he voted, and knows that the ruin of his wife and children hangs on his answer, not only has a moral right to deceive

the man who asks the question, but ought to deceive him.

Foster. Even to telling a direct lie? I do not know why it is, but we always seem to make a distinction betwen a lie and an evasion, and to shrink from telling a lie, even while we think ourselves justified in resorting to an evasion which we mean to have the exact effect of the lie.

Squire. It is an instinct, or a habit, which keeps us out of much mischief in ordinary life, though the gospel seems to declare that the state of the heart is to be looked to, rather than the outward deed. And here the motive is good, though the act is not so. People who sit comfortably in their armchairs and condemn the wickedness of the poor man who tells his employer a lie as to the way he voted do not look at the whole case. The Constitution gives the man a vote, and it is his clear duty to use it, and that in accordance with his own judgment who is the right man to vote for. It is a plain question of conscience. He is bound to vote, and to vote according to his own belief as to the right side. If his wife and children are not to lose the daily bread which he earns for them, he must promise his employer that he will vote against his conscience. He makes the promise. Is he bound to keep it or to break it? By the wrongful act of his employer or customer, he has been put in a position in which he must do wrong either way; which course does his conscience require him to take? On the one hand, he must not only break his original promise, but by any further lie which may be needful conceal the fact that he has broken it; on the other hand, he will have failed in his duty to his country and his fellow-citizens by voting for the man whom he believes not to be the right one. It is a hard case of conscience. The man in the comfortable armchair will most likely tell you that it is very easy. To tell a lie, or series of lies, to an actual employer is a plainly wicked act, though the conduct of him who requires it cannot be defended. But to be false to the duty you owe your country is only to be false to a dim, far-off abstraction; and it is surely pardonable to do this as the lesser of the two evils? I cannot think so. Luther preached against what the reformers called the righteousness of the law, warning the anxious seeker after that righteousness that he must beware that the devil does not get possession of his conscience, and so make him hear the devil's voice when he thinks he is hearing that of God. It is a hard case, not to be lightly settled by us who are not called to the responsibility of a decision for ourselves. Mrs. Gaskell, the most moral and most Christian of our novelists, has a tale which might be called The Duty of Telling Lies. And I often think of that story of the Jacobite laird who was saved from the gallows by the false swearing of his old servant, who, when he was afterwards asked by his master how he, a God-fearing man, could have declared to such falsehoods in God's presence, replied, "I would rather trust my soul with the Lord than your body with the Whigs."

Foster. "Splendide mendax, et in omne virgo nobilis ævum."

Squire. After all, our illustrations do not run on all fours with the thing illustrated. May it ever remain dishonest to an Englishman to tell a lie. But, "Woe to him through whom the offence cometh."

Edward Strachey.

GHOST-FLOWERS.

(*Monotropa uniflora.*)

In shining groups, each stem a pearly ray,
Weird flecks of light within the shadowed wood,
They dwell aloof, a spotless sisterhood.
No Angelus, except the wild bird's lay,
Awakes these forest nuns; yet, night and day,
Their heads are bent, as if in prayerful mood.
A touch will mar their snow, and tempests rude
Defile; but in the mist fresh blossoms stray
From spirit-gardens, just beyond our ken.
Each year we seek their virgin haunts, to look
Upon new loveliness, and watch again
Their shy devotions near the singing brook;
Then, mingling in the dizzy stir of men,
Forget the vows made in that cloistered nook.

Mary Thacher Higginson.

THE CHASE OF SAINT-CASTIN.

The waiting April woods, sensitive in every leafless twig to spring, stood in silence and dim nightfall around a lodge. Wherever a human dwelling is set in the wilderness, it becomes, by the very humility of its proportions, a prominent and aggressive point. But this lodge of bark and poles was the color of the woods, and nearly escaped intruding as man's work. A glow lighted the top, revealing the faint azure of smoke which rose straight upward in the cool, clear air.

Such a habitation usually resounded at nightfall with Indian noises, especially if the day's hunting had been good. The mossy rocks lying around were not more silent than the inmates of this lodge. You could hear the Penobscot River foaming along its uneasy bed half a mile eastward. The poles showed freshly cut disks of yellow at the top; and though the bark coverings were such movables as any Indian household carried, they were newly fastened to their present support. This was plainly the night encampment of a traveling party, and two French hunters and their attendant Abenaquis recognized that, as it barred their trail to the river. An odor of roasted meat was wafted out like an invitation to them.

"Excellent, Saint-Castin," pronounced the older Frenchman. "Here is another of your wilderness surprises. No wonder you prefer an enchanted land to the rough mountains around Béarn. I shall never go back to France myself."

"Stop, La Hontan!" The young man restrained his guest from plunging into the wigwam with a headlong gesture recently learned and practiced with delight. "I never saw this lodge before."

"Did you not have it set up here for the night?"

"No; it is not mine. Our Abenaquis are going to build one for us nearer the river."

"I stay here," observed La Hontan. "Supper is ready, and adventures are in the air."

"But this is not a hunter's lodge. You see that our very dogs understand they have no business here. Come on."

"Come on, without seeing who is hid herein? No. I begin to think it is something thou wouldst conceal from me. I go in; and if it be a bear trap, I cheerfully perish."

The young Frenchman stood resting the end of his gun on sodden leaves. He felt vexed at La Hontan. But that inquisitive nobleman stooped to lift the tent flap, and the young man turned toward his waiting Indians and talked a moment in Abenaqui, when they went on in the direction of the river, carrying game and camp luggage. They thought, as he did, that this might be a lodge with which no man ought to meddle. The daughter of Madockawando, the chief, was known to be coming from her winter retreat. Every Abenaqui in the tribe stood in awe of the maid. She did not rule them as a wise woman, but lived apart from them as a superior spirit.

Baron La Hontan, on all fours, intruded his gay face on the inmates of the lodge. There were three of them. His palms encountered a carpet of hemlock twigs, which spread around a central fire to the circular wall, and was made sweetly odorous by the heat. A thick couch of the twigs was piled up beyond the fire, and there sat an Abenaqui girl in her winter dress of furs. She was so white-skinned that she startled La Hontan as an apparition of Europe. He got but one black-eyed glance. She drew her blanket over her head. The group had doubtless heard the conference outside, but ignored it with reticent gravity. The hunter of the lodge was on his heels by the embers, toasting collops of meat for the blanketed princess; and an Etchemin woman, the other inmate, took one from his hand, and paused, while dressing it with salt, to gaze at the Frenchman.

La Hontan had not found himself distasteful to northwestern Indian girls. It was the first time an aboriginal face had ever covered itself from exposure to his eyes. He felt the sudden respect which nuns command, even in those who scoff at their visible consecration. The usual announcement made on entering a cabin — "I come to see this man," or "I come to see that woman" — he saw was to be omitted in addressing this strangely civilized Indian girl.

"Mademoiselle," said Baron La Hontan in very French Abenaqui, rising to one knee, and sweeping the twigs with the brim of his hat as he pulled it off, "the Baron de Saint-Castin of Pentegoet, the friend of your chief Madockawando, is at your lodge door, tired and chilled from a long hunt. Can you not permit him to warm at your fire?"

The Abenaqui girl bowed her covered head. Her woman companion passed the permission on, and the hunter made it audible by a grunt of assent. La Hontan backed nimbly out, and seized the waiting man by the leg. The main portion of the baron was in the darkening April woods, but his perpendicular soles stood behind the flap within the lodge.

"Enter, my child," he whispered in excitement. "A warm fire, hot collops, a black eye to be coaxed out of a blanket, and full permission given to enjoy all. What, man! Out of countenance at thought of facing a pretty squaw, when you have three keeping house with you at the fort?"

"Come out, La Hontan," whispered back Saint-Castin, on his part grasping the elder's arm. "It is Madockawando's daughter."

"The red nun thou hast told me about? The saints be praised! But art thou sure?"

"How can I be sure? I have never seen her myself. But I judge from her avoiding your impudent eye. She does not like to be looked at."

"It was my mentioning the name of Saint-Castin of Pentegoet that made her whip her head under the blanket. I see, if I am to keep my reputation in the woods, I shall have to withdraw from your company."

"Withdraw your heels from this lodge," replied Saint-Castin impatiently. "You will embroil me with the tribe."

"Why should it embroil you with the tribe," argued the merry sitter, "if we warm our heels decently at this ready-fire until the Indians light our own? Any Christian, white or red, would grant us that privilege."

"If I enter with you, will you come out with me as soon as I make you a sign?"

"Doubt it not," said La Hontan, and he eclipsed himself directly.

Though Saint-Castin had been more than a year in Acadia, this was the first time he had ever seen Madockawando's daughter. He knew it was that elusive being, on her way from her winter retreat to the tribe's summer fishing station near the coast. Father Petit, the priest of this woodland parish, spoke of her as one who might in time found a house of holy women amidst the license of the wilderness.

Saint-Castin wanted to ask her pardon for entering; but he sat without a sound. Some power went out from that silent shape far stronger than the hinted beauty of girlish ankle and arm. The glow of brands lighted the lodge, showing bark seams on its poles. Pale smoke and the pulse of heat quivered betwixt him and a presence which, by some swift contrast, made his face burn at the recollection of his household at Pentegoet. He had seen many good women in his life, with the patronizing tolerance which men bestow on unpiquant things that are harmless; and he did not understand why her hiding should stab him like a reproach. She hid from all common eyes. But his were not common eyes. Saint-Castin felt impatient at getting no recognition from a girl, saint though she might be, whose tribe he had actually adopted.

The blunt-faced Etchemin woman, once a prisoner brought from northern Acadia, now the companion of Madockawando's daughter, knew her duty to the strangers, and gave them food as rapidly as the hunter could broil it. The hunter was a big-legged, small-headed Abenaqui, with knees overtopping his tuft of hair when he squatted on his heels. He looked like a man whose emaciated trunk and arms had been taken possession of by colossal legs and feet. This singular deformity made him the best hunter in his tribe. He tracked game with a sweep of great beams as tireless as the tread of a modern steamer. The little sense in his head was woodcraft. He thought of nothing but taking and dressing game.

Saint-Castin barely tasted the offered meat; but La Hontan enjoyed it unabashed, warming himself while he ate, and avoiding any chance of a hint from his friend that the meal should be cut short.

"My child," he said in lame Abenaqui to the Etchemin woman, while his sly regard dwelt on the blanket-robed statue opposite, "I wish you the best of gifts, a good husband."

The Etchemin woman heard him in such silence as one perhaps brings from making a long religious retreat, and forbore to explain that she already had the best of gifts, and was the wife of the big-legged hunter.

"I myself had an aunt who never married," warned La Hontan. "She was an excellent woman, but she turned like fruit withered in the ripening. The fantastic airs of her girlhood clung to her. She was at a disadvantage among the married, and young people passed

her by as an experiment that had failed. So she was driven to be very religious; but prayers are cold comfort for the want of a bouncing family."

If the Etchemin woman had absorbed from her mistress a habit of meditation which shut out the world, Saint-Castin had not. He gave La Hontan the sign to move before him out of the lodge, and no choice but to obey it, crowding the reluctant and comfortable man into undignified attitudes. La Hontan saw that he had taken offense. There was no accounting for the humors of those disbanded soldiers of the Carignan-Salières, though Saint-Castin was usually a gentle fellow. They spread out their sensitive military honor over every inch of their new seigniories; and if you chucked the wrong little Indian or habitant's naked baby under the chin, you might unconsciously stir up war in the mind of your host. La Hontan was glad he was directly leaving Acadia. He was fond of Saint-Castin. Few people could approach that young man without feeling the charm which made the Indians adore him. But any one who establishes himself in the woods loses touch with the light manners of civilization; his very vices take on an air of brutal candor.

Next evening, however, both men were merry by the hall fire at Pentegoet over their parting cup. La Hontan was returning to Quebec. A vessel waited the tide at the Penobscot's mouth, a bay which the Indians called "bad harbor."

The long, low, and irregular building which Saint-Castin had constructed as his baronial seat was as snug as the governor's castle at Quebec. It was only one story high, and the small square windows were set under the eaves, so outsiders could not look in. Saint-Castin's enemies said he built thus to hide his deeds; but Father Petit himself could see how excellent a plan it was for defense. A holding already claimed by the encroaching English needed loopholes, not windows. The fort surrounding the house was also well adapted to its situation. Twelve cannon guarded the bastions. All the necessary buildings, besides a chapel with a bell, were within the walls, and a deep well insured a supply of water. A garden and fruit orchard were laid out opposite the fort, and encompassed by palisades.

The luxury of the house consisted in an abundant use of crude, unpolished material. Though built grotesquely of stone and wood intermingled, it had the solid dignity of that rugged coast. A chimney spacious as a crater let smoke and white ashes upward, and sections of trees smouldered on Saint-Castin's hearth. An Indian girl, ruddy from high living, and wearing the brightest stuffs imported from France, sat on the floor at the hearth corner. This was the usual night scene at Pentegoet. Candle and firelight shone on her, on oak timbers and settles made of unpeeled balsam, on plate and glasses which always heaped a table with ready food and drink, on moose horns and gun racks, on stores of books, on festoons of wampum, and usually on a dozen figures beside Saint-Castin. The other rooms in the house were mere tributaries to this baronial presence chamber. Madockawando and the dignitaries of the Abenaqui tribe made it their council hall, the white sagamore presiding. They were superior to rude western nations. It was Saint-Castin's plan to make a strong principality here, and to unite his people in a compact state. He lavished his inherited money upon them. Whatever they wanted from Saint-Castin they got, as from a father. On their part, they poured the wealth of the woods upon him. Not a beaver skin went out of Acadia except through his hands. The traders of New France grumbled at his profits and monopoly, and the English of New England claimed his seigniory. He stood on debatable ground, in dangerous times, trying to mould an independent nation. The Abenaquis did not know that a king of France had

been reared on Saint-Castin's native mountains, but they believed that a human divinity had.

Their permanent settlement was about the fort, on land he had paid for, but held in common with them. They went to their winter's hunting or their summer's fishing from Pentegoet. It was the seat of power. The cannon protected fields, and a town of lodges which Saint-Castin meant to convert into a town of stone and hewed wood houses as soon as the aboriginal nature conformed itself to such stability. Even now the village had left home and gone into the woods again. The Abenaqui women were busy there, inserting tubes of bark in pierced maple trees, and troughs caught the flow of ascending sap. Kettles boiled over fires in the bald spaces, incense of the forest's very heart rising from them and sweetening the air. All day Indian children raced from one mother's fire to another, or dipped unforbidden cups of hands into the brimming troughs; and at night they lay down among the dogs, with their heels to the blaze, watching these lower constellations blink through the woods until their eyes swam into unconsciousness. It was good weather for making maple sugar. In the mornings hoar frost or light snows silvered the world, disappearing as soon as the sun touched them, when the bark of every tree leaked moisture. This was festive labor compared with planting the fields, and drew the men, also.

The morning after La Hontan sailed, Saint-Castin went out and skirted this widespread sugar industry like a spy. The year before, he had moved heartily from fire to fire, hailed and entertained by every red manufacturer. The unrest of spring was upon him. He had brought many conveniences among the Abenaquis, and taught them some civilized arts. They were his adopted people. But he felt a sudden separateness from them, like the loneliness of his early boyhood.

Saint-Castin was a good hunter. He had more than once watched a slim young doe stand gazing curiously at him, and had not startled it by a breath. Therefore he was able to become a stump behind the tree which Madockawando's daughter sought with her sap pail. Usually he wore buckskins, in the free and easy life of Pentegoet. But he had put on his Carignan-Salières uniform, filling its boyish outlines with his full man's figure. He would not on any account have had La Hontan see him thus gathering the light of the open woods on military finery. He felt ashamed of returning to it, and could not account for his own impulses; and when he saw Madockawando's daughter walking unconsciously toward him as toward a trap, he drew his bright surfaces entirely behind the column of the tree.

She had taken no part in this festival of labor for several years. She moved among the women still in solitude, not one of them feeling at liberty to draw near her except as she encouraged them. The Abenaquis were not a polygamous tribe, but they enjoyed the freedom of the woods. Squaws who had made several experimental marriages since this young celibate began her course naturally felt rebuked by her standards, and preferred stirring kettles to meeting her. It was not so long since the princess had been a hoiden among them, abounding in the life which rushes to extravagant action. Her juvenile whoops scared the birds. She rode astride of saplings, and played pranks on solemn old warriors and the medicine man. Her body grew into suppleness and beauty. As for her spirit, the women of the tribe knew very little about it. They saw none of her struggles. In childhood she was ashamed of the finer nature whose wants found no answer in her world. It was anguish to look into the faces of her kindred and friends as into the faces of hounds, who live, it is true, but a lower life, made up of chasing and eating. She wondered why she was created different from them.

A loyalty of race constrained her sometimes to imitate them; but it was imitation; she could not be a savage. Then Father Petit came, preceding Saint-Castin, and set up his altar and built his chapel. The Abenaqui girl was converted as soon as she looked in at the door and saw the gracious image of Mary lifted up to be her pattern of womanhood. Those silent and terrible days, when she lost interest in the bustle of living, and felt an awful homesickness for some unknown good, passed entirely away. Religion opened an invisible world. She sprang toward it, lying on the wings of her spirit and gazing forever above. The minutest observances of the Church were learned with an exactness which delighted a priest who had not too many encouragements. Finally, she begged her father to let her make a winter retreat to some place near the head waters of the Penobscot. When the hunters were abroad, it did them no harm to remember there was a maid in a wilderness cloister praying for the good of her people; and when they were fortunate, they believed in the material advantage of her prayers. Nobody thought of searching out her hidden cell, or of asking the big-legged hunter and his wife to tell its mysteries. The dealer with invisible spirits commanded respect in Indian minds before the priest came.

Madockawando's daughter was of a lighter color than most of her tribe, and finer in her proportions, though they were a well-made people. She was the highest expression of unadulterated Abenaqui blood. She set her sap pail down by the trough, and Saint-Castin shifted silently to watch her while she dipped the juice. Her eyelids were lowered. She had well-marked brows, and the high cheek-bones were lost in a general aquiline rosiness. It was a girl's face, modest and sweet, that he saw; reflecting the society of holier beings than the one behind the tree. She had no blemish of sunken temples or shrunk features, or the glaring aspect of a devotee. Saint-Castin was a good Catholic, but he did not like fanatics. It was as if the choicest tree in the forest had been flung open, and a perfect woman had stepped out, whom no other man's eye had seen. Her throat was round, and at the base of it, in the little hollow where women love to nestle ornaments, hung the cross of her rosary, which she wore twisted about her neck. The beads were large and white, and the cross was ivory. Father Petit had furnished them, blessed for their purpose, to his incipient abbess, but Saint-Castin noticed how they set off the dark rosiness of her skin. The collar of her fur dress was pushed back, for the day was warm, like an autumn day when there is no wind. A luminous smoke which magnified the light hung between treetops and zenith. The nakedness of the swelling forest let heaven come strangely close to the ground. It was like standing on a mountain plateau in a gray dazzle of clouds.

Madockawando's daughter dipped her pail full of the clear water. The appreciative motion of her eyelashes and the placid lines of her face told how she enjoyed the limpid plaything. But Saint-Castin understood well that she had not come out to boil sap entirely for the love of it. Father Petit believed the time was ripe for her ministry to the Abenaqui women. He had intimated to the seignior what land might be convenient for the location of a convent. The community was now to be drawn around her. Other girls must take vows when she did. Some half-covered children, who stalked her wherever she went, stood like terra-cotta images at a distance and waited for her next movement.

The girl had just finished her dipping when she looked up and met the steady gaze of Saint-Castin. He was in an anguish of dread that she would run. But her startled eyes held his image while three changes passed over her, — terror and recognition and disapproval. He

stepped more into view, a white-and-gold apparition, which scattered the Abenaqui children to their mothers' camp fires.

"I am Saint-Castin," he said.

"Yes, I have many times seen you, sagamore."

Her voice, shaken a little by her heart, was modulated to such softness that the liquid gutturals gave him a distinct new pleasure.

"I want to ask your pardon for my friend's rudeness, when you warmed and fed us in your lodge."

"I did not listen to him." Her fingers sought the cross on her neck. She seemed to threaten a prayer which might stop her ears to Saint-Castin.

"He meant no discourtesy. If you knew his good heart, you would like him."

"I do not like men." She made a calm statement of her peculiar tastes.

"Why?" inquired Saint-Castin.

Madockawando's daughter summoned her reasons from distant vistas of the woods, with meditative dark eyes. Evidently her dislike of men had no element of fear or of sentimental avoidance.

"I cannot like them," she apologized, declining to set forth her reasons. "I wish they would always stay away from me."

"Your father and the priest are men."

"I know it," admitted the girl, with a deep breath like commiseration. "They cannot help it; and our Etchemin's husband, who keeps the lodge supplied with meat, he cannot help it, either, any more than he can his deformity. But there is grace for men," she added. "They may, by repenting of their sins and living holy lives, finally save their souls."

Saint-Castin repented of his sins that moment, and tried to look contrite.

"In some of my books," he said, "I read of an old belief held by people on the other side of the earth. They thought our souls were born into the world a great many times, now in this body, and now in that. I feel as if you and I had been friends in some other state."

The girl's face seemed to flare toward him, as flame is blown, acknowledging the claim he made upon her; but the look passed like an illusion, and she said seriously, "The sagamore should speak to Father Petit. This is heresy."

Madockawando's daughter stood up, and took her pail by the handle.

"Let me carry it," said Saint-Castin.

Her lifted palm barred his approach.

"I do not like men, sagamore. I wish them to keep away from me."

"But that is not Christian," he argued.

"It cannot be unchristian: the priest would lay me under penance for it."

"Father Petit is a lenient soul."

With the simplicity of an angel who would not be longer hindered by mundane society, she took up her pail, saying, "Good-day, sagamore," and swept on across the dead leaves.

Saint-Castin walked after her.

"Go back," commanded Madockawando's daughter, turning.

The officer of the Carignan-Salières regiment halted, but did not retreat.

"You must not follow me, sagamore," she remonstrated, as with a child. "I cannot talk to you."

"You must let me talk to you," said Saint-Castin. "I want you for my wife."

She looked at him in a way that made his face scorch. He remembered the year wife, the half-year wife, and the two-months wife at Pentegoet. These three squaws whom he had allowed to form his household, and had taught to boil the pot au feu, came to him from many previous experimental marriages. They were externals of his life, much as hounds, boats, or guns. He could give them all rich dowers, and divorce them easily any day to a succeeding line of legal Abenaqui husbands. The lax code of the wilderness was irresistible to a Frenchman; but he was near enough in age and in texture of soul to this noble pagan to see at once, with her eyesight,

how he had degraded the very vices of her people.

"Before the sun goes down," vowed Saint-Castin, "there shall be nobody in my house but the two Etchemin slave men that your father gave me."

The girl heard of his promised reformation without any kindling of the spirit.

"I am not for a wife," she answered him, and walked on with the pail.

Again Saint-Castin followed her, and took the sap pail from her hand. He set it aside on the leaves, and folded his arms. The blood came and went in his face. He was not used to pleading with women. They belonged to him easily, like his natural advantages over barbarians in a new world. The slopes of the Pyrenees bred strong-limbed men, cautious in policy, striking and bold in figure and countenance. The English themselves have borne witness to his fascinations. Manhood had darkened only the surface of his skin, a milk-white cleanness breaking through it like the outflushing of some inner purity. His eyes and hair had a golden beauty. It would have been strange if he had not roused at least a degree of comradeship in the aboriginal woman living up to her highest aspirations.

"I love you. I have thought of you, of nobody but you, even when I behaved the worst. You have kept yourself hid from me, while I have been thinking about you ever since I came to Acadia. You are the woman I want to marry."

Madockawando's daughter shook her head. She had patience with his fantastic persistence, but it annoyed her.

"I am not for a wife," she repeated. "I do not like men."

"Is it that you do not like me?"

"No," she answered sincerely, probing her mind for the truth. "You yourself are different from our Abenaqui men."

"Then why do you make me unhappy?"

"I do not make you unhappy. I do not even think of you."

Again she took to her hurried course, forgetting the pail of sap. Saint-Castin seized it, and once more followed her.

"I beg that you will kiss me," he pleaded, trembling.

The Abenaqui girl laughed aloud.

"Does the sagamore think he is an object of veneration, that I should kiss him?"

"But will you not at least touch your lips to my forehead?"

"No. I touch my lips to holy things."

"You do not understand the feeling I have."

"No, I do not understand it. If you talked every day, it would do no good. My thoughts are different."

Saint-Castin gave her the pail, and looked her in the eyes.

"Perhaps you will some time understand," he said. "I lived many wild years before I did."

She was so glad to leave him behind that her escape was like a backward blow, and he did not make enough allowance for the natural antagonism of a young girl. Her beautiful free motion was something to watch. She was a convert whose penances were usually worked out afoot, for Father Petit knew better than to shut her up.

Saint-Castin had never dreamed there were such women. She was like a nymph out of a tree, without human responsiveness, yet with round arms and waist and rosy column of neck, made to be helplessly adored. He remembered the lonesome moods of his early youth. They must have been a premonition of his fate in falling completely under the spell of an unloving woman.

Saint-Castin took a roundabout course, and went to Madockawando's lodge, near the fort. All the members of the family, except the old chief, were away at the sugar-making. The great Abenaqui's dignity would not allow him to drag in fuel to the fire, so he squatted nursing the ashes, and raked out a coal to light tobacco for himself and Saint-Castin. The

white sagamore had never before come in full uniform to a private talk, and it was necessary to smoke half an hour before a word could be said.

There was a difference between the chatter of civilized men and the deliberations of barbarians. With La Hontan, the Baron de Saint-Castin would have led up to his business by a long prelude on other subjects. With Madockawando, he waited until the tobacco had mellowed both their spirits, and then said, —

"Father, I want to marry your daughter in the French way, with priest and contract, and make her the Baroness de Saint-Castin."

Madockawando, on his part, smoked the matter fairly out. He put an arm on the sagamore's shoulder, and lamented the extreme devotion of his daughter. It was a good religion which the black-robed father had brought among the Abenaquis, but who had ever heard of a woman's refusing to look at men before that religion came? His own child, when she was at home with the tribe, lived as separate from the family and as independently as a war chief. In his time, the women dressed game and carried the children and drew sledges. What would happen if his daughter began to teach them, in a house by themselves, to do nothing but pray? Madockawando repeated that his son, the sagamore, and his father, the priest, had a good religion, but they might see for themselves what the Abenaqui tribe would come to when the women all set up for medicine squaws. Then there was his daughter's hiding in winter to make what she called her retreats, and her proposing to take a new name from some of the priest's okies, or saint-spirits, and to be called "Sister."

"I will never call my own child 'Sister,'" vowed Madockawando. "I could be a better Christian myself, if Father Petit had not put spells on her."

The two conspirators against Father Petit's proposed nunnery felt grave and wicked, but they encouraged one another in iniquity. Madockawando smiled in bronze wrinkles when Saint-Castin told him about the proposal in the woods. The proper time for courtship was evening, as any Frenchman who had lived a year with the tribe ought to know; but when one considered the task he had undertaken, any time was suitable; and the chief encouraged him with full consent. A French marriage contract was no better than an Abenaqui marriage contract in Madockawando's eyes; but if Saint-Castin could bind up his daughter for good, he would be glad of it.

The chapel of saplings and bark which first sheltered Father Petit's altar had been abandoned when Saint-Castin built a substantial one of stone and timber within the fortress walls, and hung in its little tower a bell, which the most reluctant Abenaqui must hear at mass time. But as it is well to cherish the sacred regard which man has for any spot where he has worshiped, the priest left a picture hanging on the wall above the bare chancel, and he kept the door repaired on its wooden hinges. The chapel stood beyond the forest, east of Pentegoet, and close to those battlements which form the coast line here. The tide made thunder as it rose among caverns and frothed almost at the verge of the heights. From this headland Mount Desert could be seen, leading the host of islands which go out into the Atlantic, ethereal in fog or lurid in the glare of sunset.

Madockawando's daughter tended the old chapel in summer, for she had first seen religion through its door. She wound the homely chancel rail with evergreens, and put leaves and red berries on the walls, and flowers under the sacred picture; her Etchemin woman always keeping her company. Father Petit hoped to see this rough shrine become a religious seminary, and strings of women led there every day to take, like contagion, from an abbess the instruction they took so slowly from a priest.

She and the Etchemin found it a dismal place, on their first visit after the winter retreat. She reproached herself for coming so late; but day and night an influence now encompassed Madockawando's daughter which she felt as a restraint on her freedom. A voice singing softly the love-songs of southern France often waked her from her sleep. The words she could not interpret, but the tone the whole village could, and she blushed, crowding paters on aves, until her voice sometimes became as distinct as Saint-Castin's in resolute opposition. It was so grotesque that it made her laugh. Yet to a woman the most formidable quality in a suitor is determination.

When the three girls who had constituted Saint-Castin's household at the fort passed complacently back to their own homes laden with riches, Madockawando's daughter was unreasonably angry, and felt their loss as they were incapable of feeling it for themselves. She was alien to the customs of her people. The fact pressed upon her that her people were completely bound to the white sagamore and all his deeds. Saint-Castin's sins had been open to the tribe, and his repentance was just as open. Father Petit praised him.

"My son Jean Vincent de l'Abadie, Baron de Saint-Castin, has need of spiritual aid to sustain him in the paths of virtue," said the priest impressively, "and he is seeking it."

At every church service the lax sinner was now on his knees in plain sight of the devotee; but she never looked at him. All the tribe soon knew what he had at heart, and it was told from camp fire to camp fire how he sat silent every night in the hall at Pentegoet, with his hair ruffled on his forehead, growing more haggard from day to day.

The Abenaqui girl did not talk with other women about what happened in the community. Dead saints crowded her mind to the exclusion of living sinners. All that she heard came by way of her companion, the stolid Etchemin, and when it was unprofitable talk it was silenced. They labored together all the chill April afternoon, bringing the chapel out of its winter desolation. The Etchemin made brooms of hemlock, and brushed down cobwebs and dust, and laboriously swept the rocky earthen floor, while the princess, standing upon a scaffold of split log benches, wiped the sacred picture and set a border of tender moss around it. It was a gaudy red print representing a pierced heart. The Indian girl kissed every sanguinary drop which dribbled down the coarse paper. Fog and salt air had given it a musty odor, and stained the edges with mildew. She found it no small labor to cover these stains, and pin the moss securely in place with thorns.

There were no windows in this chapel. A platform of hewed slabs had supported the altar; and when the princess came down, and the benches were replaced, she lifted one of these slabs, as she had often done before, to look into the earthen-floored box which they made. Little animals did not take refuge in the wind-beaten building. She often wondered that it stood; though the light materials used by aboriginal tribes, when anchored to the earth as this house was, toughly resisted wind and weather.

The Etchemin sat down on the ground, and her mistress on the platform behind the chancel rail, when everything else was done, to make a fresh rope of evergreen. The climbing and reaching and lifting had heated their faces, and the cool salt air flowed in refreshing them. Their hands were pricked by the spiny foliage, but they labored without complaint, in unbroken meditation. A monotonous low singing of the Etchemin's kept company with the breathing of the sea. This decking of the chapel acted like music on the Abenaqui girl. She wanted to be quiet, to enjoy it.

By the time they were ready to shut the door for the night the splash of a

rising tide could be heard. Fog obliterated the islands, and a bleak gray twilight, like the twilights of winter, began to dim the woods.

"The sagamore has made a new law," said the Etchemin woman, as they came in sight of the fort.

Madockawando's daughter looked at the unguarded bastions, and the chimneys of Pentegoet rising in a stack above the walls.

"What new law has the sagamore made?" she inquired.

"He says he will no more allow a man to put away his first and true wife, for he is convinced that God does not love inconstancy in men."

"The sagamore should have kept his first wife himself."

"But he says he has not yet had her," answered the Etchemin woman, glancing aside at the princess. "The sagamore will not see the end of the sugar-making to-night."

"Because he sits alone every night by his fire," said Madockawando's daughter; "there is too much talk about the sagamore. It is the end of the sugar-making that your mind is set on."

"My husband is at the camps," said the Etchemin plaintively. "Besides, I am very tired."

"Rest yourself, therefore, by tramping far to wait on your husband, and keep his hands filled with warm sugar. I am tired, and I go to my lodge."

"But there is a feast in the camps, and nobody has thought of putting a kettle on in the village. I will first get your meat ready."

"No, I intend to observe a fast to-night. Go on to the camps, and serve my family there."

The Etchemin looked toward the darkening bay, and around them at those thickening hosts of invisible terrors which are yet dreaded by more enlightened minds than hers.

"No," responded the princess, "I am not afraid. Go on to the camps while you have the courage to be abroad alone."

The Etchemin woman set off at a trot, her heavy body shaking, and distance soon swallowed her. Madockawando's daughter stood still in the humid dimness before turning aside to her lodge. Perhaps the ruddy light which showed through the open fortress gate from the hall of Pentegoet gave her a feeling of security. She knew a man was there; and there was not a man anywhere else within half a league. It was the last great night of sugar-making. Not even an Abenaqui woman or child remained around the fort. Father Petit himself was at the camps to restrain riot. It would be a hard patrol for him, moving from fire to fire half the night. The master of Pentegoet rested very carelessly in his hold. It was hardly a day's sail westward to the English post of Pemaquid. Saint-Castin had really made ready for his people's spring sowing and fishing with some anxiety for their undisturbed peace. Pemaquid aggressed on him, and he seriously thought of fitting out a ship and burning Pemaquid. In that time, as in this, the strong hand upheld its own rights at any cost.

The Abenaqui girl stood under the northwest bastion, letting early night make its impressions on her. Her motionless figure, in indistinct garments, could not be seen from the river; but she discerned, rising up the path from the water, one behind the other, a row of peaked hats. Beside the hats appeared gunstocks. She had never seen any English, but neither her people nor the French showed such tops, or came stealthily up from the boat landing under cover of night. She did not stop to count them. Their business must be with Saint-Castin. She ran along the wall. The invaders would probably see her as she tried to close the gate; it had settled on its hinges, and was too heavy for her. She thought of ringing the chapel bell; but before any Abenaqui

could reach the spot the single man in the fortress must be overpowered.

Saint-Castin stood on his bachelor hearth, leaning an arm on the mantel. The light shone on his buckskin fringes, his dejected shoulders, and his clean-shaven youthful face. A supper stood on the table near him, where his Etchemin servants had placed it before they trotted off to the camps. The high windows flickered, and there was not a sound in the house except the low murmur or crackle of the glowing backlog, until the door-latch clanked, and the door flew wide and was slammed shut again. Saint-Castin looked up with a frown, which changed to stupid astonishment.

Madockawando's daughter seized him by the wrist.

"Is there any way out of the fort except through the gate?"

"None," answered Saint-Castin.

"Is there no way of getting over the wall?"

"The ladder can be used."

"Run, then, to the ladder! Be quick."

"What is the matter?" demanded Saint-Castin.

The Abenaqui girl dragged on him with all her strength as he reached for the iron door-latch.

"Not that way — they will see you — they are coming from the river! Go through some other door."

"Who are coming?"

Yielding himself to her will, Saint-Castin hurried with her from room to room, and out through his kitchen, where the untidy implements of his Etchemin slaves lay scattered about. They ran past the storehouse, and he picked up a ladder and set it against the wall.

"I will run back and ring the chapel bell," panted the girl.

"Mount!" said Saint-Castin sternly; and she climbed the ladder, convinced that he would not leave her behind.

He sat on the wall and dragged the ladder up, and let it down on the outside. As they both reached the ground, he understood what enemy had nearly trapped him in his own fortress.

"The doors were all standing wide," said a cautious nasal voice, speaking English, at the other side of the wall. "Our fox hath barely sprung from cover. He must be near."

"Is not that the top of a ladder?" inquired another voice.

At this there was a rush for the gate. Madockawando's daughter ran like the wind, with Saint-Castin's hand locked in hers. She knew, by night or day, every turn of the slender trail leading to the deserted chapel. It came to her mind as the best place of refuge. They were cut off from the camps, because they must cross their pursuers on the way.

The lord of Pentegoet could hear bushes crackling behind him. The position of the ladder had pointed the direction of the chase. He laughed in his headlong flight. This was not ignominious running from foes, but a royal exhilaration. He could run all night, holding the hand that guided him. Unheeded branches struck him across the face. He shook his hair back and flew light-footed, the sweep of the magnificent body beside him keeping step. He could hear the tide boom against the headland, and the swish of its recoiling waters. The girl had her way with him. It did not occur to the officer of the Carignan regiment that he should direct the escape, or in any way oppose the will manifested for the first time in his favor. She felt for the door of the dark little chapel, and drew him in and closed it. His judgment rejected the place, but without a word he groped at her side across to the chancel rail. She lifted the loose slab of the platform, and tried to thrust him into the earthen-floored box.

"Hide yourself first," whispered Saint-Castin.

They could hear feet running on the flinty approach. The chase was so close that the English might have seen them enter the chapel.

"Get in, get in!" begged the Abenaqui girl. "They will not hurt me."

"Hide!" said Saint-Castin thrusting her fiercely in. "Would they not carry off the core of Saint-Castin's heart if they could?"

She flattened herself on the ground under the platform, and gave him all the space at her side that the contraction of her body left clear, and he let the slab down carefully over their heads. They existed almost without breath for many minutes.

The wooden door-hinges creaked, and stumbling shins blundered against the benches.

"What is this place?" spoke an English voice. "Let some one take his tinder-box and strike a light."

"Have care," warned another. "We are only half a score in number. Our errand was to kidnap Saint-Castin from his hold, not to get ourselves ambushed by the Abenaquis."

"We are too far from the sloop now," said a third. "We shall be cut off before we get back, if we have not a care."

"But he must be in here."

"There are naught but benches and walls to hide him. This must be an idolatrous chapel where the filthy savages congregate to worship images."

"Come out of the abomination, and let us make haste back to the boat. He may be this moment marshaling all his Indians to surround us."

"Wait. Let a light first be made."

Saint-Castin and his companion heard the clicks of flint and steel; then an instant's blaze of tinder made cracks visible over their heads. It died away, the hurried, wrangling men shuffling about. One kicked the platform.

"Here is a cover," he said; but darkness again enveloped them all.

"Nothing is to be gained by searching farther," decided the majority. "Did I not tell you this Saint-Castin will never be caught? The tide will turn, and we shall get stranded among the rocks of that bay. It is better to go back without Saint-Castin than to stay and be burnt by his Abenaquis."

"But here is a loose board in some flooring," insisted the discoverer of the platform. "I will feel with the butt of my gun if there be anything thereunder."

The others had found the door, and were filing through it.

"Why not with thy knife, man?" suggested one of them.

"That is well thought of," he answered, and struck a half circle under the boards. Whether in this flourish he slashed anything he only learned by the stain on the knife, when the sloop was dropping down the bay. But the Abenaqui girl knew what he had done, before the footsteps ceased. She sat beside Saint-Castin on the platform, their feet resting on the ground within the boards. No groan betrayed him, but her arms went jealously around his body, and her searching fingers found the cut in the buckskin. She drew her blanket about him with a strength of compression that made it a ligature, and tied the corners in a knot.

"Is it deep, sagamore?"

"Not deep enough," said Saint-Castin. "It will glue me to my buckskins with a little blood, but it will not let me out of my troubles. I wonder why I ran such a race from the English? They might have had me, since they want me, and no one else does."

"I will kiss you now, sagamore," whispered the Abenaqui girl, trembling and weeping in the chaos of her broken reserve. "I cannot any longer hold out against being your wife."

She gave him her first kiss in the sacred darkness of the chapel, and under the picture of the pierced heart. And it has since been recorded of her that the Baroness de Saint-Castin was, during her entire lifetime, the best worshiped wife in Acadia.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

GOVERNOR MORTON AND THE SONS OF LIBERTY.

THE absurdities of expiring knight-errantry, as laid bare in the satire of Cervantes, were not more out of keeping with the spirit of his time than were the manufactured solemnity of the Knights of the Golden Circle and Sons of Liberty, their mystic conclaves, foolish ritual, and blood-curdling oaths out of keeping with the spirit of our own age and institutions. Rozinante, Mambrino's helmet, the windmills, and the island of Sancho Panza were essentially no fitter subjects for satire than the midnight initiations in Indianapolis and in the woods of Martin County, the battle of Pogue's Run, the storming of Fort Dodd, the warlike Sunday-school literature for the conversion of Hoosiers, and the proposed establishment of a Northwestern Confederacy, under the leadership of men who had neither the ability to organize nor the courage to fight. But their conspiracy was planned at a time when the national unity was trembling between life and death; when a formidable foe, animated by genius and courage, hung upon the borders of Indiana and invaded its soil. It was a time when a straw could turn the balance, and that which at other periods would have been a subject of scornful jest became dangerous, and demanded additional energy from those who had performed the tasks of Hercules in the effort to subdue the Confederacy.

Fortunately, at this time, there was at the head of affairs a man whose resources were equal to every emergency, who embodied in his own person the whole energy of the State, whose autocratic will supplied, even under republican institutions and in conformity to law, whatever was lacking in a disaffected legislature and an unwilling judiciary; a man who furnished, without aid from any other branch of the government, the means of carrying on the business of the State as well as the sinews of a costly war; a man who could hold a conspiracy like this, though it aimed at his own life, as a plaything in his hands, and even coerce it into his service. No one can read the history of these secret fraternities and not feel that, widespread as they were, there was not an instant in which they were not held securely within the grip of the War Governor of Indiana.

In the history of this conspiracy, as it was given to the public by the press and in the testimony at the treason trials, Morton's name does not often appear. It was through the agency of others that each step was taken in the suppression of this revolt. It is only those who can look behind the appearance of things who know that the agents employed in the detection of these plots were the emissaries and confidants of one whose name is seldom mentioned in their reports; that they were men who had been his old clients and familiars; men whom he had employed separately to attend the conclaves of the conspirators, each having no knowledge of the other's agency; men whom he met by out-of-the-way appointments, at different places in Indianapolis, and whose reports corroborated or disproved each other. It is only those who have examined the secret reports furnished to him at each step in the development of the plot who can fully understand how completely these organizations were at all times under the control of Governor Morton; how he played with them as a cat with a mouse; how, in many instances, he permitted them even to grow and develop, that he might fasten conviction the more securely upon them, and overthrow them utterly when the time should be ripe for the disclosure.

The history of the conspiracies in Indiana has never been so succinctly told

as in the words of Morton himself in the United States Senate, on May 4, 1876: —

"The State was honeycombed with secret societies, formerly known as the Knights of the Golden Circle, but later as Sons of Liberty. They claimed, in 1864, to have forty thousand members in the State; were lawless, defiant, plotting treason against the United States and the overthrow of the state government. In some counties their operations were so formidable as to require the militia to be kept on a war footing; and throughout 1863, and until the final explosion of the organizations in August, 1864, they kept the whole State in an uproar and alarm. So bold were their demonstrations in the summer of 1863 that General John Morgan, of Kentucky, was induced to invade the State with his forces, in the belief that there would be a general uprising in his support. In 1864, so numerous were these treasonable organizations, and so confident were they of their strength, that they matured a plan for a general uprising in the city of Indianapolis on the 16th of August, under cover of a mass meeting of the Democratic party, to be attended by members from all parts of the State. The plan, as shown by subsequent confessions of some of the leading conspirators, was, on that day, to release about seven thousand rebel prisoners confined at Camp Morton, seize the arsenal and arm these prisoners, overturn the state government, and take possession of the State. It was discovered some three weeks before the time fixed, and was abandoned by the leading conspirators, and orders were issued countermanding the march of their forces upon Indianapolis. Subsequently, the discovery and seizure of a large amount of arms and ammunition collected at Indianapolis for treasonable purposes, the seizure of the records and rituals of the order of the Sons of Liberty, giving the names of the principal conspirators, and the arrest of eight of the ringleaders had the effect to break up and destroy the power of the organization; and I regret to have to state that in the list of the principal members of the organization were found three of the state officers, in whose hands the legislature of 1863 had attempted to place the whole military power of the State. On the trial of the ringleaders before a military tribunal appointed by the President under the Act of Congress, some of them turned State's evidence, and disclosed the full character and extent of the conspiracy. Four of them were convicted and three sentenced to death, one of whom was pardoned by President Johnson, and the two others, Bowles and Milligan, had their punishment commuted to imprisonment for life, but were afterwards released by a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States to the effect that a military commission had no jurisdiction to try them for the offense."

With this for the text, let us develop somewhat more in detail the history of this conspiracy.

From the beginning of the war, opposition to the government was nourished by a number of secret societies, controlled by men who sympathized with the South. The members were bound by various oaths and obligations to oppose the so-called aggressions of the North, and to give all the aid possible to Southern rights. The language of these obligations was often ambiguous. Many were initiated who did not understand the terms used.

First, we find the Knights of the Golden Circle, a fraternity organized in the South prior to the war, which had members in Indiana at the outbreak of the struggle. Another society existed for a short time, called the Circle of the Mighty Host. We hear of some of its lodges as early as 1861. Then we have the Knights of the White Camellia, and, in 1863, the Circle of Honor. Then came the more extensive order of American Knights, which had an armed or-

ganization throughout the State, as well as in Ohio, Kentucky, Illinois, and Missouri. The ritual of this order was changed after it had been exposed, and the order was then merged into the Sons of Liberty, which was still larger and more definitely insurrectionary in its purposes, and swallowed up all previous organizations.

How did these associations begin? It is said that, in 1855, one Charles C. Bickley, a native of Indiana, residing in the South, a man who espoused ardently the proslavery cause, endeavored to reduce to a more perfect state of organization the Southern Rights Clubs which existed in various parts of the slave States. After a constitution, by-laws, and ritual had been formed, he christened the new order "Knights of the Golden Circle," and subsequently became its commander in chief. The several divisions were called "castles." There were subordinate castles and state castles, the latter being represented by delegates in the Grand American Legion, from which body emanated the Articles of War governing the subordinate castles, and requiring military drill. The organization was at first intended to foster schemes of conquest. Its constitution set forth the annexation of Cuba, Mexico, and Nicaragua as among its chief objects. The idea of a slave empire surrounding the Gulf of Mexico, which should become to the New World what the Roman Empire had been to the Old, was the dream of many of these adventurers. They were outspoken in favor of a Southern Confederacy. "The North is vastly outgrowing us in territory and population. If we cannot get territory in the Union, we can out of it." The fraternity was insignificant in point of numbers, but some of the wealthiest men of the South belonged to it. In 1858, the plan of organization was changed. The "castle" was divided into the "outer and inner temples," and members were admitted only after probation sufficient to determine whether their political principles were such that they could be trusted. The order now began to acquire great antiquity. Regalia were provided; a close helmet surmounted by a crescent with fifteen stars represented the growing Confederacy. A skull and crossbones threatened death to abolitionists. There was a temple to the "Sunny South," with the image of the noonday sun beneath the dome. Castles sprang up in the border States, and Northern men with Southern feelings knocked at the doors. There were three degrees, — military, financial, and governmental. In the first, the candidates were told that the field of their operations would be in Mexico, but that it was also their duty to offer their services to any Southern State to repel a Northern army. The members of this degree were called the Knights of the Iron Hand. The headquarters of the financial degree, made up of Knights of the True Faith, were to be at Monterey, where stores and munitions would be deposited. Into the third degree, composed of Knights of the Columbian Star, none were admitted unless born in a slave State; or if in a free State, the applicant must be a slaveholder. No Knight should acknowledge that he was a member of this degree except to a brother. Among the obligations was this: "I will use my best exertions to find out every abolitionist in my county, and forward the name of such to the commander in chief. If I know of any who is a stranger or traveler, I will inform the Knights of the Columbian Star in my county, and call them to meet in council, that proper steps may be taken for his exposure. . . . I will do all that I can to make a slave State of Mexico, and as such will urge its annexation to the United States. . . . Until the whole civil, political, financial, and religious reconstruction of Mexico shall be completed, I will recognize a limited monarchy as the best form of government for the

purpose, since it can be made strong and effective. To prevent the entrance of any abolitionist into Mexico, I will sustain a passport system."

A plan for the conquest of Mexico was devised, and the Knights were to cross the Rio Grande by the 1st of October, 1861. But before that time they were busy about other matters, and the original purpose of the order was lost sight of in the conflict between the North and South. The Knights had been taking an active part in the presidential campaign of 1860. They used their influence to divide the Democratic party, and helped to promote the rupture which led to the separate nomination of Breckinridge. They were anxious to find out how many Northern men sympathized with the South, and believed that the vote for Breckinridge would show this, and that most of these voters might be counted upon as soldiers for the Southern army. A letter from Madison, Indiana, to Jefferson Castle, in Kentucky, promised a thousand men who would fight Northern aggressions to the death. One from Evansville promised that Vanderburg County would be good for a regiment. A letter from Washington, Indiana, said that there were thirty thousand men who would never compromise with Black Republicanism, and it was thought probable that the whole of Indiana south of the National Road would unite its fortunes with the South. The organization now rapidly extended. Members were sent to establish new castles. The original purposes of the order were no longer spoken of. The object now was to secure Southern rights. Castles were organized everywhere, in court rooms, stores, and barns. Preliminary degrees were instituted to try the soundness of the neophyte's opinions. The candidate then entered the outer temple, where he was received according to a new ritual adopted in 1860. When Lincoln was elected, it was believed that the deliverance of the South had come. But the agents sent into the free States to establish castles found the time unfavorable, and their mission a dangerous one. The order was forced to confine its efforts mostly to the South. The ritual was by no means uniform; it was everywhere modified to suit the demands of the locality. In the border States, the initiatory steps were more gradual than in the extreme South. Members in the North were to act as spies, and, if possible, to raise companies of militia, to be turned over to the Confederate service. This effort was not successful. One Drongoole, of Martin County, Indiana, wrote to Jefferson Davis, declaring his ability to muster six regiments. Davis answered, commending his "noble and patriotic endeavors;" but the letter was intercepted, and Drongoole was roughly handled and sent South. The enthusiasm for the Union was then at red heat, and little could be done. Still there were a number of organizations scattered over Indiana.

Even at this early day a Northwestern Confederacy was talked of, and when the news came that Sumter had been fired upon, and the whole North was one blaze of patriotism and indignation, there were still a few whispers uttered stealthily and secretly here and there among the enemies of the Union, several centres of disaffection in various parts of Indiana where sentiments in favor of the Confederacy might be safely spoken. Prominent among these were Orange and Washington counties, in the southern part of the State, — rough, hilly regions where civilization was half a century behindhand; neighborhoods where the roads were rough and almost impassable, where even to-day the traveler hears stories of outrages committed by local banditti, who find their refuge in caves and hidden places in the forests; uncanny regions where streams lose themselves in subterranean recesses, and wander for miles under the earth, with springs whose waters, impregnated with sulphurous de-

posits, are said to restore health to the afflicted, but which are certainly filled with noisome and unsavory ingredients to those who are whole. Among these regions, the French Lick Springs have gained much local celebrity. They are situated at a place which, until lately, has been distant from railroad communications. Here lived Dr. W. A. Bowles, a man of considerable wealth, who had served in the Mexican war as colonel of the second Indiana regiment, which had broken and fled at Buena Vista. He had married a Southern wife. He was a member of the Knights of the Golden Circle. His house was a rendezvous for those who sympathized with secession; and just after the fall of Sumter, he wrote his wife (then in Louisiana), in most execrable English, that his fear was that the Douglas wing of the Democratic party would go with the Black Republicans, and "if so," he says, "our fate is sealed. You may be aware of our condition, but you cannot realize it. If Kentucky had gone out at the proper time, southern Indiana would have been with her to-day, if not the whole State." On May 3, 1861, he writes: "If things do not change very soon, we shall have fighting here in our midst, for many persons whom I supposed to be true to the South have been silenced, and are afraid to open their mouths in favor of Southern rights. Ayer, Charles Dill, and many others have come out for the North, and call all traitors who do not espouse the cause of the North. God knows what I am to do. If I leave and join the Southern army, my property will all be confiscated; and, besides that, my health is such that I fear I could render no service; but I have already sent some who will do service, and I expect to send more." Later, he becomes discouraged about Kentucky, and writes: "Louisville is in a perfect tumult. The Abolition Party is very strong, and I think the worst consequences are in store for Kentucky under her policy of armed neutrality, which I think is a humbug. It is reported that a battle has been fought at Fortress Monroe, and that six hundred abolitionists were killed, and fifty on the Southern side; but I fear it is too good to be true. When the fighting commences, I think I shall go South." But Bowles did not go South. Restrained by the fear of the confiscation of his property, or believing that he could be more useful if he stayed in Indiana, he became one of the leading spirits in the subsequent conspiracies, and was convicted in the treason trials and sentenced to be hanged. But of this more hereafter.

As the war went on, and the armies of the North suffered defeat, these little centres of Southern sympathy became more numerous, and the voices of the disaffected bolder and louder. The Knights of the Golden Circle now spread their organization over the State, and Governor Morton was confronted with treason at home. In May, 1862, the grand jury of the United States District Court reported that the Knights numbered some fifteen thousand, as estimated by members of the order; that lodges were instituted in various parts of the State; that among the signals was one invented for the use of such members as should be drafted into the army. The soldiers on the other side were thereby reminded of their obligation not to injure the person giving these signals, and it became their mutual duty to shoot over each other. The members of this fraternity bound themselves to resist the payment of the Federal tax, and to prevent enlistments in the army. In many neighborhoods where these societies existed, there was a failure to furnish a fair proportion of volunteers. Meetings were held in out-of-the-way places, in the woods, in deserted houses; members attended with arms; sentinels were posted to keep off intruders. The unwary were lured into the fold on the pretext that the purpose was the better organ-

ization of the Democratic party. Candidates were familiarized with the real object as they advanced through the degrees. Many who saw the evil tendency withdrew, but, owing to their obligations of secrecy and from the fear of violence, they were reluctant to expose their fellows. Some members of this grand jury, having learned the signals of the order, went to Camp Morton at Indianapolis, where, among the Confederate prisoners, they found that their signals were recognized, and they reported their discovery. This report was bitterly denounced by peace Democrats. Complaint was made that the members of the jury were making speeches over the State retailing what they had discovered. Subsequent developments showed that the facts were understated rather than exaggerated. The report excited much alarm. Disaffection with the administration had been growing. The draft came on in October, and intensified this feeling. In some places the conscription was resisted.

The election of 1862 resulted disastrously to the Republicans. There were Democratic majorities in both houses of the legislature, and at that time, in Indiana, the Democratic party represented violent opposition to the administration. An attempt was made in this legislature to investigate these secret orders. Various objections were made. An investigation would be useless, and would cost money. There should be no inquiry until facts had been discovered sufficient to prove the existence of such societies. The investigation should be before a judicial tribunal. The resolution was founded on rumors originating in the abolition Indianapolis Journal. The loyal people should not be insulted by investigations based upon malignant charges made by corrupt abolitionist leaders; the investigation would embitter partisan feeling, and cast a reflection upon the Democratic party. The most positive statements were made by Republicans of the existence of these societies, but Democrats answered that no one believed in them; that every man who indorsed the President's proclamation was an abolitionist, and if it were treason to oppose the administration they were traitors, and abolitionists might make the most of it. The proposition to investigate was finally laid upon the table by a party vote.

While the legislature was debating, Governor Morton received information that the Knights were armed and talking of war at home. They declared that no deserter should be arrested, that abolitionists were to be exterminated, and that the Northwestern States would form a government by themselves. About the time of the adjournment of this legislature, General Henry B. Carrington was appointed to the command of the District of Indiana. On the 26th of March, Governor Morton, by telegram from Washington, informed him that large shipments of arms had been made from New York to Indiana for insurrectionary purposes. Carrington at once prohibited the importation of weapons for such organizations, and issued an order restricting the sale of arms. The legislature having refused to investigate, Governor Morton determined to do this for himself. It made little difference to him whether or not there was a statute in such case made and provided. Treason was lurking in the State, and he intended to drag it to the light. On the 18th of April, Louis Prosser, a leader of the Knights in Brown County, killed a soldier, and was himself mortally wounded by Captain Cunning. Morton appointed a commission to inquire into the facts. Witnesses testified that their neighbors had been driven from home, houses had been burned, the lives of Union men threatened, soldiers shot, and that bands of men had been seen drilling and passing through the country fully armed. The agency of the Knights in these proceedings was clearly shown.

All through the State, wherever this feeling of disaffection existed, it was attributed to the Knights of the Golden Circle. Thus, when, on May 2, 1863, in the county of Wayne, one hundred men galloped through the town of Centreville, shouting for Jeff Davis, and a telegram was sent to Morton that armed Butternuts were parading the streets, public rumor at once connected this with the Knights of the Golden Circle. General Hascall sent on a detachment, and sixteen were arrested. A number of the leaders were compelled to mount a platform used for the pump, in front of the old courthouse at Centreville, and then and there to take an oath of allegiance wholly unknown to the statutes, which was improvised and administered by Lewis D. Stubbs, justice of the peace, who had come over from Richmond for the purpose.

It was during this year that the feeling inspired by these orders reached an absurd culmination in the "battle of Pogue's Run," when numbers of armed men, who came to Indianapolis with the intention of exciting an insurrection, were deprived of their weapons by a handful of soldiers, and threw away their pistols and ammunition into the waters of the stream, or concealed them in the clothing of the women by whom they were accompanied. It was due largely to the encouragement which these orders had given that Thomas H. Hines invaded the State with a handful of men, in June, and was followed in July by a larger force under General John Morgan. The river was crossed. Morgan advanced to Corydon, to Salem, to Vernon, but he did not meet with the expected assistance. The whole State was aflame, and he found troops surrounding him on every side. It was not long before he crossed the line into Ohio, where he was captured and sent to the Ohio penitentiary, from which he subsequently escaped.

The Knights of the Golden Circle ceased to have an existence under that name in the fall of 1863. Apart from the general restlessness which they inspired, and the Confederate hopes which they encouraged, they had really done but little. It was principally as the precursor of the later and more extensive order of American Knights and Sons of Liberty that this organization was important. The order of American Knights was established in the summer and fall of 1863. Harrison Dodd, who was elected Grand Commander for Indiana, was a man of romantic disposition, intensely fond of every sort of mystery. He had been an active member of the Know Nothing party, and one of the chief functionaries of the Sons of Malta. The initiations into that fraternity conducted by him are described by surviving members of the order as "most impressive." The ritual of the order of American Knights was turgid and rhetorical, and gave full play to Mr. Dodd's peculiar talents. Here are some extracts from the instructions to neophytes: —

"Divine essence dwells in man, is individualized in him, and exists eternal when his body of the flesh shall have resolved itself into its original elements. Hence the true man is divine, immortal, and cannot attain perfection in the body that passeth away."

"In the economy of the intellectual world there are found degrees of capacity, which arise mainly from physical development; which result from, and are adapted to, the peculiar influences of material nature which surround the man. The superior intellectual and physical development must progress, nor must be impeded, but aided, by the inferior and imperfect, even should the subjection of the inferior to a condition of servitude to the superior be necessary to secure such aid; that servitude, however, being so qualified and regulated by enlightened sentiment and wise and humane laws that, while it aids the progress of the superior, it shall at the same time

advance the inferior, by subduing and refining influences, toward complete civilization. Hence, the servitude of the African to the white man, imposed and regulated by wise and humane statutes and by suggestions of refined public sentiment, should promote the advancement of both races, and is approved by the sanction of Divine Economy."

Having thus put slavery upon a sound basis, the lecture to the neophyte undertakes a similarly logical exposition of constitutional law. He is told: "Whenever the chosen rulers, officers, or delegates to whom the people have entrusted the power of the government shall fail or refuse to administer the government in strict accordance with the letter of the established and accepted compact, constitution, or ordinance, it is the inherent right and the solemn and imperative duty of the people to resist the usurpations of their functionaries, and, if need be, to expel them by force of arms. Such resistance is not revolution, but is solely the assertion of a right, the exercise of all the noble attributes which impart honor and dignity to manhood. Submission to power or authority usurped is unmitigated debasement in an entire people; and the debasement is increased in degree according to the degree of progress which a people shall have attained before the usurpation began, and shall enlarge its measure of shame while the submission continues."

The weak, including orphans and women, next receive the consideration of the order, and the neophyte is told that "the virtues which Divinity hath implanted in our holier natures, and which are inculcated and enjoined by the precepts of religion, must be cherished by the brotherhood;" and finally: "Our swords shall be unsheathed whenever the great principles which we aim to inculcate and have sworn to maintain and defend shall be assailed, or in defense of the oppressed against the oppressor. Thus shall we best illustrate our worthy name and the high behests of our worthy order. Amen."

In the obligation of the candidate for initiation is contained the following: —

"I do further solemnly promise that I will ever cherish in my heart of hearts the sublime creed of the Excellent Knights, as explained to me in this presence; that I will inculcate the same amongst the brotherhood, will, so far as in me lies, illustrate the same in my intercourse with men, and will defend the principles thereof, if need be with my life, whensoever assailed, — in my own country first of all. I do further promise that my sword shall ever be drawn in defense of the right, in behalf of the weak against the strong, wherever truth and justice shall be found on the side of the weak, and especially in behalf of the oppressed against the oppressor. I do further solemnly declare that I will never take up arms in behalf of any monarch, prince, potentate, power, or government which does not acknowledge the sole authority of power to be the will of the governed expressly and distinctly declared, saving, however, a single instance, where a government shall exert its highest power and authority in raising a people from a condition of barbarism or anarchy to a degree of civilization and enlightenment until they shall be equal to the noble work of constructing a government of their own free choice, founded upon the principles of eternal truth. . . .

"I do further solemnly declare and swear, in the presence of these Excellent Knights, my witnesses, that I now plight each and every of these my solemn vows, without reservation or evasion of mind whatsoever, and with full knowledge and understanding, and with my full assent, that the penalty declared against any violation of any or either of these my vows and promises will be a surrender of my body to the tribunal of the order of American Knights, to be

burned and its ashes strewn upon the winds, if it shall be so adjudged, and my sword and the emblems and jewels with which I have been adorned in honor shall be forged into one mass and thrown into the sea, and my name shall become a byword amongst the brotherhood, to be pronounced only with anathema and scorn. Divine Presence, approve my troth, and ye, Excellent Knights, hear and witness my plighted vows! Amen!"

The lecture given to the candidate for the third degree is much the same in its purport: —

"In the Divine Economy, no individual of the human race must be permitted to encumber the earth, to mar its aspects of transcendent beauty, nor to impede the progress of the intellectual or physical man, neither in himself nor in the race to which he belongs. Hence, a people, upon whatever plane they may be found in the ascending scale of humanity, whom neither the divinity within them, nor the inspirations of divine and beautiful nature around them, can impel to virtuous action and progress onward and upward, should be subjected to a just and humane servitude, a strict tutelage to the superior and energetic development, until they shall be able to appreciate the benefits and advantages of civilization. . . .

"The Caucasian or white race exhibits the most perfect and complete development of humanity. Hence, the noblest efforts of that race should be directed to the holy and sublime work of subduing, civilizing, refining, and elevating the wild and savages races wheresoever found; nor should those efforts cease until the broad earth shall bloom again like Eden, and the people thereof shall be fitted to hail the dawning light of that millennium which the inspiration of that divinity within us has pictured to our hopes, and whose transcendent glories are even now glowing upon the vision of calm, serene, undoubting faith."

The obligation contained the following:

"I do further solemnly promise and swear that I will ever cherish the sublime lessons which the sacred emblems of our order suggest, and will, so far as in me lies, impart those lessons to the people of the earth, where the mystic acorn falls from its parent bough, in whose visible firmament Orion, Arcturus, and the Pleiades ride in their cold, resplendent glories, and where the Southern Cross dazzles the eye of degraded humanity with its coruscations of golden light, fit emblem of truth, while it invites our sacred order to consecrate her temples in the four corners of the earth, where moral darkness reigns and despotism holds sway. . . . Divine Essence, so help me that I fail not in my troth, lest I shall be summoned before the tribunal of the order, adjudged, and condemned to certain and shameful death, while my name shall be recorded on the roll of infamy! Amen."

But the life of the order of the American Knights was brief and barren. It was found that its priceless secrets had been discovered by the government; so the members were reorganized as "Sons of Liberty" at a Grand Council on the 22d of February, 1864, and C. L. Vallandigham was elected Supreme Grand Commander of the United States. The political principles of this last body were more definitely defined than in the earlier fraternities.

"The government designated the United States of America has no sovereignty, because that is an attribute belonging to the people in their respective state organizations, and with which they have not endowed that government as a common agent. . . . That government can exercise only delegated powers; hence, if those who have been chosen to administer it shall assume to exercise powers which have not been delegated, they should be dealt with as usurpers. . . . It is the inherent right and imperative duty of the people to resist such

officials, and, if need be, to expel them by force of arms. Such resistance is not revolution, but is solely the assertion of a right. . . . It is incompatible with the history and nature of our system of government that official authority should coerce by arms a sovereign State. . . . In a convention of delegates elected by the people of a State is recognized the impersonation of the sovereignty of a State; the declaration of such a convention is the ultimate expression of this sovereignty."

Those who are familiar with the theories and formulæ of the secessionists will recognize the identity of these doctrines with those of Jefferson Davis and the other Southern leaders.

The Sons of Liberty were, in fact, a continuation of the order of American Knights; but the colloquies and lessons were changed, and the members of the old order were not admitted unless they were considered worthy. The new body was now greatly enlarged. It had an extensive membership in Ohio, Kentucky, Illinois, and Missouri, and in the summer of 1864 it was claimed by Vallandigham that in Indiana it had no less than 40,000 members. The figures given by the Grand Secretary for Indiana are not so large. He testified that, in September, reports from forty-five counties showed a membership of 18,000. Dodd was Grand Commander for the State, and Dr. W. A. Bowles, Lambdin P. Milligan, Andrew Humphreys, and one Yeakle were "major-generals," commanding the four districts into which the State was divided for military purposes. In June, John C. Walker was elected in Yeakle's place, and Horace Heffren (a man who had distinguished himself at the outbreak of the war by violent secession harangues in the legislature, and who had afterwards recanted and been appointed by Morton to a military command, but had resigned and returned to his original secession views) became Deputy Grand Commander for the State. Judge Bullitt, of the Kentucky Court of Appeals, was Grand Commander of that State, and Felix Stidger, who turned out to be a United States detective, was elected Grand Secretary for Kentucky. There were two bodies, one within the other: one a civil organization, to which the mass of the members belonged, the purpose of which was political (to promote the success of the Democratic party); and the other a military organization, which had for its object the establishment of a Northwestern Confederacy, and failing this, the members were to join their fortunes with the South. Many did not belong to this second body, but the leaders belonged to both, and active steps were taken to organize the military department. Some of the belligerent schemes of the order were fantastic. Dr. Bowles proposed to have nine companies of infantry, one company of lancers, and one section of artillery to comprise each regiment. The lancers were to have a hook "to punch with," and "a sickle to cut the horses' bridles," so that the enemy would become confused, and if a charge were made when they had no way of getting their horses out, they would be easily "mashed up." The military department was to be controlled by a secret committee of thirteen, appointed by the Grand Commander, whose names were to be known only to him. The committee on military organization reported at a meeting held on June 14, in Indianapolis, in the fourth story of the building occupied by Dodd as a printing establishment. They recommended that the order should equip as rapidly as possible. But the question arose, how were they to be armed? Some proposed to raise the means by taxing the members; others, by subscription; others, that the members should arm themselves. They finally came to the masterly conclusion to let each subdistrict arm as best it could. This was before they had received the large sums afterwards paid by the Confederate com-

missioners in Canada. Bowles claimed that he had his command organized and divided into regiments and companies, except in one district. They were drilling "at such snatched times as they could get." When the time came to act, however, these regiments did not appear.

The clumsy character of the organization and its utter lack of efficiency were shown in many ways. In May, 1864, Bowles talked confidentially with Stidger, a man whom he had never seen before, in regard to the secrets of the order, without testing him to see if he belonged to it. Heffren sent William P. Green to Chicago to a meeting of the Grand Council, and Green fell into the hands of detectives, who secured Heffren's proxy, and Green never got to the Council at all. Again it was found that the sanctuaries of the order had been invaded. It was ascertained that one Coffin, who had been in the confidence of the leaders, was an agent of Governor Morton, and a detective, and at a meeting of the State Council on June 14, at Indianapolis, it was decided that Coffin should be killed. On the following day there was to be a meeting at Dayton, Ohio, to be addressed by Vallandigham. It was learned that Coffin would be present. Dodd asked what members would volunteer to go with him and put Coffin out of the way, but most of the members did not know Coffin. McBride, of Evansville, knew him, but was so situated that he could not go on this trifling errand. Bowles and Dodd went, but Coffin was not to be found. He had been advised of his danger by Stidger, who was present at the conference, and who was apparently as eager as any for his "removal." One of the purposes of the Sons of Liberty was the destruction of government property. One Bocking, of Cincinnati, had made an invention which he called "green fire." He showed it to Bowles and others, and two hundred dollars were given to him to serve his necessities. Bowles, with Bullitt, Dodd, and one or two others, spent one Sunday in Indianapolis experimenting with this invention. There was a hand grenade and a machine with a clock for setting boats and government buildings on fire. "Nothing would put it out." Bowles said that some stores in Louisville, as well as two boats, had been destroyed by it, and that the Confederate government would pay ten per cent for property thus destroyed.

But the most important work to which the order devoted itself was a conspiracy with the Confederate authorities for a general "uprising," for the purpose of seizing the Federal arsenals, releasing Confederate prisoners, overthrowing the state government, and organizing a Northwestern Confederacy.

In 1864, the outlook for the South was dark and discouraging. Vicksburg had fallen. The States west of the Mississippi had been severed from the main body of the Confederacy. Tennessee had been abandoned. Lee had recoiled from Gettysburg, and the lines of Grant were rapidly closing about the Confederate capital. A great portion of the Southern territory was occupied by Federal forces, and could no longer furnish supplies. The conscription had forced into the army nearly the whole male population of the South. The only hope seemed to be in an uprising at the North, which would release the Confederate prisoners, and turn the Federal forces back for the protection of their own territory. There was much disaffection in the North. There were bitter complaints of arbitrary arrests and military executions. This feeling was well known to the authorities at Richmond. Jefferson Davis accordingly appointed a commission of three persons to visit Canada, and negotiate with such persons as might be relied on "to aid in the attainment of peace." Jacob Thompson, C. C. Clay, and J. P. Holcombe were appointed commissioners. But peace was not the only thing they sought, and Captain Hines was detailed

for special service, to collect Confederate soldiers in Canada, and with them, if possible, to release Confederate prisoners confined at different places in the North. The Confederate government left to his judgment and discretion the means to be employed for effecting "any fair and appropriate enterprise of war consistent with British neutrality." The instructions to Mr. Thompson were, that if he failed in his efforts for peace he should adopt measures calculated to cripple the military power of the Federal government by destroying stores and stopping supplies.

When Mr. Thompson arrived in Montreal, on May 30, he endeavored to induce the newspapers to urge a cessation of hostilities; but the press was adverse, and nothing could be done. Then followed the negotiations with Horace Greeley, which had no better success. Mr. Thompson then conferred with Vallandigham, who represented that the Sons of Liberty were 300,000 strong, and that the members of this order desired that the war should cease, and that the Federal army should be withdrawn from Southern territory. Some of the leaders wanted to establish a Northwestern Confederacy, but this desire was not universal. Mr. Thompson encouraged the idea, and offered aid in the shape of money and arms and arranged for the distribution of funds to be used in arming the organization in the different counties. He had strong hopes of the success of the movement; but the Confederate commissioners had to await the action of the Sons of Liberty. Vallandigham returned to Ohio, and made speeches to stir up resistance.

The 20th of July was the time first fixed for the "uprising." The state officers were to be deposed, and provisional governments created. But when the day drew near, the Sons of Liberty found that they were very weak from lack of organization and discipline, and the time of the outbreak was postponed until August 16. A council was held at Chicago, and a statement made of the situation. Money had been captured from a United States paymaster on the Red River, and they could have the use of it. Ohio would be cared for by Vallandigham. Dodd had met Commissioner Thompson at the Clifton House, Niagara. He would send couriers to the major-generals of the several districts in Indiana, and they were to send messengers into the various counties, and the counties were to notify the townships. The forces of southern Indiana were to meet near New Albany, under Bowles; those of Illinois at Rock Island, Springfield, and Chicago, and, having seized the arsenals at these places, they were to march on St. Louis. In Indiana, the main body was to be concentrated at Indianapolis, and the capture of the state capital was left to the special care of Dodd. A political meeting would be called at that place. The members would come in wagons, with arms secreted in the straw. When a certain signal was given, they were to seize their arms and march on Camp Morton, release the prisoners and capture the guards. The prisoners were to be armed, and the guards held as prisoners. A detail was then to be sent to "take care of the governor," and they were to seize the railroad to Jeffersonville, and use the cars to transport the prisoners and arms.

Dodd returned to Indianapolis, and communicated this plot to his trusted friends. He suggested that J. J. Bingham, chairman of the Democratic State Committee, should call a mass meeting at Indianapolis on the 16th, but Bingham refused. Matters were then brought to the knowledge of the Hon. Joseph E. McDonald, Democratic candidate for governor, who at once declared that the thing must be stopped. Michael C. Kerr came up from New Albany, and related to Bingham the scheme for the uprising, and said that Dr. Athon, secretary of state, was involved in it. Governor

Morton was to be captured, and Athon made provisional governor. Athon was visited by Bingham and Kerr, but declared that he knew nothing of it.

A meeting of prominent Democrats was held in McDonald's office. They determined that the project must not go on. Kerr said that he had come up on purpose to stop this revolutionary scheme, and that if it could not be stopped in any other way the authorities should be informed of it. Dodd insisted that "the government could not be restored" without revolution, and that an appeal to the ballot box was folly; but before the conference broke up it was agreed that the conspiracy was to go no further. The authorities, however, were not to be informed of it. But this was unnecessary. They knew all about it. Governor Morton and General Carrington had long been upon the track of the conspirators. Morton was notified that arms and ammunition had been forwarded to Dodd by the Merchants' Dispatch, marked "Sunday-School Books." Dodd's office was searched, and 400 navy revolvers and 135,000 rounds of ammunition were found.

Let us now return to Canada. It was on the 22d of July that the Confederate commissioners, with Hines and Castleman, had met the representatives of the Sons of Liberty, and the time for the uprising had been fixed for the 16th of August. But the delegates from the order feared that the military authorities would suppress the movement, unless Confederate forces were sent into Kentucky and Missouri to occupy the attention of the soldiers. Another conference was held on the 7th of August, and the date of the uprising was further postponed until the 29th of the month, when the Democratic National Convention would assemble. This convention would be the best cover for their action. The Confederate agents insisted that this postponement should be the last. They would furnish abundant means to bring the men to Chicago, but they would then attempt to release the Confederate prisoners confined in that city, and at Indianapolis and Rock Island, whether the order acted with them or not. Delay added to the danger.

The Sons of Liberty were irresolute. Their timidity contrasted oddly with the vigor and military promptness with which Hines and Castleman insisted on immediate action. The leaders of the order were to bring its members to Chicago to attend the convention. A large sum of money was furnished by the Confederates, but many of the agents who were to distribute it pocketed the funds, and very few men came. The Sons of Liberty in Indiana had been suppressed at the meeting in McDonald's office, and did not appear. The Confederates came to Chicago, believing that, with any sort of coöperation, they could successfully attack Camp Douglas in that city, and that, with the 5000 prisoners released — for whom arms had been provided — and 7000 more at Springfield, joined by the Sons of Liberty, a formidable force could be marshaled. Information had been conveyed to the prisoners of the intention to release them. Chicago was thronged. Hines and Castleman met the officers of the order the night before the convention; but the men employed to bring the members together failed, and the courage necessary for the outbreak was wholly wanting. Hines and Castleman proposed, on the following day, that the Sons of Liberty should furnish 500 men to liberate the prisoners at Rock Island, and take possession of that town and Springfield; but the members of the order found that they had important business at home, and the project collapsed.

In the mean time the officers of justice had been upon the track of the conspirators, and their designs were thoroughly exposed. On the 1st of August, the ritual of the Sons of Liberty was captured by the provost-marshal in a law office in

Terre Haute. On August 22d, the correspondence of Grand Commander Dodd was overhauled, and the secrets of the order were held up to the scorn and ridicule of the public. The discoveries are thus described by a contemporary commentator: —

"Among the rubbish we find schedules of their first degrees, their second degrees, their third degrees, their oaths, obligations, invocations, — a strange medley of blasphemy and innocence past credulity. Who, for instance, can imagine that a man of reasonable sense, consenting to initiation in the order of the Sons of Liberty, would stand up, after the mystical three raps at the subterranean wicket, and hear his sponsor, in answer to the sepulchral 'Who cometh?' gravely respond, 'A citizen we found in the hands of the sons of despotism, bound and well-nigh crushed to death beneath their oppression. We have brought him hither, and would now restore him to the blessings of liberty and law.' How many of those who have, by the official report, gone through this mummery ever imagined they were in the hands of the 'sons of despotism' until some impudent demagogue informed them of the alarming fact? Not one, we venture to affirm, of all these thousands who have gone through this miserable form, standing in the 'vestibule of the temple,' the right hand under the left arm, the left arm under the right, the four fingers over and the thumb hidden under the right arm, and, with his hands crossed on his bowels, representing the belt Orion. And yet this is but the beginning of the end. Having so forsworn himself, and surrendered his volition to the absolute despotism of the inner circle, wherein are the contrivers who pull the strings to move their puppets, he is thus charged: 'Son of Liberty, thy journey is well-nigh accomplished. Somewhat yet remains, and the sons of despotism will beset thy path and aim to turn thee back, peradventure will seek thy life. Then put thy trust in God and Truth. Still, the journey leadeth due East, until thou art held by the Guardian in the South, who will further instruct thee. Beware lest thou bear thee towards the North too far and lose thy way; as well, also, take heed lest the South entice thee too far thither. We have a trusted, faithful guide on either side thy way, who, true and constant to his behest, perchance may hail thee. Receive what he shall offer, and give earnest heed to all his words. Son of Liberty, be thy watchword Onward.'

"And why travel East?" says the commentator. "Is it the source of all light? So is it the source of despotism and absolutism. There — due East — rises the everlasting figure of the New England Yankee."

We must pass rapidly over the final scenes. In these, the principal part was played by the ministers of public justice, and the members of the order were most unwilling actors. The order had been exposed. The thing to be done now was to make an example of those who had participated in the conspiracy. General Carrington, who had collected most of the evidence against the accused, was in favor of trying them in the federal courts; but Secretary Stanton and Governor Morton determined that more drastic measures were required. It was necessary to inspire terror in their hearts to prevent a repetition of plots which, however awkwardly they might be managed, were a continual source of danger. So General Alvin P. Hovey took charge of the Department of Indiana, and it was determined to try the conspirators by court-martial. He instituted a military tribunal for the trial of Dodd, the Grand Commander of Indiana, who had just been arrested. The trial began on September 22. The defendant objected to the jurisdiction of the commission, claiming to be a citizen in no wise connected with the army. Major Burnett, the judge advocate, supported the jurisdiction of the tribunal by the President's proclamation

of September, 1862, ordering insurgents and their abettors to be tried by courts-martial. Charges were filed for conspiracy in organizing these secret societies for the purpose of overthrowing the government, seizing the arsenals, releasing Confederate prisoners, inciting insurrection, and resisting the draft. Mr. Dodd was thunderstruck upon finding that the first witness against him was Felix G. Stidger, a man who had been in his confidence, and who, as he now learned for the first time, was a detective. Several witnesses testified, when the case came to an abrupt termination. Dodd had petitioned General Hovey to be allowed to occupy a room in the post-office building instead of being confined in the military prison. About four o'clock on the morning of October 7, he escaped by means of a rope conveyed to him by a ball of twine which had been left by his friends. The street lights were darkened, and he slipped away unobserved. He remained hidden for some time about Indianapolis, and finally escaped to Canada. The question of jurisdiction was argued in his absence, and the case was submitted to the court for its decision. This decision was not announced. It was generally understood that Dodd had been found guilty and condemned to death, but, the body of the delinquent not being accessible, the judgment could not be executed. Bowles, Humphreys, Heffren, Milligan, and Horsey were now arrested. Bowles had said that he could successfully resist any attempts to take him, but he was quietly seized, early one morning, at his residence at French Lick Springs, and removed to Indianapolis.

A new commission was detailed for the trial of these men. It convened on October 21. The same charges were preferred. The participation of Bowles and Milligan in the conspiracy was very clearly shown by the testimony of the detective Stidger; of Clayton, a *bona fide* member of the order, who was terrified into giving reluctant evidence; of Harrison, the Grand Secretary of Indiana, who also told what he knew for the same reason; as well as of Bingham, editor of the Indianapolis Sentinel. There was a stampede of all who had been connected with the order. Every one seemed anxious to preserve the integrity of his own skin by giving evidence to convict his associates.

Their leader had slipped down a rope and run to Canada, and the rest proposed to purchase safety as best they might. A surprise was in store for the defendants. Heffren, the Deputy Grand Commander, had been sitting with the others and taking part in the defense. On the afternoon of the 4th of November, the judge advocate, at the opening of the court, said that all proceedings against him were withdrawn, and he was released from arrest. He was immediately placed upon the stand as a witness for the prosecution. He was evidently much terrified, and eager to save his own life at the expense of others. His appearance is explained by his own testimony that "upon that morning, before dinner, he had a conversation with Governor Morton and General Hovey, which was confidential." Heffren had sought an interview with Hovey, because, to use his own words, "he wanted to get out of the scrape," and he even testified to conversations with his own confederates while in prison. The case against Horsey was not quite so strong as that against Bowles and Milligan, while the evidence against Humphreys was weaker still. Jonathan W. Gordon made an elaborate argument against the jurisdiction of the court. Mr. Ray discussed the facts in behalf of Humphreys and Bowles. For Humphreys he made a strong argument, denying any complicity in military and insurrectionary schemes, and claiming that the order itself was not a conspiracy. For Bowles he was able to do little more than to make a plea in mitigation, and commend him to the mercy

of the court as a man broken in age. But the commission considered that this was no time for mercy. The defendants were all found guilty. Humphreys was to be imprisoned for life; Bowles, Milligan, and Horsey were sentenced to be hanged. In the case of Humphreys, the general commanding the district substituted confinement within the boundaries of two townships in his own county. The attorneys and agents of the men sentenced to death visited Mr. Lincoln, asking him to modify or revise the sentences, and he gave assurances that he would spare their lives; but before he took any action he was assassinated, and Andrew Johnson succeeded, with the full determination of "making treason odious." He approved the sentences.

Petitions for a writ of habeas corpus were prepared, addressed to the United States Circuit Court, which court certified a difference of opinion as to the jurisdiction of the commission. In the mean time, Bowles, Milligan, and Horsey were to be hanged on May 19. All efforts to secure a commutation or postponement of the sentence were unavailing. On May 1, it was announced that Bowles and Milligan were writing confessions of the conspiracy which would implicate prominent men not yet connected with it, and there was great anxiety.

Meanwhile, Judge Davis visited Indianapolis, and had a long and earnest talk with Governor Morton. The judge thought it was clear that the commission was illegal, since the courts of Indiana were open, and martial law had not been proclaimed.

Morton had hitherto taken no part in the effort to have the sentences commuted, but he now declared that he did not intend to have the blood of these men on his hands, and he recommended the President to commute their sentences. He sent several communications to Mr. Johnson: one, on May 13, by General Mansfield; another by the wife of Milligan.

Finally, John U. Pettit was dispatched to Washington, and at his solicitation, first a suspension, and finally a commutation, of the sentences were secured. This excited great indignation throughout the State. President Johnson and Governor Morton were bitterly denounced for cheating the gallows. Some of the more violent of the papers even went so far as to declare that this commutation was corrupt; that money had saved the necks of these men from the halter; and some even pointed out a house on Meridian Street which was to be transferred to Morton in consideration of his services. But a better sentiment soon prevailed, and these idle stories were silenced. The application for habeas corpus was finally decided by the Supreme Court in favor of the defendants. The war was now over. The example of the execution of these men by military authority was no longer needed. Law had resumed its sway. The court decided that the military commission had no jurisdiction, as Indiana was not in a state of war, and the courts were still open.

The accused were therefore discharged, and with their release the history of the Sons of Liberty in Indiana comes to an end.

William Dudley Foulke.

PETRARCH.

THOU master of this fourteen-stringèd lyre,
Cunningest weaver of delicious song,
Whose measures move at once serene and strong,
Calm outwardly, but touched within with fire
Of stinging intellectual desire;
Thou prince of those whose ecstasies belong
To thought, not feeling, whose harmonious tongue
Made love's ideal soar a heaven higher, —
Petrarch, I thee invoke to aid my Muse,
Not like believers who with vows adore
And kneel and kiss and pass, and so forget;
But that the constant worship which I use
May grow in comprehension more and more,
Till thy high seal upon my song be set.

Gamaliel Bradford, Jr.

STUDIES IN THE CORRESPONDENCE OF PETRARCH.

I.

THE LETTER TO POSTERITY.

"YOU will perhaps have heard something of me; though who can tell whether so trivial and obscure a name as mine will have penetrated to remote places and distant times? But if so, you may desire to know what manner of man I was, and the purport of my works, — of those, at least, whose fame has reached you, or of which you may have heard some slight mention. From the first men will differ in their verdict about me; for it is always prejudice rather than truth which determines their judgment, and there is no measure in their distribution of praise and blame. I was one insignificant member of the great human flock, neither highly nor basely born."

Such are the opening sentences of that Letter to Posterity which the precursor of the Humanists, Francesco Petrarca, began to write, near the close of his eventful career, and which one cannot help regretting that he should have lacked the time or the strength to complete. For, although it may argue a species of vanity for a man to write a letter to posterity at all, no man, surely, ever had better excuses for self-exaggeration than Petrarch. Yet this fragment of a last confession seems, upon the whole, to be remarkably free from any such vulgar sentiment. The life of the great idealist in friendship, in politics, in letters, and in love strikes himself, as he looks back upon it from the "windless calm" of his declining days, with a feeling akin to wonder; and well it might! But he surveys it with a passionless gaze, as something virtually concluded and already remote; and that *detachment*, for which the saints themselves have often agonized in vain, never perhaps attaining so long as they consciously struggled for it, had come with

its full measure of relief and healing to the spirit of the old man at Arquà before he went the way of all the earth.

The life of Petrarch, like the life of every other man who has left a mass of letters behind him, is best studied in those letters. One cannot help wishing that they had been written in the vulgar tongue, especially when one sees what a wonderful instrument of subtle and pathetic expression he made it in his poems. But the notion that letters, whether formal or familiar, could be written in anything but Latin was only just dawning on the world, and was least of all likely to have occurred to the lifelong worshiper of Cicero, and one whose burning zeal in the collection of ancient manuscripts was rewarded by the discovery of a large portion of the Roman's incomparable correspondence in the dusty library of a convent at Verona.

It is a long way, indeed, from the careless ease and vivacity, the sparkling rush, of Cicero's familiar epistles to the stiff, scrupulous, and conscious Latinity of Petrarch's. But the language of the latter is for the most part clear and direct, and not wanting in a certain elegance; and, at all events, they serve their purpose of self-revelation. It was a labor of love with one of the most scholarly of modern Italians — Giuseppe Fracassetti — to edit, translate into the vernacular, and illustrate with copious notes the entire Latin correspondence of Francesco Petrarca, and the extracts to be made in the following studies will be taken from his text.

In the three volumes which Fracassetti has entitled Epistolæ de Rebus Familiaribus et Variæ, the fragment of autobiography already quoted stands as a sort of preface, and we cannot do better, by way of preliminary sketch, than to follow, until it fails, the clue which the poet himself has here afforded us to the influences which shaped his life.

He first sketches his own personal appearance, with what he evidently means to be an impartial hand: "I was not very strong in my youth, but I was remarkably agile; and with no great beauty to boast of, my appearance, after I had come to years of maturity, was pleasing. My complexion was of a pale olive, my eyes were brilliant, and my sight was so strong that not until I had passed my sixtieth year was I obliged, reluctantly, to have recourse to a reading-glass. He goes on briefly to describe the sorrowful circumstances of his birth in exile at Arezzo, "at dawn on the 20th of July, in the year 1304 of this last cycle which we reckon from the birth of Christ." His parents had been banished from Florence two years before, along with six hundred other Florentine citizens, of whom Dante Alighieri was one; and their party — that of the White Guelphs, if the political nickname any longer matters — were at that moment precipitately retreating from an unsuccessful attempt to break into the forbidden city. It may well have been her anxiety for their fate which hastened the delivery of Petrarch's mother, Eletta Canigiani, — "Elect of God, both in spirit and in name," as elsewhere he reverently says of her. He adds that his family were almost in need during the years of his infancy, which were passed upon a small Tuscan farm belonging to his father. At this point he lapses into reflection again. "I have always been a great despiser of riches," he says; "yet not so much because I should not have liked to be rich as because I hated the cares and responsibilities which are the inseparable accompaniments of wealth. I do not refer to the power of giving magnificent banquets. I have been happier on plain and rather meagre fare than the whole tribe of Apicius with their exquisite dainties. Those convivial gatherings, as they are called, — orgies which outrage decency and good manners, — were always offensive to my taste, and I have found it equally futile and wearisome to bid others to such, or to be bidden by them.

And yet *con-vivere* — to live with one's friends — is so pleasant that I have known no greater joy than to have mine visit me, and I never willingly sat down to table alone. Of all things I dislike display, not only because it is a bad thing and inconsistent with humility, but because it is a laborious thing, and the foe of all repose."

"All my youth long I struggled with one most fierce yet single and honest passion; and I should have struggled longer, had not death, cruel and yet kindly, suddenly extinguished an already failing flame." It is thus that Petrarch, at the age of sixty-seven, can briefly allude to Laura de Sade, and then resume, with a certain deadly candor and composure, the self-analysis which had been interrupted by the passing of her gracious phantom: "I wish I could say that I had been free from all taint of sensuality, but it would be a lie. This I can say emphatically: that, though carried away sometimes by the fervor of my youthful temperament, I always loathed such baseness in myself. . . . Let me pass to other things. I have felt the pride of other men; I have not been conscious of any in myself. When I was a child, I always thought myself inferior. I have been angry to my own hurt very often; to that of others, never. I had always a great desire to make honorable friendships, and I have cherished such most loyally. I make this boast fearlessly, for I know that I speak the truth. High-tempered I certainly was, yet prone both to forget injuries and to remember benefits."

Petrarch must have been thinking of the Colonna as he wrote these words, and of the heavy charge of ingratitude which those generous benefactors of his might once have brought against him, and no doubt did bring. But they were all gone now, those of that gallant house whom he had best loved, and all had long been clear between them and him. Their differences had been purely political; he could persuade himself that from them personally he had never swerved, and only the energy of his self-justification in this and some succeeding passages would lead one to suspect a lingering sentiment of self-reproach.

"I was loved and courted," he says, a little further on, "by the very greatest monarchs of my time, — why, I know not. They must have seen some reason. With certain of these I associated upon terms almost of equality, reaping no discomfort from their greatness, but rather many advantages. Yet I have voluntarily withdrawn myself from many whom I truly loved, because my passion for independence was such as to repel me from men whose reputation seemed to contradict the bare idea of liberty."

The reader instinctively runs over in his mind the names of the principal potentates by whom Petrarch was highly distinguished, — King Robert of Naples, the Emperor Charles IV., five or six successive Popes at Avignon, the Visconti at Milan, the Correggio at Parma, the contemporary Doges of Genoa and Venice; and it seems as if a good many of these, and notably of the Italian tyrants, must have come under the condemnation expressed in the last paragraph, and as if, upon the whole, the poet showed himself rather tolerant of association with these uncongenial spirits. We rather wish that he had named those particular magnates whose society he forsook for conscience' sake. Yet while it is probably true, as one of the keenest of Petrarch's critics has observed, that the sovereigns who patronized him never took the poet's political opinions very seriously, it is true no less that he did move about among these great ones of the earth encompassed by what the author of the Imitation calls "a certain prerogative of the free spirit." He was, as has been said, an idealist in all things, and his fixed ideal in politics, lofty but impossible, or at least pathetically premature, was that of a united Italy under a dual government, which should have

its seat at Rome, with the Emperor for its temporal and the Pope for its spiritual head. Nor did he ever, at any time, lack the courage to uphold and proclaim this ideal, and bitterly to reproach those who had outraged it too deeply, or deceived him, as he thought, with false hopes of its realization.

From this brief allusion to his almost unparalleled social triumphs Petrarch digresses to an analysis of his own mental qualities. "My mind," he says, "was rather well balanced than brilliant; apt for all manner of good and wholesome study, but inclining more especially to moral philosophy and to poetry. As time went on, however, I came to neglect the latter, and to find a hidden sweetness in that sacred lore which I had once despised. I kept my poetry," he quaintly adds, "for ornamental purposes, and I was extraordinarily interested in the records of antiquity. For I do not love this age of ours, and but for the men whom I have loved in it I would rather have been born in any other; and indeed, I have made great efforts to forget the present, and to transfer myself, in imagination, to other times. But though delighting in the historians, I have been annoyed at the way in which they contradict one another, and I have dubiously followed, now the authority of the writer, and anon what seemed to me the likelihood of things.

"Some said I had the gift of a clear, persuasive eloquence; to me, my own speech always seemed both feeble and obscure. Not that in my ordinary intercourse with friends and acquaintances I ever troubled myself about fine talking, and it is a great wonder to me that a man like Augustus Cæsar should have done so. But when the place, or the circumstances, or the auditor seemed to require it, I have made a certain effort, — I hardly know with what success. Let them decide before whom I spoke. If I could only feel that I had lived well, I should care little whether I had talked well."

Resuming for a moment the thread of his devious and dreamy narrative, the poet tells us how, when he was nine years old, the whole family removed permanently "to the left bank of the river Rhone in transalpine Gaul, to that city whose name is Avignon,[1] where the Roman pontiff holds, and has long held, the Church of Christ in shameful exile; though it did seem, a few years ago, as if Urban V. would have restored her to her own true seat. But it all came to nothing, as we know, and, worse yet, he voluntarily abandoned his purpose in his own lifetime, like a man who repents him of a good work. . . . But that long and miserable story is by the way. So, then, beside the windiest of streams, I passed my boyhood under the rule of my parents, my youth under that of my own vanities, yet not without some important exceptions. For during four years of this time I was at school in Carpentras, a small town lying a little to the east of Avignon; and in these two places I got about as much of grammar, rhetoric, and dialectic as a boy can learn, or as it is customary to teach in the schools. You know, dear reader, how little that is! Afterwards I went to Montpellier to study jurisprudence, and had four more years there, and thence to Bologna, where I passed three years, and went through a complete course of civil law. I was thought by many to be a young man of much promise, if only I would persevere in that line, which, however, after I lost my parents, I soon abandoned altogether. It was not," he strikingly adds, "that I did not respect the authority of law, which is great beyond question, and replete with that Roman antiquity in which I delight, but because the practice of it has been depraved by the iniquity of men; and I loathed the labor of acquir-

[1] The sentence of banishment had been provisionally lifted from Petrarch's father some time earlier, but on conditions which the latter was unwilling to accept.

ing knowledge which I did not wish to use dishonestly, and could scarcely have used honestly, or, if I had, my scruples would have been imputed to ignorance. In my twenty-second year, therefore, I returned home; for so I called that exile at Avignon which had been home to me since the close of my infancy, habit being a second nature. It was then that I began to be known, and even to be courted by great people, which amazes me when I think of it now, and, upon my word, I cannot understand it. But I saw nothing wonderful in it at the time, being convinced, after the manner of my years, that I was quite worthy of any sort of distinction. Most of all was I honored by the noble and generous race of Colonna, who were much about the pontifical court at that time, — I should rather say, shed lustre upon it."

With the same half-remorseful scrupulosity which has been already noted, Petrarch names yet once again "that man without a peer, Giacomo della Colonna, then Bishop of Lombez, — whose like I think I never saw, nor shall see, — who took me with him to Gascony, where I passed under the shadow of the Pyrenees, in the delightful society of himself and his friends, one all but heavenly summer, a time I can never remember without a sigh." And after him, "his brother, Cardinal Giovanni, to whose house I was made for many years as freely welcome as if it had been my own; who was more like a father than a patron to me, or rather like the most affectionate of brothers. This was the time when that love of roving, which is natural to youth, impelled me to travel in France and Germany; and I made use of various pretexts for recommending this purpose to my elders, but my real motive was a longing for a wider outlook. It was on this tour that I first saw Paris, and plunged with enthusiasm into the history of that city, both authentic and legendary. Returning thence, I fulfilled the fondest dream of my childhood by visiting Rome; and there again the high-hearted head of the family I have named, Stefano della Colonna, the equal of any one of those men of old whom I have adored, received me into his house, and made no apparent difference between me and his own children. The steadfast love of that great man was mine to the last day of his life, and it lives in me still, and will do so until I also die. But after I came back from Rome, there returned upon me, with intolerable force, a certain instinctive antipathy for all cities, and especially for the life of the most oppressive of all [Avignon]; and, casting about me for some haven of refuge, I lighted upon that narrow but solitary and pleasant valley which is called the Closed Valley [Vaucluse], about fifteen miles from Avignon, where the Sorgue, the king of rivers, takes its rise. Charmed by the sweetness of the place, I had myself and my books forthwith transported thither; and to tell of all I did there, through many, many years, would indeed be a long matter. Suffice it to say that almost every one of my works, down to these over which I am still toiling in my old age, was either executed, begun, or at least conceived at Vaucluse. For my mind, like my body, was supple rather than powerful, and many an undertaking struck my fancy which I afterwards abandoned as too difficult of execution."

He goes on to tell how the very aspect of that sylvan spot suggested his Latin Bucolics, and his two books upon the Solitary Life. "And once, as I wandered among the hills, — it was on a Holy Saturday, — the idea suddenly came to me that I might write a heroic poem about the great Scipio Africanus, whose name had had a mysterious fascination for me from childhood. So I set to work with much zeal; but my mind was soon distracted by other things. I called the book Africa, from the name of its hero, and somehow or other, either through my own good fortune or that of the title,

many testified great interest in the projected work. The composition lagged, however, and then there happened to me, there in Vaucluse, a most marvelous thing; for on one and the same day[1] I received letters from the Senate at Rome and the Chancellor of the University of Paris, inviting me to come to those respective cities and receive the poet's laurel crown."

Always treating his old self with the same semi-indulgent irony, Petrarch goes on to say that while it never occurred to him, at first, to question the judgment of men so eminent concerning his own merits, he was a little puzzled to know which of these two flattering offers to accept; wherefore he asked the advice of Cardinal Giovanni Colonna, who was then living so near by that, dispatching his letter on the evening of that memorable day, he received an answer before nine o'clock the next morning. The cardinal's counsel jumped with the poet's own humor, and he decided in favor of Rome. "So thither I went; but though so benevolent a judge of my own performances, I found I did blush a little at accepting the verdict of those who had summoned me, . . . and so I decided to go to Naples, to Robert, that consummate philosopher and king" (he was already a correspondent of Petrarch's), "no less renowned as a scholar than as a ruler, — the only monarch of my time who was equally the friend of learning and of valor, — and undergo an examination by him."

This ordeal proved no light one, for it lasted three days; but it ended triumphantly for the poet, and King Robert was so delighted with the fragment of the Africa which was submitted to his approval as graciously to request that the poem might be dedicated to himself. He even offered to bestow the laurel crown there in Naples, with his own royal hands. But the poet excused himself on the ground of his overmastering sentiment for Rome; and this the sympathetic monarch understood, and sent him on his way rejoicing, and reinforced by the most glowing testimonials. "And so I, hitherto only a simple scholastic, received the poet's wreath amid the rapturous applause of as many Romans as were able to witness the ceremony. Yet it availed me nothing in the way of knowledge, that laurel, and it did procure me no little envy. That, however, would be too long a story for this place."

We perceive that the writer, although interested in his own past, is already tiring a little of the self-imposed task of writing out its annals, literary and other. He tells us how, on the return journey from Rome, he visited Parma, and "remained for some little time the guest of those men of the house of Correggio, who were all so very good and liberal to me, and so sadly at variance among themselves; but who nevertheless ruled that city [Parma] better than it was ever ruled before within the memory of man, or ever will be again. And always mindful of the honor I had received, and anxious lest it should seem to have been bestowed unworthily, one day when I had gone up into the mountains" (he had often, it seems, to "lift up his eyes unto the hills" for help to his inspiration), "as I drew near that place in the territory of Reggio, beyond the river Enza, which is called Sylva Plana, something in the very look of the landscape moved me to put pen once more to my long-neglected Africa. My languid interest in the work revived, and I wrote a little every day until I returned to Parma, where, having established myself in a secluded and tranquil house, which I afterwards bought and still own, I worked away with such zeal that I finished the poem in what still seems to me an incredibly short space of time. And then I went back to my transalpine solitude by the Sorgue; . . . and afterwards I returned again to Parma, and lived there and at Verona

[1] September 1, 1340. Petrarch was then thirty-six.

a long time; and everywhere, thank God, I found myself loved and cherished far more than I deserved."

He then proceeds to relate how, during all this period over which he is hurrying so fast, he had been receiving advances of the most earnest and flattering description from Jacopo di Carrara the younger, "a man who had hardly, nay, who had not, his equal among the nobles of his generation; and with no hope of happiness" (it was 1348, the terrible year of the plague, when Laura died and Cardinal Giovanni Colonna), "but merely to appease the importunity of this great man, whom I did not know, I came to Padua, and received from him such a welcome as may await the souls of the blessed in heaven. . . . He knew that from boyhood up I had held church preferment,[1] and so, that he might bind me still more closely, not to himself only, but to his country, he made me a canon of Padua; and if he had but lived longer, I think my restless wanderings would have ended then and there. But nothing endures among mortal men, and sweet beginnings hasten to a bitter end. Before two years were over, God had taken from me, his country, and the world one of whom neither I, nor that land, nor the world itself was worthy."

The poet's reminiscences break off at this point, when he had reached his forty-sixth year, and had still a quarter of a century to live. As a record of events they are exceedingly meagre; and even as a catalogue of his own works, which he set out with the express purpose of making, they seem, as far as they go, almost capriciously imperfect. There is barely a word of all that beauteous body of Italian verse collected under the apt title of Il Canzoniere, or The Singer, and comprising both the sonnets to Laura and the noble Canzoni, through which alone Petrarch has held his place in the heart of mankind. There is nothing about that curious and very moving composition, in the form of three dialogues with the spirit of St. Augustine, called by him My Secret, written eight years before the point at which he drops his recollections, and in which he makes full confession, to the greatest of all doctors in the diseases of the human soul, of the havoc his unique passion for a woman had wrought in his own inner life. His most unconstrained and steadfast friendships, which were not by any means all with kings, princes, and cardinals, are not so much as mentioned. There is no word of his only brother Gerard, three years younger than himself, who was with him at the University of Bologna, and who shared, for a few years after their return to France, his immense popularity in the most frivolous and corrupt circles of the Avignonese court, and became a Carthusian monk at thirty-five, to the profound and half-envious emotion of the poet. Still less is there any distinct reference to the two children born during those worldliest years in France, and legitimized by decree of Clement VI.: the boy Giovanni, who was the great anxiety and the saddest disappointment of Petrarch's later middle life; and the daughter Francesca, who was honorably married at twenty, and who, with her little ones, became the chief joy and comfort of his last decade. There is no allusion to the pair of lifelong friends whom he made during that "divine summer" which they all passed with the Bishop of Lombez, and whom he always called his Lælius and his Socrates; nor to Guido Settimo, his schoolmate at Carpentras; nor to Tommaso Caloria of Messina, his fellow-student at Bologna; nor to Philippe de Cabassoles, Bishop of Cavaillon, and afterwards Patriarch of Jerusalem, who had a castle in the Closed Valley, of which the ruins may still be seen; nor to that yet more distinguished ecclesiastic, Prior Dionysius of Borgo

[1] Petrarch was already canon of the cathedrals of Lombez and of Parma, and might, if he would, have been papal secretary.

San Sepolcro, professor of theology in the University of Paris, who first gave Petrarch St. Augustine's Confessions to read, and thus drew from the poet the one perfect characterization of their affecting style ("all the charm of all the Muses flowering often in a lonely word") when he called them *scatentes lacrymis libros*, — books running over with tears. Others of those whose very existence was bound up with the mental and the spiritual history of the laureate were Francesco Nello, Prior of the SS. Apostoli in Florence; Francesco Bruni and Mainardo Accursio, whom he besought to share his simple home at Parma; Zanobi di Strada, the Florentine schoolmaster, and Niccolò Acciajuoli, the Grand Seneschal of Naples; Cola di Rienzo, the swift passage of whose blazing star across the firmament of Petrarch's life seemed to eclipse for the time being its very planetary lights; and last, but not least, brave, bright, loyal Giovanni di Certaldo, whom we commonly call Boccaccio. To each and all of these, and many more, he opens his heart, and tells his thoughts and experiences so fully in his letters that it is possible to reconstruct from them the whole scenery of his long career. Meanwhile, we will add to this preliminary sketch a few extracts from the dialogues of the Secretum, where the poet himself had so sincerely sought to bury and embalm his great passion long before its resurrection in the nobly mystical sonnets which were written after Laura's death.

"How came I into this world, and how shall I depart from it?" This, Petrarch says, is the question which used to beset him in his sad and wakeful nights, "for sleep does not visit souls that are ill at ease." But while he thus wrestled with his coward thoughts the spirit of Truth came to him, in the guise of a radiant and commanding woman, and bade him take personal counsel of that great Christian Father, for whose immortal work of self-examination Petrarch appears to have had, up to that time, little more than an æsthetic sentiment. The soul of Augustine then arose and embraced him compassionately, and they talked together for three whole days "in the silent presence of impartial Truth. And though much of what was said appeared to be directed against the manners of our age and the vices common to all mortals, and the indictment to be rather of the human race than of myself, yet that which concerns me personally is most deeply fixed in my memory. Wherefore I have written it all down, and made this book, which I would not have numbered with my others, nor get any glory from it." Here, then, is Petrarch's exquisite reason for not having named the Secretum to posterity: "I had a higher end in view, which was to be able to taste again, as often as I would, the sweetness of that colloquy. So, then, my little book, go not abroad among men, but be content to stay with me, and to fulfill your name; for you are my Secret, and so you will be called. And to avoid, as Tully says, the awkwardness of perpetually writing, 'said he' and 'said I,' and to make it seem as though the speakers were actually present, I have used no roundabout phrases to distinguish the words of my glorious interlocutor from my own, but have merely prefixed our proper names. This fashion, which I learned from my dear Cicero, he himself learned first from Plato."

We have been beguiled by the singular grace of this little *envoi*, which is not an *envoi* at all, into lingering over it perhaps a trifle too long. The reader will not fail to have noticed a great similarity between the *donnée* of Petrarch's Secret and that of the Consolations of Boethius, and one wonders, rather, that the poet himself should not have mentioned here the catechumen of divine philosophy; especially since it must have been at almost precisely this time that Cola di Rienzo was lighting his wild torch at

that of the "last of the Romans," and adopting his starry device. For Augustine to cite Boethius would of course have been an anachronism; nor is it inconsistent either with the poetic unities or with the eternal necessities that the authors so abundantly quoted by the great Christian Father should be, almost without exception, pagan, — Cicero, Horace, Juvenal, even Ovid, and, at second hand, Homer; but first, last, and always, Virgil. From time immemorial it has been true, and it probably will be true while time lasts, that the man who seeks to pull himself up from despondency *by his own proper force*, and array himself against the powers of darkness out of his own inner armory, must get his best encouragement and most animating example from unbaptized men. The preliminary counsels even of St. Augustine are almost purely stoical. The whole gist of the first dialogue is to persuade the sorrowful poet that no man is ever crushed under a burden of spiritual woe save by his own fault.

In the second, the counselor undertakes to identify, one by one, the hidden sources of his pupil's weakness, and he begins by charging him with holding far too high an opinion generally of his own accomplishments and deserts. Petrarch repels this accusation with much warmth. "You amaze me," he cries, "by thus reproaching me with many things which I know never entered my mind! I have not overestimated my own wits, which is perhaps the only sign of wit I have ever shown. . . . Unless you are saying this merely to try me, you know that I have always been profoundly conscious of my own insignificance; and if ever I have had a fleeting sense of superiority, it has come from perceiving the ignorance of others." . . .

"Exactly," pursues the unflinching monitor; "but to depreciate others is a far more insufferable species of pride than unduly to exalt one's self. I would much rather have seen you setting up others above yourself than haughtily treading all your fellow-beings underfoot, and forging for yourself a buckler of humility out of your contempt for other men."

"Say what you will," Petrarch answers doggedly, but not altogether ignobly, "I do not think highly either of myself or of them; and I am positively ashamed to repeat all that I have learned concerning the majority of men."

"And yet," says Augustine, "to despise one's self is most salutary; to despise others, not only full of danger, but totally useless to the soul. But let us pass to other things."

There is a deeper touch of nature in what immediately follows than the poet himself perhaps intended. What can it have been but an obscure suspicion of his own coldness toward Dante which led him to cry out at this point, "Accuse me of anything but envy"! And Augustine himself is for once made to answer, "On the whole, I think you are exempt from that sin; I wish you had suffered as little from your pride!" The specific charges which follow, of servitude to the pleasures of sense, are accepted by the poet not wholly without remonstrance, but with far more of candor and humility. To the last and most serious count of this part of Augustine's indictment he simply bows his head; but his manner of doing so deserves notice, because it illustrates so curiously the way in which Virgil had become a Bible to the mediæval mind, which read all manner of figurative and mystical meanings into the Mantuan's limpid verse. "You know Virgil," Petrarch says to his mentor, "and through what perils he led his brave hero during that dreadful last night of the destruction of Troy?"

"How could I fail to know," asks the saint, "what is perpetually declaimed in all the schools?" and he recites the whole of the sad and impassioned passage beginning "Quis cladem illius noctis."

"Now," says Petrarch, "just so long as Venus walked beside him, between the foe and the fire, he saw naught of the wrath of the offended deities, though his eyes were open wide; and he was deaf to all but earthly sounds while her voice was in his ears; but the moment she had vanished, you know what befell. . . . 'Then saw I the terrible faces of the great gods hostile to Troy.' I gathered from this that to commune with Venus destroys our vision of the divine."

"You have, indeed," says Augustine, "discovered the light beneath the cloud." He then observes that, as their talk has been so long, it will be better to postpone until another day what more he has to say on this most vital point, and he closes the second interview with certain dry but bracing counsels to the poet to fight as for dear life against his own insidious tendency to melancholy, "that fatal pest of the soul which the men of to-day call *acidia*, but the ancients simply *ægritudo*," — sickness *par excellence*.

In the beginning of the third and last dialogue, Augustine comes abruptly to the point toward which all his monitions had been tending. "Hitherto," he tells his patient succinctly, "your soul has been bound on either hand by two chains of adamantine strength, which prevented your meditating to any good purpose either on life or on death, . . . the love of a woman, and the love of your own renown."

"Just heavens!" cries Petrarch, "do you call those fetters which you could strike off at a word from me?"

"I know not," murmurs the saint, "if I shall succeed." . . .

"But why?" pursues the poet, in a transport of revolt. "What have I done that you should strip me of my most beautiful affections, and condemn to perpetual darkness the serenest portion of my being? . . . I will grant you that love is either the vilest passion or the noblest act of the soul. . . . To love a base and bad woman were indeed a proof of madness; but how if the very embodiment of all goodness attracts my love and reverence? What then? Do you make no difference in objects so diverse? Is there no such thing as purity? Let me tell you, for my own part, that whereas I regard a love of the former kind as the heaviest and deadliest burden which can be laid upon the soul, I can conceive no higher boon than a love of the second. But speak," he scornfully appends, "if you think otherwise; for opinions are many, and judgment is free."

A. Opinions are many, indeed, but truth is always one. . . .

P. You are wasting breath. Let me answer you in the words of Cicero: "If I err in this, I err of my own free choice, nor will I part with my error while I live."

A. Cicero was reasoning of the immortality of the soul. . . . Now the hope of a future life, even though it were delusive, might conceivably act as a healthful spur to the spirit of man; but yours is an error capable of plunging you into the depths of all infamy, where modesty, reverence, and self-restraint — nay, your very perception of truth — will disappear.

P. I repeat that you are wasting words. I cannot remember ever to have loved an unworthy object; or rather, I have loved the highest beauty, and that supremely.

A. But a beautiful object may be basely loved; so much is certain.

P. I, however, have sinned neither in my nouns nor in my adverbs. Press me no more.

A. Would you die as the fool dieth, with a jest upon your lips? Or will you not rather take a medicine for your sorrowful and ailing mind?

P. Go on. . . .

A. Forgive me, then, if I begin, as I must, by arraigning your heart's delight.

P. One moment. Do you know of whom you speak?

A. Of a mortal woman. . . .

P. Nay. Thaïs and Livia were mortal women, but I have forced you to the mention of one whose soul, exempt from earthly cares, glows only with divine desire; whose very look, if truth there be, is bright with the image of celestial beauty; whose manners are a pattern of perfect honor; nothing base, nothing mortal, either in the tones of her voice or in the glance of her eye. . . .

A. And yet the day is coming which will close those eyes in death.

P. Oh! God forbid! That I shall never see!

A. Yet the day shall surely come.

P. I know it. But the stars are not so hostile to me as to reverse the order of nature in her death. I came into the world before her, and I shall first go hence.

A. Yet the time has been when you feared the contrary. You can hardly have forgotten that once, in an hour of deep distress, you sang your love a funeral song, as though she were already at the point of death.[1]

P. Oh, yes, I remember, and I shudder even now at the thought of what I suffered. I had a terrible sense of having been deprived, somehow, of my own nobler half, of having survived that which alone made life sweet to me. That song was a lament for something which I thought had forsaken me in a great rain of tears. I recall the sense, though I have forgotten the words.

A. No matter for the tears and woe occasioned by that fatal presentiment; . . . the pang will return; . . . the rather now, when every day brings the end on apace, and that fair frame, spent with manifold shocks and disorders, has lost so much of its old vigor.

P. But I too am worn with sorrow, and older yet than she. If she is pacing to her death, I run to mine!

A. What madness to pretend to deduce the order of death from that of birth! What is the deepest sorrow of bereaved old age, if not the early death of its own offspring?

P. You shall not affright me thus! You know that I love my lady's body less than her soul. . . . So, then, since you ask me what I would do if she were to die before me, I say I would console myself with those words of Lælius, wisest of the Romans: "It was her goodness that I loved, and that is living still."

A. Do I then know naught of "lovers' baseless dreams"? . . . But yours should be a deeper knowledge and a nobler strain.

P. Yet this one thing I will never cease to say. Call it gratitude or folly, as you will, the little that I am I owe to her; nor should I ever have attained to aught of name and fame, if she had not fostered by her own affection the tiny seed of virtue which nature implanted in my heart. She recalled my young mind from all that was base; she drew me back, as I may say, with grappling irons, and constrained me to lofty aims. For why should not the soul be changed into the likeness of that which it loves? And sure there was never so mordant a slanderer as to dare nibble with his dog's tooth at that fair fame of hers, or who could find aught to reprove, I will not say in her actions, but in her gestures or her lightest words. Those who respected nothing else abstained in reverent wonder from maligning her.

With this noble tribute, the essential justice of which is confirmed by all those who have gone most deeply into the question of the actual relations between Petrarch and Laura, we will close our extracts from his Confession. It was made eight years before the point at which he drops his formal reminiscences, and six years before the death of Laura de Sade.

The dialogue with his personified conscience goes on for many pages more, and our faith in the sincerity whether of the accusing or the pleading voice is

[1] Sonnet exciii.: "O misera ed orribil visione."

confirmed rather than impaired by the fact that it comes to no definite conclusion. "We are relapsing into the old arguments," are Augustine's last words. "God be with you, and lead your wandering steps to steadfast ground."

"Amen," answers the poet; "and let me not, in following the voice which calls me, fill my own eyes with dust; but may the tumult of my soul subside, and the noise of the world be still, and ambition beset me no more."

They are the words of a man who has passed through a great spiritual crisis, but has come out of it so weak that he hardly realizes his own deliverance, or knows whether he have vitality enough left to rally.

There are two among Petrarch's later sonnets, usually numbered 313 and 314, in which he gives lyrical expression to his own last word upon the intimate theme of the Secret. The thought in the second of these sonnets is plainly, to the poet's mind, a necessary complement of that in the first; and if the accent of the penitent seems slightly conventional in the former, in the other it is entirely human and spontaneous; while the *amende* it contains is as naive and touching as its picture of the great lady and the great beauty "unspotted from the world" is full of dignity and refinement. They may be rendered thus: —

Truly I mourn for all the vanished days
That erst I lavished on a mortal love,
Suffering not my soul to soar above,
Though wings were mine, and win men's nobler praise.
But thou, acquaint with all my evil ways,
Immortal and invisible King of Heaven,
Succor a feeble creature, passion-driven,
And fill my lack with largess of thy grace!
That I, who lived at sea, and lived in strife,
May haply die in port, and die at peace,
Making a brave end of a wasted life;
And for my few remaining days, in these,
And in the last, let thy strong hand upbear.
I have no hope or resource otherwhere!

And O serene and sweet serenities,
All full of ruth and spotless tenderness!
And apt my fiery pleadings to repress
(I know it now!) in all compassionate, wise,
Mild speech, instinct with gentle courtesies,
Yet clear and radiant with honor's light!
Blossom of goodness! Fount of beauty bright,
Cleansing the soul of every low surmise!
The heaven we crave still hovered in that glance,
Now strong to hold all frowardness in check,
Now comfort giving and sweet countenance
To one who all his ill desert doth reck.
Ay, blessed be that noble variance!
It saved a soul, which else had gone to wreck!

Harriet Waters Preston.
Louise Dodge.

PROBLEMS OF PRESUMPTIVE PROOF.

A POPULAR crusade is in progress against the conviction of persons accused of capital crimes on what is loosely termed "merely circumstantial evidence." Several such convictions in cases that have attracted world-wide attention have lately occurred. Mrs. Maybrick's case has risen almost to the dignity of an international controversy. The case of Carlyle W. Harris, in New York, evoked a similar though a more local manifestation of dissent from verdicts involving capital punishment based on presumptive proof. In both cases the crime charged was murder of the most heinous character: the killing of a husband by his wife in the first, and of a wife by her husband in the second; and in each the killing was done by the agency of poison. Of concurrent interest with these was the case of Dr. Graves, tried in Colorado for the murder of Mrs. Barnaby, — also, as was alleged, by means of poison, sent to the victim through the mails in a form that counterfeited whiskey. The evidence on this trial, again, was what, in a

common but indefinite phrase, is called "purely circumstantial," and the failure of the jury to agree was widely hailed with approval, grounded in large measure upon the repugnance already noted to capital convictions on evidence that is not positive, clear, and direct, — evidence, in fine, that is not free from all doubt. Finally, there is at this writing a case in which the public has taken an extraordinary interest, that of the trial of Miss Borden, charged with the murder of her father and stepmother.

Without discussing the merits of these cases, — all of them, in a sense, still on trial in the irregular court of public opinion, — we may well take some pains to consider how far it is safe to follow the new doctrine, loudly proclaimed by not a few of our leading newspapers, and earnestly advocated by many reputable citizens, that convictions in capital cases should never proceed upon "merely circumstantial evidence." There is good ground for the belief that much of the objection to capital convictions on evidence that is not direct has its root wholly in a repugnance to the death penalty; that is to say, it is not convictions for murder on indirect evidence that are objected to, but the infliction of capital punishment as a consequence of such convictions. This is manifestly true, because we hear no outcry whatever against "merely circumstantial evidence," no popular protest against convictions obtained and sentences passed on "presumptive proof," in cases of forgery, burglary, or arson, for which the punishment falls short of death. Nevertheless, we must consider the argument as it is presented, apart from the penalty, and as one that touches the intrinsic value of evidence that is variously called "circumstantial," "inferential," and "presumptive." There is indeed no other way of logically considering it; for if we once admit that the murderer ought not to forfeit his life on "purely presumptive proof," we must admit also the injustice of forfeiting the liberty of the forger, the burglar, or the incendiary on the same species of proof.

The question raised is fundamental. It goes to the very foundations of the complex structure which we call "society," and challenges the first securities of civilization. No lawyer of any eminence will be found to doubt this proposition, and that so large a number of laymen are evidently unconscious of its truth is a fact of ominous import. For it is a demonstrable truth that a law prohibiting convictions on criminal charges upon "purely presumptive proof" would, in practice, be a law to exempt the great majority of criminals of every class from punishment, and hand the community over, bound hand and foot, to the unbridled dominion of its most depraved members.

Observe, first, that in every case of murder by poisoning, a form of murder which there is much reason to believe is increasingly prevalent in these days, when the knowledge of deadly drugs is widely diffused and their procurement extremely easy, conviction must be secured by "circumstantial evidence," or not at all. There is not a single case recorded in the law books in which the proof that one person was willfully and maliciously poisoned by another was direct. At some point or other, in every trial for poisoning, the facts cease to connect by the direct testimony of eye-witnesses, and the jury must be left to inference and presumption. For reasons that lie upon the very surface of all human experience, this must always be true, not only of trials for poisoning, but of the great majority of all criminal trials. An eminent English judge (Bayley) has recorded his opinion that "more than one half of the persons convicted of crimes are convicted on presumptive evidence." Hume, the famous Scotch writer, declares that conviction on circumstances "is grounded on reason and necessity." The Chief

Justice of England, in the case of Rex *v.* Burdett (4 B. & Ald. 95), very clearly brought out this point in his charge to the jury. "If no fact," he said, "could be ascertained by inference in a court of law, very few offenders could be brought to punishment. In a great number of trials as they occur in practice, no direct proof that the party accused actually committed the crime is or can be given: the man who is charged with theft is rarely seen to break into the house or take the goods; and, in cases of murder, it rarely happens that the eye of any witness sees the fatal blow struck or the poisonous ingredients poured into the cup." Our own great American justice, Story, laid down the same principle in very forcible terms in the case of United States *v.* Gibert (2 Sumner, 19, 27, and 28).

It needs no brilliant jurist, however, to teach us the plain and simple truth that men do not commit crimes openly and in the liglft of day, but stealthily and in the darkness of concealment. The very root of the word "murder," taken from the old common law (*murdrum*), conveys the idea of concealment. A man about to forge a note does not call his neighbor and bid him watch the forgery. Neither does a man about to commit a murder announce his intention either to the proposed victim or any of his friends. Burglars are not accustomed to ring the front door bell before picking the lock of the back door, nor do they, as a rule, leave their photographs on the entered premises to assist in their pursuit and identification. So that, until human nature is essentially changed, we may conclude with certainty that the overwhelming majority of criminals must either be punished upon indirect evidence, or not at all; and the more enormous the crime and the more severe its punishment, the more certain it will always be that proof of guilt, nine times out of ten, cannot be direct, and must be presumptive.

While the popular notion is that wrongful convictions on circumstantial evidence have been numerous, the records of the courts and the data afforded by history point to the converse conclusion, and suggest more strongly the perils of what is called direct evidence. The most memorable miscarriages of justice on record are not those in which circumstantial evidence and mere presumptions made thereon led to unjust verdicts, but those in which either direct evidence, or evidence which, though not absolutely direct, was apparently open to no sort of reasonable doubt, led to the conviction and execution of men and women who were afterwards shown to have been entirely innocent of the crimes which were so conclusively brought home to them. A few of them may be here briefly cited by way of illustration.

As fine an example as the annals of the law afford of the fallibility of what is regarded as the best and most conclusive proof is the celebrated Danish case of Soren Qvist. This man was the pastor of a little village in Jutland, where he lived, a widower, with a daughter who kept house for him. A wealthy farmer, named Marten Burns, who lived in a neighboring village, had sued for the hand of the pastor's daughter, and had been repulsed in such a way as to fill him with hatred for both the girl and her father. Soren Qvist was, later on, induced to hire a poor brother of the rejected suitor, one Neil Burns, as a farm hand. This man proved to be lazy, impudent, and quarrelsome, and the pastor, who was noted as a man of quick and violent temper, though otherwise of an excellent character, had many angry altercations with him. In one of them, losing his self-control, he seized a spade in the garden where they stood and dealt Neil Burns several blows with it. The farm hand was felled to the earth, but when the pastor, alarmed and instantly sorry for what he had done, raised him up, the fellow (so the pastor

said) broke away, leaped over the garden hedge, and made off into the adjacent woods. After that he was mysteriously missing. Strange rumors began to circulate, and by and by Marten Burns, the rich brother and rejected suitor, came upon the scene. He went before a magistrate and charged the pastor with the murder of his missing brother. He produced two witnesses who swore that they heard Soren Qvist in angry altercation with Neil Burns, heard him say that he would beat him to death, saw the spade swing twice in the air above the hedge-top, and that after that all was quiet. They were near neighbors of the pastor. Another witness testified that on the evening of the day on which Neil Burns disappeared he was coming home very late, and passed the pastor's garden; that he heard a sound as of digging in the earth, and, looking over the hedge, saw the pastor, in his familiar green dressing-gown and with a white nightcap on, busily leveling the earth with a spade. The pastor turned around, and, afraid of discovery, the witness ran away.

At Marten Burns's instigation the pastor was now arrested, and his garden was searched for the body of the missing man. At the very spot pointed out by the witness who had seen the pastor digging at midnight a body was found. It was dressed in the clothes worn by Neil Burns when he was last seen alive; a leaden ring was in the left ear, the same that Neil had worn for many years; the face of the dead man was disfigured by blows, such as might have been dealt with a spade, and the features could not be recognized. Every one except the pastor accepted the body as that of the murdered Neil Burns. The pastor vehemently protested his innocence, but acted as one dazed by the discovery of the body and the other apparently direct evidences of his guilt. A dairy maid in his own employ now came forward, and testified that she, looking from her bedroom window, saw him, in his green gown and white nightcap, going out into the garden late on the same night that the passing peasant had sworn to seeing him out there in the act of digging. So the unfortunate clergyman was tried, and on what seemed to be direct evidence of the best kind he was convicted and sentenced to death. At the trial two more corroborative witnesses appeared, who swore that, on the same night when the digging in the garden occurred, they were passed by a man, dressed in a green gown and white nightcap, going towards the garden, and carrying a sack on his back, which seemed to contain something heavy. This cumulative testimony not only convinced the court and all who heard it, but convinced even the accused pastor himself. He confessed the crime, saying that he had on several occasions walked in his sleep, and done things of which he was not conscious; and he was now satisfied that, in his sleep, he had arisen and gone out into the woods, had there found the corpse of Neil Burns, who had died of the wounds received at his hands, and had buried it at midnight as described by the witnesses. He duly suffered death by decapitation.

Twenty-one years afterwards, the man Neil Burns reappeared in the village and told the true story. All the apparently conclusive proof was manufactured by the revengeful Marten Burns. The quarrel of Neil with the pastor, his flight after being felled with the spade, his immediate disappearance, and the burial of the counterfeit corpse in the pastor's garden were all deliberately planned. The man seen digging the grave in the garden was Marten Burns, who had entered the parsonage and stolen the pastor's green gown and white nightcap for the purpose. The corpse was that of a suicide, stolen from its grave at the cross-roads, dressed in Neil's clothes, and its face battered by Marten with a spade. Then Neil was sent out of the country with a sum of money and ordered never to return, which he never did until he

heard of his rich brother's death, by which event he hoped to profit.

Here, then, was seemingly conclusive evidence on all vital points: the fatal blows were seen by eye-witnesses; the corpse was fully identified; its burial by the pastor at midnight was also sworn to by eye-witnesses; finally, the pastor himself acknowledged his guilt, and died deeply penitent of his supposed crime. And yet no murder was committed. It is certain that no greater miscarriage of justice than this was ever brought about by "merely circumstantial evidence" or "pure presumptions" grounded thereon.

The English case of James Harris is another illustration of how, by the most direct proof, guilt may be fastened upon an innocent person. Harris kept an inn about eighteen miles from York. A blacksmith named Grey supped and slept at his house, and died there. A man in the employ of Harris, named Morgan, testified that he actually saw his master murder Grey by strangling him, and tried in vain to prevent it; that, after the deed, he looked through the keyhole of the room in which it was done, and saw his master rifle the dead man's pockets. A maid servant, also in Harris's employ, swore that, after the murder, from the wash-house window she saw her master take money from his pocket, wrap it up carefully, and bury it under a tree in the garden. Her evidence led to a search, and in the spot she had described thirty pounds in gold were found to have been buried. Harris was convicted and executed, protesting his innocence to the last. There had been no murder committed in that case. Grey had died in a fit of apoplexy, and never was possessed of the money alleged to have been taken from his dead body. Morgan and the maid servant were lovers. Morgan had resolved to revenge himself on his master for a blow the latter had given him. He accordingly perjured himself by testifying as he did, and his sweetheart corroborated him by testifying falsely as to the buried money, which they both knew was Harris's own money, and which they had planned to steal when the hoard amounted to enough to set them up in business. After Harris's execution this precious pair quarreled, and the truth then came out. They both died of jail fever on the day before that on which they were to have been tried.

Perhaps the strangest instance of the fallibility of direct proof is found in the weird story of Jonathan Bradford, who kept an inn on the road between London and Oxford. He was charged with the murder of a gentleman of fortune, named Hayes, who put up at his house, and the evidence against him was of the kind which judges and juries have alike agreed to consider conclusive. Bradford was found standing over the body of his murdered guest, whose life was all but gone, holding a dark lantern in one hand and a blood-stained knife in the other. Guests who had heard the dying man's groans rushed into the room, and, discovering Bradford there as described, seized him on the instant, disarmed him of his knife, and charged him with the murder. Bradford stoutly asserted that he was innocent, and claimed that he had come to the scene of the murder, like the gentlemen who found him there, because he too heard the victim's groans, and intended to give him assistance. No one believed this story. His conviction and execution quickly followed. Before his death, Bradford confessed to the clergyman who attended him after his condemnation that, having heard Hayes say that he had a sum of money with him, he (Bradford) had gone to his room prepared and intending to kill and rob him; but that when he got there he was horrified to find that his purpose had been anticipated, and that Hayes was already in the agony of death from stabbing, done, as he declared to the last, by he knew not whom. In his excitement over the discovery his knife dropped from his hand on the floor, and, in picking it up,

both the knife and his hands became bloody. His story was, eighteen months later, proved to be true. Hayes had, in fact, been murdered by his own footman, who made a detailed confession of the crime on his deathbed. He had stabbed his master, rifled his pockets, and fled back to his own room in Bradford's inn, only a few seconds before Bradford himself, with the same intent, entered the victim's bedchamber.

Scarcely less conclusive was the evidence in the case of the old Frenchwoman who, about one hundred and twenty years ago, kept a shop in Paris, near the Place St. Michel. She was believed to be rich, and to keep her money in her house. She was found murdered in her bed one morning, having been stabbed to death with a knife. Her only servant was a boy, who had been in her employ several years. He alone, so far as any one knew, had a key to the front door, which was found open. A blood-stained knife lay on the bedroom floor. In one of her hands the dead woman still grasped a thick lock of hair, and in the other was a neckerchief. All these articles were proved to be the property of the boy. He was tried for the crime and convicted, having first, under torture, made a full confession of it. He was executed; but it was conclusively shown, soon after, that he had been wholly innocent in the matter. Another boy had done the deed. He had obtained possession of the accused boy's knife, neckerchief, and hair, and placed them as they were found in order to fix suspicion upon the latter. He had been in the habit of dressing the shopboy's hair, and had saved enough of it from time to time to make the lock found in the dead woman's hand. He had procured a key to the front door by means of a wax impression taken from the one in the shopboy's possession.

In every one of the four cases above summarized, the evidence was not what is popularly called "merely circumstantial." In two of them the convicted persons confessed; and confession is properly held to be the best kind of direct evidence. In all four cases, and particularly in one of the two where there was no confession (Bradford's), the proof seemed to be clear and positive, and, though not absolutely direct, was far from being "purely presumptive." It has been judicially decided that evidence such as that given in Bradford's case is equivalent to direct evidence. Bracton, writing on crown law in the thirteenth century, says there are some presumptions which admit of no proof or defense to the contrary. He classifies them as "violent presumptions," and among them he puts the case of a man found over a dead body, with a bloody knife. Such a man, he says, cannot deny the killing, and no other proof is necessary, — which was exactly Bradford's case. In the other case (Harris's) in which confession was absent, the proof was the direct evidence of an eye-witness. The proof was bad in fact, though good in law, because the witness lied, — an occurrence that has no doubt vitiated the supposed superior value of direct evidence in countless instances. It is a probable opinion that more men have been wrongfully convicted of crimes by the direct eye-witness proof of perjured witnesses than by the indirect proof of inferences drawn from circumstances.

The theory, the philosophy, and the practice of evidence are all alike greatly obscured by the careless use of terms which are of confusing if not conflicting significance. We speak of direct and indirect evidence, of positive and circumstantial or presumptive proof, and there is no doubt considerable haziness as to the precise meanings attached to these different phrases by different persons employing them. It is instructive, therefore, to consult the standard definitions. First, "proof" and "evidence" are not synonymous words. Evidence

is only a means to an end; proof is the end. There can be no proof without evidence, but there may be a great deal of evidence without proof. The object of evidence of any and all kinds is to prove, and, in the words of Mr. Best, "proof is the perfection of evidence." The distinction between direct and indirect evidence is artificial. All evidence is direct so far as it goes; otherwise it is not evidence at all. It must go directly to the proving of some fact. The act of inferring or presuming one fact from another is a separate matter; there must be direct evidence of some fact, however, before any other fact can be inferred or presumed therefrom. The terms "circumstantial" and "presumptive" tend also to fog. They are often used as if interchangeable, but in strictness there is an important difference in their meaning. Circumstantial evidence is that which is made up of circumstances or relative facts; presumptive evidence is that which, as a matter of law, raises a certain presumption or inference. All presumptive evidence, says a standard authority (Wills), is circumstantial; but all circumstantial evidence is not presumptive. There is equally high authority for saying that in strictness all evidence is presumptive; that is, it compels and requires a presumption of some sort. Direct evidence, to be of any value, must be presumed to be true, and the law so presumes it until it is shown to be untrue, or the veracity of the witness is impeached. All trials of accused persons begin with one presumption, namely, that of the prisoner's innocence, and end with another presumption, that the verdict of the jury is in accordance with the evidence. The first presumption must be overthrown by proof before a verdict of "guilty" can be given, and the last presumption must be overthrown by argument or proof before the verdict can be set aside.

What, then, is meant by the phrase "presumptive proof"? Many authorities of great weight have held that the phrase is a contradiction in terms, that presumption is not proof, that where proof exists presumption has no place, and that a presumption can be possible only in the absence of proof. Sir W. D. Evans holds that "the distinction between presumption and proof is that the one may be false, but until shown to be so must be regarded as true; but the other (the facts upon which it is founded being admitted) cannot be otherwise than true." Lord Erskine, however, holds that "proof is nothing more than a presumption of the highest order." As a practical matter of every-day life, outside of courts as well as inside, all rational men have agreed to this working rule of conduct and procedure: that when we are fully satisfied and convinced that anything is true we hold it to be proved. No merchant could carry on business for a day on any other rule than this; he must and he does, every day and hour, act on the presumption that certain things of which he is fully convinced are true. No case could be tried in any court, or decided by any jury, if nothing were ever to be presumed or taken for granted. Witnesses are presumed to be telling at any rate what they believe to be the truth, even if it is not; accused men are presumed to be innocent, and all men are presumed to be sane, until they are shown to be otherwise. So, then, it comes to this at last, that to prove a man guilty or innocent is simply to convince the jury that he is so: and this may be done by the direct evidence of eye and ear witnesses; by an array of proven circumstances which, taken in their natural relations one to another and as a whole together, amount to proof, because they cannot be explained away on any other hypothesis; or by presumptions of fact and of law drawn from direct or circumstantial evidence, or from a combination of both.

The more the subject is studied, the

more absurd will appear the contention, just now enjoying a run of newspaper popularity, that there should be no convictions on "purely presumptive proof" or "merely circumstantial evidence." Circumstances and presumptions are the raw materials out of which all proof is made, and without which none is possible. We have already seen that so-called direct evidence itself, and the strongest chains of circumstantial evidence conceivable, supported even by the confessions of the accused persons, cannot be depended upon to prevent erroneous convictions and unjust punishments. Full confessions of guilt have ever been held to be direct evidence of the highest and most satisfactory kind that can be offered to a court. Yet Mr. Starkie lays it down, in his authoritative work on Evidence, that a full confession, though one of the surest proofs of guilt, is only presumptive evidence of that fact; resting upon the presumption that no innocent man would sacrifice his life, liberty, or reputation by a voluntary declaration of that which is untrue. Here again the records show beyond any doubt that this presumption, strong as it is, and firmly grounded in human reason, has frequently been wrong. Confessions were undoubtedly made by the hundreds and thousands in mediæval times, simply in order to escape torture. But the literature of confession is rich, even in modern times, in examples of persons self-convicted by admission of crimes of which they were innocent.

There is a celebrated American case which illustrates this point touching confessions, which may here be briefly recalled. In 1812, a man named Barney Boorn lived in Manchester, Vt., with his two sons, Stephen and Jesse, and a son-in-law, one Russel Colvin. Colvin was generally looked upon as a harmless, half-insane man. His habits were eccentric, and he had been known on several occasions to disappear for days at a time. At last he was missing so long from the town that it began to be whispered that he had been put out of the way. The gossips of the neighborhood remembered that the two Boorn brothers had not been on good terms with Colvin. Shortly after Colvin was missed, one of the Boorn brothers was reported to have said that they had "put him where potatoes won't freeze." Other circumstances were looked up and verified to their disadvantage. Some bones were discovered, and suspected to be those of the murdered Colvin; the hat he wore when last seen was found in a battered state by some children. Finally, suspicion and gossip culminated in the arrest of Jesse Boorn. Seven years had elapsed since Colvin's disappearance, and Stephen Boorn, the other brother, had left the town. There was absolutely no evidence against either of the brothers, but Jesse admitted that his brother Stephen had confessed to him the murder of Colvin; that Stephen said he had quarreled with Colvin, and had killed him by a blow on the head. Stephen Boorn was then brought home under arrest, and, apparently believing that defense was hopeless after his brother's confession, he too confessed. Both brothers, on their own confessions, were tried, convicted, and condemned to death. Jesse, having been the first to confess, was reprieved. Stephen's day of execution was fixed. In an interview with his counsel, the doomed man begged him to advertise for the missing Colvin in the newspapers. His counsel perceived at once that the man must either be innocent or else insane, to make such a suggestion. It was acted upon, and in the Rutland (Vt.) Herald this notice appeared: —

MURDER.

Printers of newspapers throughout the United States are desired to publish that Stephen Boorn, of Manchester, in Vermont, is sentenced to be executed for the murder of Russel Colvin, who has been absent about seven years. Any person

who can give information of said Colvin may save the life of the innocent by making immediate communication. Colvin is about five feet five inches high, light complexion, light-colored hair, blue eyes, about forty years of age.

MANCHESTER, VT., *November* 26, 1819.

Three days afterwards the New York Evening Post copied this notice, and the next day it was read aloud in a New York hotel. A man named Whelpley stood by and heard it read. He had formerly lived in Manchester and had known Colvin, and he told many stories of his eccentric doings. A Mr. Tabor Chadwick, of Shrewsbury, N. J., listened to this talk, and, as he thought it over going home, it occurred to him that a man then living with his brother-in-law, Mr. William Polhemus, of Dover, N. J., answered closely to the description given of Colvin by Whelpley. He wrote a letter to the New York Evening Post stating his impressions. Whelpley saw this letter, went to Dover, N. J., found Colvin, and, after great effort, induced him to go to Manchester and prevent Stephen Boorn's execution. There was great rejoicing in Manchester, Vt., when Stephen was released from prison, and his escape was celebrated by the firing of cannon. Yet both he and his brother had confessed the crime for which he so narrowly escaped the scaffold.

Many such astounding cases of false confessions, made from motives never satisfactorily ascertained, are embalmed in the chronicles of crime; they belong to the mysteries of human experience; they are puzzles in psychological phenomena, which defy solution and mock all our reasoning. Are we, therefore, to conclude that confessions are not the best of direct evidence? We have already seen that the direct evidence of eye-witnesses often results in the gravest judicial errors, because eye-witnesses sometimes swear to what they never saw, and sometimes are themselves the victims of optical illusion or of a deceit practiced upon them by others. For all that, direct evidence is very valuable; strong circumstantial evidence is valuable, also, and the voluntary confessions of accused persons are the highest kind of evidence, amounting to proof positive. All these rules are, of course, subject to the law of exceptions, by which, however, the rule is not set aside, but confirmed.

The current clamor against the conviction of persons charged with murder by means of poison on purely presumptive proof is no new thing. The crime of poisoning has in all times been difficult of discovery. Excluding proof by presumption, not one poisoner in one hundred would ever be brought within the scope of human law and justice. The most memorable poisoning trial of modern times was that of William Palmer, of Rugeley, in Staffordshire, England. He was tried and convicted in 1856 for the murder of one Cook; but he was believed to have poisoned two other persons, also, his wife and a brother. The motive in each case was the same, — the collection of large sums of money from insurance companies which had issued policies on the lives of the poisoned persons. There never was the slightest particle of direct evidence against Palmer. No trace of the poison which he was believed to have used, strychnia, could be found in the body of Cook. Relying on this serious absence of direct proof on a vital point, Palmer freely boasted his confidence in acquittal by the jury up to the last moment; and even after the verdict of "guilty" was rendered, he persisted in believing he would be pardoned. In the condemned cell he repeatedly said that he was going to his grave a murdered man. Public opinion outside of Rugeley, where his guilt was never questioned, was much agitated as to the possibility of his innocence. On the scaffold, however, he broke down; and while he made no formal and explicit confession,

he used expressions to the chaplain which tacitly admitted his guilt, not only in the case of Cook, but in the other cases for which he had not been tried. The verdict, therefore, though based on pure presumption, was undoubtedly just. One of the presumptive proofs which most strongly swayed the jury was the great fear shown by Palmer at every stage of the investigation, and his efforts to suppress and destroy evidence that told against him. He had, for example, offered the driver of the vehicle in which a jar containing the contents of Cook's stomach was to be taken to the Rugeley railway station *en route* to London ten pounds if he would upset the carriage and break the jar.

The same presumption of guilt from evidence of the prisoner's fear and his efforts to destroy the proofs of his crime was drawn in the celebrated case of Captain Donnellan, convicted in 1781 of the murder by poison of his brother-in-law, Sir Theodosius Boughton. In spite of the protests of the mother of the poisoned man, he had insisted, before any one else could arrive on the scene, on rinsing out the glass from which the fatal draught had been drunk. He had also interfered, with success, to prevent any medical examination of the body before it was too late to yield clear and positive proof of the cause of death. The weight of the medical testimony on the trial was rather in the prisoner's favor. The most eminent physician of the time, Sir John Hunter, testified positively that there was nothing in the circumstances of the death, nor in the evidence afforded by the autopsy, to justify the "least suspicion" of poison. Four medical witnesses of much less eminence, however, testified to the exactly contrary effect. The extreme fear shown by the accused man, his persistent efforts to suppress and destroy the evidence against him, and the fact that by the death of his brother-in-law he succeeded to a valuable estate, all raised presumptions against him. On these he was convicted and executed. He most solemnly protested his innocence just before going to the scaffold, and the case is still a favorite theme of disputation in the legal textbooks. The weight of opinion appears to be that the theory of presumptive proof was pressed too far, in this instance; that not only was guilt inferred from indirect evidence, but that a vital fact from which inference was made was itself first inferred, namely, the fact that death was the result of poison. Nevertheless, no one can read all the evidence in the case without feeling that, whatever stretching of the law there may have been to convict Donnellan, it is not likely that any such moral wrong was thereby done to an entirely innocent man as was done in the case of Soren Qvist, already related, where the proof was not "purely presumptive," but almost absolutely direct and positive, and where it was finally clinched by confession.

Mr. Justice Bullen, in his charge in the Donnellan case, laid down this rule: "A presumption which necessarily arises from circumstances is very often more convincing and more satisfactory than any other kind of evidence. It is not within the reach and compass of human abilities to invent a train of circumstances which shall be so connected together as to amount to a proof of guilt, without affording opportunities to contradict a great part, if not all, of these circumstances." Ordinarily, this is no doubt true; and cases like that of Soren Qvist do not invalidate the rule.

As a typical case illustrating the trustworthiness, in most cases, of entirely circumstantial evidence, and the safety and justice of convictions on presumptive proof deduced therefrom, the famous trial and conviction of Franz Muller for the murder of Thomas Briggs, a London bank clerk, in July, 1864, under very singular circumstances, may be adduced. Briggs took the train from the Fenchurch Street station on the North

London railway to go to his home at Hackney. When the train arrived at Hackney, the compartment in which he had left Fenchurch Street was found empty of passengers; the cushions were soaked with blood, and all the signs of a terrible struggle for life were visible. Scattered about the carriage were found a hat, a walking-stick, and a small black leather bag. Briggs's mangled body was discovered some distance back on the line of the road, and he lived for several hours after being so found, in an unconscious state. He had evidently been clubbed into insensibility by a fellow-passenger soon after the train started from Fenchurch Street station, robbed, and then thrown out of the carriage window, from which, also, his murderer must have immediately jumped. The one clue which the police had to work upon was the hat left in the railway carriage, which was not that of Briggs. Here was the narrow pathway of a first presumption, which led on to a succession of other presumptions; and finally, without a jot or tittle of direct evidence by eye-witnesses, Franz Muller was landed on the scaffold. The first presumption was that the hat found in the carriage, not being that of Briggs, was that of his assailant. A label inside the crown showed that it was bought at a certain hat store in Marylebone, London. A few days later, Briggs's gold chain, stolen by his murderer, was traced to a jeweler in Cheapside, who had given another in exchange for it to a foreign-looking man whom he described. The second presumption was now made, — that this foreign-looking man was the murderer. This last presumption was widely made known in the papers, and soon a cabman came forward and told of a lodger who had recently left his house, and who, before leaving, had given to his (the cabman's) little daughter a cardboard box bearing the name of the Cheapside jeweler upon it. This cabman found a photograph of his departed lodger, and it was shown to the jeweler, who at once positively identified it as that of the foreign-looking man who had brought Briggs's gold chain to him and exchanged it for another. The lodger's name was Franz Muller. The final presumption of the police was then made, — Muller was the murderer. The cabman examined the hat left in the railway carriage, and identified it as one he had bought for Muller at the Marylebone hat store whose label it bore. Then the London shipping offices were visited, and a clerk was found who, being shown Muller's photograph, remembered that a man whose face it closely resembled had sailed on the Victoria for Canada, via New York. Extradition papers were prepared, and detectives and witnesses started in pursuit on a much faster steam vessel than the Victoria. Muller was arrested in New York harbor, searched, taken ashore, extradited, and carried back at once to England for trial. On his head Briggs's hat was found, and among his effects the gold watch of the murdered man. The defense was able and stubborn. Stress was laid on the fact that nothing but circumstances and presumptions were offered against the accused, and the counsel for the crown admitted this to be so. A strong attempt was made to prove an alibi; and if all that was sworn to had been true, Muller could not have been on the scene of the murder at the time it was committed. But the jury proceeded to accept presumptions as equivalent to proof positive. They believed that the hat left in the carriage was Muller's hat, and presumed that he must have been there, or he could not have left his hat behind; they presumed that his possession of Briggs's hat and gold watch at the time of his arrest in New York harbor was the direct result of his crime in the railway carriage; they presumed on the whole evidence, purely circumstantial as it was, that he did assault and kill Briggs, rob his body, and fly to America

with the fruits of the robbery. They found him guilty with scarcely any hesitation. But the efforts made to save him were desperate, and, as in similar recent cases in this country, a large number of persons, swayed by the strong sentiment evoked out of their own imagination of perfect innocence where guilt had been proved beyond all reasonable doubt, cried "Shame!" Muller was a German, and powerful German influences were invoked to save him. The traditional stubbornness of the English official mind, backed as it always is by a wholesome majority opinion in favor of letting the law take its course, and making murder both an odious and a perilous crime, was adequate to the emergency. Muller, who had protested his innocence until the day of his death, broke down at the final moment, and whispered to the German chaplain who shrived him, "I did it."

Whatever may have been the case in former times, there is no reason to fear, in this age of the world, in English-speaking countries at least, that justice will often miscarry in capital cases, except to the detriment of the state. Sir Matthew Hale's dictum, "It is better five guilty persons should escape unpunished than one innocent person should die," is nowadays more than literally fulfilled. It is a maxim of increasing popularity, not only with all accused persons, but with that considerable class of people who find in criminals an irresistible impulse to sympathetic excitement. Blackstone improved on Hale, making it better to have ten assassins escape than to have one innocent man suffer by an error in the jury-room. Starkie improved on Blackstone, and made it "better that ninety-nine offenders should escape than that one innocent man should be condemned." It is a probable opinion that even Mr. Starkie is behind the times in which we live. There is now a constant clamor which seeks to pass itself off as public opinion, and which practically asserts that it is better all crimes should go unpunished than that any person should by any possibility suffer unjustly.

A glance at our American statistics of homicide for the year 1892 may appropriately conclude this article and point its moral. No fewer than 6796 persons were murdered in the United States last year, as against 5906 persons in 1891, 4290 in 1890, and 3567 in 1889. Innocent persons are evidently not escaping, however the guilty ones are faring. The American victims of homicide have almost doubled in three years. In the same year (1892) that 6796 persons were murdered, only 107 were executed by process of law, — one execution to every 63.5 murders.

The outcry against convictions on "purely presumptive proof" is at once senseless and insincere. If it should ever prevail, an era of free murder would be the inevitable result. It is really a protest against capital punishment, thinly disguised as an objection to the only kind of proof possible in the majority of criminal trials. Wholesome public opinion needs to be rallied in the other direction. It ought never to be forgotten that murder is capital punishment; every person who kills another shows himself a believer in capital punishment — for his victim; and the moment these friends of capital punishment can be converted to more humane views, capital punishment by the state will be abolished; the votaries of the death penalty have only to abolish it themselves, and the state cannot continue it. But the aim of the emotional agitators of the day is to abolish the death penalty first as a public protection, and leave its abolition as a private pastime to await the discretion of the nearly 7000 executioners who are now annually practicing capital punishment in this country.

James W. Clarke.

IF PUBLIC LIBRARIES, WHY NOT PUBLIC MUSEUMS?

The success which has accompanied the Public Library Act in Massachusetts encourages the friends of science to believe that the time is propitious for establishing public museums in the smaller towns of the Commonwealth. It certainly is time to direct public attention to the importance of the museum as an adjunct to the public library. The tendencies of modern public-school education which introduce Sloyd as part of its work, and ask for pictures and casts to decorate the barren walls of the schoolroom, are indications that the time is ripe to found, in a modest way, museums of science, art, and history in our smaller towns and villages.

A few devoted students have, in past times, endeavored to establish institutions of this kind, but in most instances their efforts have been abortive. A few larger cities in the country have managed to keep alive the interest manifested, and their museums are now permanently established. The failures, however, have outnumbered the successes ten to one, and for this there must be a reason.

The founding of a museum is far more difficult than that of a library. People are trained to the latter in the development of a private library: any one capable of cataloguing books can establish a small library. The furniture is reduced to the simplest expression in the form of a case of shelves. The material to be put upon them can readily be ordered from the nearest book mart. On the other hand, the building of a museum requires special gifts and special training. Besides, one thoroughly imbued with the spirit of a collector should have charge of a museum, though this is equally true in regard to libraries of any magnitude. The absence of a public demand for museums in the past has arisen from the methods of public instruction. Lessons from books, and not from nature, have been the tiresome lot of school children. Questions and answers, cut and dried, have tended to deaden the inquiring spirit. That portion of a child's brain which is involved in observation has been reduced to atrophy by the usual public-school methods. A distinguished English authority suggests to school boards, high and low, "that the teaching is out of all proportion in excess of the training, the latter being with difficulty weighed in the scales of school examination." Agassiz said: "The pupil studies Nature in the schoolroom, and when he goes out of doors he cannot find her." I shall never forget the bitter disappointment I felt as a boy, on my first journey, when the stage driver pointed out to me with his whip the dividing line between the States of Maine and New Hampshire. There was no colored line! There was no change in the color surfaces of the two sides! I felt grieved and rebellious at the imposition which had been practiced upon me. Nor can I ever forget the surprise — my delight was distracted by the novelty of my ignorance — when my father, in one of the periodic family drives, chanced to remark, on a shore road near Portland, that the water expanse before us was the Atlantic Ocean. Had he said that one of the islands in sight was Madagascar, I should not have been more astonished. Every one can recall experiences of a similar nature, and I venture to believe that these two truthful incidents are pertinent examples of the results of pernicious educational methods universal forty years ago, and by no means uncommon to-day, — book-cramming, with no reference to the objects or illustrations in sight from the windows, or within stone's throw of the school door. This

[redacted]able condition of many schools in [redacted]nd emphasizes the necessity of [redacted]ms where the objects may verify some of the lessons learned at school. The book method of education has almost paralyzed public desire for museums, and the result has been that the museum, when instituted, has been in the interest of specialists, and mainly through their efforts. The whole animal kingdom may be epitomized, in a manner, between the covers of a single book; the specimens properly to illustrate such a book would require a good-sized hall in which to be displayed.

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts has liberally provided a way in which every town may have a collection of books free to all. So successfully has the enactment been carried out that only three per cent of the State's population is unprovided with a free public library, and this remnant will soon be favored with its public stock of standard books. This is all very well, and in the right direction; but is it not possible to create a similar public sentiment for the establishment of some kind of a museum, as a proper accompaniment of the library? If there is the slightest necessity for a museum in the crowded metropolis, why does not the same necessity hold good for the small town or village? In the Public Libraries Act of England and Ireland (1855), provision is made for the erection of buildings "suitable for public libraries or museums, or both, or for schools of science and art;" and a similar act for Scotland (1867) provides for the erection of buildings "suitable for public libraries, art galleries, or museums, or each respectively." Every community, borough, district, or parish exceeding five thousand in population may, by a two-thirds majority, adopt the Public Libraries Act, and a sum not exceeding a penny in a pound may be levied for carrying out the provisions of the act.

Thomas Greenwood, the author of a special work on museums and art galleries, expresses his belief that "the museum of the future must stand side by side with the library and the laboratory, as a part of the teaching equipment of the college and the university, and in the great cities coöperate with the public library as one of the principal agencies for the enlightenment of the people." Professor Goode, the director of the United States National Museum, says: "I am confident also that a museum, wisely organized and properly arranged, is certain to benefit the library near which it stands in many ways through its power to stimulate interest in books, thus increasing the general popularity of the library and enlarging its endowment."

England discovered that art schools were not sufficient to place her art manufactures on a level with those of her Continental competitors, and was forced to supplement her schools with museums of art hand-work, and the large endowment granted the South Kensington Museum was fully justified by the results shown in the great exhibition of 1867. A museum seems as much an integral part of the public library as are the experiments part of a lecture on chemistry or physics. If the public library is established primarily for educational purposes, surely the public museum should come in the same category. The potency of an object in conveying information beyond all pages of description is seen in the fact that in the museum a simple label associated with a veritable object is often sufficient to tell the story at a glance; the eye seizes the essentials at once.

The rapid development of the modern arts of illustration, and the conspicuous use of these methods in books, magazines, dictionaries, and even the daily papers, attest the power of the pictorial art, barbarous as it is in many cases, in imparting information quickly and clearly. If illustrations are so important in the modern publication, — and to do with-

out them would seem well-nigh impossible, — how far more important it would seem to be to provide an exhibition of the objects themselves in science, art, and history, to which the public might have free access!

A museum adds dignity to a trifle. What seems a worthless object to the minds of the multitude becomes at once endowed with interest when carefully framed or mounted, and clearly labeled. Furthermore, the object is seen to have a definite relation to other equally common objects with which it is associated; a lesson is learned, and sooner or later the observer finds an added interest in his studies, if indeed he is not aware for the first time of regions of thought utterly unknown to him before. The charm that attends the demonstration of the minor factors of natural selection comes from the love of causality, — a desire which, as Peschel truly says, accounts for the intellectual supremacy of Europe over the great Asiatic nations lying east of her.

Charles Kingsley, in an address to workingmen, said: "You must acquire something of that industrious habit of mind which the study of natural science gives, — the art of comparing, of perceiving true likenesses and true differences, and so of classifying and arranging what you see; the art of connecting facts together in your mind in cause and effect."

The public museum fosters the art of collecting; and of all habits to encourage, in the young and old alike, the habit of collecting is one of the best. It has been said that one who does not learn to play whist is laying up a dismal old age; the same might be said of one who has not cultivated the collector's spirit. It induces habits of neatness, order, and skill, says one writer. Young people are kept out of mischief, to middle-aged people it is a rest and relaxation, and old people find in their collections a perennial source of pleasure.

Professor Goode quotes an en[illegible] English lecturer as stating that o[illegible] tion is deteriorating in regard to cu[illegible] that where, twenty years ago, fiv[illegible]dred towns supported, year after year, courses of lectures on scientific and literary subjects, to-day scarcely fifty of these places feel encouraged to continue the effort. If there is no apparent reason for this decadence, then it will be well-nigh useless to hope for the establishment of museums. If, however, it can be shown that with the advent of the lecture bureau the market was flooded with poor or sensational lecturers, comic readers, etc., and as a result the lecture platform, as we formerly knew it, became converted into an amusement stage; if, furthermore, it can be shown that the magazine literature of the country gives far greater space to matters of science and art, thus providing the kinds of intellectual food formerly given from the lecture platform, then we may hope that there is no decadence in the culture of the people, and that an interest in public museums may be easily aroused.

A change has certainly taken place in the last thirty years in the tendency of the community toward collecting objects of natural history. Private collectors of shells, insects, birds, etc., were far more numerous thirty years ago than they are to-day. The same is true of England. An eminent authority laments that "private collections are failing in Liverpool and all around; and teaching is everywhere hard and hardening in its results." Yet there is surely no dying out of the collector's spirit in certain lines, as witness the thousands interested in postage-stamp collecting, with their established societies and periodicals.

To awaken a desire in the smaller towns for a public museum, it is needful that a good example be cited. To see examples of any kind, one must go up to the great cities to find them. For New England the fingers of one hand could almost count them, and for the

rest of this great republic, outside of college museums, the fingers of the other hand would be sufficient to keep tally.

If we examine into the character of these museums, we shall find that, with some notable exceptions, they stand where they did before Darwin's time. The museum then, as now, consisted of accumulations of species of animals that were of interest only to specialists in their respective branches of study. The interest attaching to such collections was incomprehensible to the layman. He strayed through a museum bewildered by cases filled with apparently similar kinds of shells, insects, and the like. The insects were always in their mature state. Not a suggestion of the life history of even a single species could be found. Regiments of shells were marshaled in pasteboard trays, with no inkling of the kind of life associated with them. The collection of birds gave no hint of the quaint appearance of the young, or of the infinite variety in the construction of their nests. As to whether the creatures ever laid eggs could be ascertained only by going to some other part of the hall. The school books of the time gave no idea of the way in which these collections might be studied; and if by chance the textbook had a more thoughtful chapter on morphology or other point of view, the museum might be ransacked in vain for an illustration. If one chanced to have a general book on natural history, it told him about the elephant and the kangaroo, which he already knew by name, at least, through the lines of a popular ditty, but not a word of the little creatures that hid under his own doorstep. The museum might have a small collection of mammals, but to find a complete collection of those of his own State he would have to go to the museums of the Old World.

Within recent years a great change has taken place, in this and some other respects, in the large museums of the country, notably in Boston, Cambridge, Salem, New York, Philadelphia, and Washington; but advances are yet to be made in some of these museums to bring their collections abreast of the knowledge of to-day. Professor Goode insists that the "museum of the past must be set aside, reconstructed, transformed from a cemetery of bric-a-brac into a nursery of living thoughts."

That the importance of a museum of some kind connected with the larger schools has been realized in the past is seen in the custom of every country academy and female seminary which sets apart a room for the purposes of a school museum. But no more ingenious device could have been planned to create a loathing for museums in the minds of the young than these wretched travesties called "cabinets of natural history." With few exceptions they were dismal failures. The scant collections rarely contained anything belonging to the surrounding country, unless it might be a moth-eaten owl, a plethoric paper wasps'-nest, or a horseshoe crab from the nearest seacoast; clutter, dust, and disorder, and poorly executed labels, usually written with a hard lead pencil on the bluest of writing-paper, and all concealed in cases, the wood of whose doors generally exceeded the glass in superficial area. This description applies not only to the class of schools above mentioned, but to many of the large institutions of learning as well. Even to-day there are many colleges and universities that have no museums, and others that would be better off if deprived of the wretched apologies they have. A prominent Western university has a museum literally bathed in soot, the most instructive features of which are the foot-tracks of various insects delicately traced on the soot-laden shelves! I mention these facts not in a way of reproach, but to emphasize an important truth; and that is that the creating of a proper museum requires the services of one endowed with special taste and talent for the work. A man

may be an excellent collector and systematist, but disorderly to the last degree. As a collector and specialist he may have made a record; but museum work demands more than these qualifications. One must have the power of clearly illustrating truths in science by the proper and adequate display of specimens. Labels must be neatly, clearly, and concisely drawn. A hand-made label, if well done, is better than a printed one. Professor Goode, to whom we are greatly indebted for numerous essays and addresses on museum matters, has said with truth that "an efficient educational museum may be described as a collection of instructive labels, each illustrated by a well-selected specimen."

But we anticipate. The importance of the museum as an adjunct of the public library having been indicated, the pre-Darwinian condition of many of the smaller and some of the larger museums having been shown, we come now to consider the question, What kind of a museum may properly be demanded as the working companion of a public library? Museums are almost as varied in their character as human knowledge. There are zoölogical, anatomical, botanical, mineralogical, geological, palæontological, ethnological, archæological museums; historical museums of art and armor; museums of architecture, terrestrial and marine; industrial museums; museums showing the history of a nation, such as the wonderful one at Nuremberg; museums solely to commemorate the work of great men, as the Thorwaldsen Museum at Copenhagen; museums, again, limited in scope to the last degree, as seen in the unique one at Berlin, illustrating the history and development of the postal service. Obviously, not one of these various museums would answer to parallel the public library, but an epitome of all of them would answer the purpose completely, were it possible to bring the material together. And such an epitome is within the reach of any well-ordered community willing to spend a portion of its library endowment for such a collection.

Thomas Greenwood, of England, in his work already alluded to, summarizes the main objects of a public museum as follows: first, that it provide rational amusement of an elevating character to the ordinary visitor; second, that it be in the fullest sense an educational institution, easily accessible to all classes; third, that it provide a home for examples of local objects of interest of an antiquarian, geological, or other character; fourth, that a section of it be a commercial museum, containing specimens of manufactures resembling those produced in the immediate locality; fifth, that it be one in a series of institutions whose object shall be to further the education of the many and the special studies of the few. The section that Mr. Greenwood devotes to a commercial museum would be far better devoted to objects of art. The commercial products of a community are always accessible, and every recurring state or county fair makes full display of the material, with the machinery and men producing it in full operation.

In a committee's report made to the British Association for the Advancement of Science, upon the Provincial Museums of the United Kingdom, it is stated: —

"The special objects of a free rate-supported museum in a provincial town should be: —

"(1.) To contribute its share to the general scientific statistics of the country by collecting and preserving specimens of the natural and artificial productions of the district in which it is situated.

"(2.) To procure such other specimens as may be desirable for illustrating the general principles of science, and the relations of the locality to the rest of the world.

"(3.) To receive and preserve local collections or single specimens having

any scientific value which the possessors may desire to devote to public use.

"(4.) So to arrange and display the specimens collected as to afford the greatest amount of popular instruction consistent with their safe preservation and accessibility as objects of scientific study.

"(5.) To render special assistance to local students and teachers of science."

F. T. Mott, Esq., a member of the above-mentioned committee, in a paper read before the Leicester Literary and Philosophical Society, on the Development of Museums as Public Educators, says: —

"Museums, free libraries, and art galleries have this in common: that they are each expected to fulfill two purposes which are somewhat incongruous, and require to be pursued by different methods and with different appliances. Each of these institutions is expected to minister to the wants both of trained students and of the untrained and ignorant public; and the demands of these two classes of persons are so diverse that they must be provided for separately. The free library must have its lending department for the general public, and its reference department for students. The art gallery must have attractive and interesting pictures for ordinary visitors, but it must also have masterly studies for the instruction of young artists. The museum, however, has a still more complex and difficult part to play. It has not only to provide for the diverse wants of students and of visitors, but it has also to contribute to the general progress of scientific knowledge. Every museum, at least every provincial rate-supported museum, which is a public and in some sense a national institution, has a threefold duty: (1) to the nation at large, (2) to the students of the neighborhood, and (3) to the local public. If museums are ever to be more than a confused compound of the curiosity shop and the peep-show, which is what very many of them are at present, this threefold duty must be very clearly recognized, and means must be found for the efficient carrying on of each department."

First and foremost, then, the town museum should illustrate the natural products of the immediate region. By natural products is meant, of course, the animals, plants, rocks, and minerals found in the county, or possibly in the State; for a county collection would require but a few extra-limital forms to compass the State. Second, a general collection of similar material from elsewhere, to show the relation of the county to the rest of the world. Anatomical, physiological, and morphological series should next find place in such a museum. The minor factors of natural selection, such as protective, alluring, and warning coloration, mimicry, etc., should be illustrated, as far as possible, from collections made in the immediate neighborhood. And finally, a series of forms to show the phylogenetic development of the animal kingdom should in some way be given. Such a series would require large floor space, and the solution of many perplexing problems as to form of cases and methods of display. Yet a scheme of this sort must ultimately be devised. The importance of developmental series is clearly brought out by a comparison between the famous Cluny Museum in Paris and the University Museum at Oxford under the charge of Professor E. B. Tylor. In the former is a homogeneous mass of beautiful and elaborate objects of mediæval times, each exciting thought so disjointed that fatigue soon ensues from the rich surfeit, and one comes away with the feeling that he has seen a marvelous lot of most exquisite objects in the dim light of an artistic receptacle. Not an emotion has been evoked that will be set vibrating again unless he drops into a choice bric-a-brac shop, and the medley there seen pleases him less in its *ensemble* than that of the Cluny collections; with the advantage, however, that he can buy,

if he has the means, and not burn with envy. The Pitt-Rivers collection now displayed in the Oxford Museum arrests the thoughtful attention at every step; inquiry is provoked at every turn; doubt may be engendered, yet ever after one finds fertile subjects to think about, to discuss, or to impart to one's friends. In other words, the collection has stimulated inquiry; and this is what a properly arranged collection should always do.

This, then, is a general idea of what a public museum should be. It has been attained in part by the Peabody Academy of Science in Salem. The collections comprise, first, a remarkable series of the animals and plants, rocks, minerals, and archæological specimens collected in the county of Essex. These collections are continually increasing as new forms are added. They occupy upright cases to an extent of over three hundred running feet, or a superficial area for their display of nearly three thousand square feet. Besides this there is an epitome collection of the animal kingdom, brought from all parts of the world, requiring an area of sixteen hundred square feet for its proper display; and finally, an ethnological collection, arranged by countries, filling a hall sixty by forty-eight feet with broad galleries and spacious cases. These collections are all fully and clearly labeled. At close intervals throughout the entire collection special colored labels are displayed, calling attention, by title and shelf number, to books in the public library referring to the immediate group; so that a student or pupil from the public schools need only transcribe on a bit of paper a set of numbers, and present it at the delivery window of the public library, to be provided at once with the books on the special subject desired. Great credit is due to Mr. Robinson, in charge of the museum, for the good taste shown in the arrangement of the collection, and to Mr. Jones, the librarian of the public library, for co-operating so heartily in the work of the Academy.

Courses of lectures are given in the Academy Hall every year, which are practically free to the public. The city librarian usually supplements these lectures by printed lists of books treating of the subject matter of the lecture, and these lists are distributed to the auditors. A like service is often done for the free courses of lectures given by the Essex Institute. In this manner, these three institutions coöperate with one another in utilizing the collections in their possession in an educational way, and for the good of the general public. The collections thus made available are the results of years of devoted labor by many ardent students and collectors.

Is it to be supposed that other communities may call into existence even a limited collection of objects for a museum, as they might bring together the material for a public library? With any reasonable appropriation of money this can be done. At the present time, there are many reputable firms which stand ready to furnish, at reasonable prices, collections representing the various departments of science. All the mechanical features of a museum, such as cases, adjustable brackets, tablets, insect boxes, jars, etc., can be got from the proper sources. If a public library has its salaried officer and assistants, and buys its books, why should not a public museum be installed under precisely similar conditions? There is no reason, save the fact that most of the museums in the country have had a fortuitous beginning, usually due to a coterie of men directly interested in science, who, bringing together collections of interest, have been generous enough to permit the public to enjoy them on certain days in the year. In some cases, a large endowment has enabled the society to share its treasures with the public more freely. But we are digressing. With

the facilities thus indicated for purchasing material, a definite plan is to be laid out, upon which the collections are to be brought together. An epitome collection of the animal kingdom, large or small as the case may be, is to be secured. This will come to hand properly prepared, mounted, and labeled. Having obtained this, the museum has the models upon which to prepare the local collection. Home talent will have to be looked to for this material; and if none are found competent to do the work, a collector from elsewhere must be employed for the purpose. The initial steps having been taken, the lines are indicated along which it is possible to utilize the voluntary aid of such collectors as the community may possess, although the museum of to-day cannot depend upon voluntary service entirely. Special private collections of shells, insects, minerals, archæological relics, etc., will naturally gravitate toward the public museum, either by gift or by purchase; and thus, slowly but surely, the foundations of a museum will have been fairly started.

Finally, in the museum of the future the errors of the past should be avoided. Private collections, when given to a museum, must be incorporated with the other collections. Collections should not be accepted with the condition that they are to have separate rooms or cases for their display. There are occasions when an exception can be made; as when, for instance, the collection is far more complete than the one already possessed, though in this case the smaller collection should be merged with the larger. An inconvenience has always arisen from the continual accession of material which necessitates the rearranging of collections for their admission. This difficulty can be overcome by setting apart a special room or a set of cases, in which the donations can be kept for one year, this receptacle to be plainly marked "New Accessions to the Museum." In this way a rearrangement, and consequent disturbance, takes place only once a year. Furthermore, the exhibition of these accessions separately will stimulate the activity and pride of local collectors and others interested.

Above all, the bane and misery of dubious accumulations should be avoided. A specimen is either of use, or it is not. If worthy of preservation, it should find its place in the collections; if not, it should be transferred to those who will make use of it, or be destroyed. The rubbish which accumulates in many of our museums, and is hoarded from year to year with the hope that it may some time be of use, is paralleled by the collections of junk with which some are inclined to encumber their premises.

That some kind of a public museum, along the lines and in the ways above suggested, is possible for smaller towns there is no doubt. A wholesome spirit of rivalry might naturally arise, and each town having its museum would excel in certain departments, in the same way that each town can pride itself on certain special features, such as a fine park, spacious town hall, public library, or superior high-school building. Unfortunate, indeed, is that town — and there are hundreds of them in this country — that can show nothing but the mere elements of material existence; in this respect not a whit removed from the barrenness of a sheep pasture. To bring up young children in such a town is to stunt their intellectual powers, and to narrow persistently the horizon of their life.

Edward S. Morse.

DE TOCQUEVILLE'S MEMOIRS.

THE publication of De Tocqueville's Souvenirs [1] brings an unexpected pleasure, for we had supposed that the last of his posthumous works which his family would allow to appear had long ago been printed. France and Europe have changed their fashion in politics during the past forty years, but in spite of the prevalence of new ideals De Tocqueville remains the foremost French political philosopher of the first half of the century. He was not a system-maker, but the keen and profound critic of systems; not an historian, but the analyst and classifier of principles which underlie those collective acts of a people which, when chronicled, are history. Other men, both during his lifetime and since his death, have enjoyed, as leaders of a political movement, a wider popularity than he enjoyed; but their popularity has been transient, while his opinions endure, and must long endure, to be reckoned with by any one who would acquaint himself with the most significant political thought of our age.

Born in the midst of the Napoleonic upheaval, De Tocqueville witnessed the fall of the First Empire and the climax of the Second, with all that intervened; yet in this environment of revolution and recoil, of decaying old-world order and a chaos of new schemes, he never lost his head. At a time when doctrinaires vociferated, and each day produced its experiment or its formula, he was seduced by none of them. He understood that agitation, though necessary, was but a stage on the road to the reorganization of society, and, instead of plunging into the turmoils of the hour, he devoted himself to discovering the key to the new system toward which all agitations tended. He recognized that feudalism was dead; that constitutionalism and democracy had replaced it, but that constitutionalism itself might be the instrument of class supremacy, and that democracy, which, more than any other form of government, presupposes a high degree of popular intelligence and of civic disinterestedness, might, without these, become a terrible engine of despotism. He foresaw, too, that socialism, in one form or another, would insinuate itself into the new order.

Fortified in these views by long study of history, by investigation of existing institutions in America and Europe, and by intercourse with the principal politicians and thinkers of his time, De Tocqueville found himself, at the collapse of the July monarchy, in a unique position both to observe and direct events.

This volume of recollections covers the period from the abdication of Louis Philippe, February 24, 1848, to October, 1849. It is important, whether as a revelation of De Tocqueville's own character, or as the testimony of an authoritative eye-witness of momentous events and the personages who took part in them. In these pages we see De Tocqueville, the political philosopher, brought face to face with practical affairs. He cannot now theorize calmly, but must act quickly; yet his characteristic habit of looking for essential principles does not, even in this emergency, desert him. These Souvenirs increase our admiration of his knowledge of political causes and of his perspicacity in reading men. We wish not so much to criticise as simply to call attention to some of the striking passages in his book.

De Tocqueville, like many others, had a presentiment that the July monarchy could not last; but neither he nor any

[1] *Souvenirs de Alexis de Tocqueville.* Publiés par le COMTE DE TOCQUEVILLE. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1893.

one else foresaw the manner and moment of the catastrophe. The *bourgeoisie*, which had come into power in 1830, was doomed to a mortal struggle with the lower classes; and the long and barren ministry of the "sanctimonious" Guizot, while maintaining quiet on the surface and while fostering commercial prosperity, did nothing to remove the causes which were leading up to the inevitable conflict. "Very soon," wrote De Tocqueville, in October, 1849, "the political battle will be waged between those who have and those who have not. The great battlefield will be property, and the chief questions in politics will hinge on the modifications, more or less profound, to be wrought in the right of property-holders." The multitude of political and social schemes which doctrinaires had been proposing for half a century all pointed, he saw, toward socialism. Nor did he fail to perceive that the government of the specious Citizen-King, Louis Philippe, lacked a firm foundation, though the king used all the corrupting agencies which his despotic instincts could suggest. The Chamber was packed with his minions; a vast army of office-holders wore his livery; the smallest hamlet had its postmaster and its gendarmes, who owed their places directly to the king; the ministers and their subordinates were his servile followers; and every dissenter who could be purchased was purchased by title or office. Yet when the revolution suddenly burst upon him, Louis Philippe, usually so glib and self-possessed, became speechless, resourceless, dazed, and almost without an effort he abdicated.

"He had passed his life in the midst of revolutions," says De Tocqueville; "and assuredly it was neither experience nor courage nor intelligence that he lacked, though they failed him so completely on that day. I believe that his weakness came from the excess of his surprise; he was floored before he knew it. The revolution of February was unforeseen by all, but by him more than any one else; no warning from the outside had prepared him for it, because, for several years, his spirit had withdrawn into that kind of haughty solitude where the mind of princes who have been long fortunate almost always dwells at last, — princes who, mistaking good fortune for genius, will hear nothing, because they think they can learn nothing more from any one. Moreover, Louis Philippe had been deceived, as I have already said his ministers were, by that delusive lustre which the history of past events throws on the present. . . . To twist the spirit of the constitution without altering its letter; to play off the vices of the country one against the other; to drown softly the revolutionary passion in material gratifications, — that had been his lifelong idea, and little by little had come to be not only his foremost, but his sole idea. In that he had shut himself up; in that he had lived." This, we believe, is a fair diagnosis of Louis Philippe's case.

He fell on the morning of February 24, 1848, without glory; and so utterly was his hold on France destroyed that in a few hours men scarcely spoke of him. The house of Orleans would have vanished ignobly from the scene but for the courage of the Duchess of Orleans, who hastened to the Chamber in the hope of persuading the deputies to proclaim a regency. She sat at the foot of the tribune, "dressed in mourning, pale and calm. I saw, indeed," says De Tocqueville, "that she was much moved; but her emotion seemed to me that which brave souls feel, readier to be converted into heroism than into fright. The Count of Paris (her ten-year-old son) had the unconcern of his age, and the precocious impassivity of princes. Standing beside them was the Duke of Nemours, tightly clad in his uniform, erect, stiff, cold; he was, I believe, the only man who ran a real peril that day.

During all the time he was exposed, I beheld in him the same courage, firm and taciturn." Whilst the royal party anxiously awaited a champion, all was confusion among the deputies. Those who yesterday had been obsequious Royalists dared not speak now. The hall began to fill with the populace. Then Barrot mounted the tribune and advocated a regency. Lamartine followed him in the same strain, but perfunctorily. It seemed as if every one were striving to gain time in order to know what to do. But the invasion of the rabble put an end to this indecision; the duchess and her kin were hurried away beyond reach of danger; and presently a provisional government, of the republican species, was proclaimed.

In this new order, Lamartine held, temporarily, the place of honor. His popularity was immense, but, as often happens, history finds little to justify it; she inclines rather to accept this withering verdict which De Tocqueville passes on Lamartine: "I know not if I have met, in the world of ambitions amid which I have lived, a spirit more empty than his of regard for the common weal. I have seen a crowd of men disturb the country to aggrandize themselves, — 't is the perversity of the time, — but he is the only one, I believe, who seemed to me always ready to overturn the world in order to amuse himself. Nor have I ever known a spirit less sincere, nor that had a more utter contempt for truth. When I say he despised truth, I err; he did not honor it enough to heed it in any fashion. In speaking or in writing he wanders from and returns to it unconsciously, solely preoccupied by a certain effect which he wishes to produce at the moment." Among politicians of supposed honor, is there any who has received a more damning judgment than this? Beside it we will place De Tocqueville's opinion of Ledru-Rollin, Lamartine's colleague in the provisional government, and the parliamentary leader of the Red Republicans: "Ledru-Rollin was merely a very sensual and very full-blooded big fellow, unfurnished with principles and almost with ideas, without real audacity of head or heart, and even without wickedness; for by nature he wished well to all the world, and was incapable of cutting the throat of any of his adversaries, unless perchance through historical reminiscence or as a favor to his friends."

While the provisional government was busy in attempting to restore order, appeasing the masses by establishing national workshops, which quickly became national Castles of Indolence, De Tocqueville went down to his home in the department of the Manche, and offered himself as a candidate for the Constituent Assembly. The provinces, which had not kept step with the Parisian radicals, did not sympathize with the socialist tendencies of the revolution, and they sent to the Assembly a majority of members pledged to moderate or conservative principles. De Tocqueville himself was elected almost without opposition. Very touching is his description of the loyal affection of his tenants, — a bit of old-world life contrasting strangely with the very modern tumultuous life into which he plunged on his return to the capital. There the baleful effects of Louis Blanc's national workshops and of the policy of concession to masses goaded on by demagogues were already visible. Plainly enough, the real battle was at hand. To those masses, the downfall of Louis Philippe and the change of government meant nothing, unless the new government should gratify the appetites which the demagogues excited in them. Very soon the masses discovered that the new Assembly was too moderate for them, and, feeling that they had been duped, they proposed to sweep it away. How nearly they succeeded, on May 15, De Tocqueville relates with much vividness and *sang-froid*. For many hours on that day the hall of the Assembly was in

the hands of a mob, from which, if infuriated, the deputies might expect no quarter. Most of them kept their accustomed places, agitated, but hoping that some of their number would display energy equal to the emergency. Lamartine saw that the game was beyond him, and so he sat combing his hair, matted with perspiration. On another bench was Lacordaire, the Dominican. "His long and bony neck issuing from his white cowl, his bald head encircled by a fringe of black hair, his pinched face, his hooked nose, his eyes near together, fixed and brilliant," reminded De Tocqueville of a vulture. Buchez, the president, strove frantically to preserve order; but the mob still poured in, noisy, fierce, unmanageable. "Then it was," says De Tocqueville, "that I saw appear in the tribune a man whom I never saw except that day, but the recollection of whom has always filled me with disgust and horror: he had wan and withered cheeks, white lips, a sickly, evil, and unclean air, a dirty pallor, the aspect of a mouldy body, no linen visible, an old black frock coat glued to his slim, fleshless limbs. He seemed to have lived in a sewer, and to have emerged from it. They told me it was Blanqui." Nevertheless, this obnoxious Blanqui and his comrades had dispersed the Assembly, and were about to seize the government of Paris, when the unexpected intervention of national guards restored the deputies to their hall, and prevented further disturbance on that day.

De Tocqueville remarks to how great a degree the revolutionists of 1848 consciously imitated the revolutionists of 1789. Histories, poems, and plays had made familiar to the later revolutionists the acts and even the gestures of their fathers. To succeed, the men of 1848 thought they must copy as nearly as possible their models: hence a revival of old terms; hence, also, a certain staginess. Thus the radical deputies called themselves "the Mountain," and the Feast of Pikes was mimicked in the Feast of Concord. Nevertheless, the leaders of 1848 knew very well that the conflict in which they were engaged differed widely from that which had crushed the old régime.

Another fact which De Tocqueville makes clear is the almost uniform courage of the men of 1848. He speaks severely of the integrity of many of his contemporaries; he condemns the political principles of some, he discloses the inability of others; but, so far as we recall, he mentions only one as being a coward. That one was Thiers, who, on February 24, took to flight at the first alarm, and who, during the tremendous insurrection of June, threw his arms round Lamoricière's neck and embraced him, when Lamoricière's bravery had rid the Château d'Eau of insurgents. "I could not help smiling when I saw this effusion," says De Tocqueville, "because there was no love lost between them; but great danger is like wine, — it makes men fond." This general courage is the more remarkable, because there can be no doubt that the revolution of 1848 inspired throughout France and Europe greater alarm than had been inspired in 1789. The later generation had the example before them of the bloody excesses of the earlier; they knew that a movement which begins in a demand for reform may end in a reign of terror; they knew, too, the vehemence of class animosity. Their bravery had, in many cases, the aspect of a desperate resignation; and though most of the deputies, at least, were not afraid to die, they were so completely astonished that they could do little but wait for events to come to them. De Tocqueville himself, however, visited the barricades and the posts of peril with reckless nonchalance, realizing, as he did, the folly of jeopardy one's life for mere curiosity. Thanks to his recklessness, we have in this book many graphic descriptions of Paris during these stormy times.

We cannot review his account of the revision of the constitution, in which work he took a prominent part; nor can we relate the intrigues by which, in June, 1849, Louis Napoleon, who had been elected president in the previous December, strove to form a cabinet of "his own men," but was compelled at last to nominate Dufaure, Lanjuinais, and De Tocqueville. Even thus early, it was evident not only that Louis Napoleon aimed at the supreme power, but also that he could be restrained from attaining it only by the union of disunited and mutually hostile parties. Perceiving that such a coalition could not be arranged, De Tocqueville hoped, by kindling an honest ambition in the president, to keep him true to the constitution. As minister of foreign affairs, De Tocqueville, during the four months he held office, proved himself a skillful diplomatist. Unfortunately, his Souvenirs end just as he is on the point of explaining his attitude towards the short-lived Roman republic. We could wish that he had thrown light on that outrageous interference with the liberty of brother republicans.

We cannot conclude more fitly than by quoting the chief traits of the portrait which De Tocqueville has drawn of Louis Napoleon, who had been chosen president "not because of his worth, but because of his presumed mediocrity." He had, "as a private man, certain engaging qualities: a benevolent and easy humor, a humane character, a gentle and even tender soul without being delicate, much steadiness in his relations, perfect simplicity, a certain modesty in person amid the immense pride which his origin caused him. Capable of feeling affection, he could inspire it in those who approached him. His conversation was infrequent and barren. . . . His dissimulation, which was deep as that of a man who had passed his life in conspiracies, was singularly aided by the immobility of his features and the insignificance of his look; for his eyes were dull and opaque, like those thick bull's-eyes which light the stateroom of a ship, letting the light pass through, but out of which one can see nothing. Very careless of danger, he had fine, cool courage in days of crisis, and at the same time he was very vacillating in his designs, which is common enough. . . . He had always been, it is said, much addicted to pleasures, and little delicate in his choice. . . . His intelligence was incoherent, confused, filled with great thoughts ill digested, which he borrowed now from the examples of Napoleon, and now from socialist theories, and occasionally from his recollections of England, where he had lived. . . . He was naturally a dreamer and chimerical. But when forced to come out of these vague and vast regions, to confine his mind within the limits of some affair, this proved to be capable of precision, sometimes of finesse and breadth, and even of a certain depth, but never sure, and always ready to place a bizarre thought beside a sensible one. . . . We may say, on the whole, that it was his folly more than his reason which, thanks to circumstances, made his success and his force. . . . He trusted in his star; he believed firmly that he was the instrument of destiny and the indispensable man. . . . Though he had a sort of abstract adoration for the people, he felt little inclination for liberty. In politics, his characteristic and fundamental trait was hatred and contempt for assemblies. The régime of constitutional monarchy appeared more insupportable to him even than that of the republic. . . . Before attaining power he had time to strengthen the taste which mediocre princes always have for flunkies, by the habits of twenty years of conspiracies passed among adventurers of low degree, men ruined or tainted, and young debauchees, — the only persons who, during all that time, had consented to serve him as toadies or accomplices. He himself, through his good manners, let something

appear which smacked of the adventurer and the chance prince. He continued to content himself in the midst of this subaltern company, when he was no longer obliged to live with it. . . . He desired above all to find devotion to his person and his cause, as if his person and his cause could have engendered it; merit bothered him, if it were in the least independent. He required believers in his star and vulgar worshipers of his fortune."

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Travel and Nature. Afloat and Ashore on the Mediterranean, by Lee Meriwether. (Scribners.) Mr. Meriwether has lost none of the liveliness which characterized his first book of travels, and he still interests himself in modes of life and cost of living among laboring people ; but he is now a more experienced traveler, and gets at his work a little more directly. He has not yet overcome a disposition to persiflage ; but on the whole, if one is not a mere carping critic, one can scarcely fail to extract considerable information on the points where Mr. Meriwether is most at home. He will be likely to go elsewhere for his strictly classical reading. — Abroad and At Home, Practical Hints for Tourists, by Morris Phillips. (Brentano.) A new edition of a book which is a cross between a regular guidebook and a book of travel sketches. It relates mainly to London and Paris for the European portion, to Southern and Californian cities and winter and summer resorts for the American portion. In effect, it is the chat and advice of a man who has made himself familiar with all the comforts of home in various parts of the world as known to the Americans. — Our Cycling Tour in England, by Reuben Gold Thwaites. (McClurg.) A pleasant, plainly written record of a tour through southern England by an American and his wife on their bicycles. Avoiding the railways and beaten tracks, they succeeded in getting many glimpses of rural life and manners impossible to the ordinary traveler, and they seem to have discovered what they went to find out, — "what the hedgerows say, and how John and Mary live in their wayside cottage." The book is made more attractive by several charming pictures. — Tropical America, by Isaac N. Ford. (Scribners.) This journey through South America fell to Mr. Ford by "the lucky twirl of a penny" which sent him off to get a fuller understanding of the revolution in Brazil. From Brazil he crossed the Argentine Republic and the Andes, visited Chili, and so on to Panama, went to Jamaica and the Bahamas, and took a survey of Cuba. Here his "filibustering" tendencies are shown, for he sees no hope for that fertile and beautiful island but in annexation to the United States. From Cuba he went to Mexico and Central America, and ended his journey at Panama. He returns entirely convinced of the folly of the United States in allowing the benefit of commerce with these countries to be resigned. The book is well worth reading, and may prove a decided eye-opener to his countrymen.

Fiction and Narrative. Barbara Dering, a Sequel to The Quick or the Dead, by Amélie Rives. (Lippincott.) By attaching this book to her previous Exclamation Mrs. Chanler intimates the reality of that work to her, and the reader naturally looks with interest to see what development has taken place in a character which must in a measure illustrate the author's growth in thought and art. This book shows an advance in maturity of reflection, but we can hardly say that there has been much gain artistically ; for we have now problems rather than persons, and the part of personality most disagreeable in the first book clings to the subject in the second. If Mrs. Chanler will settle all the problems in her own mind, then throw away her solutions as abstract statements, we are pretty sure she will write a book of real persons acting a real drama, not psychological puppets going through their parts. — I Married

a Soldier, or, Old Days in the Army, by Lydia Spencer Lane. (Lippincott.) A simply written, sensible account of old times in the army, and interesting chiefly to army people, especially as showing them that they have "fallen in better days," and that the hardships of frontier life are almost entirely done away with. — A Golden Wedding, and Other Tales, by Ruth McEnery Stuart. (Harpers.) These stories, some of which have appeared in the magazines, are interesting and well told, and have sufficient variety to save them from being monotonous. A Golden Wedding, a tale of parting and reunion, is very touching, and The Widder Johnsing is full of life and fun. The book presents with great power the loyal, pathetic, and humorous aspects of negro life. — From One Generation to Another, by Henry Seton Merriman. (Harpers.) A story of heredity, in which the author has sacrificed probability, some might say possibility, to the working out of his theories. The villain of the tale, who is possessed by the greed of gain, — gain of any sort, — but has no power of enjoying his successes, is the victim of "the taint of the blood that ran in his veins. The curse had reached to him, in addition to the long, sad nose and the bandy legs;" while the woman he jilts has a *bourgeois* inheritance, and has "breathed the fatal air of Clapham since her birth." Weak and shallow as she is, she is supposed to be capable of a hate so passionate that it is transmitted to her feeble, amiable son; becoming in him, when he is brought in contact with his mother's old admirer, a blind, unreasoning mania, which reaches a tragic climax in the at once sensational and absurd *dénoûment* of the story. The author's style is readable, and occasionally bright and epigrammatic, and one feels that he is capable of better work than is to be found in this volume. — Keith Deramore, by the Author of Miss Molly. (Longmans.) The clever, selfish, self-indulgent man of the world who is the hero of this book belongs to the order of woman-subduers, and is, despite certain conventionalities, sufficiently well drawn to make the reader understand in some degree the secret of his attractiveness. He has the usual inconsistency of his class on the subject of honor, and while he has small regard for filial duty, and does not scruple to make love to his friend's *fiancée*, he has nothing but angry contempt for the girl to whom he is engaged when she confesses to a lie, though he feels that he must risk his life to hide, so far as may be, her falsehood. This deceit on the part of an ill-taught child, tacitly persisted in later, has far-reaching consequences, and forms one of the principal motives of the tale. It is a well-constructed, pleasantly-written story, the characters are distinctly individualized, and the author often shows both insight and humor. That in the end the hero should easily obtain his heart's desire, and be left with the prospect of happiness far beyond his deserts, is only natural. — The Marplot, by Sidney Royse Lysaght. (Macmillan.) Dick Malory, a hot-headed and kind-hearted art student, imbued for the time with various reformatory and socialistic ideas, marries in haste a girl of circus and music-hall training, with the intent to raise her to his own level. But before the wedding-day is over revelations as to her life which are made to him lead to an abrupt and final parting. Dick flies (of course) to America, and, after some years of cowboy experience, returns home, a wiser man. He falls in love with a fair Irish patriot, but his boyish folly has made marriage impossible. The scene shifts to Ireland, where, in an atmosphere fraught with enthusiasm, conspiracy, and unreason, the drama comes to a tragic ending, and we leave the hero, a hopeless wanderer upon the face of the earth. The book shows both cleverness and originality, but also a lack of constructive skill and a fine disregard of the natural and probable. — The Story of John Trevennick, by Walter C. Rhoades. (Macmillan.) The history of a young Oxonian who, struggling with college debts which he is unwilling to ask his father to pay, is persuaded by an assumed friend to assist in a smuggling venture. The tempter proves treacherous, and the heartily ashamed and repentant culprit is cast off by his father, and goes to London to seek and find his fortune, while the evil doer, after a brief triumph, is brought to confusion. It is a spirited and entertaining story, told in a manly, straightforward way, and will be likely to prove especially attractive to youthful readers. — Round London, Down East and Up West, by Montagu Williams. (Macmillan.) Mr.

Williams is not at his best in this book, which is a disappointing mixture of half-told anecdote and general reflections. One constantly supposes he is to learn something of the interior of life, and always stops not far from the door. Most likely Mr. Williams was a good *raconteur*, and his wide experience in all grades of society gave him many advantages; but probably his professional caution embarrassed him when he came to write a book. — Half-Brothers, by Hester Stretton. (Cassell.) As novels go, this is fairly entertaining and readable, but by no means as good as Hester Stretton's earlier work. It is an average story, calculated to please and amuse the not too critical reader, who, we imagine, will not be disturbed by the entire improbability of the plot. — The Life and Adventures of James P. Beckwourth, Mountaineer, Scout, Pioneer, and Chief of the Crow Nation of Indians. Written from his own dictation by T. D. Bonner; edited by C. G. Leland. (Macmillan.) A volume in the Adventure Series. Mr. Leland appears in the introduction and footnotes, but no mortal man can tell, as he reads, whether it is Beckwourth or Bonner who is alternately adventurous and prosy. It is singular how monotonous Indian narrative is. One adventure is like another, and a fatal tendency to the melodrama seems to affect them all.

Religion and Morals. The Tongue of Fire, or, The True Power of Christianity, by William Arthur. (Harpers.) The reissue of a little book which has become quite famous as a fervent, persuasive work on practical Christianity through the power of the Holy Spirit. — Manual of Natural Theology, by George Park Fisher. (Scribners.) Less than a hundred pages, in which this author, who is master of the art of putting things clearly, in order, and briefly, passes in review the nature and origin of religion, the cosmological argument for the being of God, the argument of design, the moral argument, the intuition of the infinite and absolute, anti-theistic theories, and the future life of the soul. — Where Is My Dog? or, Is Man Alone Immortal? by Rev. Charles Josiah Adams. (Fowler & Wells Co.) A somewhat disjointed, discursive, anecdotical inquiry into man's relationship with other animals. It is not always easy to see what the writer is driving at, but he drives quite hard, and cracks his whip by the way. — Mothers and Sons, or, Problems in the Home Training of Boys, by Rev. the Hon. E. Lyttleton. (Macmillan.) A small book intended, not for boys to read, but for the parents of boys. The author is a schoolmaster who has been made conversant with the defective moral and religious outfit of English boys, and sets himself to making suggestions anent thereto. It must be said that his rambling and rather pointless talk is more clear in pointing out mistakes than in recommending positive means of bettering matters. — Bible Studies, Readings in the Early Books of the Old Testament, with Familiar Comment, Given in 1878–79, by Henry Ward Beecher; edited from Stenographic Notes of T. J. Ellinwood by John R. Howard. (Fords, Howard & Hulbert.) Mr. Beecher was a poet, not a man of science; but the insight of the poet and the patient investigation of the man of science often coincide. In these lectures upon the persons and events of the Old Testament, Mr. Beecher's vivid imagination and freedom from conventionalism lead him into a certain homely reconstruction of life which is itself an interpretation, and his rough-and-ready encounter of difficulties sometimes is effective in brushing away subtleties of commentators. There is an element of haphazard, to be sure, but one uses one's discrimination in reading this writer. — Short History of the Christian Church, by John Fletcher Hurst. (Harpers.) In this encyclopædic work the author has condensed the results of his previous labors as shown in a series of histories of special periods. As a book of reference it has its uses, but Dr. Hurst has scarcely succeeded in imparting to his readers any notion of the interior continuity of the Christian church, or any satisfactory explanation of its multiform character. It is almost entirely an arrangement of external facts.

Literature and Criticism. Reveries of a Bachelor, and Dream Life, the two sentimental journeys which made Ik Marvel's name known to readers who were later in learning of Donald G. Mitchell, have been reproduced in a pretty little new Edgewood edition. (Scribners.) Was there a period of youthfulness in our literature, when these books, and Hyperion, and Prue and I were possible, which has gone forever? However it may be as regards production, — and it

is possible that we are now too sophisticated for this sort of thing, — it is clear that the response of musing youth continues; if there are not writers, there still are readers. — The Real and Ideal in Literature, by Frank Preston Stearns. (J. G. Cupples Co., Boston.) Studies in criticism by a writer who has read somewhat widely, and has strong likes and dislikes. There are many shrewd judgments, and some that seem to lack a sense of proportion. It is not easy to discover the standards of the writer, but in general he aims at a worship of what he regards as the ideal. His notion of the real and the ideal seems, however, somewhat confused. — Excursions in Criticism, by William Watson. (Elkin Mathews & John Lane, London.) If the putting forth of a book of no really uncommon merit is justified by the fact that its author has done better work in other directions, then these Prose Recreations of a Rhymer have ample reason for being. As the work of a hand all unknown, they would naturally lead one to the opinion that their author, probably not an old man, would lose nothing by waiting for something more distinctive to say. Everything he says here is well enough said, some of it indeed very well, but the larger part is reasonably familiar in substance and manner. In the first paper, Some Literary Idolatries, Mr. Watson makes an earnest attempt, as in the preface to his anthology, Lyric Love, to sift Elizabethan chaff from the wheat. In some of the other little articles, he protests with energy against the violation of the posthumous privacy to which even genius is entitled, speaks a strong word for Mr. Hardy's Tess, shows how less a thing is *style* than *a style*, and reports a talk between an interviewer and the shade of Dr. Johnson on modern poetry. From this last paper, less successful as a whole than Mr. Lang's Letters to Dead Authors, one bit may be taken. Browning, for the moment, is the subject of discussion, and, with Boswell at his elbow, more clearly than at any other point in the conversation, the sage remarks, "I have his works. The terrors of his style were great, but he that valiantly faced and overcame them had his reward. Yes, sir, Browning could read men. The pity is men cannot read Browning." It must be said that in these Excursions one feels one's self personally conducted by a man of something more than average sobriety of judgment and fullness of equipment. Yet many of the best book reviewers, on both sides of the sea, could collect from the daily and weekly journals as notable a showing for their work, if they should think it thoroughly worth while to save their utterances from the limbo of periodical literature. — Familiar Talks on English Literature, a Manual embracing the Great Epochs of English Literature from the English Conquest of Britain to the Death of Walter Scott, by Abby Sage Richardson. (McClurg.) This is a new and revised edition of a book which has deservedly become popular, for its entire unpretentiousness, together with the good taste which marks the selections, commends it to the reader. It is in effect a series of readings from the masters of English prose and verse strung on a line of comment which is natural, gives the slight setting one desires in such a case, and is wholly free from wearisome philosophizing.—Professor W. H. Appleton's Greek Poets in English Verse (Houghton) is an admirable book. In the compass of a single duodecimo volume the editor brings together a large number of the best passages not only of Homer, Hesiod, Pindar, Sappho, and the great dramatists, but also of some forty lesser poets. He adds to the variety and value of the book by making use of the poetical versions of not less than sixty translators, English and American. That he is not merely a scholar is evident from the four excellent specimens of his own work, renderings from Sappho and Sophocles. The Introduction is an interesting critical essay on the growth of Greek literature, and at the end of the volume there are twenty pages of serviceable notes. — In the series International Humor (imported by Scribners) three volumes are devoted respectively to French, German, and Italian Humor: the first selected and translated by Elizabeth Lee, the second by Hans Müller-Casenov, and the third by A. Werner. All are well illustrated and furnished with bibliographical notes, and altogether humor in literature and newspapers and popular sayings has thus its serious setting forth. It is singular how, when the plums are taken out of the pudding, there is no plum pudding, and even the plums have lost much of their taste. — The Crusaders, an Original Comedy of Modern London Life,

by Henry Arthur Jones. (Macmillan.) A satire on social reform, in which realism struggles ineffectively with burlesque. The reader is bidden laugh at the hero as a fantastic idealist, and then to accept him as the type of noble, self-sacrificing heroes. What the actor, moreover, might do with such a figure as Jawle we do not pretend to say ; viewed from the reader's point, not all the stage business with which he is surrounded can vitalize him into anything but a puppet designed to typify a class easily satirized.

Education and Textbooks. History of English, a Sketch of the Origin and Development of the English Language, with Examples, down to the Present Day, by A. C. Champneys. (Macmillan.) An agreeably written book, in which the writer, confessedly drawing from acknowledged masters, seeks to introduce the student into some sort of understanding of the living organism as traceable in its historic changes. It is almost too exclusively English, since the author deals largely with petty local variations which do not greatly affect the instrument which is wielded in Australia as well as in the United States. Indeed, the assumption appears to be that English is a sort of exclusive property of a few persons living on a little island. — Select Speeches of Daniel Webster, 1817–1845, with Preface, Introduction, and Notes by A. J. George. (Heath.) Nine speeches, including the Dartmouth College Case, the Bunker Hill Address, the Reply to Hayne, the Plymouth Address, and the White Murder Case. The selection is good ; the introduction is a group of testimonials ; the preface is unnecessarily weak, consisting in part of a defense of the 7th of March speech, which is not included in the book ; the notes are few and of no great importance. The student might have been helped by a good legal review of the principles involved in the Dartmouth College case in application to current problems. — The Song Budget Series, binding together The Song Budget, The Song Century, The Song Patriot. (C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse.) A reissue in one volume of three popular collections.

History and Biography. The Earl of Aberdeen, by the Hon. Sir Arthur Gordon. The Queen's Prime Ministers Series. (Harpers.) No one of the statesmen commemorated in this series will be so unfamiliar a personage to the readers of to-day as the subject of this biography, who is chiefly remembered as the minister under whose administration England drifted into the only European war in which she has been involved during the last seventy-five years. Sir Arthur Gordon has done his work admirably, overcoming in a remarkable degree the difficulties of the task of giving, within the limits here imposed, a clear, intelligent, and well-proportioned record of a long public life. It is done, too, we may add, with excellent judgment and unfailing good taste. Lord Aberdeen's shyness and reserve, which were probably intensified by the early sorrows which overshadowed his life, made him a man little understood save by those who were brought into very intimate relations with him, and it was well that his biography should have been entrusted to the son, who was acquainted not only with the father's acts, but with the motives from which they sprung. Lord Aberdeen's diplomatic and Foreign Office experiences, including a view of the question of the Spanish Marriages differing from the one usually accepted ; his connection with matters relating to the disruption of the Scottish Church ; and last, and most important, his unfortunate experiences as the head of the Coalition Cabinet, are all well considered. Fitting mention is made of his wide and ripe scholarship, and glimpses of his private life are given, which win the reader's respect and sympathy for a singularly upright, high-minded, and accomplished man. The book has a distinct historic value, and will probably lead to a truer appreciation of Lord Aberdeen's character and powers than has heretofore prevailed. — John Wyclif, Last of the Schoolmen and First of the English Reformers, by Lewis Sergeant. Heroes of the Nations Series. (Putnams.) There was no need that the author should apologize for adding one more to the considerable number of recent works on Wyclif. A popular biography was a thing to be desired, and in many respects Mr. Sergeant's book deserves honorable mention. It is well arranged, and in the main well written. To be sure, the writer has not attained to that state of mind commended by Mr. Freeman, when an historian by long study shall become so imbued with the spirit of the age he treats that he shall, as it were, live in it and instinctively interpret

it aright, — a counsel of perfection not to be looked for in the preparation of a volume like the present. Misapprehensions, however, are usually in details rather than in the general outlines. Still, we wish that Ingulfus, Abbot of Croyland, had not been resuscitated as an eleventh-century authority, as it has a disquieting effect upon the careful reader. One observes again how little is really known of Wyclif's life, and how much must be inferred from his writings and from contemporaneous history. Whatever may be thought of Mr. Sergeant's theory, maintained with much ingenuity, as to the identity of the reformer and the lord of the manor of Wycliffe, he has without doubt told the story of Wyclif's life in an interesting and readable manner. The chapter Wyclif the Evangelist is especially well done. In defining the reformer's religious belief, and in giving the history of his time, the biographer is far less successful; but it should be thankfully noted that his sense of relative values keeps the book from ever degenerating, like some of its class, into a mere catalogue of facts. The volume is very fully illustrated, and contains reproductions of six of the reputed portraits of Wyclif, here brought together for the first time. If not authentic, they are of great interest as representing a tradition. — Venice, an Historical Sketch of the Republic, by Horatio F. Brown. (Putnams.) This is the story of the Venetian Republic from its rise till its fall in 1796. The style is lively and forcible, and condenses the history of Venice in such a way as to awaken interest in the subject, and induce the reader to pursue it for himself, or, if time or inclination fail him, to give him a clear and sufficiently full knowledge of the period without further investigation. The writer is evidently fully equipped for his work, and has performed it *con amore*. The book contains an admirable and exhaustive bibliography of Venice and an excellent index. — Some Jewish Women, by Henry Zirndorf. (Jewish Publication Society, Philadelphia.) Sketches of a score of Jewish women from the Apocrypha, the Græco-Roman period, and the Talmudic age. The Christian reader will find a few of his old acquaintances, whom he will look at from a slightly different point of view; but for the most part the characters, historical and legendary, will be new to him. They serve as illustrations of Jewish ways of looking at life, and occasionally are interesting as exhibitions of common human nature. It is a little odd to find a Jewish writer speaking of the Apocrypha and the canonical books. We notice that the term C. E. (Christian era) takes the place of A. D. — Nullification, Secession, Webster's Argument, and the Kentucky and Virginia Resolutions, considered in Reference to the Constitution and Historically, by Caleb William Loring. (Putnams.) An interesting study of a hundred and fifty pages, drawn out, apparently, by Mr. H. C. Lodge's statement, in his Daniel Webster, that in the argument with Hayne Webster was on untenable ground.

Sociology and Hygiene. Public Health Problems, by John F. J. Sykes. (Imported by Scribners.) A volume of the Contemporary Science Series. Mr. Sykes belongs to that class of scientists that requires first to establish the universal laws derivative from certain fundamental hypotheses, like natural selection and heredity, and then proceeds to make application to the disorders under consideration. After a full consideration, through botanical investigations for example, of the length of time required by light or its absence to produce marked effects on life, one is prepared to understand how much better it is to build houses so that the sun can get full entrance. However, anything, of course, is better than being empiric. — Criminology, by Arthur MacDonald; with an Introduction by Dr. Cesare Lombroso. (Funk & Wagnalls.) Lombroso's name appears to give weight to the book, but, beyond a miscellaneous collection of not very well assorted facts and a tolerably full bibliography, there is not much to be gained from the work. — The Well-Dressed Woman, a Study in the Practical Application to Dress of the Laws of Health, Art, and Morals, by Helen Gilbert Ecob. (Fowler & Wells Co.) A complete demolition of the corset and the artificial shoe, with a disposition toward the divided skirt. After all, the kingdom of heaven is within you, and the emancipation of woman will scarcely be accomplished by sumptuary laws or the ten commandments of dress reform. — How Nature Cures, comprising a New System of Hygiene; also the Natural Food of Man. A Statement of the Principal Arguments against

the Use of Bread, Cereals, Pulses, Potatoes, and all other Starch Foods. By Emmet Densmore. (Stillman & Co., New York.) The author of this work, together with Dr. Helen Densmore, has been preaching the doctrines contained in it quite persistently for a long time and in many quarters. This volume is a more systematic and comprehensive presentation of the subject. There is much that is the common property of all writers on hygiene, and it might be added of sensible people generally, but the author has his special theories besides. — The Social Horizon. (Imported by Scribners.) An anonymous volume of the Social Science Series. The author, professedly a journalist, undertakes to show how the great business enterprises of the day — in England, at any rate — gravitate toward a condition where government must take them over; and then, criticising the current state of affairs, he proceeds with suggestions looking toward very much such socialism as the Fabian society advocates.

Art and Archæology. Lectures on Architecture and Painting, by John Ruskin; with an Introduction by Charles Eliot Norton. (Charles E. Merrill & Co., New York.) The public has been put on its guard respecting Mr. Ruskin's vagaries so frequently that it can be trusted to read this little book with caution. What is more to be desired is that readers should catch something of the author's spirit of penetration, which enables him to go on as in a place of light when others are still darkly fumbling about for superficial truths. The book is one of the most inspiring that can be put into the hands of a susceptible reader. — Cameos from Ruskin, selected and arranged by Mary E. Cardwill. (Merrill.) A thin volume of brief, pointed passages, grouped under a variety of heads, but all tending to illustrate the ethical spirit of Ruskin's criticisms in art. — Etruscan Roman Remains in Popular Tradition, by Charles Godfrey Leland. (Imported by Scribners.) Scholars have recognized the deep substructure of paganism in Etruria, and the persistency with which even a pre-Latin society has been perpetuated. Mr. Leland, with a lifelong experience in delving among the ruins of language, has set about collecting the folk lore which bears witness to this archaic survival. He has written a lively, rambling book which is a museum of sorcery and magic bric-a-brac. He makes shrewd guesses in many directions, and writes out of a head crammed with the odds and ends of occultism. We turn the book over to the laborious sifter of evidence, but not before we have extracted great enjoyment out of it. — The nineteenth year of L'Art (Macmillan) opened with 1893, and the seven numbers since received illustrate the range and the richness of the resources from which the magazine draws. English painters are represented, Sir Joshua Reynolds's Simplicity being one of the large etchings; a paper on Meissonier offers some striking studies, notably one of a dragoon; the sale of the Spitzer collection gives an opportunity for the copying of interesting articles of vertu since dispersed; there are some admirable examples of fine binding; one of Rubens's well-fed dames has a proud presentation, and the editor draws generously from current high-class illustrated books. Separate from the magazine issue is a large engraving by Marie Louveau-Rouveyre of Toulmouche's painting Envoi de Fleurs.

Poetry. King Poppy, by the Earl of Lytton. (Longmans.) Lord Lytton's love of fancy and speculation, his ingenuity, and his well-tuned ear find scope in this mock-heroic poem for a good deal of banter and earnest protest against prosaic misrule. The palace of dreams, enduring when the structures of sense dissolve, is here decorated, as with sculptured ornament, with the fairy tales and fancies which have become imbedded in the human affections. An odd conceit of marginal comment adds to the fantastic structure of the poem; and after one has extracted the entertainment afforded, one is disposed to regard the whole performance as a somewhat overwrought fabric of fancy rather than a piece of high imagination.

Philosophy. A Review of the Systems of Ethics, founded on the Theory of Evolution, by C. M. Williams. (Macmillan.) The author's method is first, in not quite half the book, to pass in review the results reached by Darwin, Wallace, Haeckel, Spencer, Fiske, Rolph, and others, and then, in a series of chapters, to analyze the contents of ethics under the light thus thrown; taking up in succession Intelligence and End, the Will, the Mutual Relations of Thought, Feeling, and Will in Evolution, Egoism and Altruism, Conscience, the

Moral Progress of the Human Species, and finally, after summing up the Results of Ethical Enquiry on an Evolutional Basis, to consider the Ideal and the Way of its Attainment.

Sport. Whist Nuggets, being Certain Whistographs, Historical, Critical, and Humorous, selected and arranged by William G. McGuckin. (Putnams.) A volume in the always attractive Knickerbocker Nuggets Series. A miscellany of anecdotes, papers, cuttings from larger books, formal essays, all devoted to the general subject of whist.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Hebe near the Stage.

If there is anything that is calculated to shake one's loyalty to the modern maxims about putting sex out of consideration in estimating the value of service, it is a visit to a London theatre. One has heard so often that service, to be of the best, must, like college education, be sexless ; that any other view seems to savor of retrogression, of a return to the old superstition that women can do with instinct in the place of training. Only a concrete illustration of the attractiveness of feminine ministrations could give one the courage to say what one thinks on the other side of the question. Any one who has watched the young woman who, in London, nightly performs the services we relegate to the neutral, black-coated individual called the usher will, we believe, find it hard to deny that by her genial and domesticated appearance she contributes more than her wages' worth to the æsthetic pleasure of an evening at the theatre.

It is while descending the outside corridor, which, like a comfortably carpeted pathway to Avernus, leads gradually downwards, that the play-goer catches the first glimpse of this pleasing feminine functionary. She is standing, waiting, just outside the door that leads into the subterranean auditorium, above which is rumbling the traffic of the crowded streets. Her costume is the closely fitting black gown that is the conventionally accepted equivalent for the masculine regimentals of broadcloth and swallow-tail. On her head is the ever neat and appropriate white cap. At the sight of this eminently becoming bit of head-gear, one wonders, as always, why the damsel from Erin who graces our own institutions should so resolutely object to confining her errant tresses beneath its light and ornamental folds. In the costume of the usheress, who here stands ready to show the visitor to his or her "stall," its effect is heightened by the adjunct of a jaunty apron with pockets, and perhaps also by a frilled fichu across the shoulders. The hands of the personage thus trimly attired are filled with the decorative tasseled booklets by which, in lieu of the crudely printed advertising sheet we are in our own country invited to peruse, the London manager compliments the cultivated taste of his audience.

It is, however, precisely in connection with this tasteful announcement of the *mise en scène* and the cast that the manager may cause the first unpleasant jar to his patron's agreeably anticipatory feelings. If the latter has just placed himself in a stall at the Lyceum or the Garrick, or any other of the theatres that carry out the reformed principle of "no fees to attendants," there need be nothing — in the sternly enforced absence of obscuring bonnet and feathered hat — to ruffle the serenity of his enjoyment of a first glance around the house, from well-filled pit to uppermost gallery. But if he has, on the contrary, chosen a performance at the Criterion or the St. James, where the broom of reform has not yet made a clean sweep of petty annoyance (or light pilfering, if he prefer the term), he will presently be made aware that a trifling obligation still rests with him. Just how he will be made to feel this is one of the neat secrets of the British functionary, male or female. Not a perceptible gesture will be made, still less a word spoken, yet somehow, in some mysterious and altogether indefinable yet quite unmistakable manner, he will be made to know that in return for the programme a fee is expected from him.

Only a trifle, of course, — "anything you please," in the phrase customary on such occasions. But by what possibility could one please to offer less than a sixpence to a correct person in a diaphanous white apron with a cherry bow on the pocket, and still another cherry bow in the fresh white cap?

At the end of the act, when the drop curtain has fallen, the usheress, who has discreetly withdrawn behind the swinging doors into the corridor, again reappears in the auditorium. This time more than ever she comes in the guise of a typical divinity of the hearthstone, her mission being to offer delicious refreshment to the palate. She has in her hand a small salver, on which there are a miniature ice, a sweet wafer, an infinitesimal cup of *café noir*. With these delicacies exposed to view, she passes up and down the aisles, or between the rows of stalls that the *entr'acte* has emptied of their occupants. You may take your choice of them, depositing in exchange the necessary coin upon the silver tray. Nor need one disturb one's self if the coin deposited has to be larger than the price demanded. In due course of time the change will be accurately returned in the smaller coinage of her Majesty's mint by the careful attendant, who to our mind lends the finishing touch of friendliness and comfort to a theatre in the metropolis of Irving and Tree and Wyndham. She is not necessarily a youthful person, nor is she always fair to look upon. But she is unfailingly sedate and well-mannered, and will relieve a lady of her cloak, or other incumbrance that is to be stowed away for the evening, with alacrity and attention.

In addition to the deft performance of her practical duties, and to the æsthetic touch she lends to the assemble of the evening's entertainment, the usheress may serve to lay the train for the mild reaction of opinion that seems inevitable and desirable. Have we not pushed the logic of identical performance for men and women to illogical lengths? It certainly is a paradox that the generation that has listened heedfully to the pleas of Ruskin and the William Morris brotherhood for the expression in art and handicraft of the individuality of the workman should wish rigorously to exclude the individuality of sex from our humbler industries. If this point of view can be brought home by them, our notes of a minor difference of detail between our own theatrical arrangements and those of our next of kin across the sea will not have been taken in vain.

A Problem in the Ethics of Childhood.

— I have read many accounts of Lucullian banquets, and have partaken of some Barmecide feasts, but nothing in the realm of gastronomic fact or fiction, in the long retrospect since my childhood, has ever approached in sumptuousness or artistic display the repasts afforded on the Boston boats in the days of the old Massachusetts. Even the ill-conditioned British tourist, traveling with the discontent of a permanent stomach-ache, was mitigated into human flesh at the sight of these extravagant banquets. Perhaps these appeared greater to us then because Delmonico's was not, except as a remote corner in Bowling Green, much affected by foreign voluptuaries.

Some lady from abroad, who was at that time condescendingly sojourning among us, — some lady of the Madam Trollope order, — actually withheld the sickle of her satire on contemplating these triumphs of the *cuisine;* regarding them as the one thing in all this weary land of social blunders and misgovernment which she found it in heart or stomach to praise. Her laudations ran as follows: —

"We entered a saloon known as the 'gentlemen's cabin.' Tasteful curtains drawn across the berths served as a festooning of the walls on either side of the pretty oval saloon. On the table, surmounted by the whitest of damask, there was spread a meal at once the most picturesque and incomprehensible. Amid abundance of flowers — for the season was summer — there nestled fruits of both tropic and temperate zones: crimson pyramids of raspberries, pineapples garlanded with peach leaves, with various novelties of miniature architectural display. At the tinkling of a fairy bell, the Arab guard, which had stood at respectful attention, — that is to say, the negro waiters, in snowy jackets and aprons, — advanced as soon as the guests were seated. In a trice the pineapples became butter; the other tropic fruits took on the forms of domestic viands; the dark pyramids became boned turkey; the white marble slabs, when tested, resulted in ice cream; and not until hunger had reduced this fairy scene to a

chaos did we realize how the thing was done."

I was a child when I heard this enthusiastic description, but even now it seems scarcely overdrawn. Great was my delight, then, when, one fine June afternoon, I set sail for Boston, by the old Providence line, in the company of some members of the W—— and L—— families. Of course, at that tender age, and being, moreover, endowed with a goodly bump of what phrenologists in those days called causality (and my critics have since termed curiosity), I began to make inquiries as to the ways and means, the why and the wherefore, of the various novel sights around me. Among the many blessings granted to childhood there is probably none more conspicuous than its relish of the present. The future is more than vague; it is not even beset with misgiving; it scarcely exists; and as to the past, I fear it teaches no lesson, not even the much-needed one of prudence. We try to include all life's history within the limits of the present day. And so I turned thoughtfully to the youngest member of the W—— family, an intellectual young man of twenty-nine, who wore spectacles, and was deemed the family encyclopædia.

"We are out at sea, uncle Thomas, aren't we?"

"Yes," said this reverenced authority, "out of sight of land."

He whispered airily to one of the ladies of the party, "It's dark, you know!"—an explanation at which I was justly indignant.

"Well, then," I pursued, "where did these strawberries come from, if we are out at sea?"

"Why, don't you know," said uncle Thomas, gathering himself for a *mot* at my expense, "strawberries grow on the rocks out at sea?" As I looked puzzled, he added, "Not where you come from; but in our favored land all things are possible, and the finest kinds of strawberries are raised on the New England reefs, and watered by the sea."

He said this with such gravity that I had no alternative but to accept his dictum or believe him capable of base perjury, which, from his social connections, I hesitated to do. There ensued some small remonstrance on the part of the ladies of the L—— family, and I noticed tokens of a wordy scuffle, in which my misinformant appeared to be roughly handled. But no adequate solution of the berry problem having presented itself, I was left to pursue my journey thoughtfully, and, it must be added, somewhat discontentedly.

Some seasons later, when I had attained the proud distinction of being head of my class in the Latin School, the question of likes and dislikes came under discussion among a group of boys, most of whom were loud in their praises of Thomas W——; his learning and affability having made him a great favorite with adolescents. I was asked for my opinion.

"Upon my wrong I steadied up my soul."

The fiction of the berries still rankled in my bosom as a masterpiece of monstrous injustice; and while I boldly averred that the subject under criticism was "a liar," I secretly longed for that license which enabled Pat, the coachman, to add double adjectives to such a characterization.

It is agreed that boys demand infallibility in their instructors, as well as fearless rectitude. That such could lie to him for the mere purpose of appearing "smart before ladies" was incomprehensible to the child of whom this history is narrated. Here was a young man whom I, previous to my fatal discovery, believed would have perished rather than tell the whitest of white lies to an adult, yet the same would juggle and mystify when dealing with a child! Readily as we forgive any mistake which proceeds from the overrating of ourselves, we are bitterly resentful when any such error betrays the condescension of one who is underrating our perceptions.

I have observed that the young orator has the same sensitiveness to condescension from others towards Criterion. I have sometimes even wondered if the patriotically irate Washington was really so much hurt by the actual tax, a penny or so, set upon his tea as would appear from subsequent proceedings; and the rhetorical defiance that breathed from the nostrils of Revolutionary heroes and orators seems to have had no very substantial basis of actual wrong. But this was in the boyhood of the nation. We, as an adult people, bear grievances a thousandfold greater without one murmur.

"A tyrant, but our tyrants then
Were still at least our countrymen."

The Little Red Schoolhouse.

— I have had occasion more than once, in this Club, to protest against certain reforms, so called, which in my humble opinion are fast destroying the pith and substance of New England character ; and now I have a new grievance. The little red schoolhouse is about to be abandoned, — nay, in some townships it is deserted already ; its windows are broken, there are holes in the roof, the children have been dispossessed, and the only tenants are spiders, moles, bats, timber-worms, and occasionally a hedgehog. One need not look deeply into the history of this country to discover where its great men received their early education : the master spirits of industry, of thought, of art even, were trained for the most part in the little red schoolhouse, and chiefly in New England. I have traveled about our hill towns a good deal, spending many a long summer's day in walking or driving over lonely highways, and in all my journeys I have seen no object more significant, none more respectable, none more rich in retrospective suggestion, than the little red schoolhouse. I never pass by one without feeling an impulse to raise my hat, and yet I am far from being a sentimental person.

Of course the schoolhouse is not always red ; in thriving towns it is often painted a staring white ; in remote villages it is usually unpainted, except by the hand of Nature, whose brush is dipped in that exquisite, inimitable gray which is the despair of artists and of architects. Sometimes the little red schoolhouse is made of brick ; sometimes it is flanked by sheds or rough stables, where the scholars " put up " the horses that have brought them to school from distant farms. Sometimes the building is on top of a " sightly " hill ; and then, again, I remember more than one beautiful spot in the woods, where the schoolhouse stands hard by a rude bridge, beneath which musically tumbles a limpid trout stream. As you drive past it on a hot summer's day, the door and all the windows are open, and you have a vision of children's heads bobbing up with curiosity, and of the schoolma'am, rather pale, sitting at her desk, with a bunch of flowers in a tumbler before her. Perchance, also, there reaches you the drawling voice of some urchin, whose perfunctory tones indicate that his heart is outside with the bees and birds, and especially with that long-sought pound trout which is waiting for him in a deep pool beneath an overhanging bank.

Why is it that the little red schoolhouse is to be abandoned ? The scheme (they call it the " reform ") is to close all the outlying schools, and bring the children in by wagon and sleigh to the centre of the town, where they are all taught together in one big schoolhouse, fitted with a patent ventilating apparatus which does not work, and with a system of steam-heating. In one large town, not very far from Boston, which I used to visit a few years ago, I was struck by the fact that all the young men, even those of the purest New England blood, spoke with a strong Celtic accent. The explanation was that at school they had associated with the Irish children of the town, and both nationalities had profited by the companionship : the children of Irish birth had cast off a little brogue, and gained a slight nasal twang ; whereas, as I have indicated, the children of American birth had picked up just about as much brogue as their Celtic companions had dropped, and so nothing was lost. What is true of school children's speech is true also of their manners, morals, and ideas. When all the scholars in a town are brought together in one huge building and playground, there is a fine opportunity to grind them into homogeneousness, as with a mortar and pestle, to smooth down anything peculiar or original in their characters, to elevate the bad children a little, and to debase the good children a little more, — in short, to carry out the great American idea of turning every man into the average man.

Another advantage involved in this method of gathering the school children is that it affords every opportunity for the spreading among them of contagious diseases, such as measles, scarlet fever, diphtheria, and the like ; and we all know how desirable it is that children should have these diseases as early as possible, so as to get through with them, or be killed by them, as the case may be, before entering upon the serious business of life.

However, let us be fair, let us be judicial. Perhaps I have not stated quite accurately the reasons alleged by the reformers for the change which I am deprecating. They

say that in the large schoolhouse the children can be "graded," and all the teachers can be "specialists." In one room, with a single teacher, will be found fifty children, all under ten years of age; in another room, likewise with a single teacher, will be found fifty children, all between ten and fourteen years of age, and so on. Each room can be visited in turn by special instructors in drawing, in music, and in other branches.

There is some force, no doubt, in this argument, and yet I cannot help thinking that it is based mainly on a fallacy. The essential value of teaching, from the district school up to the university, lies, I believe, in the contact of mind and character between teacher and taught; and if this be so, then the little red schoolhouse, with its single teacher and few pupils, is a better institution than the big schoolhouse, with fifty or more scholars to each teacher, and occasional visits from other skilled instructors. Were I a school committee man or an overseer of Harvard College, I would ransack heaven and earth, if possible, to find teachers with some originality of intellect, and with that force and virility of character which impress themselves upon the plastic minds and hearts of young people; and having found them, I should trouble myself very little about "courses" and textbooks and laboratory implements. I venture to state this as a general proposition. Wherever teaching has been recognized as peculiarly successful, whether in schools or universities, the success has been due to the ability of the instructor, and not to the excellence of the system under which, or to the richness of the appliances through which, he worked. The first essential to such success is that the pupils shall be few, so that the mind of the teacher can be applied to the individual mind of the pupil. It may even be doubted if, for young children, the highly trained teacher of the present day is more efficacious than the farmer's daughter who knows the three R's, and has sense and sturdiness. There are strange ideas afloat in what may be described in cant language as "educational circles." Here, for example, is a paragraph which I read this morning in the report of a teachers' meeting: —

"In training the child for this mastery of life, we have to look at his self-expression in order to know his progress; and he can express himself only through two channels, — by means of the tongue (through language and music), and by means of the hand. The first mode of expression is one whose importance has long been understood and appreciated. We are, however, only just beginning to understand the deep significance of what the hand says. Its language covers a wider range of self-expression than the language of the tongue. It expresses deep-rooted instincts which the tongue does not know how to express; on the other hand, it expresses newly discovered ideals of which the tongue does not know how to speak. It is to self-expression through the hand that we have to look for the fullest revelation of what is going on in the child's inner experience."

Such a vagary as this never found its way into the little red schoolhouse.

The reformers would come nearer to being right in this matter of the schoolhouse if, as they appear to suppose, children really were simply the young of the human genus, with minds exactly like adult minds, except for being comparatively empty. But this is not the case. Children are a sort of "little people," living like foreigners among us, in a world of their own. Their mental processes, their emotions, the manner in which their minds develop, — these things are very slightly understood by grown people, and they are dangerous to meddle with. Hence there is a strong presumption in favor of simplicity in educational methods. Let the child have verge and scope for the expansion of his mind and character; let the teacher know him well enough to adapt herself and her methods to his individual peculiarities. Do not fix him in the iron vise of a schoolroom where he is one of fifty or a hundred.

The reticence of children is in itself a sufficient proof that we cannot twist and turn their minds, fill and empty them, according to the latest invention in pedagogy. I do not wish to be egotistic; and yet perhaps that is what I do wish; perhaps that is the chief value of the incognito which we preserve in this free-speaking Club. Well, then, to take my own case, I remember that, as a child, I lived in a world of my own, the joys and sorrows of which I never dreamed of communicating to any "grown-up" person. I even sounded the depths of orthodox theology, wrestled in prayer, was

stung by remorse, repented, was "converted" and rejoiced, lapsed into worldliness again; and yet no suspicion of all this ever crossed the minds of those near and dear relatives who watched over me. A child is a very sphinx of reserve. His mind is a delicate thing, which has its own law of development; and I believe that it grows better in the little red schoolhouse than in the steam-heated and mentally surcharged atmosphere of the huge primary school.

The Essence of Poetry. — Poetry, distinguished from prose, is the expression of a Living Truth with force and vivacity enough to create an emotional feeling as of actual experience. In the Iliad, elementary impulses are put with such truth to nature as to create the responsive feeling. Even in the list of ships, a word or phrase brings before us the home and habits of that old mob before the gates of Troy. Imagine the battle of Gettysburg told with such accuracy and precision of detail that, two or three thousand years after, one could dig up relics marking the respective headquarters of Meade and Lee, or follow the men of each regiment back to their homes, and know their ways of life; and all these details given in less space than they occupy in the formal military reports, and set before us as a moving scene in real life.

We must distinguish a poem from an opinion, like Pope's translation of the poem; for this calls for different faculties, — critical judgment, approval or dislike; the poem only makes us feel.

An error of that kind misled the ancient critics when they rejected lines 433–9 of Book VI. of the Iliad, in the scene describing the pathetic parting of Hector and Andromache, because the wife, after her appeal to her husband to avoid unnecessary exposure for her sake, suggests an unguarded post in the Trojan defenses. It was "out of character" for a female to give military advice; but it was finely in nature for her, pursuing her own anxious solicitude, to suggest a post of duty where her husband would incur less hazard than in his usual impetuous valor at the very front of battle. It is really an exquisitely fine touch for the very reason brought forward as an objection; it is a wife's artifice.

Not only a correct appreciation of phrase and incident, but a true sense of the value of words, is necessary to the comprehension; and even more, because philology, an abstract knowledge of the plain dictionary sense, is of little or no value without the appreciative poetic instinct. An example of error is found in the Oxford translation of the Hecuba of Euripides, line 246, in the word ἐνθανεῖν, which the translator renders "numbered," adding in a note that this is the only sense that can be made of it, and that Brunck proposes ἐντακηναι. An American schoolboy would give him the true poetic sense in the slang of the playground:

"So scared, my hand [ἐνθανεῖν] *froze* to your skirts."

An easy comparison of the living force of poetic expression, even under the serious embarrassments of translation, is made in the precise, anatomical, detailed description of the megatherium of geology and the same living animal as the behemoth of Job. It is more perfect, because both dwell on the same parts of the animal, the nose which "pierceth through snares," recognized by "the large bones which descend from the zygomatic arch, along the cheek-bones, and furnish a powerful means of attaching the motor muscles of the jaw. The anterior part of the muzzle is so fully developed, so riddled with holes for the passage of nerves and vessels which must have been there, not for a trunk, . . . but in the shape of a snout, analogous to the tapir." Where the poet declares, "His strength is in his loins. . . . He moveth his tail like a cedar. . . . His bones are as strong pieces of brass; his bones are like bars of iron" (Job xl. 16–18), the anatomist says, "the lumbar vertebræ, in a degree corresponding to the enormous enlargement of the pelvis and posterior members." "The vertebræ of the tail are enormous." A like comparison of the ichthyosaurus, which Boyle calls the "whale of the saurians," with the leviathan of Job xli. 12–34 can be made. This curious monster is described as having the snout of the porpoise, the head of a lizard, the jaws and teeth of the crocodile, the vertebræ of a fish, the sternum of the ornithorhynchus, the paddles of the whale, and the tail of a quadruped. The eyes, sometimes larger than the human head, were fitted with a circular series of thin, bony plates, which served to modify the curvature of the cornea, producing microscopic or telescopic power at will; and the reflections of which, by a poetic touch,

are compared to alternate squares of polished copper and zinc, or other white metal affording the peculiar dazzling quality. In the book of Job we have this tremendous vital engine, strong in the vigor of life; "by whose neesings a light doth shine, and his eyes are like the *eyelids of the morning*." Can there be an error of recognition? Or can we more clearly distinguish the imagery of the poet, and the carefully exact prose of the anatomist?

I have necessarily been forced into foreign though familiar illustrations to bring into consideration the vital principle of poetry, because the power of rhythm and melody, like the breath of its life, is too strong to be separated in the analysis. But, accepting the distinction, one can, in selecting a poem, understand the full force of the beauty which makes it one living force. In Lowell's First Snow-Fall, with the fine opening, "The snow had begun in the gloaming," the whole scene and its winter sympathies steal upon us. In the sound alone there is an undertone of sadness in the purity and desolation of that "silence deep and white." But we do not know why the heart has been rising and filling until the closing verse comes with its welcome tears, — in the heart, indeed, if not in the eyes; and we know that poetry is the Living Truth common to all nature.

The Poems speak for Themselves.

— The meeting was over, and the members had gone home. Upon the library table, in the twilight, lay the sole testimony to the afternoon's activity, — a fat volume of Dr. Berdoe's Browning Encyclopædia, Mrs. Sutherland Orr's sturdy little Browning Handbook, and an insignificant copy of the Poems of Robert Browning. The Handbook and the Encyclopædia were silent. Their power for utterance — at least that which was ascribed to them — had already had full play. Not so the Poems. They had suffered much during the afternoon, and, until now, had had no chance to speak for themselves. Therefore: —

"They called me obscure!" cried Childe Roland. "Obscure! And they read that miserable 'explanation,'" — the now helpless Encyclopædia shrank between its covers, — "an 'explanation' which is far more obscure than I am myself, besides being utterly false."

"What I object to," said the Last Duchess scornfully, "is this thinking that we need any explanation at all."

"Why can't they just take us for what we 're worth?" gloomily remarked the Lost Leader.

"No student of Browning ever accepts anything upon its face value. We are all enigmas to be found out, riddles to be guessed," quoth Master Hugues.

"Neither are we to be enjoyed; we are solely matters for study and research," chuckled Fra Lippo Lippi. "But, zooks! we ought to be used to it by this time, though."

"You have an easy enough time of it," grumbled Caliban. "Think of what I have to endure."

"Ah, but there 's no denying, Caliban, that your acquaintance is hard to make. First impressions count for simply nothing, in your case. The worst is when they pretend (for it is pretense, nothing else) that so plain a statement as I make is non-understandable."

It was Christina who spoke.

"I never want to hear again the names Corson, or Nettleship, or Mrs. Sutherland Orr, or Dr. Berdoe," solemnly announced Count Gismond.

"Nor I, nor I," chimed in Abt Vogler and the Patriot.

There was silence for some moments. Then said Andrea del Sarto: —

"Did you see them burrowing into natural history this afternoon? They actually thought that 'cue-owl' was of more importance than all the rest of me put together."

"I 'll believe anything of them," said the Pied Piper, "except that they ever once caught at the true meaning of any of us."

"Obscure!" again hissed Childe Roland.

"They once spent a whole afternoon trying to find out something about 'The Eight,'" said Fra Lippo Lippi. "'The magistrates of Florence' was n't enough, — oh dear, no! It must be their names, and how old they were, and the color of their eyes, and" —

"I remember it," interrupted Respectability. "They seized upon me at that same meeting, and such a going over as they gave Guizot and Montalembert!"

"That 's nothing!" cried the Statue and the Bust. "Think of all I 've put up with from them! I" —

"My friends" — began Rabbi Ben Ezra.

"It 's all right," smiled Pippa.

"It will be right some time," supplemented Saul.

"But I don't want to be poetry of the future," complained Childe Roland. "I am poetry of the present, and why people can't" —

"They will some day," continued Rabbi Ben Ezra. "So long, of course, as they view us through a medium merely, we *are* obscure, all of us, even Evelyn Hope. But just give us a chance to be seen in our true colors, let us but once speak for ourselves, and Robert Browning will be no more misunderstood."

"It 's sure to come," said Pippa.

"We have only to wait," said Saul.

"Obscure!" again cried the unpacified Childe Roland.

Just here the president of the Browning Club reëntered her library. Unmindful as ever of what the wonder-verse was saying, she picked up the volume of Poems and carefully stowed it away upon the bookshelf. She then returned to the Encyclopædia and Handbook, and resumed her interesting and vital researches regarding Andrea del Sarto's "cue-owl."

An Experience in Cosmopolitan Paris.

— The late Theodore Child, in his recent book on Paris, speaks of the Parisians as so cosmopolitan, so experienced in strange sights and the sight of strangers, that even Oscar Wilde, in the bloom of his youth and æsthetic costumes, passed along the boulevards unnoticed. Now Mr. Child undoubtedly knew his Paris, so this statement only makes yet more mysterious to me certain puzzling Parisian experiences of my own. I am not a second Oscar Wilde. I have never been accustomed to consider myself either an æsthete or an eccentric in dress, but I am a woman. Perhaps that had something to do with my peculiar trials in Paris; still, taken in connection with Mr. Child's statements, such an explanation hardly explains.

Here are the facts, and though my details are frivolous, the tale seems to me seriously curious. Three or four years ago I went abroad for the first time, taking with me, indeed wearing on the voyage, a certain dark blue serge gown. This fateful garment was made with a straight skirt and a blouse waist, and was entirely unornamented. Let me say, for the benefit of those with souls above buttons, that at this time straight plain skirts were "in," — not to the exclusion of more ornate varieties, to be sure, but as a popular style for certain goods; blouse waists, too, were familiar objects to New York eyes, though it may be the New Yorker saw them chiefly during his summer outings. Mine had a sailor collar. This dress was light and comfortable. I was bent upon as much sight-seeing with as little fatigue as possible, and when we were landed in England I continued to wear my blue serge a great deal. I was traveling with a young matron, who also had a blue serge gown, the counterpart of my own; she, too, wore hers frequently.

As for a year I had worn to business in a New York newspaper office an exactly similar costume, and had been at the same time wrapped in obscurity as in a garment, the fact that no one in England, in town or country, paid the least attention to my attire, and that people in general took no notice of me at all, failed to win my conscious recognition of their forbearance or my gratitude. These were to be awakened later.

So far this is a dull story. We went to Paris; there was nothing dull to us in the tale that follows. Those blue gowns, with simple conventional hats, gloves, etc., excited such attention and curiosity as would have made the fortune of a patent-medicine man. People stopped and stared, turned around and stared, came back and stared. The utter simple sincerity of the amazement expressed in their faces was the most unmistakable emotion I ever read on the human countenance. Usually it was quite unmixed with either insolence or mirth; it was too deep for any such alloy. One day a party of gentlemen and ladies stopped very near us, as we happened to be standing near the entrance of the Palais de l'Industrie (we had been visiting the Salon exhibition), and looked and pointed at us as frankly as if we had been made of wax. It was like the experiences that befall Occidental travelers in remote Chinese villages. The really touching embarrassment and hasty retreat of these honest people, when one of our party called our attention to their attitude with a word or two of French, were the most suggestive part of their conduct.

Finally, a lady (such she seemed to be), very civil, though a little stern, came up to me in the Louvre and wanted to know

where I came from, and if I wore a national costume ; then taking an affirmative tone, she insisted that I was wearing a national costume; and as I was not prepared to sustain her in this position, after a little cross-examination of my statements, she left me with an air that seemed to say she was too polite to express all the distrust they inspired.

We were not easily crushed, but the blue serge gowns were soon laid aside. Yet our lesson as to the things one cannot do in Paris was not ended. We admired a certain style of cap we often saw worn, especially in the Latin Quarter. It is called over there a *berri*, but it is in shape simply a Tam o' Shanter ; it is made of cloth in dark colors, and we thought it pretty. Without a notion that the thing has sex to French eyes, we each bought one at the Bon Marché. I suppose at the Bon Marché they are really so accustomed to the insanities of strangers that they felt an un-French indifference as to what two more lunatics might do. I am sure that if we had patronized a cosy conversational little shop we should have been warned of the impossibility of wearing those caps.

When we made our first trial of them upon Paris streets, we were some time in finding out that it would also be our last. We happened to launch them in a somewhat deserted quarter of the town, and to be too preoccupied to perceive any chance warnings of what was to come. We were a mile from our lodgings when we realized that we could not even return thereto with those terrible caps upon our heads ; men were speaking to us, boys were calling to us, every one was stopping to gaze and — this time — to smile.

We were a frugal pair ; we did not want to buy a hat apiece simply to wear home ; and anyway, how were we to endure all the gallant attentions of the populace till we could find a milliner? A simpler device solved the problem perfectly : we took off the caps, rolled them up tight, and so far as possible concealed them in our hands ; bareheaded we went our way all unmolested. Beyond a smile from an observant passer-by at the moment of the transfer (naturally we had sought the quietest available corner for it), we were noticed no more ; the Parisian working girl is in the habit of going about at all hours with no other covering for her head than her own beautifully dressed hair, and we were flattered to find that our own general inferiority of toilette was not so great as to forbid us to masquerade as *grisettes*. But the climax of our adventures was yet to be reached.

I have been applauded at the Théâtre Français, — I myself !

We went to the play, and we had a box and an escort. It was a great deal of trouble to get our tickets from a snuffy old woman who could not make change ; it was a great deal more to find our box ; and it was, alas for the Americans ! impossible to get a glass of water or any substitute therefor in the whole place. But such trials are the joys of sympathetic travelers, and we devoted ourselves to the beautiful performance of Adrienne Lecouvreur with gratitude. Our box was at the back of the house, and very high ; I do not remember in what tier, but you could not well be less conspicuous anywhere in the house. The whole place, too (and very proper this seems), is kept in such a dim religious light that to American eyes no one off the stage appears at any time distinctly visible. After the fourth act I rose and moved about a little to rest myself. When was heard the first of those startling knockings by which the rising of the curtain is heralded, I came to my seat in the front of the box and stood chatting a moment with my friends. The clothes I wore had stood the test of French criticism without drawing punishment down upon me, and in the pleasures of the hour I had forgotten fear. Before the second knockings (this ceremony always being repeated before the curtain goes up) I became conscious of a strange commotion all over the house, — applause, laughter, slight incomprehensible calls. I looked about with interest to discover what was the matter. The demonstration increased ; from all sides faces were turned to our dingy little box, hanging halfway to the roof ; yes, we — I was the loadstone of their eyes. I dropped into my chair, and instantly the fickle public transferred its attentions to the still unmoving drop curtain. Clearly, I said to myself, I am not fitted for life in Paris. I found consolation only by taking myself, my behavior, my gowns, and my French berri back to insular England, where I was again the utterly inconspicuous person I am accustomed to find myself in my native land.

I sat in Rotten Row, at the fashionable hours, in the height of the season, costumed according to my mild fancy, and no creature turned a head to glance at me.

Appreciation through Enjoyment.

—I remember well a certain day, æons ago, when my own shelf in the old bookcase — the lowest shelf it was — seemed to have no books on it worth reading. The fairy tales were too tiresomely true ; more wonderful things came near happening every day in the garden and garret. As for ancient, English, and American history, it was all false ; one of the grown people had said at dinner that nobody believed history nowadays. Harpers' story-books, after you knew them by heart, furnished very little meat for the intellect or fancy. There must be some other things in the world to read. Yet the upper shelves looked deadly uninteresting ; almost all the bindings were black or dingy brown, with little gilt about them, and the few books I had peeped into were appallingly polysyllabic, — solid pages of print quite destitute of the enlivening quotation mark.

But at eight years one has infinite faith in the possibilities of the world ahead ; the world behind and about one has proved so inexhaustibly satisfying. I sidled up to one of the grown people, and, in a whining voice, as I plainly recall, asked for "something to read." Now that grown person did not point to the lowest shelf, saying, "There are your own stories ; why don't you read *them?*" Not at all. She took in the situation at once. She rose, went to the high bookcase, and, exactly as if she had foreseen the present emergency, laid her hand upon and drew forth from an upper shelf, quite beyond my reach save from a chair, a book, — one of two bound alike in dull lilac, with fine gilt arabesques on the back, and a lovely gilt medallion on each cover. "Here is a picture-book for you," said that inspired grown person, as she thrust into my hand the volume opened at a certain place near the beginning. Then she returned to her work.

I had not time to exclaim, "But I don't see any pictures ! " for already was my eye caught and held.

> "With blackest moss the flower-plots
> Were thickly crusted, one and all ;
> The rusted nails fell from the knots
> That held the pear to the gable wall."

Not see any pictures ? What pictures had I ever seen before one half so rich and alluring ? Pictures set to music, too ; such slow-moving, melancholy music ! I did not know what it was all about, nor did I ask. I cared not to know. Mariana was in the moated grange, — "the lonely moated grange." Fascinating phrase ! She waited there and wept. Somebody would not come. That was enough.

Why she had chosen so undesirable an abode ; why she remained there, shedding such seeming superfluity of tears ; what on earth she was aweary of ; who he was that did not come ; why he stayed away, and what possible good he could have done had he come, I questioned not. Moreover, I believe I should have resented being told. The abstract is mystery, enchantment ; these the concrete kills. Mariana was hopelessness. She had no face, no form. I knew only that she sat and wept. When she looked out, it was "thickest dark." One could not see her then. "He" was yet more vague and negative. All he did was *not to come.* He stood for faithlessness; for the thing you thought was going to happen, and did not happen.

I reveled, all infant that I was, in the dreamy sense of sickening disappointment and despair which breathes through this unspeakable picture, and which every image serves to increase. But how vivid and realistic the images ! Those "broken sheds," — were they not in our back yard ? That dark which "did trance the sky," — whatever that might mean, — it tranced me every summer night when I went to bed without a candle. The "glooming flats," — they lay across our river, and belonged, so far as I knew, to nobody. The Marquis of Carabas might have claimed them all. Then "the sluice with blackened waters," and the "low moon," the "very low" moon. (Thereafter I felt no interest in commonplace high moons.) Above all, that marvelous sixth stanza, which set quivering every poetic fibre in my small soul. For years afterwards, on cool, sleepy autumn days, when "the blue fly sung in the pane" (flies always looked green to me, but no matter), I would thrill at memory of weary Mariana starting at the shrieking mice, watching fearfully for "old faces" to come and "glimmer" at her, listening for "old footsteps" tap-tapping, creak-creaking, on the "upper floors." Oh, was ever

ghost or fairy tale more weirdly formless, yet more definitely suggestive, or more idealistically realistic?

But the beauty of it all, and the point I now wish to make, is that, without knowing any of these big words, or of the bigger ideas which folks try to cram into the words; without knowing what poetry was, or even that such a thing as poetry (technically) existed, I yet got all the good out of Mariana that I could have gotten out of it had I been a hundred years old, and thrice versed in the principles of belles-lettres. All the good, I mean, that the poet himself felt when he wrote it; all the real, intrinsic good of poetry, whose great end — so Keats tells us — is "to lift the thoughts of man."

It goes without saying that at eight years I could not have that experience of life or of my own soul which would have enabled me to apprehend the full reality of the human situation depicted in Mariana. Still, though a small human being, I was a whole one and a normal one; in my little life I had not remained ignorant of hope deferred; also was I well aware that people who make promises oftentimes break them, and that sorrow ensues therefrom.

For the rest, — for that strange, close connection of the outer with the inner world, of the nature that we see with the nature that we feel; for the binding though invisible analogy between our tears and the "dews of even," between the monotony of our spirits and the monotony of Nature's wastes and her calmly recurrent sounds; for that exposition of soul-moods accordant or non-accordant with "gray-eyed morns" or "thick-moted sunbeams," — for these and for a multitude more of sensations that were revelations, I had the poet to thank. In a single short song he had shown me the poetry of earth which "ceaseth never."

And this brings me to my second and chief point, namely (quoting some one whose name and state I wish I could remember), that "that is truly a work of art which may be appreciated simply by being enjoyed." That I did appreciate Mariana long before I had completed my first decade I cannot doubt; the first impression received from it was too striking ever to be forgotten, or misassigned as to date.

Many a time, in the days following that important afternoon, did I clamber up and pull down for myself the violet volume, find my poem, read it and dream over it. Reading it again, years later, I have not experienced a single emotion which was not mine in that sweet primeval time. The emotions, some of them, are stronger, — that is all. The work of art had done its utmost — its highest, that is — upon my childish mind: it had gifted me with the appreciation that comes through enjoyment.

This same principle — for I believe it is a principle, and one that can readily be explained — applies to my more recent reading of Dante. I know no Italian. I do not study the Comedy Divine; I only read it, soak myself in it, enjoy it. And it stands the test, yielding a power of appreciation which makes me not ashamed before those who are students of its mysteries, delvers in its deepest depths.

Also is this true of all other forms of art. The truly, perfectly great picture appeals, and appeals at once, to those who have not the first knowledge of the technicalities of painting. A moderately educated country girl, who had never read one line upon art, nor ever heard artistic subjects discussed, visited the recent Loan Exhibition in New York. She unhesitatingly picked out The Gilder as being the best picture on the walls, and in describing it she used almost the same words as those employed by a certain cultivated person who knows all the galleries of Europe. "You can't think that paint did it," said she. Her enjoyment amounted to appreciation.

I have been especially struck lately with the same thing in regard to yet another art. I am acquainted with at least half a dozen people who, knowing nothing of music, caring less for the piano than for any other instrument, above all abhorring "a piano performance," went, quite unwillingly, to hear Paderewski. Fully expecting to be bored, they were held entranced throughout the long recitals, dreading when the last note should be struck, and they came away the loudest trumpeters of that much-betrumpeted artist. It cannot injure the theory I am advancing to say that a large portion of Paderewski's charm consists in his personality and his magnetic qualities. Of course his personality increases the greatness of what he does, — is an intrinsic

part of it; how could it be otherwise? The performance includes the artist as well as the music he plays. Was not Rembrandt's hand behind the lauded paint, and his brain, or self, behind his hand? At the risk of being charged with triteness, I will say that only great men can do great things. None the less — the more, rather — do the great things speak so loudly, so plainly, that all may hear, and hearing enjoy, and enjoying (for this is the *sine qua non*) appreciate.

A Supplanted Dignitary. — Some one, venturing lately into the labyrinth of international comparison, has said that the crucial difference between an English and an American hotel is that at the former the traveler is at once furnished with warm water for the outer man, and at the latter with iced water for the inner man. This is no doubt a significant divergence of custom, worth following up to the remote psychological diversities of which it is the outcome and the expression. But there is another variation of the arrangements in the American caravansary for travelers from those of its English equivalent which seems even more important in its bearings than the opposite points of view in regard to the use of water. This is the more constant and visible presence at the English hotel of the feminine element. Every one who has read Robert Louis Stevenson's Across the Plains will remember that clever gentleman's imbroglio with the clerk and the clerk's colored male assistant at the hotel at Council Bluffs. One laughed, of course, in reading it, as was intended, but one blushed a little, too, if one were open to conviction in regard to one's country's habits, — as was perhaps also intended. To the weary tourist, with reminiscences in his mind of the ample and motherly female who, with reassuring cap and keys, would graciously meet him at the door or in the hall of an English provincial inn, the aspect of the preoccupied business manager, hedged in behind a barrier-like counter, is somewhat chilling and discountenancing. Yet his, it is needless to remark, is the sole reception our national custom ordains for the hotel guest, of high degree or low, in small town or huge metropolis; unless, indeed, one chooses to consider one's self as received by the porters and bell-boys, who do the business for one's self and one's luggage by getting both inducted, without any nonsense, and as speedily as may be, into the designated number.

It is not only in provincial England, but in good old time houses in the metropolis as well, that this feminine welcome is considered the traveler's due. Sometimes, indeed, it happens that she is a trifle too imposing, this capped and furbelowed housekeeper. Her silks now and then rustle with a richness that emphasizes too strongly one's own travel-stained shabbiness. The laces and bows of her cap and her glittering gold brooch seem to menace a modest purse. But this is not often. The consensus of sensations she gives the arriving guest is, on the whole, agreeable; she represents the settled comfort in things small and obscure that makes the dividing line between civilization and semi-civilization; her supervision is a part of the decorum that belongs to the institutions of our English kindred.

Sitting, one summer evening, not long ago, on the thatched porch of a West Country inn, watching the waves as they rolled in a hundred feet below us and broke against the deep red sandstone cliffs, and chatting over a cigar with an English tourist about the local features of the place, after the fashion of chance acquaintances in unfamiliar regions, my companion remarked upon the undivided sway of our landlady. Her husband, he said, might be seen sitting tranquilly over his newspaper in their small sitting-room off the porch, while she bustled about, attending to the coaching and posting arrangements of her guests no less than to their rooms, their breakfasts, and their luncheons. "And what else should he be doing in the house?" asked our Englishman. "Oh, he might at least send the orders to the stables," I hastened to interpose, fearing that an international comparison was imminent. "Yes, he might do that," was the careless reply; and I breathed a sigh of relief that the catastrophe was averted. To explain laboriously to a Briton of the insular type how New World customs venture to differ from his own is a task unfit for a fair Devonshire evening, when the lingering twilight and the sweet smell from the "heaths starr'd with broom" seem to breathe the very spirit of repose and acquiescence.

The picture of Penelope ruling over her domain in the absence of Ulysses would

lose half its attractiveness without the bevy of handmaidens more dimly outlined in the background of the poet's canvas, and with the tutelar feminine head of the English hotel the case is the same. If her assistants know no secrets of tapestry and of suitors, they are at least thoroughly well versed in the mysteries of those bewilderingly lined and crossed and itemized accounts that contain the records of your bed and board under a confusing multiplicity of heads. But though you may sigh for a decimal system of currency, or for better brains, — according to your habit of finding fault with the world in general, or yourself in particular, — you cannot but approve the manner in which the female clerk has made out your bill : such fair chirography, such faultless memory, and such impeccable arithmetic. They are equaled only by the accent and tone in which you will find yourself answered if you ask a question of this trim assistant of the petticoated major-domo. She is not what one would call a person of general information, as you will find to your cost if you are a tourist of the hurry-skurry stamp, and wish her to tell you how to "do" a castle or a cathedral in no time at all. She may even be put to confusion by a sudden request for a tuppenny-ha'penny stamp, and persist in believing it identical with two ha'penny ones. But then that ever excellent thing in woman, her soft, low voice, — how pleasant it is to ears accustomed to the shriller note of the New World ! And how pleasantly, too, her ready "beg pardon" and "thank you" permeate strictly business discourse ! What an air of breeding they give to the sordid transactions of pounds, shillings and pence ! It is a pity that we ourselves are so lacking in this small coin of civility. We shall, doubtless, some day come to appreciate its value as a circulating medium, and set it flowing with our characteristic lavishness.

It is a curious reversal of custom that has led us to relegate our public housekeeping to the hand that has always spurned the distaff and the thread. Certainly it is a reversal paradoxical to the spirit of an age that more than any other has put the work of the commercial and business world upon feminine shoulders. A proof that we have lost rather than gained by it is that one finds the prevalence of the feminine element so agreeable a feature of the English inns and hotels. Quite as often as "manager" one sees the newly coined "manageress" figure on advertising cards and bill-heads. The term does not imply anything slipshod or unfinished in the household economy. The butler's linen is as glossy and his broadcloth as irreproachable under feminine as under masculine supervision. But not the briskest clerk under the sun can impart the touch of homely comfort and domestic refinement that follow in the train of the housekeeper and her young women assistants, and give one the acceptable impression of being a person, and not a "number" merely.

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HIS VANISHED STAR.

III.

The gloom of the place had a unique underground quality which could hardly be compassed elsewhere by the mere exclusion of daylight. The yellow flare from the open door of the furnace seemed chiefly to serve to render visible the surrounding darkness. The masses of shadow were densely black. Where the firelight smote them they merged reluctantly into expositions of the darkest possibilities of umber and burnt sienna and dismal gradations of duskier brown. The clay wall facing the furnace door at one side, however, glowed with the reddest of terra-cotta hues. Against this the group was outlined, motionless, all eyes turning upon the black aperture of the tunnel along which the faint, wan gleams of Taft's lantern had preceded him. The moonshiners had an air of pretermitting work, and the expectant, receptive attention which characterizes the secluded in colloquy with him from the world without.

There is a certain rapacity in this demand for developments. Withdrawn from the scene of action, it seems as if anything definite and decisive might have happened in the interval of time, when perhaps only combinations of causes are slowly and imperceptibly tending toward the precipitation of the event. When the full-voiced greetings were supplemented by the inquiry for the news, Lorenzo Taft stood for a moment at a loss, conscious of a need of caution in the recital of his suspicions and doubts and indeterminate fears. He sat down on the side of a barrel, looking, in the flickering dusk and the vivid gleams from the furnace, like some able-bodied, overgrown Bacchus, with his flowing yellow hair and beard definite against the terra-cotta wall behind him, his reckless, jovial blue eyes full of life and vigor, and his fair and florid complexion wearing already the deeper flush painted by brush whiskey.

"I dunno 'bout *news*, edzac'ly." He hesitated, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, as if he could hardly summarize so few experiences and impressions for the benefit of the debarred.

"That 's always the way," sarcastically exclaimed Jack Espey, a slight, eager-eyed young man, the impersonation of impatience. "'Renzo don't never hear no news in the Cove; leastwise" — he cast a keen, significant glance at the others — "none ez he air aimin' ter tell agin."

The facial expression of the other men changed subtly, unmistakably. Some strong sentiment of disaffection had evidently been set astir in Taft's absence. As he slowly recognized it, a deep, dismayed gravity fell upon his features, which were as incongruous with his expression for the moment as if they were merely component parts of some jovial mask. It was a petrified look, as if he had suddenly beheld the Gorgon Head of Trouble.

The other men said nothing, maintain-

ing a sort of wary attention inimical in its close receptivity. The suggestion had communicated instant fire to certain inflammable suspicions and antagonisms. All the work about the still was given over for the nonce, and Lorenzo Taft had a certain overpowering realization of being brought suddenly to judgment, without a moment in which to take account with himself and his agile duplicities and perfect his defense.

There were four of the moonshiners besides Lorenzo Taft. Their aspect had so little in common that one might wonder at the cohesive property of the enterprise to hold them together, were it not for the opportunity of profit so rare in these mountain communities, and the great and ever-present dangers of the law that served to cement their association when once they had fallen into the toils of the illicit worm. One, in his shirt-sleeves, was beyond middle age, bearded and grizzled and grave, with a sedate eye, hard, callous hands, and a steady look as if he might be trusted to do a good deal of hard work by sheer force of industrial momentum when once about it. He had distilled much liquor against the law in his time, and even had an experience in such matters antedating the obnoxious whiskey tax. His was a sober, trusted judgment in questions of pomace and mash, singlings and doublings, and the successes of the manufacture were his. Another had a downy lip, full, petulant, passionate; a large blue eye, deeply bloodshot; a tousle of light curling hair; an overgrown, large-jointed look, — a mere boy, despite his thickened utterance, his shaking hand, and his frequent reference to a jug down amongst the shadows which the others left almost untouched. A far more dangerous personality was exemplified in the keen-eyed man, of about twenty-five, called Jack Espey. He had a wild, alert, aggressive look, widely opened bluish-gray eyes, full of reflections of the world without, straight black hair, a drooping mustache, a fair complexion, a square jaw, and about him was the unmistakable presage of dying with his boots on. He wore a white wool hat set far back on his head, a blue shirt, and blue jeans trousers, and he clasped both his hands across one knee above his long spurred boot, while he sat on a shelf of the rock, half in the shadow and half in the light. The gleam fell on the handle of the knife in his belt and his pistols, which he did not lay aside to assist in the work. Yet it was not toward him that Taft, surprised and overtaken, cast the first covert glance of anxiety and deprecation. A smiling, dark-eyed gaze fixed upon his face shook his confidence, in that moment of detection. The smile was not one of pleasure, but Larrabee's eyes were seldom without it. It was tinged with a suggestion of contempt; it was habitually slow; it seemed rather an unintentional emanation from the spirit within than a means of communication with others of his kind. He smiled, as it were, to himself. He had a pale, clear-cut, intelligent face, with fine straight features, dark eyes, and short auburn hair. He was about twenty three or four years of age, lean but strongly built, and tall, and was dressed in brown jeans, with great rough boots. He had a certain inactive, lounging aspect, and laid aside with a reluctant gesture the worn New Testament which he had been laboriously reading as he sat close to the door of the furnace and caught its glimmers.

"Naw," reiterated the keen, eager Espey, with what he intended to be a sneer, but which was instead a snort of indignation, "ef 'Renzo hears enny news, he ain't rememberin' ter sheer it with we-uns; he keeps it from us, moles o' the yearth that we be!"

He dropped his voice dramatically. The others, with a hot sense of injury, gazed with glowing eyes upon Taft.

"Why, look-a-hyar," Taft felt impelled to defend himself, "what is it I ain't told ez ye want ter know?"

There was a close understanding among the "moles o' the yearth," for the united accusation about to be voiced was withheld as Larrabee fixed his ever-smiling eyes upon him and held up his warning hand.

"Waal, 'Renzo, what *is* the news ye hev tole hyar?"

It was the pride of intellect which illumined his face, that ineffable sense of power which a conscious mental superiority bestows. The smile in his eyes extended to his lips; he laughed a little, showing his strong white teeth, and there was something craftily brilliant in his expression as he looked down and turned the Testament in his hands, and looked up and laughed again.

"Yes," exclaimed Espey rancorously, "ye purtend ter go out an' see nuthin' an' hear nuthin'. I reckon ye air 'feared we 'll git skeered too easy, an' light out an' leave the still, an' sech; so ye tell weuns nuthin' 'bout sech ez ye meet up with. Jes' ondertake ter jedge fur us an' gin us no warnin' nor nuthin'" —

Larrabee broke in suddenly: "*We* 'll ondertake ter tell you-uns the news, 'Renzo Taft, though we do be 'moles o' the yearth'! *Thar 's a stranger in the Cove!*"

A large, imposing personality is at a peculiar disadvantage when overtaken by disaster. Lorenzo Taft felt detected in every fibre, and he was conscious of comprising a good many pounds avoirdupois of culprit as he sat arraigned before them all. He could only look from one to the other in flushed doubt and anxiety as to how much they knew of what he had his own reasons to conceal.

"He air 'bidin' down at old Lucy Tems's house; an' ez ye sot out ter go thar this evenin', ye air 'bleeged ter hev viewed him," persisted Larrabee.

"Oh, I viewed him," said Lorenzo Taft, the steadiness of his fixed gaze beginning to waver somewhat as he sought to assume a more incidental manner, in the midst of his amazement to hear the details of his visit to the Tems cabin from these "moles o' the yearth," miles away in the rain and the mist and the darkness, and locked up in the denser medium of the depths of the solid ground.

"I 'll tell ye his name," continued Larrabee, his eyes still smiling, but the curves of his mouth fierce, and his breath coming fast. "His name is Kenn'ston, or sech."

A wild, confusing fear of supernatural agency in this knowledge had begun to pervade Taft's consciousness. Then he caught himself suddenly.

"Ye mus' hev hearn on *him* whenst *he* war hyar afore," he said.

"Hyar afore!" exclaimed the anxious-eyed men in concert.

"He be the man ez 'lows ter build some sort'n tavern in the Cove, or sech like. Ye mus' hev hearn 'bout him."

A silence ensued. "That war 'way las' year," the elder moonshiner said at last.

"He 'pears ter go powerful slow," said the boy, disaffected and incredulous.

As the grizzled old distiller pondered on the matter, the perplexed wrinkles and lines of his worn face were painful to see. "Ye be right sure he ain't no revenuer nor nuthin'?" he asked anxiously, subordinating his own judgment.

"Great Gosh, naw!" exclaimed Taft with a resonant, confident note. This idea, so at variance with his knowledge of Kenniston's plans, had not occurred to him. He broke out into a sonorous laugh at the fears which for the first time he comprehended. "Revenuer!" he cried contemptuously. "Moonshining would be a powerful slick bizness ef revenuers war sech ez him!"

The sense of relief induced a slackening of the tension among the others. They too laughed, albeit a trifle constrainedly, and glanced consciously from one to the other. But Larrabee turned the Testament back and forth doubtfully in his hands, and asked suddenly, without looking up, "Then, why n't ye tell

'bout him a-fust, ef ye did n't want us not ter know 'bout him, — jes' ez news ? "

Taft was silent for an instant. But the sense of partial success is a prophetic element in the completion of triumph, and, with an irreflective dash at the nearest means of exculpation without full disclosure, he replied precipitately : —

"News ! I did n't count *him* no news. Sech ez him don't count much whenst a man 's a-goin' a-courtin'."

The silence with which this was received was expressive of extreme surprise. The crackle of the furnace fuel, the roar of the flames, the rush of the air along one of the unseen shafts near by that had some immediate communication with the outer atmosphere, and sustained a strong current through the connecting drift, even the continuous dripping from the worm, each made itself conspicuous in the absence of other sound.

Jack Espey had suddenly lifted one spurred boot to his knee, and was affecting to examine the rowel. "Who be ye a-courtin' thar at old Cap'n Lucy's ? " he gruffly demanded, but with an offhand manner.

The steady look which Larrabee fixed upon Taft was, however, not incidental. The blood rushed to Taft's head. He had not dreamed of this complication. He saw that his answer meant far more to each of them than to him. And yet it was a difficult answer to give. He could not even seem to hesitate, and he must needs decide his fate at chance medley.

"Ad'licia ! " he blurted out at a venture. Then, as the recollection of the handsome, silent Julia came over him with the inevitable sense of comparison, a pang seized his utilitarian heart ; for since an excuse for his silence as to the details of his visit must needs be framed, and a stepmother be chosen in such haste, why could he not have bethought himself of the beauty ? The fact that others were touched by this matter, of which he had so suddenly a subtle perception, rendered his decision extra hazardous. His own natural interest, his swift regret for his choice, which was likely to ensue in any event since his feelings were not involved, dulled his observation for the moment. It was the least fraction of time which he had failed to improve, but when his discerning, covert gaze sought the faces of the other two men it could tell him naught of what he wished to know. Jack Espey still sedulously examined the rowel of his spur lifted to his knee, and Larrabee's eyes were fastened upon the worn book which he turned in his hands.

"I reckon I 'm mighty welcome ter my ch'ice of Ad'licia," Taft said ruefully to himself. "Ad'licia 'd stand no sort'n chance with young fellers sech ez them, alongside o' sech a lookin' gal ez Julia."

The instinct strong in ambitious human nature to enter the lists for a prize stirred within him, albeit it was merely his own fancy that rated Julia at this phenomenal value. Fictitious though it was, it belittled Adelicia in his estimation. However, the die was cast. He had openly avowed his preference, and it was hardly to be presumed that the arrogant Julia would suffer herself to be second choice to one of her own household. The possibility of defeat from any objection to him on the part of the lady never occurs to a man of that type. In his bluff vanity, a concomitant of his other hardy attributes, he thought he had only to choose. And he had chosen. He began to seek to reconcile himself to his selection. It would not be judicious to have a rivalry in a matter of this sort — of which young men are apt to make so much — between himself and members of his gang ; more especially Espey, who was dangerous because of his hot head, and Larrabee, who was dangerous because of his cool head. And then Adelicia was of an easy, acquiescent, optimistic temperament, and was likely to put up more readily with the two children, Joe

and Cornelia. He astutely reflected that it would probably require all the optimism attainable in the Cove to put up with "Sis." He began to feel that he was very lucky, or rather instinctively and intuitively sagacious, to have made such a choice at a snap shot. A troublous household would the determined and doubtless exacting beauty make of it. "Sp'iled ter death, I expec', by Luther an' old Lucy; nare one of 'em dunno *how* ter say 'no' ter nuthin' she sets her head ter, I reckon. An' I ain't no young feller, nohow, ter go danglin' arter the purtiest gal in the kentry, pickin' out a second ch'ice fur a wife. Ad'licia hain't got no home, bein' jes' Cap'n Lucy's niece, an' I reckon she 'd be glad an' pleased ter hev a house o' her own, with nuthin' ter do but ter keep blinders on Sis 'bout'n the still an' sech, an' set her a-sewin' or a-hoein' till she gits some growth an' jedgmint." He began to pluck up. "Purty is ez purty does. Air one o' them boys is welcome to Julia!"

Then a sudden thought smote him.

"'Pears ter me I oughter hev a corn-sider'ble gredge agin you-uns," his big voice boomed out with all its sonorous confidence once more. "I kem hyar arter goin', ez ye knowed, ter Tems's, an' durned ef ye don't haul me over the coals like ez ef I hed hearn suthin' ez I did n't want you-uns ter know."

"So ye did, so ye did!" said Espey eagerly. "Ye did n't 'low fur we-uns ter know ez that man war hyar agin surely settin' out ter build his tavern or sech. 'Kase ef sech a many folks war stirrin' in the Cove, we-uns would be 'feared they 'd nose us out 'fore long, an' quit the still."

Lorenzo Taft's face once more grew stony, as if he beheld some petrifying prospect not included in the range of vision of the natural eye.

"I reckon I hev got ez much call ter be 'feared ez you-uns," he protested. "I dunno ez enny o' you-uns hev sarved out a prison term fur illicit distillin' but me."

The others stirred uneasily at the mere mention of the possibility, their faces, stricken with a deep gravity, all illumined by the brilliant flare of the flames springing up anew; for the grizzled elderly man was busying himself in replenishing the fire. The wall of red earth on one side, on the other the wall of dark gray rock, alternating with lighter tints where the blastings had riven its close texture; the heavy supporting timbers made of great tree boles (what sordid translation from the noble forests without, where the unstricken of their kindred still towered toward the stars, and sang with the winds, and received glad gifts from the seasons in springing sap and spreading leaf, in acorn and cone, and kept a covenant with time registering the years in mystic rings in their inmost hearts!); the black aperture of the tunnel on one hand, and opposite a mysterious recess leading beyond; even a rat, and his elongated shadow, which, augmented into frightful proportions, sped after him in a mimic chase across the trampled red clay floor, — all became visible in detail. The disorder of the immediate surroundings, the barrels, the tubs, the sacks full of meal, the great wood pile, the rotting refuse of the pomace in heaps waiting to be cast down into the half-submerged shaft close at hand, the copper still itself, and the spiral worm and its adjuncts made a definite impression hitherto lost in the gloom. The shadows of the mountaineers doubled their number, as they sat, grave and absorbed, and gazed at the deep red and yellow and vivid white flare within the furnace. They seemed to wait in silence until the ill-fitting door clanged again, as if their senses recognized an added safety in the gloom which was not approved by their judgment.

As the door closed the elder distiller spoke.

"I dunno ez I hanker ter sarve no prison term," he said lugubriously. "An' I kin see full plain ez this hyar still will

hev ter quit ef the Cove gits full o' valley folks. We-uns will hev ter move, sure!"

"Move whar?" demanded Taft. "I been a-movin' afore. That 's how kem I lef' Piomingo Cove, whar the revenue folks knowed me better."

There was another long silence.

"Burn him out!" exclaimed Jack Espey violently, bringing the foot which he had held on his knee down to the ground with a vehemence that made the spurs jingle. "Let *him* move! Burn his shanty every time he gits it started."

Lorenzo Taft recoiled. The glimmer from the crevices of the furnace door made a dull red twilight about him, as he sat on the barrel against the red wall. The suggestion was not new to his mind. He had not intended, however, that it should take root amongst the moonshiners and augment their jeopardy. He thought that, if he were any judge of character, Kenniston would soon have enemies enough here. The stranger was already busy in antagonizing Captain Lucy, — an early collision was inevitable. This catastrophe to the building might be presumed to be the natural outcome of their wrangles, and he would fain have silently awaited this interpretation of the event. As to the old mountaineer he felt no qualms of conscience; Captain Lucy was amply able to take care of himself.

This was the trend of Lorenzo Taft's plan, — the reason of his avoidance of the subject of the stranger. How or why his expectation should have miscarried he could not for the life of him see. The man had before been in the Cove. His presence would soon be an ordinary accepted fact. Fate merely would seem to harass Kenniston and his plans. Fire is a dangerous element in building, nevertheless requisite, in the tinner's, the plumber's, even the paper-hanger's art, and a conflagration in remote places is a terrible thing. Kenniston would become discouraged after a time, and desist.

But Lorenzo Taft had never intended that this work should be through the united means of moonshiners. Five men were too many to keep the secrets of arson. The art of moonshining is necessarily worked with numbers, but the fire-bug's must needs be a solitary trade. He could not see the rift in his logic. How *had* they taken the alarm?

He marked with secret fear how the suggestion fared. Larrabee, who had begun again to read by the sharp, knife-like gleam from the furnace door, caught upon the page on his knee, as he sat close beside it, looked up with a keen, pondering face, his finger still on the line along which it was wont to guide his wavering comprehension. Surely he found no thoughts in its wake responsive to the idea now astir in his active, untaught brain. Law-breaking is a progressive evil. If he had not been engaged in the crime of illicit distilling, — which has, however, its apologists from the mere standpoint of economics, who plead the inherent right of a man to use his own corn and fruit to serve his own advantage, — this further iniquity of the destruction of the property of another could not have found lodgment in his consideration, for he was not naturally a cruel man, nor wicked. But in the depths of the earth, working at an unlawful vocation, in jeopardy of his liberty and in fear of his life, viewing the world only in transient glimpses in the midst of a backwoods community, and sustaining in effect an assumed character, that of a slothful farmer, an ignorant man's mind, however good the native essence, is not likely to develop fairly; and he may read the New Testament, as indeed those wiser and better than he have done, as a matter of literary interest and excitement, with not a thought of personal application.

The half-drunken boy pulled himself out of his semi-recumbent position on the floor.

"That 's the dinctum, by Gawd!" he exclaimed, his solemn red face swollen and somnolent of expression. "Burn

him out! Burn him out! Make *him* move! Kindle up a leetle hell around him!"

He broke out with a wild, hiccoughing laugh, singing in a queer falsetto, —

"'Ladybug, Ladybug, fly to your home!
Your house is on fire'" —

ending in a shrill cackle of derision and a quavering whoop.

"Shet up, sonny!" said the veteran moonshiner, who seldom interfered save upon a question of work. Even he turned from the examination of the fermentation of a tub of mash which had been in question, his lantern in his hand, and a slow smile of discovery in the perplexed, anxious wrinkles of his wooden face. "I reckon our fire would last ez long ez his buildin' timber."

There was not a protest amongst them. Lorenzo Taft, more dismayed than he could at once realize, again marveled how they had taken the sudden alarm.

"Ye ain't never tole me yit how it air ez you-uns fund out, sence I been gone this evenin', ez thar war a stranger in the Cove, an' how ye knowed 't war this hyar Kenn'ston down at Tems's."

There was a sudden volley of laughter, and Larrabee closed his book with a bang of triumph.

"Our turn now! Jack, *he* wants ter hear the news!" he called out to Espey.

"Ye mought ez well s'arch the henhouse fur teeth ez ter kem hyar ter weuns, 'way down in the ground, axin' fur news!" protested Jack sarcastically.

A frown was gathering on Taft's face. He no longer had the incentive to self-command which the welfare of a plot requires. His plot was shattered; the event was out of his control, at the uncovenanted mercy of the future. It was almost sheerly from the force of curiosity that he pressed the question: —

"How *did* ye know, ennyhow?"

Perhaps he might not have been enlightened save for Larrabee's relish for detailing the circumstances, in the paucity of incident and interest in their underground career.

"Waal," he began in a narrative tone, and they all composed themselves to listen. Even the old drudge decanted a jug of doublings into a keg with marked speed of manner, and shuffled up into the circle, where he seated himself on a broken-backed chair, which, since he could not lean backward, rendered him fain to lean forward, his elbows on his knees, — "waal, this evenin', it bein' sorter lonesome down hyar, — I knowed 't war goin' ter rain, — I felt sorter like 't would be toler'ble pleasant ter read in my book."

He paused in pride; the respect of the others for this accomplishment was visible on their faces; it might be said to be almost tangible.

"I could n't find it, though, nowhar; an' I s'arched an' s'arched. An' suddint I 'membered I hed lef' it on the counter in the store. So knowin' 't war nigh dark, an' nobody likely ter be stirrin', I went up inter the suller an' listened; an' ez I hearn nuthin', I went up the ladder inter the room. Ye know I felt plumb safe, fur I thunk the door war locked on the outside."

"Waal, war n't it?" asked Taft, with a swift look of alarm.

"*It war n't locked at all;* fur, ez I stood thar, — I hed jes' by accident shet the door o' the counter up an' the suller, — the door of the room opened."

Taft's breath was fast. He had himself unlocked the door before he came down to the still. He could have sworn it.

"The door opened, an' a leetle gal kem in," Larrabee went on.

Taft's dismayed eyes were fixed unblinkingly upon him.

"Ye did n't tell her nuthin'!" he exclaimed, for he recognized the avenging "Sis" without description.

Larrabee laughed at the reminiscence of the humors of the situation.

"I war fit ter drap down dead with pure skeer at the sight o' her! But I

sorter held up by the counter, an' I say, 'I kem ter see 'Renzo Taft, — yer dad, I reckon.' An' she owned up ter it. An' I say, 'I 'lowed he kep' the door o' the sto' locked.' An' she say, 'He do. I thunk 't war locked.' 'I reckon not,' I say, 'fur I could n't hev walked in ef he hed locked it.' An' she say, 'I could n't hev locked it *good*, agin. I *onlocked* it this evenin' with my grandmam's key what I brung from her house."

Lorenzo Taft gasped. The idea of old Mrs. Jiniway's keys unlocking his helpless doors gave him a sense of the futility of concealment from the prying feminine eye which nothing else could so adequately compass.

"An' then," continued Larrabee, with another burst of laughter, — Taft did not think "Sis" half so funny, — "I axed her what ailed her ter open the door of her dad's store whilst he war gone. She looked like she hed a mind not to say another word. But she tuk another notion, — I reckon she did n't like ter be faulted, — an' 'lowed ez a strange man hed rid by; an' his horse bein' turrible fractious and hard-mouthed, the bit hed bruk in the critter's mouth, an' he wanted ter buy another. So Sis tried ter open the door, and done it, with her granny's key. An' she sold him a bit. She said he war powerful saaft-spoken an' perlite, ez ef she 'lowed *I war n't!* An' that gin me a chance ter ax her what he said. An' she tole his name, an' the word ez he war 'bidin' at Tems's, — fur Sis axed him. He got away with mighty leetle that Sis hed enny cur'osity 'bout."

Lorenzo Taft listened in silent despair. Disaster seemed closing about him. Certainly this was a field for a stepmother. Adelicia could not take the enterprising "Sis" in hand a moment too soon.

"How much did she want to know 'bout *you-uns* that *ye* didn't tell?" demanded Taft.

"Waal, I fell in line, an' wanted ter buy suthin', too. I purtended I wanted ter buy a pound o' nails. Sis weighed 'em out fur me, — gin me mighty scant measure, — an' then I 'lowed I would wait ter see you-uns, an' I sot down in a cheer. An' she sent Joe ter set with me, — ter see I never stole nuthin' o' the gear, I reckon, — an' went off in the t'other room ter spinnin', ter jedge by the sound o' the wheel. An' Joe drapped off ter sleep, an' arter a while I croped down hyar agin. I reckon she 'lowed, when she missed me, ez I got tired an' went away."

Taft, anxiously canvassing the probabilities, could but deem this more than likely. He began to breathe freely. The girl was too young to critically observe any departure from the usual routine, or to reason about the matter. He doubted if she would know what moonshining was, or could draw any inference from the fact of concealment should their precautions chance to fall under her notice. Not that he intended, however, to submit them to this jeopardy. The finding and fitting of old Mrs. Jiniway's key to the door, in order that the sale of the bit might not be lost, savored too much of a precocious intelligence to be needlessly trusted. "Sis will bear watchin'," he said to himself, unaware that this was a mutual conclusion.

For early rising was one of the virtues inculcated in old Mrs. Jiniway's rule of life. Cornelia Taft was awake betimes the following morning, — a dawn full of rain, of gray mist veiling the mountains, of low clouds, of heavy, windless air. She saw its melancholy gleams through the crevices of the clapboards of the roof above her head and the batten shutter close by her bed. She knew that these fugitive glimmers were brighter than the dull day slowly breaking without, from the contrast with the deep tones of intervenient shadow. She lay looking at them for a time with this thought in her mind, and then she leaned forward and

opened the shutter. It was as she had fancied: the dusk was almost visible, like a brown mist that seemed subtle and elusive, and always vaguely withdrew whenever the eye would fain dwell upon it. A great elm grew just without the window and hung high above the roof. Its leaves were all lustrous and deeply green with the moisture; the graceful bole and branches were darker and more definite than their wont. A bird's-nest was in a crotch. She turned her head to hear the sleepy chirp of nestlings. She wondered that Joe had not rifled it, — only because he had not observed it, she felt sure. "That boy don't take notice o' nuthin'," she commented acridly upon her senior. The next moment her own powers of observation were brought into play. She heard steps, voices, a loud laugh, and before she could experience either fear or surprise very definitely two or three men passed out of the house, under the elm-tree, and down the road, vanishing in the mist. She recognized one of them as the man who had so suddenly appeared in the store the day before; another she had never seen; the third was very young and very drunk.

Despite the sanctimonious atmosphere that had characterized Mrs. Jiniway's domicile, the doings of the derelict had always been commented upon with the freedom affected by those who are subject neither to the temptation nor the transgression. Few gossips were better informed upon current affairs than she and her youthful charge; and it might be safe to say that, to all intents and purposes, a United States marshal knew no more about the revenue laws as applied to illicit distilling than did Miss Cornelia Taft.

Her small mind received a great enlightenment as she watched the young moonshiner reel down the road with his two companions, and then she leaned forward and softly and deftly closed the shutter as before.

IV.

The day proved of variable mood. The mists clung sullenly to slope and ravine for a time; the clouds hung low, full of menace; even a muttering of thunder afar off now and again stirred their dense gray masses. The veiled mountains were withdrawn into invisibility. Below, the earth lay as if it consisted only of dull levels, limited, silent, comatose, for the dank, drowsy influence pervaded all energies alike of the animate and the inanimate; there was no sound of beast or bird, no stir of wind or rustle of leaf, and a lethargy dulled pulse and muscle and brain.

The sunburst came with the effect of revelation. A vague tremor pervaded the tissues of the gray mists, and all at once a great white glory was on the green mountain sides. The vast spaces to the blue zenith were filled with radiant flying fleecy forms as the transfigured vapor took wing. Far in the south the gray cloudage still held its consistency, and trembled with thunder and sudden elusive palpitating veins of yellow lightning. But the lithe arc of a rainbow presently sprang athwart it, and the wind came gayly piping down the gorge. In the actual perceptible jubilance of the earth, it might seem that the miracles of the goodness and the gladness of the sun were no common thing. There was a visible joy among the leaves as they fluttered together, and lifted up their dank fibres, and lustrously reflected the pervasive sheen, and tremulously murmured and chanted in elfin wise beneath the breath. How was it that the plaining river should suddenly find its melodies again, as if light and song were interdependent? A tumultuous, rollicking stave it flung upon the air; and so, faster to the valley! The benignant revivification was on the very flocks; the dull, submissive sheep, huddled drowsily together in the gray menace of the morning, were astir once more, and scattered here and there as

they browsed. Even Luther was singing in the barn as he mended his plough-gear. All day the swift upward flights of the sheeny white figures continued at intervals, and when Adelicia set forth to drive the cows home, in the afternoon, only the more radiant aspects of the world gave token of the storm of the night. She hardly left the print of her shoe in the wild woodland ways through which she wandered, so had the warmth and the light dried the dank herbage. She was out betimes. There was something in the long, meditative strolls that harmonized with certain moods, and Captain Lucy sometimes sourly commented, "Ad'licia gone ter fotch home the cows? Waal, who be a-goin' ter fotch home Ad'licia?"

It might be an hour before Spot would think of turning her crumpled horns homeward. The sun shone aslant through the vast forests, but still hung well up in the western sky. Through the deeper gloom amongst the gigantic trees the rays hardly penetrated. She stopped once to gaze from the midst of the dark green shade of the umbrageous tangle at the strange effects of the light where it fell into an open space cleared long ago by "girdling" the trees, which betokened collapsed agricultural intentions, for the ground had never been broken by ploughshare. The enormous dead trees were still standing, and time and rain and wind had worn them to a pallid whiteness. She could see the successive clusters of columns, one after another, rising in the sunlight, until the roofing foliage nearer at hand cut off the view. To Kenniston's cultured experience they were reminiscent of the colonnades of some great cathedral, when he had observed the place and the same effect. She had naught in mind to which she could compare them, but those white, silent, columnated aisles in the midst of the savage fastnesses of the great wilderness always impressed her with a certain solemnity, as she passed, and she was wont to pause to gaze at the spot in awe and with a vague sinking of the heart; for, despite her optimism, Adelicia's heart was not always light. She was sensible of its weight this evening, as she wandered on, leaving the still, white sanctuary in the midst of the forest glooms. Her face was wistful and pale. Her dark gray lustrous eyes were dreamy. She walked slowly and aimlessly, her brown dress brushing the undergrowth aside with a gentle murmur, her yellow calico sunbonnet hanging on her shoulders and leaving her auburn head bare. Her errand was far from her mind. She did not even bethink herself to call the cow, until suddenly she noticed how high upon the great boles of the trees the slanting sunlight registered the waning of the day. Then, as she set the echoes vibrating with the long-drawn cry of "Soo, cow! soo!" she turned at right angles, following the trend of the mountain stream, invisible in the labyrinth of the woods, but not far distant she knew by the vague murmur of waters borne by the wind. She had looked for no other listener than the somewhat arbitrary Spot, who would heed or not as she listed, and who might now be standing knee-deep in the limpid ripples near at hand, hearkening, but making no response, intending to fare home at her own good pleasure. But the long, musical, mellow call, with its trailing echoes, attracted other and more receptive attention, and as Adelicia turned suddenly into a straighter section of the path she saw at the end of the vista, before it curved again, standing beneath a tree and with his face toward her, a man apparently listening and waiting for her.

He had dismounted from his horse, a light-tinted yellow roan, who stood as still as if he were of bronze, while his master leaned against the saddle, with his hand on the bridle. He held the other arm akimbo, with his hand on the belt which supported a knife and a pair of pistols. They were unconcealed by a

coat, for he wore only a blue shirt and blue jeans trousers, with heavy boots drawn to the knees; and she recognized him rather by his accoutrements than his face, for his wide white wool hat was pulled far over it. From under the broad brim he gazed at her with sullen, lowering eyes.

"I hearn ye callin' the cow, an' I knowed yer voice," he said. "I been waitin' fur ye."

She faltered for a moment; then, with an evident effort, quickened her step and went forward to meet him. She apprehended the anger in his face, apparently, for there was a disarming, deprecating look in her clear dark eyes as she cast them up at him. Her yellow sunbonnet hardly served more for shelter than an aureola might have done, — a background for her auburn head; her dark brown dress and the green shadows of the trees added a pallor to her white oval face with its small delicate chin. He did not heed her appealing gaze. It was with a stern, hard voice that he spoke, and a fiery eye.

"I hev got a word ter say ter ye, Ad'licia," he began, walking slowly by her side and leading his horse, the reins thrown over his arm and his uplifted hand near the bit.

The animal's head was close above his shoulder, and as Adelicia met the creature's large-eyed and liquid gaze it seemed to her as if she were doubly arraigned before them both.

"Ye need n't ter try ter fool me," said Jack Espey between his teeth.

"I ain't tryin' ter fool ye," protested Adelicia.

He looked at her narrowly, taking note of her evident discomposure, and placing disastrous construction upon it.

"Ye 'low ye kin fool me 'thout tryin', I reckon," he said, with a sarcastic smile.

"I ain't a-foolin' ye," gasped Adelicia. "Ye know — why, *ye know* I ain't!"

He hesitated, half constrained to believe her. He still gazed searchingly at her from under the broad brim of his hat. Her wild, agitated look made him doubtful.

"Now, ye jes' ondertake ter fool me," he continued, with an accession of angry jealousy, "an' " — he laid his hand on the pistol in his belt — "I 'll ondertake ter shoot ye dead on the spot."

The color surged to her face. The tears rushed to her eyes. A sharp conflict waged in her heart for a moment, and then she walked on beside him, pale, composed, silent, as if she were alone in the depths of the primeval wilderness.

Only the sound of the stir of the saddle with the breathing of the horse as the animal tramped on behind them, their muffled footfalls barely perceptible on the thick herbage of the cattle path, the light whisper of the wind in the leaves, broke the pause, while Jack Espey's touch trembled on the handle of the pistol as he walked beside her.

Her calmness shook his own composure.

"Ad'licia!" he exclaimed petulantly, but with an evident softening of his fierce mood, "why n't ye say suthin'? Why n't ye say suthin' ter me?"

"I dunno what ter say," she responded coolly.

"Ye know what I want ter hear," he declared passionately.

"'T ain't no use ter say it agin." She turned upon him her eyes, soft and lustrous, like some brownish-greenish moss in the depths of a crystal spring. "I done said it an' said it."

His hand released the pistol, and pushed his hat far back on his dark hair with a hasty gesture of impatience. Then, with a sudden calmness, "Ad'licia, ye ought n't ter git mad with me! Ye ought n't ter git mad so dad-burned easy!"

"Mebbe I ought n't," she said, with a note of sarcasm in her vibrant voice. Her eyes were bright, her cheek flushed.

"'T ain't right," he continued didactically. "'T ain't religious." He looked at her with grave, admonitory eyes.

"Mebbe 't ain't," she responded. She

laughed a little, unmirthfully, and her lip quivered.

He strode on a few steps in silence, at a loss for words of explanation. He dreaded and deferred it, and yet he longed for its possible reassurance. As his thoughts canvassed its probabilities, he broke out tumultuously once more:

"I hev got good reason ter b'lieve ye air foolin' me, — good reason, I tell ye, now, Ad'licia!"

"Good reason agin my word?" she demanded, her pride in her eyes.

He stared at her. "A gal's word!" he said lightly, and then he laughed. As a guaranty it struck him humorously. "I reckon thar ain't many men ez would be willin' ter stand or fall by sech."

"Ye set store by it wunst," she said humbly.

"'T war when ye promised ter marry me," he declared precipitately, unconsciously showing that it was the prospect which he had valued without trusting the promise. "An' I want ye ter 'bide by it, too," he sternly added, suddenly perceiving that it was not policy to adduce too freely precedents as to the friability of feminine promises.

She shook her head, regardless of his keen, fiery eye. "I ain't goin' ter marry nobody, I reckon," she said slowly. "Ye 'll shoot me dead fust, some day, in one o' yer tantrums."

"Ye ain't a-goin' ter marry 'Renzo Taft, an' that I tell ye, now. I 'll shoot ye fust, sure!" he cried furiously, his eyes blazing upon her.

The look in her face checked his passionate rage. An utter wonderment, a deep bewilderment, overspread it as she echoed, "*'Renzo Taft!* The man over yander at Lost Time mine? War ye a-talkin' 'bout *him?*"

He controlled himself instantly, although his eyes were all ashine and alertly restless.

"Who war you-uns a-thinkin' 'bout, Ad'licia?" he asked gently and incidentally.

"Jasper Larrabee, o' course," she answered innocently.

He could only grind a curse between his teeth, and then he was speechless for a moment.

"I dunno nare nuther good-lookin' young man in the Cove," continued Adelicia, girlishly talking on, oblivious of the significance of her disclosures. "Though I b'lieve Jasper ain't studyin' 'bout sech ez marryin'. He jes' kems thar toler'ble frequent ter read out'n his book ter Cap'n Lucy. He kin read powerful well. Cap'n Lucy 'lows he senses the Gorspel better from Jasper's readin' 'n the rider's, 'kase whenst he don't onderstan' he kin make Jasper stop an' spell it out an' read it over. An' sometimes" — she broke into a little dimpling laugh — "whenst the Gorspel goes agin Cap'n Lucy's policy an' practice, he makes Jasper spell an' *spell*, an' yit them times he can't spell it out to suit Cap'n Lucy. But it 's plumb heartsome ter hear Jasper read of a stormy night," she added, recalling the one spiritual pleasure of her stunted, starveling spiritual life.

As she glanced at his face, there was something so gruesome, so strange, in its expression that she was fain to remonstrate. "Ye 'pear powerful techy, Jack," she said. "Ez ter 'Renzo Taft, it 's jes' old uncle Lucy's foolishness; an' I wish he 'd quit it, too! Though 't ain't no harm, nuther. Uncle Lucy jes' makes out ez 'Renzo Taft air arter me or Julia fur a stepmammy fur his leetle gal, an' it tickles him ter talk 'bout'n it, — it 's so foolish! Why, Jack, 'Renzo Taft is old enough purty nigh ter be *my* dad; an' — he ain't ugly, edzac'ly — but, but — no wise desirable. Cap'n Lucy air always peckin' at me fur puttin' myself out ter obligate other folks, but I ain't so powerful meek-tempered ez ter marry 'Renzo Taft ter be a stepmammy. Though he ain't axed me, nor nobody else ez I knows on. An' I ain't got nuthin' agin him."

He walked on beside her, hardly listening, and scarcely caring what she said or thought of Taft. For him, at the moment, Jasper Larrabee, and his gift of reading the Scriptures and interpreting them to Captain Lucy's satisfaction and her humble and incidental pleasure, filled all the horizon. His jealousy had taken a new lease on life with this more promising object, and with the surer foundation of what she said of Larrabee rather than of what Taft said of her. He hardly heeded her presence as he sought to gather together his faculties. He did not even feel the clumsy caress of the horse now and again rubbing his head against his master's shoulder, as he minced along behind him, accommodating his long stride to the shorter compass of the human step. The young man's eyes were hot; they seemed to burn the dry lids, as he gazed down through the cool leafy vistas of the forest; but his voice was calm enough when he suddenly said to her: —

"Ad'licia, ef ye keered ennything 'bout me wuth talkin' 'bout, ye 'd marry me now."

The placidity which her face had resumed as she had talked disappeared abruptly. She was once more anxious, disquieted, on the brink of tears.

"Ye know, Jack," she expostulated, "I can't marry agin Cap'n Lucy's word."

"Ye would ef ye keered a straw, a bare straw."

"Cap'n Lucy jes' say, 'Wait awhile.' It 's jes' 'awhile,' else I would go agin his cornsent."

"Ye don't keer," he reiterated dolorously, for her protest was welcome to him.

"Cap'n Lucy jes' say," she went on very fast, "jes' wait till that man ez youns shot in Tanglefoot Cove gits well. He 'll git well, I reckon. Ye said he war powerful hearty an' big. Cap'n Lucy say he ain't goin' ter lemme marry a man ez mought be tried fur his life, ef he kin holp it."

"Ef ye keered fur me, ye would n't gin *that* fur Cap'n Lucy's word!" he asseverated, as he lifted his arm high in the air and snapped his fingers resonantly.

The horse shied suddenly at the sound, and pulled heavily on the hand that held the bit.

Her eyes were full of tears.

"Jack," she said in deep humiliation, "I can't 'low at this time o' day ez I don't keer fur uncle Lucy's word. I never eat none o' my own bread in my life."

She knew that he had turned and was staring at her, although she could not distinguish him through her tears. If she had never loved him, her heart might have warmed to him now, for the vehemence, the partisanship, with which he protested her independence.

"Eat yer own bread!" he cried in a ringing voice that made her shrink. "Ye never eat nuthin' else! Who churns, an' sweeps, an' mends, an' cooks, an' milks cows, this many an' many a day? That thar dough-faced Julia?"

To his amazement she burst out laughing, but the next moment she was sobbing in good earnest, and he hardly knew whether she was glad or sorry.

He scarcely paused to wonder. He went tumultuously on to repudiate the obligations that so lowered her pride and her title to self-respect. "Who hoes, an' sews, an' weaves, an' spins, an raises the chickens an' tur-rkeys an' sech, an' answers old Cap'n Lucy's call 'Ad'licia! Ad'licia!' all day long? That thar long, lank, limp Julia? Ef I war ter marry ye an' take ye away from thar, that house would fall down, I reckon, an' old Cap'n Lucy knows it."

His well-set bluish-gray eyes had brightened as he spoke; he smiled genially; his face was handsome and intelligent with this expression. The next moment it clouded heavily. He could not do this as almost any other man might, — marry a wife and take her home. He was a fugitive and an exile by reason of the jeopardy of the man whom he had shot in Tanglefoot Cove, and who still hung between life and death, his own

fate involving that of his enemy. Jack Espey felt sure that he could have proven self-defense, had he permitted himself to be apprehended at the time. But from the circumstance of his hasty flight, uncertain what he had done and animated by ignorant terrors of the law, the lapse of time, the dispersion of witnesses, he feared to submit his action to a legal arbitrament now.

The suspense was in itself a terrible retribution, but it is safe to say that Espey had hardly appreciated its rigors till now, when it hampered his every prospect in life. He had been a man of some substance in his native place, according to the humble rating of the mountaineers, and the lowering of pride involved in his present situation was very bitter to him. He could not ask to be received under Captain Lucy's roof, and its hospitalities certainly would not be offered. He repented of his candor in making known his circumstances when he had "asked for" Adelicia, for in the probation on which he had been placed he recognized the crafty hope of the elder man that the affair would soon blow over. He felt it a poor reward for his frankness, and he determined that it should not go without requital in turn. "Jes' lemme fix up that cussed bother in Tanglefoot, an' durned ef Cap'n Lucy ever shell see Ad'licia's face agin!" he often said to himself.

Meanwhile he hung around as best he might, fraternizing secretly with the moonshiners; for here was the best opportunity of earning enough to provide for his simple wants, and to keep him out of the observation of the law, while awaiting the result in Tanglefoot, whence the news had lately become more hopeful.

He had fallen in with Jasper Larrabee at the blacksmith's shop at the cross-roads, where he had paused in his flight for his horse to be shod; the two had "struck up" a mutual liking, and Espey had come with Larrabee to the Cove, where he divided his time pretty equally between his new friend's home and the Lost Time mine. His frankness had not extended to his recent acquaintances, who knew no reason why he should shun observation except that which they shared with him concerning the still. His utility there and its financial advantages were ample to justify the continuation of his stay in the Cove; and thus, but for his own attack of conscientiousness in revealing his true circumstances to Adelicia and Captain Lucy, he might have seemed as advantageously placed as any of his compeers.

"Waal," said Adelicia, unaccountably brightened, "we-uns hev ter 'bide by Cap'n Lucy's word an' wait awhile, bein' ez he hev tuk keer o' me all my days, mighty nigh. An' ye better be toler'ble perlite ter Julia, too," she added, with a radiant smile. "Julia 's cornsider'ble apt ter take notice o' slights."

He promised humbly, swallowing his pride with a mighty gulp; and as they came out from the woods into the more open spaces shelving to the great crags they encountered Kenniston, a cigar in his mouth, a memorandum in his hand of the boundaries of his land, taken from the calls of his title-deed, a good-humored triumph on his face, and a gay, kind voice as he instantly recognized and greeted Adelicia.

He called her to come and observe the splendor of the view from a certain craggy point where there would be an observatory, and his enthusiasm was not dashed even when she gazed off wonderingly into space, seeing nothing to which she was unaccustomed, and evidently apprehending naught of what he said. He wondered a trifle, subacutely, how much the perception of beauty may be promoted by the sense of contrast. Since she knew no dull levels or discordant scenes, the sublime was merely the natural daily presentment of creation, no more a marvel than the rising of the sun, and thus she was bereft of its appreciation. He wondered, too, if the converse of the proposition were true, —

if those to whom nature is expressed in a meadow, or a series of knobs, or a pond can have no mental conception of the austere splendors of the craggy heights or the stupendous area of infinite detail spread before the eye within a wide horizon piled with mountains. He showed her, too, a small drawing of the projected hotel, which she turned awry and almost reversed to gaze upon it. His good humor extended to her companion, whom he had never before seen. Although usually aloof and averse to strangers, Espey found the suave words a salve to his sore heart. He did not know how much less pleasant Kenniston could be when not pleased. Just now even this new acquaintance harmonized most aptly with his gracious mood. Artistically viewed, poor Espey might have graced the romantic stage, as he stood, in his dark blue shirt and trousers and great spurred boots, defined against the yellow-bronze horse which he held by the bit, his belt full of weapons, his broad white hat far back on his black hair, and his defiant face at once wild and eager and wistful. The man of the alert pencil was moved to wish that he had the art to do him justice.

Kenniston's kind and ingratiating manner as he explained his plans and expectations, which could not interest the mountaineer, who was as foreign to such considerations as deer or bear, secured nevertheless Espey's attention and respectful silence. He looked now and again with a sort of reluctant liking at Kenniston's face as he talked, regretting that, since he attached so much hope and consequence to the project, it would be necessary to burn the buildings down as fast as they were erected.

In the plenitude of his access of amiability, Kenniston lagged behind and let them stroll away homeward together, — as pretty a pair of rustic lovers, he thought, as one could wish to see.

The sun was well down; the sky was red; the evening star was in a saffron haze; the nearest mountains had turned a deep purple, with a vague, translucent, overlaying gray hue like the bloom on a ripe grape; the distant ranges had vanished in the mystery of night. It was not dark, but the flare of the fire within the door of Captain Lucy's cabin was visible as it rose and fell on the puncheon floor in transitory flickers. It was a poor place, but it was home, and to the exile it looked like paradise. Julia had come to the door, and stood there half in the soft outer light, and half in the firelight within. Schooled and docile, Espey remembered his monitor's bidding, and roused his unwilling, flagging energies and his tired, sad heart to evolve some pleasantry as he called out a greeting from the bars. She turned her sleek head and smiled at him. There had never been such eyes in the Cove, except perhaps those which Captain Lucy had opened there first some sixty years before, nor such long, dark, curling lashes. She might, however, have been no more comely, for all Jack Espey cared, than old "T'bithy," Adelicia's cat, who arched her plebeian scantily furred back in the door, and surveyed the landscape with her yellow eyes, and yawned from sheer mental vacuity. He got through the interview with what poor grace he could and from a sense of duty; and as he was about to mount, he, unobserved by the others, offered to take Adelicia's hand. To his amazement, she looked him full in the face with hard, angry eyes, struck down his hand with a petulant gesture, passed him like a flash, and disappeared within the door.

Jack Espey, who had no more recognition of the aspect of jealousy than if he had never felt its power, could but mount and ride away in angry bewilderment; and Kenniston, hearing the furious speed of his horse's hoofs as he went headlong down the dark, rocky road, looked wonderingly after him.

"He 'll break his neck, at that rate," he said.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

WASHINGTON THE WINTER BEFORE THE WAR.

LOOKING back across the graves of more than a million brave men who, on one side or the other, laid down their lives in the struggle for mastery which began in Washington in the winter of 1860-61, the recollection of the flippancy and air of lightness and almost sportiveness with which it was entered upon fills me with amazement. How great things were trifled with as if they were playthings, and great stakes were played for almost as boys play for pennies, I could not now, in the lurid light of subsequent events, ever be made to believe, had not my own eyes been the witness. Much that happened would have been impossible but for the impenetrable veil which shut out the future. What seemed to us then arrant nonsense, and scarcely to be recalled now, after thirty years, with a sober face, was in truth the manifestation of a spirit which finally made possible Andersonville, Gettysburg, and the assassination of Lincoln. I sometimes think it almost wicked to hold up the ludicrous side to the public gaze, in the light of such a terrible realization. This article is written with no such purpose, but rather to preserve, if possible, for future instruction and entertainment, the record of some incidents of those days, all trace of which will soon be beyond recall if left alone to the memory of contemporaries and participants.

One of these incidents seemed at the time a genuine burlesque; yet it covered a trap into which it would have been much easier to put a foot than to get it out when once in. Mr. Lincoln was elected President in November, 1860. Within a week after it was known, South Carolina took steps to set up her independence as a sovereign state. She did not seem to have contemplated at the outset the possibility of armed resistance to the carrying out of her scheme, but proceeded with the formal steps of ordinary legislation, as if that alone, on her part, were sufficient to divide this nation into sections, the several parts set up into sovereignties with all the attributes of independent nationalities. It took her three weeks to get her legislature together and create a convention, which passed an ordinance in high-sounding phrase declaring South Carolina to be a free, independent, and sovereign nation among the nations of the earth, with full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent states may of right do. One of the first acts of this new sovereignty was an attempt to negotiate a treaty with the United States. And so, within a month after the election, before the votes had been counted or a single step taken looking to the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln, this independent power, which had sprung up in a night, in the very midst of us, waving a foreign flag, in sight of United States forts and arsenals, over all the United States property within its limits, appointed an embassy — ministers plenipotentiary — to proceed to the government of the United States, and negotiate a treaty of peaceable surrender to her of the armed fortresses and other property of the United States found within the limits of her dominion when she woke up a sovereign. This embassy came on to Washington with a secretary of legation, and with credentials as formal and a seal as large as ever certified our minister to the Court of St. James. They took a fine house on K Street, — the rent of which, it is said, they never paid, — unfurled the flag of their legation, and prepared to present their credentials, and to be received as ministers plenipotentiary of the government of South Carolina, resident, as they were

pleased to term it in true diplomatic language, near the government of the United States of America. Most people in Washington looked upon the whole proceeding as a huge joke, — as a harmless outcome of the vanity and pride of South Carolina. Not so Mr. Buchanan. The moment they presented their credentials he found himself in a dilemma. If he received them, even addressed them in the character they had put on, he would at once recognize the sovereignty they claimed to represent. If he turned them out of doors, not to say arrested them for the treason they were committing, he would immediately bring on that crisis which it was his prayer night and day might be averted till after the 4th of March. So he did neither, but referred the whole matter to Congress; and Congress referred it to a select committee, of which the writer was one. Alas! disease and death have left him alone with the knowledge of many incidents of the work of that committee, nowhere recorded, soon to become too shadowy for recital.

The committee had subsequently many other more serious matters in charge, but could never bring themselves to treat this otherwise than as a sublime farce, little dreaming of what it was the beginning. They summoned these gentlemen to appear before them, just as they would any other American citizens. Instead of appearing in person, the members of the "embassy" sent their "secretary of legation," who notified the committee, in a very courteous but exceedingly formal manner, that it had overlooked the fact — unintentionally, no doubt — that the gentlemen summoned to appear before the committee were ambassadors of a sovereign state, residing, in their diplomatic character alone, near the United States government, and acknowledging no authority but that of the government whose commission they bore. It was our first experience of this new-fledged eagle, and the bird had spread its wings for so lofty a flight at the first opportunity that we stood back in wonder and amazement, uncertain for the moment whether it would soar into the sun or come tumbling down at our feet. We were thus suddenly brought face to face with this new sovereignty flaunting its awful attributes before us, all embodied in the person of this secretary of legation, as he supposed himself to be, and not an imposing personage at that. He was a very young man for one representing in his person the majesty of an independent government, seemingly having hardly attained his majority, with light hair, boyish face, and a mustache trained after the imperial order, rare in those days, which was a surprising success upon a face otherwise so downy. He wore patent-leather shoes and light-colored trousers in very large plaids, twirled on the tips of his fingers a cane with an apparently golden head turned over and finished in the hoof of a horse; in short, he was a dude of the dudes of that day, and fit to be the prototype of the race. Thus equipped and hat in hand, he stood before us personating the new national sovereignty which had sprung into existence out of our very selves, full-armed, like Minerva from the head of Jove. It was his first appearance in diplomacy, and he was evidently intent on making the most of it.

I was directed by the committee to examine him, and, after a few formal inquiries, I asked what had brought him to Washington. "What has brought me to Washington?" he repeated, with an air of injured surprise. "You cannot be ignorant, sir, that the new sovereign state of South Carolina has sent ambassadors to negotiate a treaty of friendship and alliance with this neighboring government of the United States, with which she is desirous of living on the most liberal terms of amity and good fellowship; and I have the honor to be the secretary of that legation, sir." As soon as the committee could recover their breath, a

further inquiry was ventured about the origin of this new government whose existence he had thus announced, and the authority under which it had been created. With a look of supreme contempt or pity for our ignorance, — one could hardly tell which, — he proceeded to enlighten us. "South Carolina," he said, "when she consented to become one of the United States, gave up no part of her sovereignty, but only laid it away for future use whenever it seemed meet to her. She now decrees to resume it, and that is sufficient. She only puts on again the vestments of her sovereignty, as a man resumes the raiment he has temporarily laid aside." It was so simple and easy a process that he expressed astonishment at our ignorance. A few questions more, and the committee gave up in despair the hope of getting him down to the earth, or ourselves sufficiently off from it to comprehend this sudden and absolute metamorphosis. He went on, without specific questions, to expound more at length the theory which had given birth to his government, and expatiated upon the enormity of the outrages his "people" expected would happen, and had mapped out beforehand should happen, when Lincoln should be inaugurated. He quoted Grotius and Vattel to prove that the United States forts and other public property found within the limits of South Carolina when she became an independent power became *ipso facto* her property, with the assertion that the declaration of South Carolina upon the question of her independence and sovereignty was conclusive with her, and she would tolerate no questioning it. The committee were quite overcome with his learning, and equally overawed by his defiant attitude. They looked upon this product of the new order of things as a real prodigy.

"And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew."

He, however, took offense at what he considered some impertinent inquiries put to him about the government he represented, and, gathering up its dignity and sovereignty as well as he might, took them both, with himself, out of such profane presence and back to the nursery on K Street, and the committee saw no more of him. They were never able to get the real ambassadors before them, because, it is presumed, neither Vattel nor Grotius nor any other writer on public law furnished any precedent for bringing such high public functionaries before any lesser body than the supreme authority of the state, unless it was that form of indictment which their real position would suggest. They lingered on, however, were adopted as representatives of the whole Confederacy by Jefferson Davis when he became its head, and hung about Washington under the burden of their mission and of their own importance till Sumter was fired upon, when they took their departure suddenly, with very much less ceremony and pomp than heralded their coming; in a manner, too, resembling more an escape than the leave-taking of diplomatic representatives.

We were subsequently charged with a much more serious duty, of which little beyond our printed report was ever made public. The public mind at Washington had become greatly excited by the belief that a conspiracy had been formed to seize the Capitol and Treasury, to get possession of the archives of the government, and to prevent the counting of the electoral vote and the declaration of the election of Lincoln; thereby creating chaos and anarchy, out of which might come the establishment of the Confederacy as the government *de facto* in the very halls of the national Capitol. Treason was known to be plotting to that end in the Cabinet itself, and Mr. Buchanan was bewildered and nerveless. We were instructed to investigate the grounds for these apprehensions. Meetings were held with closed doors, and we requested that General Scott, the general of the army, be detailed to aid our investigations. Al-

ready General Cass had left the Cabinet because he would not consort with traitors, and the thoroughly loyal and terribly energetic Stanton had come into it just in time to save Buchanan, and, as many believed, the nation itself. The first struggle this great hero had was with himself. Almost at the threshold this question confronted him: Shall I obey the law which has hitherto and in ordinary times governed cabinets, and keep secret what has transpired in council, or shall I disclose and thwart the machinations of traitors wherever I see them? He obeyed the higher law, and the oath he had taken to support the Constitution. Indeed, as he told me, he had entered the Cabinet for the very purpose of saving that Cabinet from wreck; and, as it proved, it was none too soon. Calling on him the evening after he had taken the oath of office, in that anxiety which troubled all loyal men, I was assured by him in this way: "I have to-day taken an oath to support the Constitution of the United States, and by God, I will do it!"

Putting himself in communication with our committee through Mr. Seward, he more than once led us directly upon the treasonable footsteps of Floyd and Thompson, and by early disclosure made impossible the attempts of these men to turn the opportunities of their offices to the service of the enemies of their country. Of course secrecy was absolutely necessary, and the name of our informant was never attached to the papers we received. But those of the committee most in sympathy with the cause of the Union were informed where these papers could be found and where they must be returned, and of the reliability of the information they contained. Some of them were found and read by the light of the street lamp at night, and then returned to the place of deposit. Information thus derived often gave us the cue to the next day's investigations. The bold handwriting of some of these papers became very familiar to us during the war, as our intercourse with the war office grew frequent. I remember distinctly reading one of these communications, handed me by Mr. Howard, chairman of the committee, late one night, giving information of that famous Cabinet meeting in which was disclosed the treason of Floyd in ordering the guns removed from Pittsburg to arm Southern forts, and the abstraction of a million of Indian trust funds from the custody of the government, — the Cabinet meeting at which Stanton branded Floyd a traitor, and a personal conflict was avoided only by the interference of the President. The next morning Floyd himself was called before the committee for examination. A few questions disclosed to him that the committee were in possession of the secret, and before three o'clock the news of his resignation and flight had spread through the city.

At another time the loyalty of the Secretary of the Navy, a Northern man, was suspected. The Pensacola Navy Yard and all the public property there had been surrendered to the Confederates without a blow. When this became known in the Cabinet, the hot blood of the future Secretary of War boiled over, and he denounced it as the act of a traitor or a coward. That night I read in the handwriting already familiar: "There is a Northern traitor in the Cabinet. Arrest him to-night. Pensacola has been given up. Stop him before it is too late." But the committee had no power to arrest. Power was still in hands either disloyal or paralyzed. Secretary Toucey was, however, summoned before the committee, and asked why a navy yard, with all the guns and other property in it, was surrendered to rebels without the firing of a gun. His answer sounds strangely enough in the light of the terrible carnage subsequently suffered so many times in defense of the territory and flag of the Union. "Pensacola was surrendered," he replied, "as the only means of preserving the peace."

"What!" said one of the committee, "surrendered to the enemies of the country to preserve the peace, and that without resistance! I would have fired one gun, at least, as an experiment, if nothing more." Mr. Toucey looked up in horror, and replied: "Why, sir, you have not the slightest conception of the situation. There would certainly have been bloodshed if there had been a single gun fired. It was an interposition of Providence that the dire calamity of bloodshed was avoided." No one thinks now that Mr. Toucey was disloyal, however suspected then, but, like Mr. Buchanan, he was dazed, and strove, at every hazard and at any cost, to postpone the conflict till after the 4th of March, when the responsibility would rest on Mr. Lincoln. He was nevertheless censured by the House of Representatives that session for acts of administration which were believed to favor the enemies of his country, and his face, among the portraits of the governors of his State, was turned to the wall for a time.

No conspiracy to prevent the counting of the electoral vote and declaring Mr. Lincoln elected was discovered in Washington, if one ever existed there. Yet the existence of one was so generally believed in, and the excitement was so great, that extraordinary precautions were taken to guard against it. The method of procedure and the lack of confidence in the loyalty of Vice-President Breckenridge, on whom alone the Constitution (as then construed) devolved the duty of counting the votes, tended greatly to increase the anxiety. The certificates of the electoral vote from each State are kept till the appointed day in two boxes in the sole custody of the Vice-President, who, on that day, with a messenger carrying the two boxes, and followed by the Senators, two and two, proceeds from the Senate Chamber, through the corridors and rotunda, always crowded and pressed upon on either side by people following to witness the ceremony, to the House of Representatives. There, in the Speaker's chair, and in the presence of the two Houses and a crowded gallery, he opens the certificates, counts the votes, and declares the result. The ease with which desperadoes, mingling with the crowd, might fall upon the messenger as he passed through the corridors or rotunda, and violently seize the boxes, or from the galleries of the House might break up the proceedings, was apparent, and therefore armed policemen of the most reliable character, to the number of several hundred, were secretly procured from Philadelphia, New York, and other places, and, in citizens' dress, were stationed along the passageways and in the galleries, prepared for any emergency. Happily there was no occasion to call upon them. The count and declaration of Mr. Lincoln's election proceeded without interruption. We owe much to Mr. Breckenridge for the dignity and propriety of his conduct, though his heart was so thoroughly with the rebels that he was among the earliest to join their army. But the excitement and anxiety were intense from the beginning to the end of the proceeding, and the feeling of relief was almost visible in the countenances of the loyal men, oppressed as they were by knowledge of treasonable designs, all the more alarming because half hidden. The critical point in the formal proceedings was safely passed. The oath of office on the coming 4th of March was all that remained of these formalities to clothe the President elect with the insignia of the great office to which he had been called. If that formality should also be passed in safety, it would extinguish the last hope of the rebellion that it might build some claim to a de facto rule upon informalities or defects discovered or created in the several steps leading up from the casting of their votes by the electoral college through the different stages prescribed by the Constitution and laws to the final consummation on the eastern front of the Capitol.

Startling events and occasions of intense excitement followed one another in such quick succession that relief from one seldom brought an hour's repose. We lived in the focus of all the elements out of which were to come order or disorder, no one could tell which, — government or anarchy, peace or violence, personal security or personal peril. And so it was that hardly had the important step in the order of events — the counting of the votes and the official declaration that Mr. Lincoln was elected — been taken, and the surging tide of passion and terror partially subsided, when the unexpected and inexplicable broke over us, filling the public mind with mingled emotions of wonder, anxiety, disappointment, and disgust. Mr. Lincoln had left Springfield for Washington a week earlier, amid becoming and impressive ceremonies, and with the prayers and parting blessings of thousands who had assembled to witness his departure. His journey had been attended all along the route with the most remarkable demonstrations and manifestations of interest and regard which had ever marked the passage of a President elect from his home to the capital to assume the authority the people had conferred on him. It could not have been otherwise, for no President elect ever before journeyed on a way so beset with perils and hedged about with difficulties, or to a mission so wrapped in impenetrable mystery and so burdened with new and unmeasured responsibilities. Forty millions of people, South as well as North, had lent the most intent ear to catch every word he uttered, as the multitudes forced him to speak on the way. The words he had spoken were full of wisdom, indicated calmness of temperament and comprehension of the new and weighty responsibilities before him, and disclosed a devout reliance on a higher than human power for strength unto his day, and a self-abnegation that counted his own life of little worth in comparison with the great work to which he had been called. The excitement and crowd increased as he journeyed, and greater preparations than ever before had been made for his reception, upon an appointed day, at the capital.

Amid all this intensity of expectation and preparation, imagine the consternation and amazement which came over every one when it was announced at the breakfast table, on the morning before the appointed day, that Mr. Lincoln was at Willard's Hotel; that he had arrived at six o'clock that morning in the New York sleeper, in company with a stranger, and had been met at the depot by only one man, his old friend Elihu B. Washburn. A hostile penny sheet turned the feeling of wonder into disappointment and disgust by fabricating the story that he came disguised in a Scotch cap and cloak. There was a sudden and painful revulsion of feeling toward him which waited for neither reason nor explanation. Never idol fell so suddenly or so far, and that while the fickle multitude was actually on its knees and vociferous in lip service. "He had sneaked into Washington." "He was a coward." "The man afraid to come through Baltimore was not fit to be President." "Frightened at his own shadow." These and worse epithets greeted this purest, bravest, wisest, and most unselfish patriot on the day he entered the capital of the nation he had come to save and to die for. And yet he had escaped as by a hair's breadth the fate which the Ruler of the universe had ordered should not overtake him till he had finished a greater work than man in his own strength had ever yet achieved. While we were searching in vain for conspirators and assassins in and about Washington, they had betaken themselves, for greater safety and more effective work, to Baltimore, and had there perfected their plans to shoot Mr. Lincoln from among the crowd gathered to greet him on his arrival at the depot, on his way to Washington, and, after mak-

ing sure and thorough work with hand grenades, to escape to Mobile in a vessel waiting for them in the harbor. While the attention of others was directed to the search about Washington for conspirators and assassins who, as all believed, were concocting their foul plot somewhere, a detective of uncommon skill was pursuing his investigations in Baltimore, unknown even to reporters; for we did not then, as now, live and move and have our being by their permission. He had become familiar with the place of meeting of the conspirators, had record of their names, — eighteen in number, — the part each was to perform, their leader, his character and nerve, and the minutest details of the plot. He laid these facts before Mr. Seward, and was sent by him, accompanied by Mr. Frederick A. Seward, to meet and lay them before Mr. Lincoln at Harrisburg. The result was that, after a reception by the legislature in the afternoon, the President elect retired to his room at six o'clock, very weary, for needed rest till the next morning, when the whole party were going by special train, by way of Philadelphia and Baltimore, to Washington. Immediately upon arriving at his room, Mr. Lincoln was taken, without the knowledge of any one at the hotel, to the depot, and the detective, having first cut the telegraphic wires, accompanied him by special train, already provided, to Philadelphia, which was reached just in time to meet a train that had been waiting fifteen minutes "for a package from the railroad office." And thus Mr. Lincoln passed through Baltimore in perfect quiet, while the conspirators were yet burnishing their weapons for his assassination on the morrow. The Washington telegraph, the next morning, was the first to announce his safe arrival there to the watching assassins in Baltimore, as well as to the waiting escort at Harrisburg.

During the war, as history has since disclosed, a desperate character was brought before the Richmond authorities for punishment for some heinous offense, and was saved by the interposition of ex-Senator Wigfall on the ground of meritorious service as captain of this band of conspirators for the murder of Lincoln.

To refute the charge that Mr. Lincoln was hiding, and to kindle anew as soon as possible the enthusiasm which had been so suddenly and ignorantly checked, Mr. Seward hastened, without waiting for his trunk or hairbrush, to take him at once to the Capitol and present him to the Senators and Representatives, and afterwards to the people generally. On that occasion I got my first sight of this immortal hero, then only an untried and untutored Western politician. He was in a sorry plight enough when Mr. Seward escorted him into the hall. The House heard of him in the Senate Chamber, and were impatiently awaiting his arrival, with all eyes turned intently toward the door to catch the earliest possible glimpse of the future President, appearing under circumstances so novel and mysterious. I had somehow wrought out unconsciously in my own mind the great qualities of his soul and heart into a corresponding personality, and, in spite of all I had heard to the contrary, was expecting to see a god. Never did god come tumbling down more suddenly and completely than did mine, as the unkempt, ill-formed, loose-jointed, and disproportioned figure of Mr. Lincoln appeared at the door. Weary, anxious, struggling to be cheerful under a burden of trouble he must keep to himself, with thoughts far off or deep hidden, he was presented to the representatives of the nation over which he was to be placed as chief magistrate. I should like to see this scene perpetuated on canvas. It would be sure, in my opinion, to make a resting-place where this hurrying people of ours would stop and ponder. From the Representatives' hall Mr. Lincoln was taken to the balcony, and in turn introduced to the officials gathered there, and to the multitude generally. He held frequent recep-

tions for many days thereafter at Willard's Hotel. There that kindly homeliness of manner which afterwards became so prominent and attractive an element in his personality began early to overcome the dislike and break through the prejudices created by the manner of his entry into the capital. In that way, which was his own, was the multitude drawn to his room for a shake of his big hand, and for a word or sentence from his lips to think over or repeat. Everything about him — his ways not less than his looks, his methods with men not less than his speech — was so unusual and so unlike anything seen or heard before in the surroundings or utterances of a President elect at the threshold of presidential authority and responsibility that he was taken at the outset to be a mystery, and this impression was never entirely dispelled. It was, however, the mystery of his position, and not of his character. No man was more frank or unreserved where these qualities were safe, but, reserved or otherwise, he never mystified or misled. If, in those days, no man could quite comprehend him, it was because no man could comprehend as clearly as he did what was before him. He seemed to see what was invisible to those of us who were crowding round him, and at intervals to be as one studying something which did not come within our vision or thoughts. When we came to know him better, in the days when trouble could no longer be hidden, and struggles with great problems had revealed themselves in every line of his countenance, then we understood that deep and serious look which at times passed over his face in the midst of those hand-shakings, mistaken then for absent-mindedness. Notwithstanding these peculiarities seen only in him, he won the hearts of all who came in contact with him. No one who saw Mr. Lincoln in those days has ever forgotten what he then saw and heard. The very youngest boy in the promiscuous crowd that flocked to see him at those informal receptions is a middle-aged man to-day, and all the better citizen because he remembers the good words of cheer and wisdom with which Lincoln greeted him when he took his hand.

Henry L. Dawes.

THE MEETING OF THE SHIPS.

Just aft of our beam comes the rising breeze,
A point and a half on the starboard quarter.
The sharp bow sheers through the long, slow seas,
The port guy slackens, the sheet strains tauter.

Over the taffrail, fading fast,
The land we leave lies a dim blue haze;
The downhauls are throbbing against the mast
To the song of the wind through shrouds and stays.

Whiter and swifter the foam-wreaths fly
Along the lee and the eddying wake;
Over our heads sounds the sea-gull's cry,
The mainsail leach has a quivering shake.

"Nothe-east half-nothe" the Navahoe speeds
To win, if she may, the lost cups back,
To break the record of yachting deeds,
To follow the Viking's ancient track.

And lo, on the eastern board a strange,
Weird phantom of eld doth ghostlike loom,
The head of a broad brown sail in the range
Of the tapering point of our lithe jib-boom.

We watch, as she rises by slow degrees,
Till we may from our deck with the glass discern
A freeboard all but awash to the seas,
A dragon prow and a castled stern.

A row of shields of the bull's hide black
Fends off the crests of the breaking waves;
Slight guard 'mid the gales of the Skager Rack,
Or where Categat rolls o'er the Norsemen's graves.

To port and to starboard along the waist
The stout ash oars fore and aft are triced;
Sharp on the wind is the one yard braced,
And the shrouds and stays are all knotted and spliced.

For ballast are chests of the carven oak
Lashed up with cordage twisted and brown,
Filled with the arms of the Norseland folk,
Rich with the booty of castle and town.

There are helms and corselets, and bills and bows,
Pole-axe and halberd and morgenstern,
Grappling irons which the Viking throws
When the shrinking foeman to flight would turn.

By the side of the huge casks, stained and dusk
With the brown of the ale and red of the wine,
Lie the drinking-horns of the walrus tusk,
Hooped with the silver of Trondhjem's mine.

There are trophies of war and spoils of the chase,
Skins of the seal and furs of the bear;
The blades are bright and the weapons in place,
But the garments sea-stained and worse for wear.

With a sweeping yaw and a sharp come-to,
Rolling and pitching the seas athwart,
She vexes the souls of her weary crew,
Whose watches are long and whose sleeps are short.

Like a strong bird balanced on wings widespread,
  True to her course as the arrow's flight,
A vision of beauty, a dream of dread,
  The Navahoe glides on the Viking's sight.

Since Leif Erikson skirted the Vinland coast
  Nine centuries now do their course complete,
As the Pride of to-day and the Old World's Ghost,
  The cup-rewinner and Viking meet.

Walter Mitchell.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

"The crested blue jay flitting swift."

To know the little boy blue in his domestic life had been my desire for years. In vain did I search far and wide for a nest, till it began to look almost as if the bird intentionally avoided me. I went to New England, and blue jays disappeared as if by magic; I turned my steps to the Rocky Mountains, and the whole tribe betook itself to the inaccessible hills. In despair I abandoned the search, and set up my tent in the middle country, without a thought of the bonny blue bird. One June morning I seated myself by my window, which looked out upon a goodly stretch of lawn dotted with trees of many kinds, and behold the long-desired object right before my eyes!

The blue jay himself pointed it out to me; unconsciously, however, for he did not notice me in my distant window. From the ground, where I was looking at him, he flew directly to a pine-tree about thirty feet high, and there, near the top, sat his mate on her nest. He leaned over her tenderly; she fluttered her wings and opened her mouth, and he dropped into it the tidbit he had brought. Then she stepped to a branch on one side, and he proceeded to attend to the wants of the young family, too small as yet to appear above the edge.

The pine-tree, which from this moment became of absorbing interest, was so far from my window that the birds never thought of me as an observer, and yet so near that with my glass I could see them perfectly. It was also exactly before a thick-foliaged maple that formed a background against which I could watch the life of the nest, wherever the sunlight fell, and whatever the condition of the sky; so happily was placed my blue jay household.

I observed at once that the jay was very gallant and attentive to his spouse. The first mouthful was for her, even when babies grew clamorous and she took her share of the work of feeding. Nor did he omit this little politeness when they went to the nest together, both presumably with food for the nestlings. She was a devoted mother, brooding her bantlings for hours every day, till they were so big that it was hard to crowd them back into the cradle; and he was an equally faithful father, working from four o'clock in the morning till after dusk, a good deal of the time feeding the whole family. I acquired a new respect for *Cyanocitta cristata*.

I had not watched the blue jays long before I was struck with the peculiar character of the feathered world about me, the strange absence of small birds. The neighbors were blackbirds (the blue-headed), Carolina doves, golden-winged

and red-headed woodpeckers, robins and cardinal grosbeaks, and of course English sparrows, — all large birds, able to hold their own by force of arms, as it were, except the foreigner, who maintained his position by impudence and union, a mob being his weapon of offense and defense. Beside him no small bird lived in the vicinity. No vireo hung there her dainty cup, while her mate preached his interminable sermons from the trees about; no phœbe shouted his woes to an unsympathizing world; no sweet-voiced goldfinch poured out his joyous soul; not a song sparrow tuned his little lay within our borders. Unseen of men, but no doubt sharply defined to clearer senses than ours, was a line barring them out.

Who was responsible for this state of things? Could it be the one pair of jays in the pine, or the colony of blackbirds the other side of the house? Should we characterize it as a blue jay neighborhood or a blackbird neighborhood? The place was well policed, certainly; robins and blue jays united in that work, though their relations with each other bore the character of an armed neutrality, always ready for a few hot words and a little bluster, but never really coming to blows. We never had the pleasure of seeing a stranger among us. We might hear him approaching, nearer and nearer, till, just as the eager listener fancied he might alight in sight, there would burst upon the air the screech of a jay or the war-cry of a robin, accompanied by the precipitate flight of the whole clan, and away would go the stranger in a most sensational manner, followed by outcries and clamor enough to drive off an army of feathered brigands. This neighborhood, if the accounts of his character are to be credited, should be the congenial home of the kingbird, — tyrant flycatcher he is named; but as a matter of fact, not only were the smaller flycatchers conspicuous by their absence, but the king himself was never seen, and the flying tribes of the insect world, so far as dull-eyed mortals could see, grew and flourished.

Close scrutiny of every movement of wings, however, revealed one thing, namely, that any small bird who appeared within our precincts was instantly, without hesitation, and equally without unusual noise or special publicity, driven out by the English sparrow; and I became convinced that he, and he alone, was responsible for the presence of none but large birds, who could defy him.

One of the prettiest sights about the pine-tree homestead was the way the jay went up to it. He never imitated the easy style of his mate, who simply flew to a branch below the three that held her treasure, and hopped up the last step. Not he; not so would his knightly soul mount to the castle of his sweetheart and his babies. He alighted much lower, often at the foot of the tree, and passed jauntily up the winding way that led to them, hopping from branch to branch, pausing on each, and circling the trunk as he went; now showing his trim violet-blue coat, now his demure Quaker-drab vest and black necklace: and so he ascended his spiral stair.

There is nothing demure about the blue jay, let me hasten to say, except his vest; there is no pretension about him. He does not go around with the meek manners of the dove, and then let his angry passions rise, in spite of his reputation, as does that "meek and gentle" fellow-creature on occasion. The blue jay takes his life with the utmost seriousness, however it may strike a looker-on. While his helpmeet is on the nest, it is, according to the blue jay code, his duty, as well as it is plainly his pleasure, to provide her with food, which consequently he does; later, it is his province not only to feed, but to protect the family, which also he accomplishes with much noise and bluster. Before the young are out comes his hardest task, keeping the secret of the nest, which obliges him to control his nat-

urally boisterous tendencies; but even in this he is successful, as I saw in the case of a bird whose mate was sitting in an apple-tree close beside a house. There he was the soul of discretion, and so subdued in manner that one might be in the vicinity all day and never suspect the presence of either. All the comings and goings took place in silence over the top of the tree, and I have watched the nest an hour at a time without being able to see a sign of its occupancy, except the one thing a sitting bird cannot hide, the tail. And by the way, how providential — from the bird student's point of view — that birds have tails! They can, it is true, be narrowed to the width of one feather and laid against a convenient twig, but they cannot be wholly suppressed, nor drawn down out of sight into the nest with the rest of the body.

When the young blue jays begin to speak for themselves, and their vigilant protector feels that the precious secret can no longer be kept, then he arouses the neighborhood with the announcement that here is a nest he is bound to protect with his life; that he is engaged in performing his most solemn duty, and will not be disturbed. His air is that so familiar in bigger folk, of daring the whole world to "knock a chip off his shoulder," and he goes about with an appearance of important business on hand very droll to see.

The bearing of the mother of the pine-tree brood was somewhat different from that of her mate, and by their manners only could the pair be distinguished. Whatever may be Nature's reason for dressing the sexes unlike each other in the feathered world, — which I will leave for the wise heads to settle, — it is certainly an immense advantage to the looker-on in birddom. When a pair are fac-similes of each other, as are the jays, it requires the closest observation to tell them apart; indeed, unless there is some defect in plumage, which is not uncommon, it is necessary to penetrate their personal characteristics, to become familiar with their idiosyncrasies of habit and manner. In the pine-tree family, the mother had neither the presence of mind nor the bluster of the partner of her joys. When I came too near the nest tree, she greeted me with a plaintive cry, a sort of "craw! craw!" at the same time "jouncing" herself violently, thus protesting against my intrusion; while he saluted me with squawks that made the welkin ring. Neither of them paid any attention to me so long as I remained upon a stationary bench not far from their tree; they were used to seeing people in that place, and did not mind them. It was the unexpected that they resented. Having established our habits, birds in general insist that we shall govern ourselves by them, and not depart from our accustomed orbit.

On near acquaintance, I found the jay possessed of a vocabulary more copious than that of any other bird I know, though the flicker does not lack variety of expression. When some aspiring scientist is ready to study the language of birds, I advise him to experiment with the blue jay. He is exceedingly voluble, always ready to talk, and not in the least backward in exhibiting his accomplishments. The low-toned, plaintive-sounding conversation of the jays with each other, not only beside the nest, but when flying together or apart, or in brief interviews in the lilac bush, pleased me especially, because it was exactly the same prattle that a pet blue jay was accustomed to address to me; and it confirmed what I had always believed from his manner, that it was his most loving and intimate expression, the tone in which he addresses his best beloved.

Beside the well-known squawk, which Thoreau aptly calls "the brazen trump of the impatient jay," the shouts and calls and war-cries of the bird can hardly be numbered, and I have no doubt each has its definite meaning. More rarely may be heard a clear and musi-

cal two-note cry, sounding like "ke-lo! ke-lo!" This seems to be something special in the jay language; for not only is it peculiar and quite unlike every other utterance, but I never saw the bird when he delivered it, and I was long in tracing it home to him. Aside from the cries of war and victory, jays have a great variety of notes of distress; they can put more anguish and despair into their tones than any other living creature of my acquaintance. Some, indeed, are so moving that the sympathetic hearer is sure that, at the very least, the mother's offspring are being murdered before her eyes; and on rushing out, prepared to risk his life in their defense, he finds, perhaps, that a child has strayed near the tree, or something equally dreadful has occurred. Jays have no idea of relative values; they could not make more ado over a heart-breaking calamity than they do over a slight annoyance. Some of their cries, notably that of the jay baby, sound like the wail of a human infant. As to one curious utterance in the jay *répertoire*, I could not quite make up my mind whether it was a real call to arms, or intended as a joke on the neighborhood. When a bird, without visible provocation, suddenly burst out with this loud two-note call, instantly every feathered individual was on the alert, — sprang to arms, as it were. Blue jays joined in, robins hurried to the tops of the tallest trees and added their excited notes, with jerking wings and tail, and at the second or third repetition the whole party precipitated itself as one bird — upon what? Nothing that I could discover.

While I was studying the manners and customs of the bird in blue, babies were growing up in the pine-tree nest. Five days after I began to observe, I saw little heads above the edge. On the sixth day they began, as mothers say, to "take notice," stirring about in a lively way, clambering up into sight, and fluttering their draperies over the edge. Now came busy and hungry times in the jay family; the mother added her forces, and both parents worked industriously from morning to night.

On the seventh day I was up early, as usual, and, also as usual, my first act was to admire the view from my window. I fancied it was the most beautiful in the early morning, when the sun, behind the rampart of locust and other trees, threw the yard into deep shade, painting a thousand shadow pictures on the grass; but at still noon, when every perfect tree stood on its own shadow, openings looked dark and mysterious, and a bird was lost in the depths, then I was sure it was never so lovely; again at night, when wrapped in darkness, and all silent except the subdued whisper of the pine, with its

> "Sound of the Sea,
> O mournful tree,
> In thy boughs forever clinging,"

I knew it could not be surpassed. I was up early, as I said, when the dove was cooing to his mate in the distance, and before human noises had begun, and then I heard the baby cry from the pine-tree, — a whispered jay squawk, constantly repeated.

On this day the first nestling mounted the edge of his high nursery and fluttered his wings when food approached. Every night, after that, it grew more and more difficult to settle the household in bed, for everybody wanted to be on top; and no sooner would one arrange himself to his mind than some "under one," not relishing his crushed position, would struggle out, step over his brothers and sisters, and take his place on top, and then the whole thing would have to be done over. I think that mamma had often to put a peremptory end to these difficulties by sitting down on them, for frequently it was a very turbulent-looking nest when she calmly placed herself upon it.

Often, in those days, I wished I could put myself on a level with that little

castle in the air and look into it, filled to the brim with beauty as I knew it was. But I had not long to wait, for speedily it became too full, and ran over into the outside world. On the eighth day one ambitious youngster stepped upon the branch beside the nest and shook himself out, and on the ninth came the plunge into the wide, wide world. While I was at breakfast he made his first effort, and on my return I saw him on a branch about a foot below the nest, the last step on papa's winding stair. Here he beat his wings and plumed himself vigorously, rejoicing, no doubt, in his freedom and in plenty of room. Again and again he nearly lost his balance, in his violent attempts to dress his beautiful plumage and remove the last remnant of nest mussiness. But he did not fall, and at last he began to look about him. One cannot but wonder what he thought when he

> "First opened wondering eyes and found
> A world of green leaves all around,"

looking down upon us from his high perch, complete to the little black necklace, and lacking only length of tail of being as big as his parents.

After half an hour of restless putting to rights, the little jay sat down patiently to wait for whatever might come to him. The wind got up and shook him well, but he rocked safely on his airy seat. Then some one approached. He leaned over with mouth open, and across the yard I heard his coaxing voice. But alas! though he was on the very threshold, the food-bearer omitted that step, and passed him by. Then the little one looked up wistfully, apparently conscious of being at a disadvantage. Did he regret the nest privileges he had abandoned? Should he retrace his steps and be a nestling? That the thought passed through his head was indicated by his movements. He raised himself on his legs, turned his face to his old home, and started up, even stepped one small twig nearer. But perish the thought! he would not go back! He settled himself again on his seat.

All things come in time to him who can wait, and the next provision stopped at the little wanderer. His father alighted beside him and fed him two mouthfuls. Thus fortified, his ambition was roused, and his desire to see more, to do more. He began to jump about on his perch, facing first this way, then that; he crept to the outer end of the branch he was on, and was lost to view behind a thick clump of pine needles. In a few minutes he returned, considered other branches near, and, after some study, did really go to the nearest one. Then, step by step, very deliberately, he mounted the winding stair of his father, using, however, every little twig that the elder had vaulted over at a bound. Finally he reached the branch opposite his birthplace, only the tree trunk between. The trunk was small, home was invitingly near, he was tired: the temptation was too great, and in a minute he was cuddled down with his brothers, having been on a journey of an hour. In the nest, all this time, there had been a hurry and skurry of dressing, as though the house were to be vacated, and no one wished to be late. After a rest and probably a nap, the ambitious young jay took a longer trip: he flew to the next tree, and, I believe, returned no more.

The next day was spent by all the nestlings in hopping about the three branches on which their home was built, making beautiful pictures of themselves every moment; but whenever the bringer of supplies drew near, each little one hastened to scramble back to the nest, to be ready for his share. The last day in the old home had now arrived. One by one the birdlings flew to the maple, and turned their backs on their native tree forever; and that night the "mournful tree" was entirely deserted.

The exit was not accomplished without its excitement. After tea, as I was congratulating myself that they were all

safely out in the world without accident, suddenly there arose a terrible outcry, robin and blue jay voices in chorus. I looked over to the scene of the fray, and saw a young jay on the ground, and the parents frantic with anxiety. Naturally, my first impulse was to go to their aid, and I started; but I was saluted with a volley of squawks that warned me not to interfere. I retired meekly, leaving the birds to deal with the difficulty as they best could, while from afar I watched the little fellow as he scrambled around in the grass. He tried to fly, but could not rise more than two feet. Both the elders were with him, but seemed unable to help him, and night was coming on. I resolved, finally, to "take my life in my hands," brave those unreasoning parents, and place the infant out of the way of cats and boys.

As I reached the doorstep I saw that the youngster had begun to climb the trunk of a locust-tree. I stood in amazement and saw that baby climb six feet straight up the trunk. He did it by flying a few inches, clinging to the bark and resting, then flying a few inches more. I watched, breathless, till he got nearly to the lowest branch, when alas! his strength or his courage gave out, and he fell back to the ground. But he pulled himself together, and after a few minutes more of struggling through the grass he came to the trunk of the maple next his native pine. Up this he went in the same way till he reached a branch, where I saw him sitting with all the dignity of a young jay (old jays have no dignity). While he was wrestling with fate and his life was in the balance, the parents had kept near him and perfectly silent, unless some one came near, when they filled the air with squawks, and appeared so savage that I honestly believe they would have attacked any one who had tried to lend a hand.

But still the little bluecoat had not learned sufficient modesty of endeavor, for the next morning he found himself again in the grass. He tried climbing, but unfortunately selected a tree with branches higher than he could hold out to reach; so he fell back to the ground. Then came the inexorable demands of breakfast, with which no one who has been up since four o'clock will decline to comply. On my return, the straggler was mounted on a post that held a tennis net, three or four feet from the ground. One of the old birds was on the rope close by him, and there I left them. Once more I saw him fall, but I concluded that since he had learned to climb, and the parents would not accept my assistance anyway, he must take care of himself. I suppose he was the youngest of the brood, who could not help imitating his elders, but was not strong enough to do as they did. On the following day he was able to keep his place, and he came to the ground no more.

From that day I saw, and, what was more evident, heard, the jay babies constantly, though they wandered far from the place of their birth. Their voices waxed stronger day by day; from morning to night they called vigorously; and very lovely they looked as they sat on the branches in their brand-new fluffy suits, with their tails a little spread and showing the snowy borderings beautifully. Twenty-two days after they bade farewell to the old home before my window, they were still crying for food, still following their hard-working parents, and, though flying with great ease, never coming to the ground (that I could see), and apparently having not the smallest notion of looking out for themselves.

Early in my acquaintance with the jay family, wishing to induce the birds of the vicinity to show themselves, I procured a quantity of shelled corn, and scattered a few handfuls under my window every night. This gave me opportunity to note, among other things, the jay's way of conducting himself on the ground, and his table manners. To eat a kernel of dry corn, he flew with it to

a small branch, placed it between his feet (the latter of course being close together), and, holding it thus, drew back his head and delivered a blow with that pickaxe beak of his that would have broken a toe if he had missed by the shadow of an inch the grain for which it was intended. I was always nervous when I saw him do it, for I expected an accident, but none ever happened that I know of. When the babies grew clamorous all over the place, the jay used to fill his beak with the whole kernels. Eight were his limit, and those kept the mouth open, with one sticking out at the tip. Thus loaded he flew off, but was back in two minutes for another supply. The red-headed woodpecker, who claimed to own the cornfield, seemed to think this a little grasping, and protested against such a wholesale performance; but the overworked jay simply jumped one side when he came at him, and went right on picking up corn. When he had time to spare from his arduous duties, he sometimes indulged his passion for burying things by carrying a grain off on the lawn with an air of most important business, and driving it into the ground, hammering it well down out of sight.

The blue jay's manner of getting over the ground was peculiar, and especially his way of leaving it. He proceeded by high hops, bounding up from each like a rubber ball; and when ready to fly, he hopped farther and bounded higher each time, till it seemed as if he were too high to return, and so took to his wings. That is exactly the way it looked to an observer; for there is a lightness, an airiness of bearing, about this apparently heavy bird impossible to describe, but familiar to those who have watched him.

Some time after the blue jay family had taken to roaming about the grounds, I had a pleasing little interview with one of them in the raspberry patch. This was a favorite resort of the neighboring birds, where I often betook myself to see who came to the feast. This morning I was sitting quietly under a spruce-tree, when three blue jays came flying toward me with noise and outcries, evidently in excitement over something. The one leading the party had in his beak a white object, like a piece of bread, and was uttering low, complaining cries as he flew; he passed on, and the second followed him; but the third seemed struck by my appearance, and probably felt it his duty to inquire into my business, for he alighted on a tree before me, not ten feet from where I sat. He began in the regular way by greeting me with a squawk; for, like some of his bigger (and wiser?) fellow-creatures, he assumed that a stranger must be a suspicious personage, and an unusual position must mean mischief. I was very comfortable, and I thought I would see if I could not fool him into thinking me a scarecrow, companion to those adorning the "patch" at that moment. I sat motionless, not using my glass, but looking him squarely in the eyes. This seemed to impress him; he ceased squawking, and hopped a twig nearer, stopped, turned one calmly observant eye on me, then quickly changed to the other, as if to see if the first had not deceived him. Still I did not move, and he was plainly puzzled to make me out. He came nearer and nearer, and I moved only my eyes to keep them on his. All this time he did not utter a sound, but studied me as closely, and to all appearance as carefully, as ever I had studied him. Obviously he was in doubt what manner of creature it was, so like the human race, yet so unaccountably quiet. He tried to be unconcerned, while still not releasing me from strict surveillance; he dressed his feathers a little, uttering a soft whisper to himself, as if he said, "Well, I never!" then looked me over again more carefully than before. This pantomime went on for half an hour or more; and no one who had looked for that length of time into the eyes of a blue jay could doubt his intelligence, or that he had his thoughts and his well-defined

opinions, that he had studied his observer very much as she had studied him, and that she had not fooled him in the least.

The little boy blue is one of the birds suffering under a bad name whom I have wished to know better, to see if perchance something might be done to clear up his reputation a bit. I am not able to say that he never steals the eggs of other birds, though, during nearly a month of hard work, when, if ever, a few eggs would have been a welcome addition to his resources, and sparrows were sitting in scores on the place, I did not see or hear anything of the sort. I have heard of his destroying the nest, and presumably eating the eggs or young, of the English sparrow; but the hundred or two who raised their broods and squawked from morning to night in the immediate vicinity of the pine-tree household never intimated that they were disturbed, and never showed hostility to their neighbors in blue. Moreover, there is undoubtedly something to be said on the jay's side. Even if he does indulge in these little eccentricities, what is he but a "collector"? And though he does not claim to be working "in the interest of science," which bigger collectors invariably do, he is working in the interest of life, and life is more than science. Even a blue jay's life is to him as precious as ours to us, and who shall say that it is not as useful as many of ours in the great plan?

The only indications of hostilities that I observed in four weeks' close study, at the most aggressive time of bird life, nesting time, I shall relate exactly as I saw them, and the record will be found a very modest one. In this case, certainly, the jay was no more offensive than the meekest bird that has a nest to defend, and far less belligerent than robins and many others. On one occasion, a strange blue jay flew up to the nest in the pine. I could not discover that he had any evil intention, except just to see what was going on, but one of the pair flew at him with loud cries, which I heard for some time after the two had disappeared in the distance; and when our bird returned, he perched on an evergreen, bowing and "jouncing" violently, his manner plainly defying the enemy to "try it again." At another time, I observed a savage fight, or what looked like it, between two jays. I happened not to see the beginning, for I was particularly struck that morning with the behavior of a bouquet of nasturtiums which stood in a vase on my table. I never was fond of these flowers, and I noticed then for the first time how very self-willed and obstinate they were. No matter how nicely they were arranged, it would not be an hour before the whole bunch was in disorder, every blossom turning the way it preferred, and no two looking in the same direction. I thought, when I first observed this, that I must be mistaken, and I took them out and rearranged them as I considered best; but the result was always the same, and I began to feel that they knew altogether too much for their station in the vegetable world. I was trying to see if I could discover any method in their movements, when I was startled by a flashing vision of blue down under the locusts, and, on looking closely, saw two jays flying up like quarrelsome cocks, — only not together, but alternately, so that one was in the air all the time. They flew three feet high, at least, all their feathers on end, and looking more like shapeless masses of blue feathers than like birds. They did not pause or rest till one seemed to get the other down. I could not see from my window well enough to be positive, but both were in the grass together, and only one in sight, who stood perfectly quiet. He appeared to be holding the other down, for occasionally there would be a stir below, and renewed vigilance on the part of the one I could see. Several minutes passed. I became very uneasy. Was he killing him? I could stand it no longer, so I ran down. But my coming was a diversion, and both flew. When

I reached the place, one had disappeared, and the other was hopping around the tree in great excitement, holding in his beak a fluffy white feather, about the size of a jay's breast feather. I did not see the act, and I cannot absolutely declare it, but I have no doubt that he pulled that feather from the breast of his foe as he held him down; how many more with it I could not tell, for I did not think of looking until it was too late.

Again, one day, somewhat later, when blue jay and catbird babies were rather numerous, I saw a blue jay dive into a lilac bush much frequented by catbirds, young and old together. Instantly there arose a great cry of distress, as though some one were hurt, and a rustling of leaves, proclaiming that a chase, if not a fight, was in progress. I hurried downstairs, and as I appeared the jay flew, with two catbirds after him, still crying in a way I had never heard before. I expected nothing less than to find a young catbird injured, but I found nothing. Whether the blue jay really had touched one, or it was a mere false alarm on the part of the very excitable catbirds, I could not tell. This is the only thing I have seen in the jay that might have been an interference with another bird's rights; and the catbirds made such a row when I came near their babies that I strongly suspect the only guilt of the jay was alighting in the lilac they had made their headquarters.

The little boy blue in the apple-tree, already spoken of, did not get his family off with so little adventure as his pine-tree neighbor. The youngling of this nest came to the ground and stayed there. The people of the house returned him to the tree several times, but every time he fell again. Three or four days he wandered about the neighborhood, the parents rousing the country with their uproar, and terrorizing the household cat to such a point of meekness that no sooner did a jay begin to squawk than he ran to the door and begged to come in. At last, out of mercy, the family took the little fellow into the house, when they saw that he was not quite right in some way. One side seemed to be nearly useless; one foot did not hold on; one wing was weak; and his breathing seemed to be one-sided. The family, seeing that he could not take care of himself, decided to adopt him. He took kindly to human care and human food, and before the end of a week had made himself very much at home. He knew his food-provider, and the moment she entered the room he rose on his weak little legs, fluttered his wings violently, and presented a gaping mouth with the jay baby cry issuing therefrom. Nothing was ever more droll than this sight. He was an intelligent youngster, knew what he wanted and when he had had enough. He would eat bread up to a certain point, but after that he demanded cake or a berry, and his favorite food was an egg. He was exceedingly curious about all his surroundings, examined everything with great care, and delighted to look out of the window. He selected his own sleeping-place, — the upper one of a set of bookshelves, — and refused to change; and he watched the movements of a wounded woodcock as he ran around the floor with as much interest as did the people. Under human care he grew rapidly stronger, learned to fly more readily and to use his weak side; and every day he was allowed to fly about in the trees for hours. Once or twice, when left out, he returned to the house for food and care; but at last came a day when he returned no more. No doubt he was taken in charge again by his parents, who, it was probable, had not left the neighborhood.

After July came in, and baby blue jays could hardly be distinguished from their parents, my studies took me away from the place nearly all day, and I lost sight of the family whose acquaintance had made my June so delightful.

Olive Thorne Miller.

THE TEACHING OF THE UPANISHADS.

AMONGST the most precious spiritual gifts to the English-speaking people of this century must be counted the monumental series of the Sacred Books of the East, edited by Professor Max Müller. That even the most important of these writings should have failed to make any general or influential impression on the time is perhaps hardly matter of wonder: first, because their line of thought lies on other than modern tracks; secondly, because their appeal is to those higher or transcendental qualities or faculties of the soul which at no one period in the history of the human race have been largely and intelligently represented. Pythagoras, Socrates, the Christ, were strangers to their generation, and could hardly be popularly understood or appreciated. Their intelligent expositors were few. This must at all times necessarily be the case. An abnormal outlook does not imply a corresponding faculty in the following, even with those who regard it in a friendly manner, and any appeal to the highest intuitive powers and capacities of the human soul can receive only a partial recognition in view of the material aims of the masses and their insistence upon selfish and individual interests.

The most valuable of all the writings referred to above are, undoubtedly, those of the Vedânta, which concentrate the doctrine of the Vedas in their most significant import. The Vedas themselves are based upon ceremonial and regulated observance, are for those in that state of religious development which "seeks after a sign;" but the Vedânta, as laid down in the Upanishads, is for those who, capable of passing immediately from the outward to the inward, are able to conceive of the essential and abstract, and are independent of the vehicle of form for their better understanding and appreciation of it.

The term "Upanishad" appears to be of uncertain origin and meaning. It may be derived from a Sanskrit root signifying a session or assembly, as of pupils with an instructor. It is, however, more significantly used as indicating doctrine, or secret doctrine, and this may be considered its ulterior meaning. These doctrines were first delivered to disciples or students orally through successive generations, and were only at a subsequent period committed to writing in the Sanskrit tongue of ancient India. They are very numerous, but, with minor differences, inculcate the same principles, and are essentially identical in teaching. They are broadly referred to a period six hundred years before the birth of Christ, but it is highly probable that, in one form or another, they owe their origin to a still more remote period in the "dark backward and abysm of time." These writings have heretofore been regarded, even by those from whom a clearer spiritual vision, a more perceptive intelligence, might have been reasonably expected, too much as mere literary curiosities, and have been spoken of as embodying the earliest inchoate thinking of mankind. Far from being the tentative efforts of a primitive humanity to grasp a higher range of being, loftier forms and views of life, they appear to me to lie on the highest planes of thought which the human mind has ever reached, and to indicate the greatest elevation possible to concrete being by raising it and identifying it with the Essentially Existent by the progressive laws of a spiritual evolution. It seems strange that nobody in this century, so far as I am aware, has seen and accepted these marvelous writings in their practical importance as the guides of life, to be appropriated reverentially as substantially identical in utterance, though from an-

other point of view, with those which the most advanced amongst mankind have agreed to stamp with a sacred authority, excepting the German philosopher Schopenhauer. We find Orientalists as accomplished and mature as Sir Monier Williams decrying the practical importance of these noble treatises. In his Indian Wisdom he speaks of the "fanciful etymologies, far-fetched allegories, and puerile conceits which bewilder the reader of the Upanishads," without making any attempt to investigate their more recondite meaning. Other Orientalists treat these writings either as curiosities of a capricious fancy, or fossils, as it were, in the half-forgotten stages of the moral advancement of mankind, to be regarded by students of the historic evolution of the race as so much material for scholarship in the book of universal knowledge, but without any thought of their real present value and importance. Mr. Gough, for example, in his Philosophy of the Upanishads, — a useful and valuable book in many respects, — regards them with a cold and scholastic eye, indifferent, apparently, to their high worth, their profound truth and transcendent spiritual consequence. He says, in his preface to that work, "The Upanishads are so many 'Songs before Sunrise,' — spontaneous effusions of awakening reflection, half poetical, half metaphysical, that precede the conscious and methodical labors of the long succession of thinkers to construct a thoroughly intelligible conception of the sum of things." I should have thought the term least of all applicable to these elaborate and highly matured fruits of searching thought and profound reflection would be that of spontaneity. "Spontaneous effusions" might be a description suited to the gushes of verse from the boarding-school which sometimes find a place in the corners of country newspapers, but, applied to these writings, it is about as unhappy a designation as could be found in the dictionary. Neither do I know where, how, and by what means we have, in modern times, advanced in abstract directions on the principles here laid down. Have we arrived at anything more definite, absolute, or real, which appeals to the innermost feelings, or even to the reasoning powers, with a more assured response; or have we now aims more noble; or have we reached any grander moral conceptions, any larger modes of thought and life, than are here set before us? Certainly not, I think. Mr. Gough quotes the late Archer Butler as "an admirable interpreter of the imperfect materials before him," who, evidently, without the least appreciation of the luminous intelligence of these treatises, speaks of them as fostering "baseless dreams," to the great detriment of the people holding their tenets, — a verdict about as fair as it would be to confuse the exalted and self-immolating religion of Jesus Christ with the low form of the popular modern profession of it.

It is needless to dwell upon the remissness in scholarship to discern the true value of these precious records of human thought in its spiritual elevation. People do not find what they do not seek and do not want. It is enough that those who look for and desire to know truths to live by and to feed upon will treasure the rich harvest of thought herein contained in their innermost storehouse of precious things, amongst the soul's most valuable spiritual treasures. Of course, many difficulties in detail arise in a minute study of these treatises, as is the case with those books recognized as moral guides by the followers of the Christian religion, but the principles laid down in them are in themselves so absolutely sound and secure that we may well relegate their apparent defections to the margin of our imperfect comprehension, as belonging to habits of thought and modes of regarding things educationally different from our own. To determine their "philosophy" from an academic point of view is about as wise and as useful

as to attempt to define that of the Sermon on the Mount. If they have no intrinsic, practical value, if they make no true appeal to the human soul on their own basis, they have no *raison d'être*, and may very fitly be consigned at once to the "place of weeds and worn-out faces."

As to the capability of the ancient Hindu people to deal with these matters, one need only enter upon a study of their more scholastic philosophies, that of Kapila, for example, to learn how closely they could reason, how they anticipated every objection, with what penetrative, nay, piercing acumen they saw the whole bearing of the matter at issue, and with what a tenacious and unrelaxing grasp they adhered to their logical course, as a sleuthhound in pursuit of his prey.

Amidst all the varieties of sacred rite, observance, ceremonial, or other form which have ever existed, there is to be recognized one sole aim and intention. In fact, there has never been but one religion in the history of mankind. It may be characterized in very exclusive terms. It is that of a recognition of the Divine in the human, or, conversely, the human considered in its relationship to the Divine or Infinite and Omnipotent Being. The words "our Father" imply all that every religion taught or seeks to teach. The oldest and the latest doctrines are but an acknowledgment and enforcement of this principle, an expression of this accepted fact, namely, that as there are everywhere around us the signs and vestiges of an intelligent force at work, and that force, both in extent and power, infinitely superior to our own, it must necessarily be that, visible or invisible, there must be a conscious and intelligent Mover, Controller, Creator, Dissolver, in whose essence we live and move and have our being. The scope and object of every form of religion, pushed to its ultimate significance, are to secure a perfect unity or identity with the Divine Essential Being, of which our own is but a conditioned manifestation. This being the case, we propose to examine the teaching of the Vedânta from this point of view.

No fantastic theosophical speculations, no empirical assumptions, here occupy and bewilder the mind or mock it with changeful and flickering delusions. These writings are purely scientific, logical, experimental. Their authority only awaits general confirmation by practical proof, by the most spiritually discerning, and this proof is within reach of confirmation. They are transcendental in a sense, it is true, but everything we know is based upon the transcendental. "It is the ground we do not tread upon which supports us," says the Taoist; and all our knowledge must necessarily be based upon that which we do not know. In a letter to the present writer, the learned professor, to whom we owe so much, says, "The Vedânta is the only solution of all our religious and philosophical difficulties." Perhaps the terms are too inclusive; but I am very sure of this: if the solution be not found there, it will be found nowhere else.[1] No more penetrative or profounder appeal can be made to the vivifying power which underlies our spiritual being than one finds in these weighty discourses. The Vedânta embraces the compendium of all philosophies, the end of all intellectual and moral research; it embodies the highest wisdom, the most profound knowledge of the soul and the basis of life, attainable by human faculties. It wastes no time or labor, for it defines exactly what is pos-

[1] If the professor would include the philosophy of Kapila in the denomination of the Vedânta, and we accept the premises of that philosophy, his terms would be less open to question. This philosophy, in one word, attributes an evolutionary and developmental power to nature nearly in accord with accepted theories of modern science, but says that this manifestation of creative energy is solely for the disenfranchisement of soul from matter; and when this is perfectly accomplished, the action of nature ceases.

sible and what is impossible to finite being, and very distinctly marks the line where research must cease to conditioned inquiry. It leads us, as it were, to the very line and border of the Unknown Beyond. We are placed on the brink of the sensible universe, and look over it into the immeasurable caverns of the Infinite. We seem to feel by unmistakable presentation the very walls of our limitation. With this revelation — for it undoubtedly is one — the mind, awed and wondering, stands before the impassable, the impenetrable veil. The Source of Life and Nature is clearly indicated. The soul cowers before the Ineffable, the Inscrutable, and places a reverent hand on its lips in a solemnized silence. From this attitude it is ultimately raised by a new presentment. A resplendent dawn arises. "Of all this," it exclaims, "I am a part, as much and as necessary as any other part. All is good, all is God. There can be only one Infinite, one Eternal, one Almighty, comprehending All, including All. Infinite Being cannot contradict itself by a negation. O my soul, *tat tvam asi*, that art thou! I am also that Being than whom there is no other, than whom there is nothing greater, beyond whom there is nothing."

To be more special, the central teaching of the Upanishads may be put into a few words. It is that of the divinely luminous Âtman (an aspect of Brahman, or Essential Being), existing universally, but to be grasped and appropriated by the mind as the elemental vital principle existing within it. It is almost impossible by verbal definition to explain the significance of the word in its entirety. Only a close reading and study of the Vedantic writings will enable one to grasp it fully. The principle of the Divine Âtman is seized by the mind, retained till the whole being is permeated by it and transformed into its substance, exactly as is conveyed by the Gospel parable of the leaven. A divine knowledge and perception illumine the soul. All is seen under the light of one aspect, the Eternal, the All-pervading. This "Knowledge" (as it is called in the Vedânta) attained, the human is abandoned; the Essential and Infinite absorb and annihilate the conditioned and limited existence; the Eternal and Unconditioned are entered upon. When the soul has thus discovered its true nature, destiny, and being, it suffers no more sorrow, no more pain. It is lost in nameless bliss, and has reached a state to which no terms of mundane existence can apply, and is said to have passed into perfect darkness to all mortal ideas or conceptions.

It will be seen that this form of doctrine is related to that of Plato in his exposition of the Ideal and the progressive stages by which it is reached. Still more clearly is it enunciated at the beginning of the Gospel of St. John, as the "Light which lighteth every man;" with which may be compared the following from the Vedânta: "Now that light which shines above this heaven, higher than everything, in the highest world, beyond which there are no other worlds, that is the same light which is within man." (*Kh*ândogya-up, III. xiii. 7.) Again it finds an exposition in some of the writings of the Alexandrian "Fathers." Later it may be discovered as the "mystical" teaching of the "Friends of God" in the fifteenth century, represented by Eckhart, Tauler, and others. It found succeeding development in the Port-Royalists, Madame Guyon, Molinos, and the so-called Quietists of the French and Spanish schools. Finally it obtained utterance in the teaching and doctrines of the early Quakers, as represented by George Fox, Robert Barclay, and others. It is also illustrated in the writings of William Law in the last century.

It may thus be seen that this was no abnormal and sporadic accession, but that it is based and founded in the religious nature of man, a spontaneous growth or outburst which often, without any trace-

able connection, manifested itself at various points isolated in time and place. In fact, this doctrine contains the kernel of all forms of religion, all of which are merely subsidiary and accessory to it, as has been already stated, — the soul's relationship to and connection with Divine Infinite Being, and, in its practical aspect, the way this is to be found. By its light the Christian scheme becomes clear, reasonable, philosophic: not the innocent suffering for the guilty in unjust reprisal, but the divine struggling through the human in the progressive stages of spiritual evolution. This divine element (the Âtman of the Vedânta) is to be dwelt upon and appropriated until the whole mass is leavened. Not that the soul is in itself changed, but it arises to new perceptions, new intelligence. It sees its divine nature and substance, and by means of this Knowledge enters upon its birthright of a purely spiritual life. The position of the soul as regards this Knowledge is explained by a familiar illustration. A king's son is placed, at his birth, among peasants, and grows up amongst them as one of them. As long as they do not know that he is the son of a king, and he does not know it, he remains a peasant; but as soon as they and he are made aware of the circumstance of his birth, he is no more a peasant, but a prince. It is thus with the soul. Once finding out its divine origin as the offspring of the Eternal, and therefore its divine nature, it is at once raised to the same rank and dignity according to its grade of perception of this fact. This doctrine, as teaching that the whole universe is the act or expression of the Deity or Essential Being, does not therefore recognize the existence of absolute evil to the soul. All that exists must have a good end and result. Those, "the blind," who do not see and accept this, and do not bring their lives into harmonious relationship with it, must go from existence to existence until the lesson has been learnt, the divine element, universal and absolute, recognized and accepted, the mortal passed into the immortal, the temporal and the material lost in the spiritual.

I have said that these writings are scientific. They are not mere speculation, even when they leave the region of the sensible and material. They draw the mind naturally from the real to the ideal. I mean the ideal in the Platonic sense, and not the imaginative. They distinctly recognize the line beyond which the human faculties cannot pass. They do not attempt to define the indefinite, to explain that which is inexplicable; but they lead us to the very source and origin, the essentially unconditioned, and, indicating its presence unmistakably before us, bid us pause and regard it thoughtfully until it assumes its due proportions and importance, until its infinite proportions and stupendous importance would seem to reduce our paltry attempts to trace the path of Vital Energy by material investigation to the level of a child's effort to find out the constitution of its doll by pulling it to pieces, when, alas! there is nothing to be seen therein but barren sawdust.

Of course the modern physicist, as well as the Vedantist, knows and accepts the fact that there is a point at which his inquiry must terminate; but when he has reached that point, there is a dead blank, an unbroken, irresponsive silence; *tace il sole*, — the sun is *silent*, as Dante says. There is no more to be seen or known. Research collapses. The physical inquirer sits down under the vague impression of undetermined and unintelligent forces, each blindly combating for the mastery. Here the contemplative study of the Vedantist begins. When we have traced the sensation to the sensorium, our inquiries terminate, but the Vedantist goes further. He does not confuse the eye or the ear with the impressions conveyed by them. He knows as well as the modern scientist knows that there is no traceable connec-

tion between them. We have the impression conveyed to the brain by the nervous system; then another takes it up. What is it? Who is it? Behind this sense of hearing and the impression conveyed by it is the Hearer, the Universal Hearer; behind the eye and its imagery is the Universal Seer, and so behind the other senses the One Universal Perceiver. It is this Essential Intelligence which is the only matter of interest and inquiry to the Vedantist. His mode is neither transcendental nor empirical: it is strictly inductive. From the concrete he arrives at the abstract. Sensation in all its divarications is but the channel by which the One Universal Perceiver is reached. This is the Perceiver of all perceptions, the Thinker of all thoughts, the divine Mover and Controller. He sees its manifestations in every atom of matter, through every particle of space. To him its courses need not be specially defined, for what advantage of enlightenment does he gain by giving a name to this or that channel or duct of this Divine Force, when he knows it is universally diffused? Essential Being, Brahman, is always before him; he seeks to identify himself with it, to be it by casting off forms and conditions, as the snake casts off its skin, to use a Vedantic simile. He looks upon it with a fixity of gaze like that with which the saint in Dante's Purgatory regards the Deity, — as one who would say, *D' altro non calme*, for nothing else I care; for by this entrance into the being of the Primal Existence the true destiny of the soul is accomplished. His creed is neither vague nor fanciful. He recognizes an unmistakable Intelligent Power around him, weaving, unweaving, by the law of a strict evolution; and on this Intelligent Power he leans and builds his life, resting on that which is, though he can apprehend it only in part, and by this means his soul is enlarged and elevated. From this elevation he surveys the world in all its complex mechanism and varied relationships, and sees it all as the emanation of an Infinite Power illumined by the light of its own splendor. By long looking the vision becomes clearer and clearer, just as the practiced eye of the astronomer finally observes that in the configuration of a planet of which an untrained sight receives no sensible impression.

Having thus given some indications of the broad teaching of the Vedânta, I shall now proceed to enter into a more special consideration of some passages of the Upanishads in illustration of their doctrines.

The direct mode of the Vedantist in arriving at the limits of the knowable is typically exemplified in the following conversation between a pupil and his preceptor, the former of which seeks information as to the manner of the entrance of Essential Being into material organisms. The father says to his son, "Fetch me from thence a fruit of the nyagrodha-tree." [1]

"Here is one, sir."

"Break it."

"It is broken, sir."

"What do you see there?"

"These seeds, almost infinitesimal."

"Break one of them."

"It is broken, sir."

"What do you see there?"

"Not anything, sir."

The father said, "My son, that subtile essence which you do not perceive there, of that very essence this great nyagrodha-tree exists."

After another instance of intimate and inseparable mixture amounting to homogeneity, derived from salt dissolved in water, the father pursues: —

"Here also in this body, forsooth, you do not perceive the True (that is, primary or Essential Being), but there indeed it is. That which is the subtile essence, in it all that exists has its self. It is the True. It is the Self, and thou, O *Svetaketu*, art it."

[1] The nyagrodha is the peepul or banyan tree.

There is no haze or uncertainty over that which can be known and that which it is useless to seek to know. The line of possible inquiry is distinctly laid down; there is no attempt made to overleap it. Faith in or assurance of this underlying inscrutable force must be accepted here alike by the wise and the ignorant. This force is the one central fact, beside which all others are merely subsidiary or accessory; so important and all-absorbing is it to the Vedantist that he sees no other. The mere dwelling upon it is the beginning of an education, and raises the soul at once to an attitude of attention and receptiveness, into rapport with the Spirit of Nature, which inaugurates a dawn of true light, and places all human inquiry on its right basis and in due relationship, as a search after the primary law or principle beyond which it cannot go. The last paragraph in the above quotations assures the pupil that this essential principle is the same that constitutes the substantial nucleus of his own being, which is also diffused throughout the universe.

As further illustrative of Vedantic teaching, the following may be quoted:

"All this is Brahman. Let a man meditate on that (visible world) as beginning, ending, and breathing in it (the Brahman).

"Now man is a creature of will. According to what his will is in this world, so will he be when he has departed this life. Let him therefore have this will and belief.

"The intelligent, whose body is spirit, whose form is light, whose thoughts are true, whose nature is like ether (omnipresent and invisible); from whom all works, all desires, all sweet odors and tastes proceed, — he who embraces all this, who never speaks and is never surprised,

"He is my self within the heart, smaller than a corn of rice, smaller than a mustard seed, smaller than a canary seed or the kernel of a canary seed. He also is my self within the heart, greater than the earth, greater than the sky, greater than heaven, greater than all these worlds.

"He from whom all works, all desires, all sweet odors and tastes proceed, who embraces all this, who never speaks, who is never surprised, — he, my self within the heart, is that Brahman. When I shall have departed from hence I shall obtain him (that self). He who has this faith has no doubt."

The word "self" in these passages is that by which Professor Max Müller translates Âtman. I must refer the reader to his preface for his reasons for so doing. He admits it is a mere term of convenience, and perhaps it is as good as any other in the language, though without explanation it must fail to convey any meaning of the original. The context alone, as in paragraphs two, three, and four, illustrates its significance better than any attempt to define accurately the meaning of the term. In such passages as the above there is revealed to the mind a conceptional view of the subtle underlying force and vitality in the universe not to be found so clearly and definitely expressed in any modern writing. We are brought, so to speak, into the very presence of the Eternal, and may exclaim with Jacob at Luz, "Surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not." We are, as it were, sensibly enfolded in the arms and pressed to the bosom of the Infinite. We are all offspring from one source, we are all parts of the same Being. The Divine Possibilities are laid open within us. The Power that created the universe can be but one, and we must be a part of that Power. There is no other existence but the eternal one, and every soul that lives must be of that nature and consistency. Thus we have the foundational basis of religion and science, the clue to and confirmation of that instinctive feeling which underlies the questioning soul, that religion and science properly viewed

and accepted must be one and the same thing. There is here distinctly laid down a purely scientific axiom, that Will is the instrumental author of being. The power of willing marks the difference between chaos and creation, between the amorphous and the structural. It is the primary principle of evolution. "Through the Will of the world everything wills," says the Vedantist. "Meditate on Will." Every organism is endowed with the power of choosing that which is necessary to perform its particular function as an individual. Every divarication is the inauguration of the extension of this eclectic faculty, and marks a new stage of development. The Vedantist sees this distinctly, and gives the choosing principle a name. It is Brahman, the Self, within every creature that gives its individuality, and yet holds it inseparably conjoined to the whole. Can anything go deeper? Wherein have we learnt more than these primitive sages saw and specified? Have we not here all that any doctrine of evolution can teach us, clearly and comprehensively laid down?

The knowledge of the soul's universality as Essential Being by a prescient overpassing of the mortal limits is conveyed in the following paragraphs: —

"That Self is a bank, a boundary, so that these worlds may not be confounded. Day and night do not pass that bank, nor old age, death, and grief; neither good nor evil deeds. All evil-doers turn back from it, for the world of Brahman is free from all evil.

"Therefore, he who has crossed that bank, if blind, ceases to be blind; if wounded, ceases to be wounded; if afflicted, ceases to be afflicted. Therefore, when that bank has been crossed, night becomes day indeed, for the world of Brahman is lighted up once for all.

"And that world of Brahman belongs to those only who find it by abstinence; for them there is freedom in all the worlds."

The "boundary" above indicated is that between the conditioned and the unconditioned. An apprehension of the latter being attained, — that is, of the soul's real nature and essential liberty, — the mortal falls from it; the immortal and eternal are revealed as constituting its proper sphere; the boundaries of time and space are broken down; it enters upon a divine freedom, and henceforward cannot be touched by the shifting casualties of the terrestrial existence.

The mode of grasping or apprehending the originating source of life and being is put before us in the answer given to Saunaka, a great householder, who went to inquire of the sage Angiras. "Sir," said Saunaka, "what is that which if it is known, everything else becomes known?" The sage answered, "Two kinds of knowledge must be known, — this is what all who know Brahman tell us, — the higher and lower knowledge." He proceeds to say that the lower knowledge is that of the Vedas, grammar, science, etc.; but the higher knowledge is that by which the indestructible (Brahman) is reached.

"That which cannot be seen nor seized, which has no family and no caste, no eyes nor ears, no hands nor feet, the eternal, the omnipresent (all-pervading), infinitesimal, that which is imperishable, — that it is which the wise regard as the source of all beings.

"As the spider sends forth and draws in its thread, as plants grow on the earth, as from every man hairs spring forth on the head and the body, thus does everything here arise from the indestructible."

Perhaps there is nothing more happily expressed in the Vedânta than the similes and illustrations given by way of figures or symbols of interior meaning. Here we have one that elucidates the gradations by which we go from the known to the unknown in our progress towards the Infinite Ideal: —

"As a caterpillar, after having reached a blade of grass, and after having made another approach (to another blade),

draws itself together towards it, thus does this Self, after having thrown off this body and dispelled all ignorance, and after making another approach (to another body), draw himself together towards it.

"And as a goldsmith, taking a piece of gold, turns it into another newer and more beautiful shape, so does this Self, after having thrown off this body and dispelled all ignorance, make unto himself another newer and more beautiful shape."

Could anything be put into better form or be more definite? Surely this is the very essence of compressed utterance.

The Vedantist goes on to say: —

"Now, as a man is like this or like that, according as he acts and according as he behaves, so will he be: a man of good acts will become good; a man of bad acts, bad. He becomes pure by pure deeds, bad by bad deeds.

"And here they say that a person consists of desires. And as his desire, so is his will; and as is his will, so is his deed; and whatever deed he does, that will he reap.

"And here there is this verse: 'To whatever object a man's own mind is attached, to that he goes strenuously together with his deed; and having obtained the end (the last results) of whatever deed he does here on earth, he returns again from that world (which is the temporary reward of his deed) to this world of action.'

"So much for the man who desires. But as to the man who does not desire, who, not desiring, freed from desires, is satisfied in his desires, or desires the Self only, his vital spirits do not depart elsewhere; being Brahman, he goes to Brahman.

"On this there is this verse: 'When all desires which once entered his heart are undone, then does the mortal become immortal, then he obtains Brahman.'

"And as the slough of a snake lies on an ant-hill, dead and cast away, thus lies this body; but that disembodied immortal spirit is Brahman, is only light."

The extinction of personal desires here laid down is the abuse of the ascetic; but, however mistaken and travestied in modern Brahmanism, is clear enough in meaning to the thoughtful. It is not the prostration of inaction, but a recognition of the eternal, universal claim, and an abandonment and total submission to it. It is an acceptance of the rule of higher Being, of absolute law, and a merging of the soul into it without any self-assertive opposition to or revolt against it. It is by thus relinquishing the standpoint of its own personality that the soul enters into the Essential Principle of the universe. It is thus that the seeker of the true soul, the immortal and essential "Self" within us as it is without, leaving the concrete and limited, unites himself with this unbounded Being, and becomes one with it. But what a sublime exposition is this of Divine Truth! Is it not convincing that the voice of Truth has never been silent in the history of mankind; that it is always and perpetually speaking? Surely there is something here which points to the highest in man, and enables him to claim an assimilative union with his Creator.

We may proceed in our exposition of Vedantic teaching by continuing the quotation from the same Upanishad: —

"The small old path stretching far away has been found by me. On it sages who know Brahman move on to the Svarga-loka (heaven), and thence higher on, as entirely free."

In a close and prolonged study of the Upanishads, I have found that the most trustworthy mode of interpreting obscure passages is by carefully collating them with parallel or analogous readings. It is astonishing how much light may be thrown on such passages by this means. Necessarily, the writings must be well grasped in their entirety before this can be done. Such a knowledge of them

once attained, a comparison of various readings will often be found clearly illustrative, when even the splendid commentary of Sankarâchârya fails to enlighten us. The "path stretching far away" is the way of truth, the "narrow way" of the Gospels, as we find by referring to another Upanishad as follows:

"The true prevails, not the untrue; by the true the path is laid out, the way of the gods on which the old sages, satisfied in their desires, proceed to where there is that highest place of the True One.

"That (true Brahman) shines forth grand, divine, inconceivable, smaller than small; it is far beyond what is far, and yet near here; it is hidden in the cave (of the heart) among those who see it even here."

It will be seen that the statements made in the above passages are strictly in accordance with law and rule. There is nothing catastrophic or cataclysmic in this elevation. It is one of progress and gradual advancement, — evolution, in fact, beginning with the material and ending in the spiritual, and then going by progressive stages to the Highest.

To proceed with the Bri.-upanishad:

"On that path they say that there is white, or blue, or yellow, or green, or red; that path was found by Brahman, and on it goes whoever knows Brahman, and who has done good and obtained splendor."

The colors here specified doubtless symbolize the divarication of the Creative Energy, just as we are told in another place, "The sun, which has no color, produces all colors." Thus the sages approach Brahman by means of his manifestation, his created works; "by the word is the non-word revealed." And now we come to what appears to be a paradoxical statement, which has been found very puzzling by some European students of the Vedânta. It is this: —

"All who worship what is not knowledge enter into blind darkness; those who delight in knowledge enter, as it were, into greater darkness.

"There are, indeed, those unblessed worlds covered with blind darkness. Men who are ignorant and not enlightened go, after death, to those worlds."

It would seem strange that if those who worship the negation of knowledge sink into profound darkness, those who delight in knowledge should enter still greater darkness. But here the difficulty evidently turns on what is meant by the term "darkness." The signification of darkness here is undoubtedly that of the senses. That is to say, the ignorant, in the Vedic sense (those who do not know Brahman), who have not left the domain of the senses, are still held in the sensuous bond, are still in the light — the material light — which the senses afford; but those who have abandoned the realm of sense for the higher illumination of the spirit are plunged into an unknown and inconceivable obscurity considered with respect to material or sensible light, which therefore is fitly designated as darkness to the mortal apprehension. "Mystics," so called, of various times and places, have often used the same figure. In the Rose Garden of the Sufiist Mahmud Shabistari we find: —

> "This blackness, if you know it, is the light of very Being:
> In the land of darkness is the wellspring of life."

It is also definitely expressed by Lord Herbert of Cherbury in his Sonnet of Black Beauty, as follows: —

> "Thou still abidest so entirely one
> That we may know thy blackness is a spark
> Of light inaccessible, and alone
> Our darkness which can make us think it dark."

The sage proceeds: —

"If a man understands the Self, saying, 'I am He,' what could he wish or desire that he should pine after the body?"

That is to say, if a man understands

and accepts the fact that he is not an independent and isolated individual, but of the nature and substance of the very Creator himself, why should he wish to return to the limitations of the body, with its varying liabilities to pain and suffering? Once understood his identity with the Divine Ruler whilst the soul is narrowly confined to the restriction of the body, he must then recognize that he also is of the same essential quality; just as the Hebrew prophet said to the people, "Ye are the sons of the living God;" and David, "Ye are gods, and all of you are children of the most High;" the latter quoted and confirmed by Jesus Christ, according to the evangelist. This, then, is a question of spiritual perception, or "Knowledge," as the Vedantist terms it.

"While we are here we may know this; if not, I am ignorant, and there is great destruction. Those who know it become immortal, but others suffer pain indeed.

"If a man clearly beholds this Self as God, and as the lord of all that is and will be, then he is no more afraid.

"He behind whom the year revolves with the days, him the gods worship as the light of lights, as immortal time.

"He in whom the five beings and the ether rest, him alone I believe to be the Self: I who know believe him to be Brahman; I who am immortal believe him to be immortal.

"They who know the life of life, the eye of the eye, the ear of the ear, the mind of the mind, they have comprehended the ancient primeval Brahman.

"By the mind alone is it to be perceived; there is in it no diversity. He who perceives therein any diversity goes from death to death.

"This eternal being that can never be proved is to be perceived in one way only; it is spotless, beyond the ether, the unborn Self, great and eternal.

"Let a wise Brâhmana, after he has discovered him, practice wisdom. Let him not seek after many words, for that is a mere weariness of the tongue."

The "five beings" spoken of in the above extract have been variously explained. They may be the five orders of spiritual beings. My own interpretation is that they are meant for the five senses, with the mind ("ether"). The passage would then mean, he in whom mortal being rests; that is, the Deity, or Brahman. The phrase "there is diversity" would say that Essential Being is homogeneous, so to speak, inclusive, of one sole nature and quality, and cannot therefore be divided. He who looks upon individual being as something self-existent, complete in itself, and not as a part of eternal, universal being, still remains in the conditional and mortal, the transitory and perishable. The similes used to express the homogeneity of being are, as salt dissolved in water, so universal Being pervades and coexists with and in all things; or, as the universally distributed ether is not made otherwise or different or obtains another denomination by being inclosed in a jar from that which is external to the vessel, so this universal Being maintains its unity under all forms of divarication. These sublime words need no further explanation. Their import is clear enough in the light of what has been already stated.

I have thus laid down some of the broader principles of the teaching of the Vedânta, and I think they are sufficient to make its spirit and doctrines clearly understood. There is no doubt this must be placed in the world's category of revelations, whatever may be the precise significance attached to that term. It is exactly in the line of evolution of the highest idea of religion in the soul of man. It contains in its essence the dawn or nucleus of the most profound and intrinsic sentiment of Christianity; that is, God in man, to be discovered by the highest spiritual intelligence, that subtle faculty of the soul which rules our reason, and against which there is no appeal.

According to the Vedânta, the object and raison d'être of mundane existence are that the soul may be able to supersede and renounce material life and every temporal attachment, living only in that which is divine, eternal, immutable. The Brahmanical state thus attained — termed in later Buddhism Nirvana — is, however, not, as is sometimes supposed, annihilation, but the contrary, an unlimited, pure, impersonal life, and one, therefore, which no language has terms to explain; of which, indeed, the human soul, in its present state, has no faculty for the apprehension. This is the highest form of religion. For those clinging to the mortal and individual being; who look to rewards and punishments as their directing and governing influences; who love not the Divine Being for its own sake, its intrinsic desirableness and loveliness, but seek for personal happiness and to escape suffering merely, — these, by a life of appropriate acts, attain their desire in the blessedness of a heavenly existence, but terminable, since their acts, life, and thoughts still keep the individuated and postulate range. Those who, by their own will and desire, do not reach the eternal and unchangeable state are born again and again into varied forms of terminable life, according to their deeds: some as wise and good persons in the upward progress, and others, the wicked, as noxious animals, or even as stocks and stones; just as we are told in the book of Revelation in the New Testament that death changes no nature. "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still: and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still: and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still: and he that is holy, let him be holy still."

Much which to the Western mind is desirable, and perhaps in itself innocuous, the Vedantist says, for him is evil, because it makes demands upon and fosters the mortal and material part of himself, and therefore closes and suppresses the immortal and immaterial. He does not want to gain the world in any of its forms, but to leave it in all. It is by withdrawing himself from it that he seeks to do this. It may be added that tenderness to every creature that lives, kindness and helpfulness, with every sort of social goodness, are inculcated to the utmost. But it must at the same time be allowed that the active virtues are not dwelt upon and enforced with the same degree of prominence which they obtain in the Christian religion. Perhaps the Vedânta is too purely abstract and intellectual in its nature. In fact, Vedantic teachings are no substitute for Christianity, but bear upon the more developed teachings of Christ as revealing how entirely accordant with law those teachings are, how secure are their foundations on the very basis of nature and being. The Vedânta throws a flood of light, to the reflective mind, on the union, the absolute union, of the soul of man with the Being of God, and herein is in perfect harmony with the loftiest and most profound teaching of the Christian religion. There is no antagonism in any one point, so far as I know, between the two religions; the Brahmanical form dwelling upon principles common to both. They would seem to be but different aspects of the same high truth, mutually illuminative, though from different points of view. A person might be a Brahmin in faith without abandoning Christianity, and a Brahmin might be a Christian without sacrificing anything of his creed, or, as he would call it, Knowledge. Indeed, it would seem to me that both must be benefited, each by the presentation of the other. In using the term "Brahmin" here, I mean the Vedantist, and not the formalist of to-day; as also, by "Christianity," I do not mean its modern representative, but the religion of Jesus Christ as taught and exemplified by him.

Thus we may be said to have here the practical solution of the main problem of life, the soul's function and destiny, — to rise from the mortal to the immor-

tal, from the material to the spiritual, by the laws of a natural evolution, to pass beyond the limits of the senses into the realm of pure Essential Being. "The sun does not shine there, nor the moon and the stars, nor these lightnings, and much less this fire. When He shines, everything shines after Him; by his light all this is lighted." (Katha-upanishad, II. v. 15.)

William Davies.

A STRATEGIC MOVEMENT.

I.

It was a saying of Nora Chilton's that, if given the choice, she would always prefer the sting of a thousand ungratified wishes to a surfeit of contentment. The demand of her intellect and heart was to feel themselves alive. She asked not so much to enjoy as to try her own strength. She liked the gay, gaudy, fashionable world, with its shifting and multiplying needs and resources, its endless comedy, its power to radiate life as from a centre of light and heat. Still, she was poor, and the accomplishment of living so well upon a small income that no sharp dividing line appears to separate one from rich people must necessarily be a very negative success, or the result of a large evasion. She was a woman of opposite moods. There were days when to reset her furniture in her suite of rooms high up in the Eugénie; to contrive new and mellow blendings of color in her cushions and curtains; to give a tea, luncheon, or dinner; in short, to carry out with effectiveness and charm whatever she undertook, was almost enough to satisfy her. Again, by no glamour could she make this side of her life seem other than futility and failure. To do everything at second hand, to be the imitator of richer people whom she half derided, when what she longed for was to spend her strength in answering some call upon her highest powers! She was in such a mood when, one February morning, this note was brought her:

— Madison Avenue, Thursday.

My dear Nora, — Now do not dare to tell me that you are engaged to-night, for you must dine here. Sebastian has telephoned me that he has at last got hold of Marmaduke Douglas, and says I must ask you to come and help entertain the great man. Whether he is young or old, married or single, whether he will come in war-paint and feathers or in a sombrero and buckskin tights, I have no idea. I only know that he is to be propitiated. He represents the Quadrilateral, and the Quadrilateral is what has spoiled Sebastian's peace of mind for six months. To make terms with it means somehow millions to the Transmontana. I need you to talk ranchos, cañons, silver mines, to the millionaire, and I shall send the coupé for you at a quarter before seven.

Yours ever,

Fanny Eustace.

Nora scribbled a line in return: "You may count on me."

What she quarreled with in herself was a sense of elation at the lucky accident of being asked to eat her dinner with the Eustaces. All the morning she had been, as it were, sweeping and garnishing her belongings, and now this worldly little Lucifer had come in and taken possession. She had experienced an inexplicable discontent, and had set to work to try to analyze the spirit of unrest within herself. A childless widow of less than thirty, she needed, she de-

clared, some loyal, self-forgetting work for others. She was about to set herself some hard task, when Fanny Eustace, by a happy dexterity, had put her in touch with what was trivial, every-day, material. But then the season was Lent, the weather was inclement, and, having for a week felt lonely and outside the world, she was in a mood for companionship.

Thus, five minutes after seven o'clock, that evening, she entered Mrs. Eustace's little rear drawing-room, and completed the *partie carrée*. Mrs. Eustace was a large, handsome blonde, languid in manner, slow of speech, but with a comprehensive smile which atoned for lack of effort. Her husband was small, dark, wiry, with jet-black eyes of gimlet sharpness. He was a broker, and lived, breathed, and had his being in Wall Street. Mr. Marmaduke Douglas, the representative of the Quadrilateral, was, as Mrs. Eustace had predicted, not in conventional evening dress, but wore an ample frock coat tightly buttoned up, with one of the flaps turned back, to admit of his putting his left hand into his trousers pocket. This attitude, although unusual at New York dinner parties, may have helped to create an effect of something serene, self-centred, individual, in the man. Compared with Sebastian Eustace, he was impressive. He had a massive forehead; heavy overhanging brows with deeply set blue eyes; a dreamy gaze; a generally half-listless expression on his clean-shaven face, yet withal a look indicating that he was not asleep, not unobservant, but ready, — not to be trifled with. He held out his disengaged hand to Mrs. Chilton when he was introduced, and said, "Madam, I am proud to make your acquaintance."

"We are all here," said Sebastian Eustace; and five minutes later the two guests sat down facing each other across the broad table, of which the sole decoration, except the silver and crystal at each plate, was a large oval mirror surrounded by a bank of snowdrops and white crocuses, and over whose polished surface tiny red figures in the shape of fiends and gnomes — clever Parisian knickknacks — seemed to be skating. So far we have not described Mrs. Chilton, but Marmaduke Douglas had observed that she had a step like a nymph, that her gown was more symmetrical than the gowns of other women, and that she moved and spoke with nobility and naturalness. Now he had a good view of a clearly cut, brilliant face, eyes and hair of the darkest, a beautiful airy forehead, and a flexible, piquant pair of lips. How old she was he did not decide on the instant. She looked old enough to have passed through many experiences, yet young enough to put mere youth at a disadvantage.

Mr. and Mrs. Eustace were not fluent talkers, and their deficiency explained their need of Nora Chilton, who possessed a happy knack of entering into the tone of others, a just and accurate sense of character, and could take what other people got angry or bored with as a humorous part of the nature of things. She addressed her *vis-à-vis* unhesitatingly. She asked him if he liked New York. He said a great many people thought New York was like the kingdom of heaven, but that he should think twice about accepting even salvation on no better terms. She inquired how he amused himself. He replied that so far he had made no attempt to amuse himself, but had tried to find out what these highly civilized Eastern people found amusing. He had, accordingly, been to the best theatres. Did he like the theatre? He had not always at first, he confessed, been able to make out the meaning of the play, but finally, by dint of study, he had decided that in general it meant nothing, — just simply nothing at all. Still, the scenery was often ingenious, and he liked to look at the audience. He thought that perhaps he preferred the opera. It was more earnest. He liked to feel that people were in

earnest; and a man or woman has to be deeply in earnest before committing himself or herself to a high note. However, he was a mere looker-on. What he did chiefly was to sit in his office and read the newspaper. Did he then enjoy reading newspapers?

"Of all honest occupations on the face of the earth," said Marmaduke Douglas, "I consider it the very poorest."

"I wish you would tell me what you do really like, Mr. Douglas," said Nora.

"I'll tell you, Mrs. Chilton," said Sebastian Eustace. "He likes upsetting the universe, and then making a cool million or two out of the fragments."

"Oh, no," said Mr. Douglas, letting his words drop in a deliberate, gentle way, and in a manner of such uniform bland melancholy that the effect was a little puzzling. "The real excitment is in losing money. While you are piling it up you can't help feeling sad. What is money? you say to yourself. It is the root of all evil, and what good can it do us? It can't buy a friend, not even a relation. It can't preserve your life a day when the fiat has gone forth. 'Man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain; he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them.' You eat too good dinners and get indigestion and laziness, and feel very unhappy indeed. You long to go about and lecture before Christian associations on the blessings of poverty, or settle down on a desert island and take time to think whether life is worth living. But just get a hint that an enemy wants to topple over something you have been building up, and you feel alive down to the tips of your toes."

"I suspect," said Sebastian Eustace, laughing, "that you never had much experience of that sort of thing?"

"Not so much as might be good for me," said the millionaire plaintively; "but the first time I got hold of something profitable I suffered. It was when Benswanger and I struck a vein of silver. I was only nineteen, but Benswanger had faith in me, and wanted me to come East and get hold of a company. So I came East. Benswanger said it was necessary to make a good impression, that I must do the thing handsomely; so I engaged a bridal compartment in a parlor car. That was the way I first got satiated with loneliness and splendor. When I reached New York, I took a suite of rooms at the Windsor, and there I fairly reveled in luxury; they were upholstered in pink satin, and set round with mirrors."

"I don't believe you were so lonely after you came to New York," Sebastian suggested.

"No," said Mr. Douglas, with a sigh. "People in Wall Street were most friendly, most helpful. They just laid themselves out to save me trouble. They knew what was best for me. I did n't understand at the time what was good for my soul, and I thought I had fallen among thieves. Now I realize that the luckiest thing that could have happened to me was to have to go back to Colorado like a pitcher broken at the fountain."

"Did you return in a palace car?" asked Nora mischievously.

"No, not in a palace car."

"You did not conquer New York that time," Sebastian observed, with a little nod. "You waited till you came again."

But no, Mr. Douglas explained, he was not so ambitious as he had been eighteen years before. Nowadays he preferred to take a back seat; not perhaps from modesty, not altogether from a sordid spirit of economy, but because he liked to see the world turn round. Now there were people, he went on to say, who declared that money could buy everything in New York. He wondered whether they spoke the truth.

"Why not?" exclaimed Nora. "Money will buy you a house, equipages, a box at the opera, good dinners, a handsome wife! A man must have a great many needs if what money will not buy cannot satisfy them all."

Mr. and Mrs. Eustace accepted her words as a tribute to themselves. There was nothing in America, nothing in Europe, nothing in the universe, which money could not buy, and to New York was offered the cream of everything.

"Best markets in the world here," said Sebastian, — "everything that can tempt the appetite."

"Except the appetite," Nora murmured.

"I am a pilgrim and I am a stranger," said Mr. Douglas. "They might not take me in."

"You can take them in," suggested Sebastian, with a chuckle. "Just have a house in New York, a cottage at Newport, a lodge in the mountains, a country place within easy reach, and make yourself really comfortable."

"To be really comfortable is to be always packing up to go somewhere else," explained Nora. "It is impossible, nowadays, to stay in any place more than three months."

"A yacht is a good thing," Sebastian put in. "A man likes at times to get away from the telegraph and the telephone."

"Oh, we trust such casualties will not happen to anybody here!" Nora cried. Her eyes were dancing with fun, and so were those of Mr. Marmaduke Douglas. His glance was apt to rest on her; he watched her brilliant, changeful face as he followed the discussion with an intent, sometimes puzzled look, as he tried to separate the grain from the chaff.

"We have the handsomest houses and the best pictures in the world," Sebastian went on. "People in Europe give up trying to compete with New York and Chicago millionaires when they want a picture."

"Now there is the Angelus," said Nora. "Experts say that in Paris it was worth, say, ten thousand dollars. Here we paid more than one hundred thousand."

"And musicians," pursued Sebastian. "Just as soon as they achieve a European reputation, we are ready to offer five hundred dollars an evening for a private entertainment."

"I gave a luncheon the other day, and had an author read scenes from his own works afterwards," said Mrs. Eustace. "We command the very best art and literature in the world."

"We like," said Nora solemnly, "anything that is expensive. That is, I mean socially expensive, and mentally inexpensive."

"Mentally inexpensive?" repeated Mr. Douglas, with a twinkle in his eye. "I see, a man needs to be middling rich in order to be rich enough to buy the universe."

"It 's good to have the apples hang high," said Sebastian. "A man never ought to feel that he has got all he wants in the world."

"No danger," Mrs. Eustace observed, with a sigh, as she and Mrs. Chilton rose from the table. "No matter how many figures there are in one's income, it is never quite large enough."

II.

Naturally, Mrs. Eustace poured into Nora Chilton's ear all she had heard about Marmaduke Douglas and his wealth-amassing career. He had come East to effect a "deal," she explained vaguely: the Quadrilateral and the Transmontana, after fighting each other for two years, were finally to lie down together. He had been in Sebastian's way, but now all was to go well. Sebastian admired the great capitalist, although he sometimes called him names. Every accident of the man's career had helped him. He had plenty of original force, and in whatever he undertook he created a monopoly; crushing everything and everybody who came in his way. His ambition was to dominate. He was a searching judge of men. There was in

him an unsleeping insight, a sagacity, an invincible courage, a repose, an equipoise, at the same time a readiness for a spring that was terrible. Whoever was against him dreaded him, and had reason to dread him.

"I hate that brutal force!" cried Nora, with anger and scorn. "I hate those sordid, successful men! I wish the heavens would fall and grind them to atoms."

Nora's friends were used to these outbursts, and found them piquant. Everybody had some fad, and Nora's was unworldliness. It was the more amusing to hear her declaim against wealth and luxury because she possessed such tact and aptitude in social matters; dressed so well, and interfused so much brightness into her dull little segment of the great circle, that it was easy, even while she declared that she would rather be poor than rich, to see where her real tastes lay. Her mother, Mrs. Haven, had been an ambitious woman, and had married Nora, her only child, at the age of nineteen, to Livingston Chilton, one of the heirs to the great Chilton property. Livingston had died within two years, and Nora, losing her child at the same time, forfeited all claim to the estate. Thus the marriage for which Mrs. Haven had schemed came to nothing, and she died of the disappointment. Yet, left a widow, Nora might more than once have redeemed this failure, and her best friends could not account for her conduct in refusing one good match after another. Perhaps Nora could not have accounted for her own conduct. Once she had married without love; then, when she had lost both husband and child, she had had to make her peace with the Unseen towards which she groped in bitter sorrow and remorse. This grief, this self-reproach, left their effect in a finer nerve, a keener insight, in a fresh sense of the distinction between great and little things, in a new choice of responsibilities, in a sudden recognition of her own identity. Along with these came an unexpected blessedness in a wider instinct of human fellowship. These impulses had not spent themselves in caprice. She studied nursing, and at times had lived among the poor and nursed the sick. Perhaps her feeling of the insoluble nature of the human problem had not been dispelled by these enterprises; still, if she effected little, she at least understood better something of the starvation struggle going on in the world. Gradually certain forces gathered in her mind, and shaped themselves into a definite intention. To test the efficacy of a certain scheme, she had longed to have larger means at her disposal. Thus it was perhaps not strange if, after meeting Mr. Marmaduke Douglas, Nora's thoughts should concentrate themselves on his gift, beyond that of necromancy, for making money; and, with this starting-point, that her conscience, at first in arms against him, should modify itself in answer to her need, and rouse in her the wish to bend his sordid faculties dexterously to carry out her own ends.

Certain tricks of individuality in the man she had had a relish for; they conveyed to her the secret of his sense of humor, his good nature in general, his modesty, his conscientious desire to conform to the usages of the dinner table and offend no fastidious taste. If she had gained no impression of him except as a financier possessed of curious secrets and living in a sphere of rich possibilities, in spite of her confidence in his power to offer her a short cut to wealth she could hardly have ventured to approach him. But he had given her glimpses, suggestions, almost it might be said a master key to something held in reserve; at least, by some feminine casuistry, she believed that she saw in him something with which she could put herself in touch. Thus it was no difficult matter to write and ask if he could suggest a safe and paying investment for a

small sum of money which was lying idle at her banker's.

The answer was delivered by private messenger.

— Broadway, *February* 21.

My dear Madam, — Perhaps you will do me the honor to call to-morrow at eleven. Yours with respect,

Marmaduke Douglas.

Just as St. Paul's clock was striking eleven, on the following day, Nora accordingly crossed the threshold of the great white building on Broadway, was met by a clerk, escorted to the elevator, and, after an ascent to the third story, was ushered into a large room, the floor of which was covered with a Turkey rug, while round the long table in the centre were set twelve armchairs upholstered in red leather.

Nora, from her first mood of boundless curiosity and no fear, had declined to one of trepidation; but the sight of the great man standing awed, expectant, evidently strung up to a high pitch of interest, ready to receive her, threw a gleam of humor over the situation and helped to restore her self-possession.

"You are the centurion: you said to me 'Come,' and I came," she exclaimed. "You are very good to let me take up your time, Mr. Douglas."

"Mrs. Chilton," returned Marmaduke Douglas, as solemnly as if assisting at some high function, "you do me very great honor." He took her hand, led her to a seat by the window, and himself sat down opposite. "Now about this money you wish to invest," he began at once. "How much is it?"

"Eighteen hundred dollars."

"Oh, eighteen hundred dollars!" There was an intonation of surprise in his voice for which she could not account.

"Is it too small a sum to do anything with? Of course, to you it must be insignificant; but to me, Mr. Douglas, it represents a considerable fraction of all I possess in the world."

He bent a singularly vivid look upon her.

"A great deal can be done with eighteen hundred dollars," he made haste to say. "You give me full discretion?"

"The fullest discretion," returned Nora, with her pervasive gayety of look and tone and manner. "Buy a railroad, or a township, or a silver mine, only" —

"Double it, treble it, quadruple it, for you," he said with energy, "I will. That 's all I 'm good for."

"I hear that everything you touch turns to money," she went on, with that soft archness which was her distinctive attribute. "I am poor, I have always been poor, yet I have had to hear so much about money that I hate it. I think the world would be better off if there were no such thing as money. But invariably, just as I get hold of some beautiful symmetrical theory which can mend the universe, some obstinate fact crops up and spoils everything. And now I need a little more money to carry out a scheme dear to my heart. This amount has already been lying idle for four weeks. My uncle says I must wait for him to find some safe investment, and he also declares there are no safe investments that pay more than four per cent."

Mr. Douglas, gazing at Nora's charming face, all gayety and sweetness, insensibly melted under the summer warmth of her influence. His own face relaxed, beamed; unconsciously he tilted back his chair, pushed aside the lapel of his coat, and inserted his left thumb in the sleeve of his waistcoat.

"There are no safe investments beyond four per cent," he returned, with a smile on his well-cut lips and in the corner of his eye, while he accented his meaning with his wagging right forefinger. "Not even four per cents are safe. What 's this earth, anyhow, but a thin crust of soil over a centre of fire? Earthquakes, volcanoes, upheavals, going on all the time, while we whirl along through space

at the rate of sixty-eight thousand miles an hour, contriving to hold on only by the attraction of gravitation. The whole solar system is as rotten as the state of Denmark. Spots on the sun, moon and other planets burned up, comets threatening us on every hand! Safety? There 's no safety anywhere!"

"You mean that one has to accept some measure of risk," observed Nora, a trifle embarrassed by his ease of attitude.

His alert sense discovered the slight coldness of her tone. He pulled himself up, as it were, put his chair on its four legs, and clasped his hands together.

"There are just two classes of men to trust in money matters," he now remarked, "fools and wise men. What you have to dread is half fools and half wise."

"It does not seem quite civil to call my uncle a fool," said Nora; "still" —

"Oh, I 'm the fool," said Mr. Douglas. "Don't mind calling me names. I will take your money and rush in where better men might fear to tread. However, don't fear. You are safe."

She was opening a little bag of silk and lace, and now produced the check.

"I trust you," she said.

"You may." He called a clerk, asked for a blank form, filled it out, and gave her the acknowledgment. "Don't go," he said entreatingly, as she was about to rise. "I have nothing to do until a quarter before twelve. You might give me a quarter of an hour. You are my client, you know. We must talk over things."

She had half risen, but now sat down.

"Since I put my affairs in your hands, I ought to try to make you take a friendly interest in me."

"No difficulty whatever about that. What I should like," he added, with a half sigh, "would be to make you take a friendly interest in me. I dare say you have heard all sorts of things about me, not all to my good?"

"The Eustaces say you are very successful; and when they say a man is successful, it is very high praise."

"Now you don't care for success as the Eustaces do." He was sitting bent a little forward, and his eyes regarded her with a penetrating glance.

"I seem to believe in your success," returned Nora. "I never before in my life asked such a favor of any one. It shows, Mr. Douglas, that I believe not only in your enormous strength, but in your magnanimity, that I venture to make such a request. I could not have gone to" —

"To Sebastian Eustace?" said Mr. Douglas, with a twinkle in his eye. "You flatter me. Business is business. It is quite right for you not to call me your friend until I have proved myself one. Five minutes after I had met you, I understood that you had looked out of your own eyes, observed things for yourself, did not express yourself in second-hand terms and give the result of other people's foolish thinking." He rose, and she felt that she was dismissed.

"The centurion says to me 'Go,' and I go," she observed, holding out her hand.

He shook it warmly.

"Obedience is a very good thing, Mrs. Chilton," he said, and opened the door.

This was Tuesday. The following Friday, at two o'clock, Nora had just returned from a morning's shopping with Mrs. Eustace, and entering her little reception room, and throwing off her mantle, bonnet, and gloves, she began to open the parcels which had come in and were piled on the divan. All at once she looked up from the litter of silk, lace, and muslin, and saw Mr. Marmaduke Douglas standing inside the portière, in his favorite attitude, one hand in his trousers pocket, and the other swinging his hat. Unusual as the hour was for calling, there was something in his look suggestive of youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm. He was dressed with faultless elegance, and in his buttonhole was a stalk of lily of the valley.

"Oh, Mr. Douglas!" exclaimed Nora. "How you startled me!"

At this confession of surprise the visitor paused, blushed rosy red, and faltered in a curiously deprecatory manner.

"I am afraid I intrude. Perhaps it is not the right time of day. You see, Mrs. Chilton, I 'm so ignorant."

"It is exactly the right time of day," returned Nora, who had started up, and was now shaking hands with him. "I have just come in from shopping, and am pining for some friendly person to admire my things."

"Beautiful, beautiful!" murmured Mr. Douglas in a tone of awe. She was establishing him at the end of the divan against a pile of cushions. "I suppose you have had a happy time?" he continued. "I have heard that shopping makes every woman perfectly happy."

"Some man said that," retorted Nora. She wore a black cloth gown trimmed with fur, and now sat down in a low chair with yellow silk cushions. "If being bewitched, tempted, tantalized, tormented, made to covet the opportunities of one's richer neighbors in general, and in particular to feel envious of Fanny Eustace, who, when she sees anything she takes a fancy to, drawls to the shop-people, 'Send me that, please,' while I have to fit my needs to my purse, and buy only what I cannot go without, — if that is your idea of happiness" —

"If you long to be richer," said Mr. Douglas, "I have good news for you. I 've made some money for you."

"So soon? In three days?"

"I have sometimes made ten times as much in three minutes. Dull times these! Nothing booming. What I should enjoy doing for you, Mrs. Chilton, is to let loose the dogs of war, swoop down and destroy the enemy, then bring you the spoils."

"Don't do that. I have some conscience," said Nora.

"So have I," affirmed Marmaduke Douglas; "and sometimes it will not let me slumber nor sleep till I have put a pinhole in somebody's balloon. But nobody is hurt by this little transaction. I 've simply doubled your money."

"Doubled my money! And in three days! I cannot understand it."

"No? Well, I dare say not," said Mr. Douglas soothingly. "I 'll make it clear."

He began a long explanation, interrupted by frequent digressions: he alluded to the resources of a great country, to the laws of expansion, to the dynamic force behind things; he said all thrifty men liked to make three blades of grass grow where there had been only two before; he told how the old Lord Collingwood, when he went round his estate, used always to have his pocket full of acorns, and would pop one into any vacant place. Mr. Douglas made here and there a convincing gesture, and altogether his statement seemed luminous. The effect of this broadly painted picture upon Nora's mind was to make her feel that her eighteen hundred dollars, being put upon the market at the right moment, had given a vital impulse to enterprise and had become the germ of great events.

"If it is all right, I am delighted," she said when he paused. "I wanted a little more money."

"It 's all right," he returned. "Trust me for that. Should you object, Mrs. Chilton, to my keeping it a little longer, just to see what I could roll it up into?"

"You are sure it is not too much trouble?"

"Trouble! It works off some of my surplus energy." He crossed over to her desk, wrote a few words on a paper, and asked her to sign it and to return his former receipt.

"Now shall I go away?" he asked, with the air of a child.

"No, indeed. Sit down."

He obeyed her, and began to finger the pretty trifles which lay beside him on

the divan. "I have seen just such odds and ends in the shop windows," he remarked. "They look harmless, like the piles of cannon balls lying about in forts and navy yards. But if a man has got feeling, he thinks what execution those missiles can do. Now, for example, that!" He indicated a piece of flame-colored silk.

Nora jumped up and twirled it about a lamp globe.

"It is for a shade," she explained.

"Is that all?" he said, as if disappointed. "I supposed you were going to wear it."

"I may wear this," she said nonchalantly, and arranged some yards of fleecy chiffon on her shoulders.

He surveyed her critically, his head on one side.

"Now, should you mind," said he, "just throwing that black lace over your head?"

She adjusted the black lace mantilla-wise, took a few steps away, then turned and looked back at him, with a mischievous smile on her lips and in her dark eyes.

He thumped the down cushion beside him.

"That is it!" he cried. "You are Spanish in your style. I have seen Mexican women look out from behind their jalousies with just that air, as I rode past."

"As you rode past?" she repeated archly.

"As I rode past."

"You rode past such attractions, and did not stop?"

"I always had a talent for going on," said Mr. Douglas naively. "I observed, at a very early age, that the men who stopped lost a good deal of momentum, to say nothing of valuable time. I have generally made it a point to have an important engagement just ahead. It 's safest. Then, too, I 'm fastidious. I 've heard men, when asked what kind of woman they preferred, answer, 'The nearest.' Hitherto I 've been apt to say, 'The farthest.'"

Some suppression, some vagueness, made this figure of speech not wholly displeasing, although it was suggestive, and seemed subtly calculated to bring into distinct shape the speaker's shifting and developing phases of consciousness, modified and centralized by the realization of an inward ideal.

Nora's intuitions were not at fault; a woman readily understands the intimations of a floating flower or a weed drifting up from landward.

"Here you live," he went on. "Here you live all alone!"

"There are five rooms," she said, "small but" —

"But then, like Mr. Dick, you do not wish to swing a cat," suggested Mr. Douglas, evidently a man versed in literature.

"But I always long to swing a cat," retorted Nora. "I detest everything that cramps and hinders me. The contrast between my large desires and my limited opportunities, the necessity of obeying centripetal forces when I long to launch off into the wildest curve of the centrifugal, — that is what spoils my chance of a contented mind! Here is my dining-room; only six people can sit down at once, — no dinner of twenty-four covers for me! Beyond is my bedroom, smaller yet. The kitchen would remind you of a doll-house. Still, my maid contrives; and if inside I am limited, outside there is all the sky, all the horizon." She pushed aside the curtains. "I have the sunsets, — that is something."

"I have knocked about the world, hungered and thirsted, fainted in the wilderness," said Mr. Douglas, "and I like to look round here and see how a woman like yourself lives. There is a certain charm about it. 'That is where she sits and reads,' I say to myself. 'She arranged those flowers.' 'That is her place at the head of the table.'

Still," he added, with an intent look, "I'm glad it does not absolutely content you. Now I myself have rather a yearning for wildness."

"Who is without yearnings?" she returned. "But you ought to enjoy your present taste of the cream of civilization. I read in the paper that you were to be given a great dinner at Delmonico's tonight."

"There are so many dinners," said Marmaduke Douglas with a sigh. "They are all monstrous polite, — so polite I get tired. It is n't safe for me to open my lips, — all these men think I leak wisdom. They watch me and listen to me, hoping some of my secrets will spill over. I've heard of a humorist," he went on plaintively, "who complained that everybody at table laughed if he only asked his neighbor to pass the mustard. Just so, if I say there is a storm brewing, they make a note of it, and it 's sure to be in the papers next day. Of course it 's flattering, but I have a pained sense all the time that I 'm a humbug. But even if I am a humbug, I know something about the hollowness of this adulation. It 's no secret to me what they want of me. I may have made some money, I may know a thing or two about making some more; but when they think omnipotence is my forte and omniscience my foible, they exaggerate. When I do say anything, I try not to furnish material for controversy. The fact is, New York does n't seem to me the place to show versatility and audacity. Out West I dare spread myself out over all creation, but New York keeps one within bounds. Why, Mrs. Chilton, I used to find life not worth living unless I could put my feet on the table."

Nora's dancing eyes traveled round the room.

"Do you see any table of the height which seems convenient?" she inquired.

"You don't know me, Mrs. Chilton," returned Mr. Douglas. "I never lounge now. I have not even tilted back my chair since that day you did me the honor to call at my office. I saw how it struck you. I just simply took myself between my two hands, just as General Ethan Allen did when he went to a dinner party, and, in an unguarded moment, accepted an olive. Having got that olive, at first he did n't know what to do with it. It was green to the eye, slippery to the touch, and mighty unpleasant to the taste. But he tackled it; for, says he within himself, 'I 'm General Ethan Allen! I took Fort Ticonderoga, and —— me, I will eat this little green plum.' So he bolted it."

"Ah, you men who conquer the world know how to conquer yourselves!" said Nora.

Mr. Marmaduke Douglas proceeded: "The very next morning after I met you at the Eustaces', Mrs. Chilton, I went to a Fifth Avenue tailor, and said to him: 'Sir, I want you to fit me out with whatever a man needs. I don't mean a dude, I don't even mean a fine gentleman. What I want are the garments of commonplace decorum and good taste."

"The result is very successful," said Nora, with a bright little nod. "The garments of commonplace decorum suit you admirably."

"Do you really think I should pass muster among a crowd of New York men?" he asked, with such manifest eagerness that Nora exclaimed on the instant, —

"I know very few men who possess your natural advantages."

His delight was so naive that Nora realized that, lured on by her passion for saying something acceptable, she had paid him an overwhelming compliment. However, she had not been inexact, and she did not surrender her position, but went on: —

"As to what a man wears, the thing is not so much to like his clothes as not to dislike them. Tell me about yourself, Mr. Douglas. I think you were born here at the East?"

He had been born, he explained, at Rochester, New York. Losing his parents, he was brought up by his father's brother, who gave him, until he was sixteen, a chance of education. Then, this uncle dying, he was thrown on his own resources, and went to Indiana and taught school, still working at his studies. His health broke down, and he drifted to the West, looking for some out-of-door work, and found a chance to herd sheep for a Texan farmer.

"I began in March, just after the lambs were born," he went on. "I used to go out in the morning with my flocks on the prairie, which rolled gently up to high hills. The grass was full of spring flowers; the old sheep, and the frisky lambs a few weeks old, and the little tender shaky new ones would scatter about, flecking the green with bits of white; all sorts of birds flew by and around me; rabbits scudded across the open, and many a pretty wild creature. I liked it. I felt as if I had dropped out of time into eternity, for I was sick and tired, and needed the rest. Then I grew strong, and began to feel my heart beat. I got hold of books and newspapers, and grew restless. There was the great far-off world going on without me. I longed to be in it, struggling, asserting myself. Just then my employer wanted somebody to drive a flock of cattle fifty miles, to ship them to Chicago. I offered to do it, and that ended my quiet life. Still, I always like to think of the prairie and the sky and the little dots of white wool on the hillside."

Nora, naturally pleased to elicit these confidences, would have led her visitor on to higher flights; but at this moment her maid began to set out the table for afternoon tea, and Mr. Douglas, looking at his watch, remembered that he had to meet a man at the Fifth Avenue at half past four. But he waited for a cup of tea, and munched a biscuit with it. Nora suspected, however, that, unused to that mild form of feminine festivity, he was appalled by the meagreness of the entertainment.

He had asked her if she liked flowers, and she had answered that she loved them so well she hated to have them cut; she delighted in growing things. The next day, returning after a brief absence, she found her rooms decorated as if for a wedding, with palms, azaleas, acacias, orchids, lilies, and jonquils. Her first impression was of delight; then came a little interfused sense of misgiving, of presentiment, which led her to sit down and write a note hardly so much of thanks as of protest. She said she was certain this profusion, this costliness, this splendor, was a mistake. A few hours later, Mr. Marmaduke Douglas drove up to the Eugénie in a carriage, and ascended to her apartment with the haste of a doctor sent for in a case of life or death. Had he presumed too far? he demanded. Had he then offended past forgiveness? He flung himself about in a frenzy of eloquence, deploring his ignorance, his innocence, his stupidity. He had simply told the man to send a few flowers to Mrs. Chilton at the Eugénie. Delicately skirting the question of the exact amount paid, he said he had given the florist a small sum of money, and left the choice of plants to his discretion. The mistake lay, Mr. Douglas explained unblushingly, in his supposition that exotics were dear, whereas, as events proved, they cost nothing, simply nothing at all. He begged Nora to overlook the error. Perhaps the garbage-man would remove those she did not want.

Nora allowed herself to be propitiated. After all, millionaires are used to illimitable views of things, and, in spite of the gorgeousness of the first effect, she liked an Eastern landscape, and the palms made a picturesque background for her Oriental divan, her rugs, cushions, and draperies.

Mr. Douglas's next approach was more insidious. He obtained the lease of a

box at the opera for the remainder of the season from some people who were going South, and asked Mrs. Eustace to consider it hers, and to invite Mrs. Chilton occasionally. Hundreds of pairs of eyes were focused upon the capitalist as he sat modestly in the background of the box, while the ladies of the party lolled in front with wonderful bouquets of blush and cream roses. These were the nights of the Nibelungen series. Mr. Marmaduke Douglas found something akin to himself in the simplicity and largeness of the themes; his imagination reveled in the mingling of the beautiful and the grotesque, in the weirdness and uncanniness of the situation, in the climaxes of high emotion. He enjoyed the forging of Siegfried's sword; his joy in the dragon was that of a child. Nora told him she was certain that he longed to tackle that dragon in the spirit of General Ethan Allen. The eerie note of the Valkyrs, the fire-guarded sleep of Brunhilde, charmed him, and these experiences brought him such a rush of feeling and so many things to say that he was under the necessity almost every day of seeking Mrs. Chilton and pouring himself out to her. Was she not his client?

III.

Nora accepted the position, perhaps a little flattered that she knew how to draw the monster's teeth and claws and tame him into a useful animal. Indeed, Mr. Marmaduke Douglas's bold and unexpected tactics left her nothing else to do but to accept the position.

But a word of Sebastian Eustace's disturbed the suavity of this intercourse. She had never liked Sebastian, who had a knack of saying brutal things when he was in a pet, and he was now beginning to discover that the Quadrilateral and the Transmontana were not likely to lie down in peace together like the lion and the lamb. Thus, himself nettled, he displayed some adroitness in spoiling Nora Chilton's peace of mind. He congratulated her on her conquest; and when she said that Mr. Douglas had kindly undertaken to invest a little of her money, he laughed, pressed inquiries, and told her that if she had Marmaduke in her toils she might as well get a hundred per cent and make her fortune at once. Certainly there was nobody else in New York in whose favor the great man would turn over sixpence.

Once alarmed, all Nora's pride was on the alert. She wrote and begged Mr. Douglas to call the following day at noon, and received him with a magnificence of demeanor which she had hitherto held in reserve.

"I am going to ask you for the eighteen hundred dollars I put in your hands," she said. "I find that I have need of it."

"Your nine thousand odd dollars," he replied.

She laughed slightly.

"That was a pleasant little fiction," she said. "Nothing increases and multiplies by miracle."

He looked disturbed.

"Why do you no longer believe in me?" he asked.

"I have suddenly got a little arithmetic into my head," she said archly. "A woman does occasionally see into things."

"Into a man's motives?"

She hardly wished to impugn his motives. She saw that she had roused something in him that was not calculable. He seemed to have grown taller; his voice sounded deeper; his intonations were more measured. Something in his eyes seemed unveiled. She could not tell what these portents meant, and she turned a woman's weapon upon him.

"I know that it is unusual for you to undertake this sort of brokerage," she murmured. "And I could not have it said that I was profiting by your generosity."

"Who says it? Sebastian Eustace?"

"Nobody has said it. Nobody must have a chance of saying it. You see I stand alone. I need to be very wise. You will understand that you ought not to put a defenseless woman in a false position. I have no one to defend me."

"I can defend you against Sebastian Eustace, — that wriggling tadpole, little more than a stomach with a tail to it" —

"Never mind Mr. Eustace. I am not afraid of him."

"Do you then need anybody to defend you against me, Mrs. Chilton?"

"But now, candidly," she asked, "did you double my money in three days, or was it a mere pretense?"

The situation was girt about with prickly difficulties for Mr. Marmaduke Douglas. He was taken by surprise. To indicate his good intentions without admitting the possibility that he had acted out of magnanimity required the aid of tact, address, and an unlimited number of polished sentences, and not one could he think of.

"Mrs. Chilton," he was forced to say, "I cannot do more than ask that my word should be accepted. I never before needed to protect myself against suspicion."

"I only suspect you of being so generous that you put me in the wrong," said Nora.

"What you accuse me of, Mrs. Chilton, is the presumption of trying to do something for you."

"Of permitting me to accept advantages which do not fairly belong to me."

"Men often consider me more dangerous than I am," said Marmaduke Douglas, — he was standing before her, holding in one hand his hat and gloves, while the other was extended in supplication, — "but nobody ever before accused me of trying to do good by stealth."

"I do not call it good; I do not like an act of charity," said Nora, with spirit.

"Mrs. Chilton," he cried, "you force my hand! I must commit myself. I must throw reserve to the winds. If I seem to you in brutal haste, if I offend your pride, will you not admit that you have made it necessary for me to produce my credentials? My credentials are a wish, a deep, honest, and fervent wish, to serve you; if possible, to please you, to touch your generous feeling. Mark me, I did not expect to do this easily. What I should have tried to do, if I had been given time, was to make you associate me with comfort, with efficient aid, with untiring usefulness. I wanted to prove my trustworthiness by a whole series of delicate efforts in your behalf."

He had by this time thrown down his hat and gloves, and stood before her with both hands extended. His face showed a strange earnestness; his eyes were soft; his intonations were deep and solemn.

"If you had just simply given me some advantageous investment," said Nora, holding on to her grievance by a distinct effort.

"Just realize, Mrs. Chilton, that the moment I saw you I said to myself, 'That woman is a queen; everything ought to belong to her.' Then you came and told me you were poor. I had hugged myself with delight when your note offered me a chance of seeing you again, and now your poverty made my opportunity. Here was a woman, young, beautiful, husbandless, childless, and of her own accord she gave me a chance to serve her."

Marmaduke Douglas always possessed a dignity beyond that of most men; added to it now was a contagious cordiality, a warmth of feeling which moved Nora in spite of herself.

"I see your kindness," she returned. "There is a sort of chivalry in it, but that sort of chivalry is not possible. Civilization and society have their fixed laws. Some obligations cannot be accepted."

"I did not wish to impose an obligation. I did not expect you to think of me at all — except, that is, as a faithful

man of business, a screen from the brutal, knock-about world — until I had proved myself; until you had grown used to stretching out your right hand and finding me always there; until you finally woke up to realities, as it were, and said to yourself, 'Why, this rough, untaught man is strong, he is kind, he is necessary to me, — above all others necessary.'"

"What is necessary to me is my self-respect," murmured Nora, foreseeing a blow, and ready to parry it.

"Self-respect?" He shook his head. "Mrs. Chilton," he went on, "if, on that evening I first met you, Sebastian Eustace had told me you had a husband who worshiped and guarded you, I should still have felt that something had caught fire in my brain, and as if all I had hitherto looked forward to and believed in had scattered to the four winds. I should have said to myself, 'I am a lone and childless man; I must always be a lone and childless man.' As it was, Sebastian Eustace told me you had no husband, no child. A few days later, you yourself told me you were poor. How, then, could I help longing to gather you under my wing as a hen gathereth her chickens?"

"Nobody was ever half so good to me," she said, with a half laugh. "I realize it, but" —

"You might marry me," he said, the blood rushing to his face, and speaking in a hushed voice, as if he were in church. "I give you my word of honor I did not intend to broach the matter now. I know that I am not up to the standard of your fastidiousness; that I compare ill with the men you are used to; that unless you had needed me you would never have come near me; that I am simply an accident in your career. However, accidents will happen, and here I am. I 'm not worthy of you. Still, I am, so to speak, rich, and that might count for something."

"No, no, no!" she cried out sharply, "that counts for nothing at all!"

"You say you have a thousand tastes you never had a chance to gratify. I" —

He had taken a step towards her. She put up her hand and seemed to hold him off.

"It is not strange," she said more quietly, "that you consider me mercenary. It is my own fault. I take the tone of the world I live in. I remember that I told you, the first night I met you, that money would buy a man anything, even a wife; but, in spite of my ambitions and my vanities, I am not to be bought."

"Bought!" he repeated mournfully, with instinctive dramatic art assuming an attitude of limp depression, as if she had launched at him a monstrous accusation.

"I long ago gave up the idea of ever marrying again," she proceeded. "I am not a woman to marry. It had hardly occurred to me to wonder if you were or were not married."

"You were not certain that I had not a wife somewhere?"

"You interested me in a different way," she explained. "I was curious to see the kind of man you were."

"Now what kind of a man am I, Mrs. Chilton?" he asked in a wheedling tone.

"You are one of those men who, when half the world is engaged in a losing struggle with starvation and misery, build up a colossal fortune for themselves, no matter what suffering they cause to innocent people. Oh, forgive me for saying it!" she cried, for the blood had rushed to his face, and he raised his hand as if some missile threatened him. "Is it not true?" she asked in a soft voice.

"True?" He bent his head; he seemed to be questioning his conscience.

"If I speak frankly," she said hurriedly, "it is that I wish you to understand me clearly. I have permitted you to misjudge me. If I have aspirations, they are not to have every real need

stilled, and every fault in my nature stimulated by ease and luxury. I believe more and more every day that one reason the world grows worse instead of growing better, that all sorts of insoluble social problems confront us, is that women are so in love with elegance, with splendor, with idleness; because they demand of men that they shall be successful; and that a great fortune, no matter how gained, is the outward and visible sign of a man's success in the world. Why, Mr. Douglas, all that is worth your caring about in me scorns wealth, scorns mere money-getting, and hates the selfish greed which makes it possible for a man to build up great monopolies."

He had listened to her intently.

"You see wrong where I see a duty," he said, as if the other side of the subject had for the first time been presented to him. "I did not set out with any particular ambition to be a rich man," he went on. "I liked to be inside of things, I liked hard work; and somehow, in those new places, when it happened that a man was suddenly and imperatively required to fill a post in a moment of difficulty, it was very often I who naturally and inevitably was called on to fill that position. Whether it was a new township, a new railroad, a new company, there I was. It never occurred to me that there was any particular distinction about it. The only distinction I asked for was the distinction of taking the hardest work and the heaviest share of the responsibility. If I got on in the world, my advantages seemed a mere unimportant adjunct of the hard work and the responsibility." His speech was of the nature of a soliloquy. He seemed to be rehearsing the matter for his own satisfaction rather than for another's arbitration. "I have never had many enemies," he resumed. "Naturally, no man likes to see another man grow rich, any more than the tigers in a menagerie like to see the lions' meal carried past their cage while they have to wait. There is sure to be a roaring. Somebody has prejudiced you against me, Mrs. Chilton, and I suppose," he said in a different tone, "that if I were to talk a week I could n't convert you to the belief that I am the man you are in search of."

Nora did not try to repress a smile.

"I am not in search of any man, Mr. Douglas."

"Of course my expression was figurative." He sighed. "I wish I knew what sort of a man you were likely to accept."

"I told you I did not think of accepting any man," said Nora, who had regained her elasticity and archness of manner. "Still, I may as well say that if I were to marry again I should demand a great deal. To begin with, I could not marry a man whom I did not love and who did not love me."

He took a stride towards her. "Prove your own case," he said quickly. "Do not try to prove mine. I could do that, if you gave me the chance. Have I not said that from the moment I saw you I had no resource but to love you? And I have loved you. I do love you."

She seemed not to hear him, and went on: "He must be my superior in moral and intellectual attributes."

"That crushes me," he said, and, with an air of being crushed, sank down on the divan. "I take it to heart," he murmured sadly. "I know I am not intellectual, and you say, Mrs. Chilton, that I am not moral."

"I hardly meant to say that."

"I see," he said, with a dismal face; "what you like is a literary fellow."

"Possibly," returned Nora, with nonchalance. "I am certain he would not be rich. I have a prejudice against overrich people."

"I wonder if you would like me better if I were poor and out of pocket?"

"Infinitely!" cried Nora.

He looked at her for a moment thoughtfully, then rose.

"Do you really want your money back?" he now inquired.

"My eighteen hundred dollars."

"Eighteen hundred dollars? How is a man to put back the bird into the egg and the plant into the seed?"

"By the way," she said, "I ought to tell you why I wanted to make a little money. I am interested in a free kindergarten, and I found that, with a thousand dollars or so, we could buy a little plot of ground and make gardens for the children to work in."

He came up to her and took her hand.

"I see," he said, "you dislike me. You despise me altogether."

"Do not say that. It is not true."

"Had you trusted in me in the least degree, you would have asked me to give something to your kindergarten. Even if you considered me and my money a blind, brutal, destructive force, you might have used it for good." He was still holding her hand. "Mrs. Chilton," he cried, "why won't you take me and make something out of me?"

"You are too strong, too successful, too rich. I like odd corners of things, to make much out of little; I like somebody who needs me, and whom I can do for, — unlucky, beaten people."

"Well," he said, with a sigh, "good-by. I have to think this matter over." He looked at her with a benevolent glance, seemed about to speak, then went away, his final thought unuttered.

IV.

"I have always heard," Mr. Marmaduke Douglas said sadly to himself as he gained the pavement, "that it is as easy for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle as for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven. I never before believed it."

He carried on this soliloquy for the greater part of the next twenty-four hours.

"What does a man do, then?" he asked the unseen monitor. "Sell all his goods and give to the poor?"

It may be gathered from this analysis of the situation that, though cast down, he was not destroyed. Certainly he had encountered a rebuff, but that very rebuff had brought him closer to Mrs. Chilton than he had been hitherto. He had not invaded her territory of thought and feeling for nothing; she had yielded up some of her secrets to a clever enemy. Before, she had represented for him not only the bloom of civilization, but custom, convention, and the world's opinion. Now he found in her divinations of a larger orbit; with her freshness, spring, and energy she wanted something to do, something to suffer. She was to be approached only on her nobler side. It had been the lifelong dream of Marmaduke Douglas to crown his life with the personal happiness he had hitherto missed. Remote, cloistered, he had kept this ideal before him, and the curious felicity with which Mrs. Chilton had dropped into his existence made him feel that he had not dreamed in vain. He could not resign her; rather would he squeeze camel-wise through a needle's eye.

Any one who saw him walk up and down his office, hour after hour, during the four or five ensuing days, would have seen him in an attitude which betokened absorption and concentration. His hands were in his pockets; his head, with a puckered brow, was bent forward and down, with a suggestion of being ready to drive home his argument by physically butting some enemy. Was something being planned, plotted, and prepared? Was he laying a train? It was said by men who liked to invest him with a subtle kind of terrorism that when he wished to achieve a victory he left nothing to chance. All these six months that he had spent in New York he had endeavored modestly to keep himself in the background, and had laughed at the

idea that he had any plans and calculations. But now his rôle of looker-on was over. It began to be buzzed about in financial circles that he was coming to the front, that he was startled by signs of a decline in Quadrilateral securities. With Marmaduke Douglas's finger on the button, however, it was declared that they had touched their lowest, and would come up with a bound.

Nora Chilton, sitting in her rooms on these lengthening spring days, found herself turning eagerly to the money column in the newspaper. She had not been of late in her usual spirits. She was dissatisfied with herself. She felt that she had posed before Mr. Douglas as a better woman than she was, not to say as a Pharisee. She had been uncompromisingly candid, and in being candid she had been ungrateful. But then the moment he began to plead for himself he had penetrated her with an invisible, intangible influence which must be resisted. It was a sense of warmth, fullness, light, kindness, life. To surmount it, to cut through it, she had seized the first weapon which came to hand, and what was it but Fanny Eustace's slander? He had hung his head like a scolded child, had blushed like a criminal found out; and whatever plea for indulgence he presented had been, not on account of any actual good services achieved, but for his good intentions. What had he done to displease her except to reveal his good nature, his magnanimity, his generosity? If he had finally encroached a little, was it not because she had challenged him, — forced him, as he said, to produce his credentials? She blushed to recall how she had bade him "Stand and deliver," as if she had been suspicious that he was defrauding her.

The truth was, Sebastian Eustace's innuendo that she was coquetting with Mr. Marmaduke Douglas, and that her coquetries struck a commercial note, had pierced Nora Chilton in a vital part. Yet it was not her conscience that took the alarm. The great man actually interested her more than others; he had more to tell her. She experienced a woman's unquenchable desire to find out what was behind this vigorous, distinct, and entertaining personality. To have lower motives imputed to her made her cross not only with Sebastian Eustace, but with Mr. Douglas; worse still, cross with herself, for she knew the world and its foibles. But when she had summoned Marmaduke Douglas to the tribunal, and he had stood before her in his largeness, his integrity; when, in his easy, direct way he had told her he had tried to be absolutely and austerely faithful to his inner sense of right, she had felt herself and her grievance shrink and dwindle into nothingness.

It was ten days after this interview that she received this note: —

— Broadway, *April* 29.

My dear Mrs. Chilton, — I send you the check. The full amount belongs to you; but should you still feel any scruples of taste, bestow the superfluous amount upon your kindergarten, which Heaven prosper! It seems safest to hand over the money. I am not fond of predicting catastrophes, but I begin to think there are signs of an earthquake. New York always brings me disaster. Your friend Sebastian has come down like the Assyrian. I hope soon to get away from this place. I do not seem very much to care what becomes of me. After all, a man does not accept his destiny; he simply undergoes it. But I am

Always yours faithfully,

Marmaduke Douglas.

She wished, she wished with all her heart, that she had not to accuse herself of unkindness. She said it to herself twenty times a day, for she had no one else to whom to utter her regrets. Certainly she could not confess them to Fanny Eustace, who with radiant mien

came to impart the news that things were looking badly for the Quadrilateral. Sebastian had, she declared, held out the olive branch as long as he had had patience. With identical interests the Quadrilateral and the Transmontana had before them an almost illimitable future. Separate, alienated, acting by the dictates of a selfish instinct to perpetuate its own claims, the Quadrilateral was being pushed to the wall. There had been a further drop in prices; according to Sebastian, the bottom had dropped out.

"And Mr. Douglas!" cried Nora breathlessly.

"Mr. Douglas is ruined," said Mrs. Eustace unhesitatingly. "The Quadrilateral is Marmaduke Douglas, and Marmaduke Douglas is the Quadrilateral." There was a hint of vindictiveness in the tone with which she went on to explain the financier's injudicious moves by which he had hastened the inevitable. He had held great advantages, but had played with them too long. His had been the easy scorn of Goliath when his attention was called to the challenge of the stripling. Now that Sebastian had slung his pebble and the giant was toppling from the pride of his strength, it was an easy matter to point the moral, and Fanny Eustace pointed it. She made it clear that merciless fate had overtaken the great man, and that he was gnashing his teeth under the humiliation.

In spite of visible gaps, the revelation was full enough to make the general fact of Marmaduke Douglas's imminent failure clear to Nora, and she made no effort to parry these feminine and egoistic deductions. To his wife, of course, if Sebastian were saved, all was saved; but to Nora Sebastian was a subject of indifference, except that she was ready to accuse him of unfaith, of disloyalty. She believed now that a germ of treachery had all the time lurked behind his trucklings of subservience to Marmaduke Douglas. The whole history of the Quadrilateral and the Transmontana was for her full of mysteries and contradictions. Her questions could not be answered, and speculation revolved in a circle which spent its curves in profitless orbits and never perfected itself. What she comprehended of the present situation was something felt rather than reasoned. She knew that Sebastian Eustace was small enough never to forgive or forget a slight. Her vivid insight spent itself in picturing what Marmaduke Douglas must be enduring in experiencing defeat, and that too at the hands of the man he had despised. She was tossed in spirit. She longed to do something, — what, she hardly knew; but she needed action of some sort to meet and satisfy the unrest which was like an aching thirst in her. She chafed at the bonds of the conventional. She must play a woman's part; she could not seek the man, yet she yearned to see him, almost to ask forgiveness on her knees for her transgression. Perhaps she felt that in rebuffing him she had driven him out to sea without chart, compass, or pilot.

Rumors of disaster thickened. She read the papers with a great trouble on her mind. They recounted the history of the man who had stood by the Quadrilateral upright as a sentinel, and would fall with its fall; applauded and lamented, and by a double scale of praise and blame kept before her mind the whole idea of his ambition and its failure.

Suddenly a new idea smote her. Indeed, had she not a duty to perform? Once impelled by this suggestion, she could scarcely restrain her impatience. She wrote a note, posted it; but the mails were too slow. He had told her he should leave New York; he might be on the point of setting out for the West. She sent him a dispatch by wire, asking him to come and see her.

He obeyed at once. He entered her rooms with a pale face; his whole figure had an eagerness and an alertness as if he were still thrilling under the excite-

ment of the struggle, and had no time to waste.

"I was afraid," she cried, advancing towards him, "that you would be leaving New York."

"You heard, perhaps, that things were going badly with me?" he said, looking at her intently, but not trying to take her hand.

"Yes."

"That I am a smoke-wreath, an air-bubble, the burned-out stick of a rocket?" he continued.

"It is hard for you," she said, with earnestness; "but once over, it is over. The worst is that you have to endure the publicity; but no matter. Let it go. You have cared about better things than money. Your real heart was never in your wealth. It was the feeling of a task imposed that drove you on. Your chief wish was to do your duty and have done with it."

His face grew paler still as he looked at her.

"You have felt for me!" he faltered.

"These days have been terrible to me. I could realize what you were feeling."

"I was afraid you would be thinking I deserved it all, — that it was a quill from my wing that was doing the business for me. If you have a kind thought for me, though all is lost, nothing is lost."

"I have more than a kind thought," said Nora, with a half laugh and a half sob, and she held out a scrap of paper.

Without taking it from her he stooped and looked at it.

"Oh, that check!" he murmured.

"I want you to take it back."

"Take it back! Oh, my dear child!"

"It might be of some little use."

"No doubt. The least thing you gave me out of sympathy, out of feeling, out of love, would be of great use to me."

"Take it, then."

The two stood silent for a moment as she pressed the paper into his palm. The glance they exchanged was as quick a glance as might be. It lasted no longer than a flash of lightning, but it illuminated everything as a flash of lightning may. Then her eyelids fell. His fingers had closed upon her hand.

"Oh, I will take it," he said, — "I will take it willingly; only I must have the other, too."

"The other?"

"This little hand." By this time he had grasped the other hand, too. He drew her to him. "I am insatiable!" he cried. "I must have you all. I am bold, — yes, I know that I am bold. But how dared you send for me, Mrs. Chilton, how could you mock me with your sweetness, unless you right up and down liked me?"

"You see too far into things. It touched my heart that" —

"That I was ruined?"

"That you had dreamed of having so much out of the world, and had got so little."

"Let the world go by," he said solemnly. "I have got you."

His coveted moment had come. The woman he had idealized, loved, and defied fate to win was there close beside him, softened out of her pride; saying to herself that this was the first man in all her life who had actually touched her heart, not afraid of being duped, grandly magnanimous. Yet it threw him into a terrible dilemma to look into her eyes. He wanted to be honest; he must be honest. With incisive brevity and sad sincerity he told her that of late business had not been business with him; it had been tactics. He blamed himself ferociously. He accused himself of crimes. It seemed a luxury of relief for him to show Nora how unworthy he was of her.

"But you see," he added in extenuation, "I forgot my thirty-eight years, I forgot my reputation, I forgot my obligations. I wanted you; I had to make you feel sorry for me, and here I am."

Perhaps for a moment he was in danger of losing her. But he had uttered words whose passionate meaning had gone deep. Stirred and roused by them, a boundless sympathy filled her for the man; she was moved by a hallowing rush of simple mother pity. What supervened in the intricacy and subtlety of the situation was the heart of the woman herself. What did this confession mean but that he needed her to urge him to a nobler aim? Her duty was easy and simple. This new friendship counted for too much in her life not to be worth some sacrifice.

Everybody had predicted that the financial storm would burst on the day following, and everybody was shuddering at the thought of what terrible things were likely to happen, when Mr. Marmaduke Douglas came up, smiling and inquiring who was hurt. Not the Quadrilateral, he explained. That was all right, having secured a ninety-nine years' lease of the —— Terminal, which settled all complications, ended the anxieties of the Transmontana, and put it out of the competition. It is true there had been some uncertainty for a few days, but now, like tardy rain falling on parched pastures, the good news had come. He had had time to find out who was for the Quadrilateral and who was against it. Vengeance on anybody? Oh, no, he wished to have no revenge upon anybody. He was just now the happiest man on earth, and liked to reserve a few privileges for some moment less felicitous.

Ellen Olney Kirk.

JONATHAN BELCHER, A ROYAL GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS.

For the first fifty-five years of its life under the colonial charter Massachusetts had substantially the same form of government it has had since it became an independent State. Its magistrates, civil and judicial, were chosen by the people; its legislation and administration were by its own citizens, free of outside dictation. It was wont to speak of itself as a "commonwealth." This use which the colony made of liberty and opportunity was from the first brought into question by authority in the mother country; but threats and interference were skillfully met and parried by acute ingenuity here aided largely by unsettled and disturbing events across the sea, which gave the home government enough occupation in itself. But the self-willed and confident, not to say defiant and truculent spirit of the colony brought about a check on its independence by the abrogation of its first charter, and the substitution of another. Under the new charter, Massachusetts became a province from 1692 to the Revolution. Twelve successive governors, commissioned by English monarchs, represented the royal prerogative. There were still representatives of the people, of their own choice, in the House, who constituted a part of its Court or General Assembly, while another body of councilors, whose nomination the governor might veto, and whose acts and bills required his approval, was a necessary party to all legislation. The king might, within three years after its passage, disallow any act of this legislation. This radical change from substantial autonomy to a state of subjection to foreign intervention was of course a bitter humiliation and grievance to those who, from being "freemen," found themselves put into leading-strings. But the change, none the less, brought some compensa-

tions. A keenly discerning reader of our local history can hardly fail to note many tokens, in our domestic, social, civil, and religious life and interests, of enlarging and liberalizing influences coming in with the new charter.

True, it made Massachusetts a "province." But to it we may trace the beginning of those processes and agencies which have ever since been working to free us from what is known as our "provincialism." With the new charter government came influences which opened the secluded wilderness colony, with its narrow, rigid, and stiffening traditions and its local conceits, to freer intercourse with a larger world, by occasions and opportunities for travel, visits to the mother country, correspondence, literature, and extended acquaintance. Governor Belcher had a son, like himself born here, and a graduate of Harvard, whom he sent to England, during his administration, to pursue his legal studies at the Temple. The youth had many advantages of person, wealth, and culture. The father's long residence abroad previously and his official position facilitated his seeking introductions, friends, and patronage for his son among eminent and courtly persons. In a letter for the son to present to Onslow, Speaker of the House of Commons, the father writes, — and he wrote to many others in the same strain, — "When you see him, you must forgive the disadvantages with which he will appear to so nice and polite a judge, and consider that he was born and bred in the wilds of America." And again, to the Duke of Newcastle, "I hope your great candor will pass by any peculiarities your nice and polite eye will too readily discern in this youth, while you will please to consider he is but the raw production of the wilds of America." Many like illustrations might be given of the fact that our becoming a "province" began the process of our freeing ourselves of "provincialism."

Of the twelve chief magistrates commissioned by the king as his governors here, four were natives of the "American wilds," three of them of Massachusetts. The administrations of the whole twelve were unpopular, stormy, full of friction, cross-purposes, and antagonism. The authorities at home and all classes of the people here were equally vexed, and naturally intractable. It might have seemed that those who were native born, catching the spirit of their heritage, and craving kindly relations with those of like lineage and traditions, would have administered affairs far more with a view to general approval and acceptance by the people, pursuing a conciliatory and mediatorial policy as between them and the king with his "Instructions" to be followed, than would strangers sent here. But it proved quite otherwise. The four natives were of all the least acceptable, the most unpopular, and, if not the most aggressive, the least compliant and conciliatory. Besides their commissions of office, which were read to the Assembly, each of them was furnished by the king with "Instructions" for his guidance, which, in whole or in part, he was at liberty to keep to himself or to make known. These were a hedge whose hiding or protection baffled inquiry, and covered many seemingly aggressive or offensive positions assumed by the governors. It was enough for them to plead their oath of office, with its pledge of loyalty and obedience, as paramount to any appeal or argument which might be addressed to them for reasons of policy, tolerance, or indulgence, or to any preferred course of their own. Many and various matters and occasions were constantly presenting themselves either for moderate dislike and opposition, or for open and positive resistance of dictation and authority from these chief magistrates. Comparatively short as had been the term of colonial independence, — fifty-five years only, — it had been long enough to train

and confirm men of a resolute spirit in a preference and purpose of deciding for themselves in matters of supreme interest to themselves, without yielding to outside dictation or advice even. When the centennial period of the long series of observances commemorative of the leading events of our revolutionary era was at hand, a question of a pointed character was put to me by a governor of this State. It was to this effect: What was the first manifestation, in word or act, of this people distinctively indicating, if not a spirit of alienation from and opposition to foreign interference with our affairs, yet a purpose of self-sufficiency for conducting them? My reply, given in general and comprehensive terms, was in the form of another question: Could he, beginning with the first page of our court records, and carefully scrutinizing the tenor, motives, and spirit of the measures and policy to be traced through them, indicate a single act or token which proved that Massachusetts was ever heartily and thoroughly loyal to the monarchs and government on the other side of the sea?

It was to an organized community, thus nurtured to substantial self-government and the resolve to retain it, that the line of royal governors presented themselves with their commissions and instructions. There were among them men of generous natures, accomplished, patient, and forbearing in many matters of social and civil intercourse. But their official character made them all unwelcome, and the degree and measure of their fidelity to their oath of office would mark the extent to which they would render themselves odious. The people at large, as represented in the House, at once put themselves instinctively into an attitude of self-protection, ready to challenge, and if need were to rebuff, any interference. As has been said, many and various were the subjects and occasions for dispute and collision. At the bottom of the resolute position taken by the House was the purpose of unyielding tenacity in holding the purse-strings. The treasury was to be in its sole keeping. Every money grant for civil and military purposes, though Council and governor might share in approval or disapproval, rested for its validity with the House. The governor claimed the right to veto the choice of Speaker. This claim was stoutly denied, as not provided for in the charter; so what was called an "Explanatory Chapter" was put in to enforce the disputed prerogative. But the supreme bone of contention concerned the remuneration of the governors. The king, in his instructions, strictly and positively enjoined that this should be by a fixed and honorable salary from the province treasury, as he wished his governor to be independent of popular feeling and changing caprices. The people as positively and resolutely determined otherwise. To say nothing of the curt suggestion that if the king, for his own dignity and authority, wished to be thus represented here by one whom the people regarded as an unnecessary intruder, he might himself remunerate him, the people pleaded more cogent and courteous objections. They were quite ready to treat their governor, in money matters, with due consideration, to recognize generously every act and measure of his which they could approve, and to aid in his support in dignity and comfort. But this must be done according to their own free judgment as to time, occasion, and amount, as a grant or a gratuity, at the beginning, in the course, or at the end of a year of service, as they might prefer. To a fixed salary they would never consent. The issue was fought over between the parties through the administrations of all the twelve governors, with the repeated threat of the king to arraign the truculent province before Parliament. But from first to last the House never would, and never did, yield by a hair's

breadth. Governor Belcher, defining his own double-faced course in the matter, was, as we shall see, as persistent as any one of the series in urging the king's instructions. But all in vain. A very generous gratuity was voted him, which he declined. It must be salary or nothing, — so said the king. Finally, starved into temporizing or compromising, he sought of the king in council liberty to accept the "gratuity" year by year, without, however, periling the paramount authority of the king's instructions. Of course, the House, when evading and badgering the successive governors, — by no means driven to its wit's end in the long and sharp contest, — pleaded reasons more or less cogent or plausible on its own side. The treasury was sometimes scant or even empty; the circumstances and resources of the province were variable, sometimes depressing; extraordinary outlays might be demanded: so they could not assign a fixed and what would be regarded as a proper stipend. But, however forceful or merely evasive these pleas might be, at bottom lay the fact that the House held and meant to hold the purse-strings, and meant to have some hold, also, on the good services or good will and responsive courtesies of the governor during his tenure.

An opportunity has been given, through the publication of the Belcher papers by the Massachusetts Historical Society, to trace with some minuteness the course of one of these provincial governors. For several years our university city has ordered, by vote of its citizens, that "no license" be granted for the sale of intoxicating liquors within its limits. It was not always so. In the town records of Cambridge, under date of December 27, 1652, we read, "The townsmen do grant to Andrew Belcher to sell beer and bread, for entertainment of strangers and the good of the town." We may properly regard "beer and bread" as inclusive of other articles, liquids and solids, and doubtless these were dispensed after the proportions of Falstaff's reckoning for bread and sack. The license was afterwards continued to the widow, and then to the son, Andrew. The inn was long known as the Blue Anchor Tavern. This son, Andrew, became prosperous and distinguished, first as a master mariner, then as a successful merchant in Hartford and Boston. He gave a bell for the Cambridge meeting-house. He was a member of the Council, 1702–1717. A son of this Hon. Andrew Belcher, to be the Hon. Governor Jonathan Belcher, was born in Cambridge, January 8, 1682, and graduated at Harvard in 1699. His father's wealth and position gave him great opportunities. He spent six years in travel in England and on the Continent. In one of his speeches he said that at the court of Hanover he received the notice of the Princess Sophia, presumptive heiress to the British crown, and mother of George II. Returning to Boston, he engaged in mercantile life, and for several years was his father's partner. He next entered into public affairs, and was elected to the Council in 1718; and having served seven years, not continuously, was, when elected in 1729, refused confirmation by Governor Burnet. And here begins the occasion for the study of his character and career, with such help as we can find in his papers.

He had a distinguished appearance, with refined and gracious manners, and many accomplishments. He was fond of parade, display, formality, and luxury. He had seen and learned much of the world, — enough to make him a "worldling," tortuous, plausible, double-visaged, all to serve his ambition. Such were the estimate and judgment passed on him by his contemporaries, and the reader of the volume now published will see slender grounds for questioning or qualifying them. That he had held for so many years his place in the Council by the approval of his predecessor, Governor

Shute, and had upheld him in his measures, fully warranted the reputation he bore as a "prerogative man." That he was vetoed by Governor Burnet on another nomination indicated that he had in some way, through force of some reasons or motives, changed his principles. He had been warmly attached to Governor Shute, and had supported him through his whole vexatious controversy with the popular party on his peremptory but futile demand for a fixed salary. Wearied of the strife, Shute, by permission of the king, had gone to England to report on the matter, leaving Lieutenant-Governor Dummer to continue the rejected demand, which he did, though not with such defiant urgency. Shute had intended and expected to return to his government, but Burnet was sent as his successor, with renewed instructions from the king to insist upon the salary. Belcher, being still in the Council, was vetoed by Burnet on his renewed nomination. What had occurred as to this "prerogative man"? He had completely changed sides, and had committed himself to the popular party. No explanation has been given of his course consistent with full integrity and high principle. Hutchinson, one of his equally distrusted successors, says that Belcher, while in the Council, "by some accident or other, became, on a sudden, the favorite of the House." Hutchinson adds, "Such instantaneous conversions are not uncommon." But the sincerity of them depends upon the occasion.

The conversion, however, was so gratifying to the House that it determined to send him to England as a colleague with its resident agent there, Mr. Wilks, to placate the king by an address. As the Council did not concur with the House in a money grant for this agency, — Governor Burnet not being allowed to see the address which Belcher was to carry, — some Boston merchants and others subscribed the means, the House intimating that it would endeavor to remunerate them, as it afterwards did. Burnet was in many respects acceptable to the people, and the House continued to vote to him temporary grants fully equivalent to an honorable salary. These, however, he resolutely refused to accept, insisting upon a fixed compensation. Meanwhile, he checkmated the House by not allowing it to adjourn, and by refusing to sign a draft on the treasury for the pay of members. He thought that what was sauce for the goose was sauce for the gander. Belcher, in England, as soon as he learned of Burnet's sudden death in Boston, at once began his efforts to succeed as governor. Shute might have returned to office, but, reciprocating the favor which, fourteen years previously, Belcher had shown him in a supply of five hundred pounds, he declined the place, and favored Belcher. The office of royal governor here was well known to be a vexatious one, and there were few seekers of it. There was an embarrassment in the fact that Belcher's mission in England was to effect a change in the rigidity of the king's instructions as to the salary grievance. But his politic adroitness in some way met the difficulty. The sturdy legislators of the province had to face as they could the fact that the man whom they had sent as agent to secure a relaxing of the royal exactions returned as governor to demand obedience to them.

Reaching Boston with his commission in August, 1730, Belcher was received with cordiality and parade alike by the prerogative and the popular parties. They seem to have recognized in him a certain facility of adaptation to conditions and circumstances, and for a while they believed that he would prove at least a reconciler. There was an attitude of expectancy in the Court as he first met it. He was cautious and conciliatory in his utterance. He professed that he had tried faithfully to induce some relaxation of the king's demand as to the salary. Still, he must follow his instructions to

insist upon it. He advised the Court to suspend controversy on this subject, and on some others in dispute with the home government, lest the king, as he had threatened, should bring their disloyal proceedings to be challenged by Parliament. He added that he was enjoined, if he could not secure obedience to his instructions, to return at once to England and render an account. In one of his letters to England, written during the strife that followed, he says, "I am determined to conduct myself by an invariable fidelity to my royal master, and by the best love to my country; and these things I am sure may very well coincide." But they did not.[1] The House was as resolute with him as with his predecessors that it would not yield in the matter of a fixed salary. It made him a fair grant for his services as agent to England, and a gratuity equivalent to a thousand pounds sterling, being as much as would be honorable for a salary. The Council tried to amend the vote by making the grant an annual one. But this game of fast and loose was played in vain. Belcher then advised an address from the House to the king, which, while not seeking a recall of his instructions, would allow him, for the sake of peace, to receive the grant for two or three years. When at last, by his importunity with the Board of Trade, he has received the king's permission for this compromise, he solicits that "the leave be general for the future; and I must freely repeat to your lordships that there is not the least prospect of a governor's ever being supported by an assembly here in any other manner." Though he obtained no official permit in "general for the future," he was allowed informally this compromise. While these vexatious negotiations were in progress, Belcher, refusing a gratuity, received no compensation, and was more than a whole year in arrears. Though he pleaded necessities, he suffered no want, for his resources were abundant. Thus did the people of the province anticipate their independence.

But the contention as to the salary was only one of many matters of vexation and strife in agitation between him and the people of his government. Other subjects were the issue of bills of credit beyond the amount and limit allowed by the king, Belcher's denial of the rights claimed by the House to audit the public accounts, the mode of redeeming bills of public credit, and the scheme of the Land Bank. His administration was the last in which New Hampshire and Massachusetts were under one governor. Belcher was represented by a lieutenant-governor, secretary, and council, in New Hampshire, and with most of these officials he had a continuous feud. But a disputed question as to the boundary between the two provinces was hotly contested in long and temporarily adjusted altercations. A charge of receiving a bribe from Massachusetts in this controversy was brought against Belcher, and was effectively pressed by his enemies in England. Two letters were sent from here, — one with forged signatures, the other anonymous, — both of which, though unjust, were so used as to bring about his dismissal from office in May, 1741, when Shirley, an English lawyer residing in Boston, was commissioned as his successor. After his dismissal, Belcher remained in Boston till August, 1743, when, on his embarkation for England, the honored Dr. Colman addressed to him a letter expressive of the highest confidence, respect, and personal affection; proving that Belcher was by no means without admirers and friends. He succeeded, at court, in meeting the

[1] In some congratulatory verses which his intimate friend, Dr. Isaac Watts, addressed to Belcher after he had received his commission, the poet wrote: —

"Thy name unites
Thy prince's honors and thy people's rights.
. . . . . .
Go, Belcher, go! Assume thy glorious sway.
Faction expires, and Boston longs t' obey."

charges of his enemies, and the persuasion that he had been greatly wronged led to his being commissioned as governor of New Jersey in 1746. His administration there was in the main acceptable, especially as regards his interest in its college. He died in office in 1757, in his seventy-sixth year. His remains, in accordance with his expressed wish, were brought to Cambridge for interment in the family resting-place.

Mr. C. C. Smith, the editor of the volume of the Belcher papers in our hands, by his research, industry, and fidelity has furnished the reader with all needful aids for the intelligent perusal of its pages, and a knowledge of Belcher's correspondents. The governor, though a fair scholar for his time and antecedents, a quoter of the classics, had but a limited skill in composition and a questionable taste in style. He was strong and coarse in invectives and epithets; he was unsparing to his contestants, and often used offensive and vulgar nicknames for them. Readers in these days will fail of sympathy with, if they are not painfully repelled by, the gush and effusiveness of his "piety," his abounding quotations from Scripture, and his unctuous devotional tone. A hint may be dropped here looking to a point in the development of the religious and devotional usages, historically and in changing generations, in this early home of Puritanism, to deal wisely with which would need a skillful and discriminating pen. Governor Belcher, as born from the old stock, had been trained in the ways and methods of Puritan Congregationalism, and in what remained, in his time, of its original strictness of discipline. In his residence abroad, his closest intimacies had been with the dissenting ministers, and the prosperous mercantile laymen in their flocks, like the Hollises and Holdens. He conformed through his whole life to Congregationalism, though he exercised a larger tolerance than some around him to all save "Papists." He befriended the Quakers here as he afterwards did in New Jersey, and he secured some gifts from the king to the Episcopal church in North Boston. Indeed, one of the false charges urged against him was that he had covertly favored the Episcopalians. His religious effusiveness, just referred to, was to a degree natural, from heredity, training, and habit; yet the excess and overflow of it, taken in connection with his worldliness of character and principles, do not favorably impress a reader of his correspondence. The historical point for treatment, at which we have hinted, would prompt an inquiry how and why what once, in tone and language, was accepted as the utterance of a sincere and impressive piety, tender, earnest, and thoroughly true, came, in a process of development, as we must regard it, to be offensive as "cant." It is simply an historical query as to personality and changes in time and circumstances. A reader of average religious sympathy may respond to the outpourings of devotional sentiment and the Scriptural tone and language of such saints of the early Puritan fold as Bradford, Brewster, Winthrop, and Roger Williams. There is no mere "drivel" in such utterances from them. Even good old Judge Sewall's gush, nearly a century later, may provoke a smile rather than a frown for his "sanctimoniousness." Men such as these, in the intensity of their religious convictions, in their deep and earnest sincerity, were thoroughly consistent in the elevation and purity of their characters, and in the dignity and blamelessness of their converse with the world. But the speech of angels does not befit all men. Belcher's effervescing and exuberant outflow of *memoriter* sentiment is not in harmony with the pristine self-renunciations of Puritanism.

His correspondence, as found in this volume, relates in the main to three subjects, two of them official, the third of a more private and personal character. As governor of two provinces, his ad-

ministration in New Hampshire, as in Massachusetts, as has been said, was shared by a lieutenant-governor and council. He found embarrassments and obstructions in both governments, though from different causes and subjects, which need not be specified here. The contentions and vexations in his New Hampshire administration, in trying to regulate affairs and in arbitrating between contestants, were duly reported to the authorities and to his friends in England, and form a part of the second subject of his correspondence. The first is more largely concerned with his official communications to the Duke of Newcastle, secretary of state, to the Board of Trade, and to a few friends, that they might plead in his interest for leave to receive grants instead of a salary. He was indirectly, through third parties, seeking an official approval of his administration. He had a most faithful advocate and mediator in Richard Partridge, son of a lieutenant-governor of New Hampshire, whose sister Mary was Belcher's wife. An extract from a letter of the governor to William Sharp, clerk of the privy council, is highly characteristic of him. After asserting that he has satisfied his intractable Assembly, and that nothing will move him from his duty in a strict adherence to his master's royal orders, being aware that efforts are making to displace him, he shrewdly adds: "As I am a native of this country, and have been for fifteen years past concerned in the government, I don't suppose his Majesty could have committed his royal commission to any gentleman besides that could have managed so stiffe a people as these are; but I am so well knowing of their humour and circumstances that they have not been able to impose upon me, or to make those evasions they might have done with a stranger."

The governor appears to the best advantage — though even here subject to some qualifications — in the many long letters to his son, above referred to, in England. This was his second son, Jonathan junior, to whom he was warmly attached, and of whose advancement he was very hopeful. When just of age, he went, in 1731, to study in the Temple, under the charge of his uncle Partridge, and seems to have had good principles and purposes. The father was equally generous in providing him with funds and importunate in his ghostly and Scriptural counsels for the son's religious principles and observances; advising him as to his choice of companions, his division of time for study, for recreation, and for acquiring graceful accomplishments. He was to cultivate patrons who would advance him in the world. There is a Chesterfieldian tone mingling with the religious counsels of these parental epistles. The son is warned that, living amid the thousand temptations of London, he must pray to be kept "from the snares and pollutions of a deluding devil and an alluring world;" and that "although it be lawful, nay it is a duty, to be prospecting and aiming at the best line and character in life, yet we know we come into this world only to act a probationary part for eternity." The son was very early and hasty in his purpose of matrimony, which the father was urgent to postpone till he was sure of an advantageous match. He writes: "When it may be a proper opportunity for you to marry, I think Mr. Samuel Reed's daughter of Hackney is a fine young lady (I think about twelve), of an honorable family by the mother. I suppose has and will have a good education, and as I remember of good sense and a fortune rather overgrown. A sober man and a good lawyer will go a great way, if you can attain to 'em." But the son was to find a wife in Boston in 1750, before his father died. He was also, young as he was, bent upon parting with a fine head of hair and donning a wig. Against this the father, though himself heavily bewigged, remonstrated. When,

notwithstanding, the father learned that the son, at twenty-three, had the wig, he wrote, "I hope you are pleased with the new covering upon your head, tho' I am still of opinion that nothing will ever so well become you as what you have taken from it." The son resided some time at Cambridge, England, and the university admitted him, as an A. M. at Harvard, *ad eundem*. His father, as well as himself, was earnest for a parliamentary membership, and would generously have met the expense of an election, but the purpose failed. The son spent largely beyond his sufficient allowance, for which he was severely upbraided by his father. After some successful practice in England, the son was made lieutenant-governor, and then chief justice, of Nova Scotia, dying in office in 1776.

His own abundant means, acquired by inheritance and in mercantile life, enabled the governor, in conformity with the luxurious habits and formal parade of the gentry of his time, to display in equipage, dress, and lavish hospitality. He writes to his son in 1733: "I am in great want of a footman that can shave, dress a wigg, and do all things about a gentleman. Let him be a Dissenter, sober and honest if you can; but one I must have, the best you can get. For my servants are all free and set up for themselves." We trespass on the secrets between the governor and his tailor by copying the following letter. He sent it in a letter to his brother, in which he had written: "It is now about three years since I made my cloathing at London (nor have I had a rag since my arrival), and they are now grown old and out of fashion. I must therefore, for the King's honour and my own, have some new against the spring." The letter is dated January, 1733.

To Mr. Tullit:

I have desired my brother, Mr. Partridge, to get me some cloaths made, and that you should make them, and have sent him the yellow grogram [a fabric of silk and mohair] suit you made me at London; but those you make now must be two or three inches longer and as much bigger. Let 'em be workt strong, as well as neat and curious. I believe Mr. Harris in Spittlefields (of whom I had the last) will let you have the grogram as good and cheap as any body. The other suit to be of a very good silk. I have sometimes thought a rich damask would do well, or some good thick silk, such as may be the Queen's birthday fashion, but I don't like padisway. It must be a substantial silk, because you 'll see I have ordered it to be trimm'd rich, and I think a very good white shagrine will be the best lining. I say, let it be a handsome compleat suit, and two pair of breeches to each suit. I hope Mr. Belcher of the Temple is your customer, and that he don't dishonour his father. I am, Sir,

Your ready friend, J. B.

Governor Belcher married, in New Jersey, as a second wife, a widow from London, and his oldest son, Andrew, married her daughter by a former husband. A year before Belcher was commissioned as governor of Massachusetts, he had purchased a large estate in Milton, on which he had built a fine mansion, though not as stately as he had planned, for a summer residence. It was to have a tree-lined avenue, fifty feet or more in width and an eighth of a mile long, so accurately adjusted that visitors, at the entrance of the avenue, might "see the gleam of his gold knee-buckles" as he stood on his piazza to receive them. The son, Andrew, having died in 1771, his widow and her mother, the governor's widow, were living in this house when it was destroyed by fire in January, 1776, the ladies finding refuge in a carriage in a barn. The younger widow returned to London after the death of her mother.

In the letter to his son, already quoted, the governor, asking for a footman to be sent over, says that his servants were "all free and set up for themselves." It seems that at least one slave whom he afterwards had tried to do the same. In May, 1740, this slave ran away. The advertisement of him enables us to compare his costume with that of his master from a London tailor: "The Governor's Negro Juba having absented himself, it is desired whoever may find him would convey him home. He had on when he went away a Gold laced Hat, a Cinnamon colored Coat with large flat brass buttons, and cuffed with red Cloth, a dark colored Waist-coat edged with a worked Lace, leather Breeches, yarn Stockings, a pair of trimmed Pumps, with a very large pair of flowered Brass Buckles."

George Edward Ellis.

A BOSTON SCHOOLGIRL IN 1771.

In the year 1771, a bright girl of twelve, Anna Green Winslow, was sent from her far-away home in Cumberland, Nova Scotia, to be "finished" at Boston schools, by Boston teachers. She kept, for the edification of her parents, who were New Englanders by birth, and her own practice in penmanship, a most interesting and quaint diary, portions of which have been preserved, and were indeed printed once in a very scarce historical pamphlet. These pages form the most sprightly picture of the daily life of a young girl of that time that I have ever read; there is not a dull word in it. And it is astonishing to find how much we can learn from so few pages: not only the particulars of little Miss Anna's simple and rather prim life in provincial Boston, but also many distinct details of the lives of those around her.

It is an even chance which ruling thought in the clever little writer, a love of religion or a love of dress, shows most plainly its influence on this diary. On the whole, I think that youthful vanity, albeit of a very natural and innocent sort, is more pervasive of the pages; and from the frankly frivolous though far from self-conscious entries we gain a very exact notion of the dress of a young girl of that day. She writes thus in the early pages of her journal:

"I am to leave off my black ribbins tomorrow & am to put on my red cloak & black hatt. I hope Aunt wont let me wear that black hatt with the Red Dominie for the people will ask me — what I have got to sell as I go along street if I do, or how the folk at New Guinee do? Dear Mamma you dont know the fations here — I beg to look like other folk; you dont know what a stir would be made in Sudbury Street were I to make my appearance there in Red Dominie & black Hatt."

Certainly no feminine reader can think of the child "begging to look like other folk" without a thrill of sympathy for her. At this day can be recalled the agony of mind caused to one schoolgirl, many years ago, who was forced to walk to church through Boston streets clad in a green-and-white-plaided silk, when every other schoolfellow wore a gown of plain stuff. Life has brought since no such keen sense of noticeable singularity, no such galling mortification.

But Miss Anna was not destined to long or deep annoyance on this score. We soon learn that "Aunt has bought a beautiful ermin trimming for my cloak," and in a few days this complacent entry appears: —

"I was dress'd in my yellow coat,

my black bib & apron, my pompedore shoes, the cap my Aunt Storer since presented me with (blue ribbins on it) & a very handsome locket in the shape of a hart she gave me, the past Pin my Hon'd Papa presented me with in my cap, My new cloak & bonnet, my pompedore gloves, &c. And I would tell you that *for the first time they all on lik'd my dress very much.* My cloak & bonnett are really very handsome & so they had need be. For they cost an amasing sight of money, not quite £45, tho' Aunt Suky said that she suppos'd Aunt Deming would be frighted out of her Wits at the money it cost. I have got *one* covering by the cost that is genteel & I like it much myself."

As this was in the times of depreciated values, £45 was not so large a sum to expend for a girl's out-door garments as at first sight appears.

She gives a very exact account of her successions of head-gear, some being borrowed finery. She apparently managed to rise entirely above the hated "black hatt," which she patronizingly said would be "Decent for Common Occations." She writes: —

"Last Thursday I purchased with my aunt Deming's leave a very beautiful white feather hat, that is the outside, which is a bit of white hollowed with the feathers sew'd on in a most curious manner; white and unsully'd as the falling snow. As I am, as we say, a daughter of liberty I chuse to were as much of our own manufactory as pocible. . . . My Aunt says if I behave myself very well indeed, not else, she will give me a garland of flowers to orniment it, tho' she has layd aside the biziness of flower-making."

Miss Anna had caps for every-day wear, apparently of different shapes and modes. A young lady had offered to make her a cap of new fashion, and the offer had been in the beginning declined, as her journal shows. The queen's nightcap in question was the shape worn by Martha Washington and shown in her portraits, and was much in vogue at that day. Miss Anna thus explains in two entries the transaction and the cap:

"My Billet to Miss Vane was in the following words. Miss Green gives her compliments to Miss Vane and informs her that her Aunt Deming quite misunderstood the matter about the queens nightcap. Mrs Deming thou't that it was a black skull-cap linn'd with red that Miss Vane ment which she thou't would not be becoming to Miss Green's complexion. Miss Green now takes the liberty to send the materials for the Cap Miss Vane was so kind as to say she would make for her, which when done she engages to take special care of for Miss Vanes sake. . . . This minute I have receiv'd my queens night-cap from Miss Caty Vane — we like it. Aunt says that if the materials it is made of were more substantial than gauze it might serve occationally to hold anything mesured by ½ peck, but it is just as it should be, & very decent, and she wishes my writing was *as* decent. But I got into one of my frolicks upon sight of the cap."

For full dress, Miss Anna's hair, as soon as she became a miss in her teens, was dressed high with feathers and furbelows, as were the heads of her elders. Monstrous towers or talematongues of gauze, flowers, and ribbons rose on every modish Boston dame, — so stated the Abbé Robin, — and the little daughters wore rolls and towers, also. The description of the manufacture and assumption of her fashionable head-gear is most vivacious and witty; in fact, is far more clever than any similar account that I have read by any other writer: —

"I had my HEDDUS roll on; Aunt Storer said it ought to be made less, Aunt Deming said it ought not to be made at all. It makes my head itch and ach and burn like anything Mama. *This* famous roll is not made *wholly* of a red *Cow Tail*, but is a mixture of that

& horsehair (very coarse) & a little human hair of a yellow hue that I suppose was taken out of the back part of an old wig. But D. [the barber] made it (our head) all carded together and twisted up. When it first came home, aunt put it on & my new cap upon it, she took up her apron & measur'd me & from the roots of my hair on my forehead to the top of my notions I measur'd above an inch longer than I did downward from the roots of my hair to the end of my chin. Nothing renders a young person more amiable than virtue & *modesty* without the help of fals hair red *Cow tail* or D."

She had ere that seen D. at work upon a lady's head, and the observing little creature wrote: —

"How long she was under his opperation I know not. I saw him twist & tug & pick & cut off whole locks of grey hair at a slice, (the lady telling him he would have no hair to dress next time,) for the space of an hour & a half, when I left them, he seeming not to be near done."

Truly our grandmothers deserved to be beautiful. They won their charms by much torture, at the expense of much comfort.

Now let me show the close attention to religion of this vain little Puritan devotee, and her ready memory. She made many entries in her journal of the sermons and religious conversations which she heard, and her frequent use of Biblical expressions and comparisons shows that she also remembered what she read. Here is what she wrote on Monday, November 18, 1771: —

"Mr Beacon's text yesterday was Psalm cxlix. 4. For the Lord taketh pleasure in his people; he will beautify the meek with salvation. His doctrine was something like this, viz; That the salvation of Gods people mainly consists in Holiness; The name *Jesus* signifies a Savior. Jesus saves his people *from their Sins.* Mr Beacon asked a question, What is beauty, or wherein does true beauty consist? He answered, in holiness, and said a great deal about it that I cant rember, and as Aunt she hant leisure now to help me any further so I may just tell you a little that I remember without her assistance, and that I repeated to her yesterday at Tea. He said he would lastly address himself to the young people; My dear young friends you are pleased with beauty, & like to be tho't beautifull but let me tell ye — you 'll never be truly beautifull till you are like the King's daughter, all glorious within. All the ornimints you can put on while your souls are unholy make you the more like whited sepulchres garnished without, but full of deformity within. You think me very unpolite no doubt to address you in this manner but I must go a little further and tell you, how cource soever it may sound to your delicacy, that while you are without holiness your beauty is deformity — you are all over black and defil'd, ugly & loathsome to all holy beings, the wrath of the great God lies upon you & if you die in this condition you will be turn'd into hell with ugly devils, to eternity."

In spite of this not too alluring report of Minister Beacon's sermon, she writes enthusiastically that she likes him better every time she sees him; and also that when she visited the minister's wife much notice was taken of her, — "the kinder without doubt because last Thursday evening when he was here & I was out of the room aunt said that I minded his preaching & could repeat what he said." As time passed on, and Miss Anna became decidedly mixed and very ambitious in her theological records, her aunt — who must have been a most sensible person — thought best to check her precocious sermon notes, and the consequent injudicious praise of the minister, as the diary thus attests: —

"My aunt says a miss of a years old cant possibly do justice to the subject

in Divinity & therefore had better not attempt a repetition of particulars that she finds lie (as may be easily concluded) somewhat confusedly in my young mind."

One other entry must be given, written after she had dropped her stilted abstracts of the sermons, — a record that shows, in a characteristic and cordial dislike of any approach to episcopacy, that the blood and spirit of her Pilgrim ancestors were warm within her: —

"Dr Pemberton & Dr Cooper had on gowns. In the form of the Episcopal cassock; the Doct^{s} deign to distinguish themselves from the inferior clergy by these strange habits (at a time too when the good people of N. E. are threatn'd with & dreading the coming of an episcopal bishop). N. B. I dont know whether one sleeve would make a full trimm'd negligee as the fashion is at present, tho' I cant say but it would make one of the frugal sort with but scant trimming. Unkle says they all have popes in their bellys. Contrary to 1 Peter v. 23. Aunt says when she saw Dr. P. roll up the pulpit stairs, the figure of parson Trolliber recorded by Mr. Fielding occur'd to her mind & she was really sorry a congregational divine should by any instance whatever give her so unpleasing an idea."

The little Puritan had also the true New England attitude towards Christmas, saying, "Tomorrow will be a holiday, as the Pope and his associates have ordain'd." She apparently made no special observance of the day, not even by the exchange of gifts. But of New Year's Day she writes: —

"I have bestow'd no New Years gift as yet, But have receiv'd one very handsome one Viz: the History of Joseph Andrews. In nice Guilt & flowers covers."

Other friendly fashions of gifts does she record: tokens in the form of pincushions to new-born babies or their mothers; of watch-strings, patchwork, mitts, ribbons. A pincushion has remained to this very day, in some parts of New England, a highly conventional gift to a newly made mother. Here is her description of a cushion made by her aunt at that time, the record being kept as a memorandum for her own future use: —

"My Aunt stuck a white sattan pincushin for Mrs Waters. On one side is a planthorn with flowers; on the reverse just under the border are on one side stuck these words Josiah Waters; then follows on the end Dec^{r} 1771; on the next side & end are the words Welcome Little Stranger."

She tells of formal visits "to see the baby," when she bought cakes of the nurse (could these be "groaning cakes"?), and thriftily ate them before she paid for them; and also of calls upon brides. One of the latter, Mrs. Jarvis, received her visitors in a "white sattan nightgound." A night-gown was in those days a garment whose functions resembled those of our modern tea-gown or dressing-gown, while the garment worn to sleep in was called a night-rail.

She had few amusements, compared with the manifold pleasures and holidays that children have nowadays. She saw the artillery company drill on training-day, when they were "entertained genteelly and generously at Mr. Handcocks on cake and wine;" she went each week to the sober Thursday Lecture. She had one holiday which the Revolution struck from our calendar, the King's Coronation Day, celebrated by beat of drum, discharge of artillery, and burning of fireworks. She sometimes had the pleasure of attending a funeral. And when she was twelve years old she "came out," — became a "miss in her teens," — and went to a succession of little routs, or parties, to which only young maids of her own age were invited, — no rough Boston boys. She has left several prim and quaint descriptions of these parties. Here is one: —

"I have now the pleasure to give

you the result, viz: a very genteel well-regulated assembly which we had at Mr Soleys last evening, Miss Soley being mistress of the ceremony. Miss Soley desired me to assist Miss Hannah in making out a list of guests which I did sometime since, I wrote all the invitation cards. There was a large company assembled in a handsome large upper room at the new end of the house. We had two fiddles & I had the honor to open the diversion of the evening in a minuet with Miss Soley. Here follows a list of the company as we form'd for country dancing. Miss Soley & Miss Anna Green Winslow; Miss Calif & Miss Scott; Miss Williams & Miss McLarth; Miss Codman & Miss Winslow; Miss Ives & Miss Coffin; Miss Scollay & Miss Bella Coffin; Miss Waldo & Miss Quinsy; Miss Glover & Miss Draper; Miss Hubbard & Miss Cregur (usually pronounced Kicker); and two Miss Sheafs were invited but were sick, or sorry, & beg'd to be excus'd.

"There was a little Miss Russel & the little ones of the family present who could not dance. As spectators there were Mr & Mrs Deming, Mr & Mrs Sweetser, Mr & Mrs Soley, Mr & Miss Cary, Mrs Draper, Miss Orice, Miss Hannah — our treat was nuts, raisins, cakes, Wine, punch hot & cold, all in great plenty. We had a very agreeable evening from 5 to 10 oclock. For variety we woo'd a widow, hunted the whistle, threaded the needle, and while the company was collecting, we diverted ourselves with playing of pawns, no rudeness, Mamma, I assure you. Aunt Deming desires you would *particularly observe* that the elderly part of the Company were *Spectators only*, they mix'd not in either of the above describ'd scenes.

"I was dressed in my yellow coat, black bib & apron, black feathers on my head, my past comb & all my past garnet, marquesett & jet pins, together with my silver plume — my loket, rings, black collar round my neck, black mitts & yards of blue ribbin (black & blue is high tast), striped tucker & ruffels (not my best) & my silk shoes completed my dress."

How clear the picture! Can you not see it? — the great low-raftered chamber softly alight with candles on mantel-tree and in sconces; the two fiddles soberly squeaking; the rows of demure little maids, all of New England Brahmin blood, in high rolls and feathers, soberly walking and curtsying through the stately minuet, "with no rudeness, I assure you," and discreetly partaking of hot and cold punch afterwards; for children in New England at that time drank cider and beer and wine as universally, if not as freely, as did their elders.

Though she dearly loved to dance, Miss Anna was also an industrious little wight, active in all housewifely labors and accomplishments, and attentive to her lessons. She could make fine network, knit lace, and spin linen thread and woolen yarn; she could sew, and make purses, and embroider pocket-books, and weave watch-strings, and piece patchwork. She learned "dansing — or danceing I should say" — from a master; she attended a woman's school to learn fine needlework, and a writing-master's to learn that most indispensable and most appreciated of eighteenth-century accomplishments, fine writing.

Let me show from her entries her diligence and industry, and compare it with the work of a week of any girl of thirteen in a corresponding station of life nowadays: —

"I have finished my shift, I began it 12 oclock last Monday; have read my Bible every day this week, and wrote every day save one. . . . I have spun 30 knots of linning yarn & partly new footed a pair of stockings for Lucinda, read a part of the pilgrims progress, coppied a part of my text journal (that if I live a few years longer I may be able to understand it, for Aunt sais that to her the contents as I first marked

them are an impenetrable secret), play'd some, tuck'd a great deal, laugh'd enough and I tell Aunt it is all human nature if not human reason. . . .

"Aunt says I have been a very good girl today about my work, however I think this days work may be called a piece meal, for in the first place I sewed on the bosom of unkles shirt, mended two pair of gloves, mended for the wash two handkerchiefs (one cambrick), sewed on half a border of a lawn apron of aunts, read part of the xxist Chapter of Exodus and a story in the Mothers Gift."

Physical pain or disability was no excuse for slothfulness or idleness in the young in provincial days. Anna was not always well, — had heavy colds, was feverish; but, well or ill, she was never unemployed. Even with painful local afflictions she still was industrious.

"I am disabled by a whitloe on my fourth finger & something like one on my middle finger. But altho' my right hand is in bondage, my left is free. And my Aunt says it will be a nice opportunity if I do but improve it to perfect myself in learning to spin flax. I am pleas'd with the proposal, and am at this present exerting myself for this purpose. I hope when two or at most three months are past to give you occular demonstration of my proficiency in *this art* as well as several others. My fingers are not the only part of me that has suffered with sores within this fortnight, for I have had an ugly great boil upon my right hip & about a dozen small ones. I am at present swathed hip & thigh as Samson smote the Philistines, but my *soreness* is near over. My aunt thought it highly proper to give me some cooling physick, so last Tuesday I took ½ oz. Globe salt (a disagreeable potion), & kept chamber. Since which there has been no new erruption."

We find her ere the "bandage is off the fingure" knitting and writing and sewing, improving every moment. Constant references to criticisms from aunt Deming appear throughout the little book, — criticisms of the form of expression, of the penmanship, and of the spelling, though I find her orthography better than that of most grown persons of her day.

"Aunt hopes a little fals English will not spoil the whole with Mamma."

"Aunt Dont approve my English, and has not the fear you will think her concerned in the Diction."

"Last Wednessday — you taught me to spell the 4 day of the week, but Aunt says it should be spelt Wednesday."

"It is a grief to Aunt that I dont always write as well as I can, I can write pretily."

She could cook, too, — make Thanksgiving "pyes;" though she says her father and mother did not deign to partake of her "Cumberland performances." She read much, the Bible constantly; and, wishing to perfect herself "in reading a variety of composures," she also went through "Gaffer Two Shoes, The Female Oretars, Gulliver's Travels Abreviated, and the Puzzleing Cap." The latter book was a collection of riddles frequently advertised in Boston newspapers of that date.

She was a friendly little soul, eager to be loved; resenting deeply that her aunt Storer let "either one of her chaises, chariot, or babyhutt" (booby hutch) pass her door every day without sending for her to visit, as she would "if she had wanted much to have seen me;" visiting her cousins, the wealthy Barrels, and going cheerfully tea-drinking from house to house of her friends. And she was merry, too, full of life and wit: jesting about getting a "fresh seasoning with Globe salt;" calling the minister's journal his "I & Aunt &c.," in laughing reference to her own I-and-aunt-filled pages; and after she had made herself a dozen new shifts, writing to her mother in high spirits: —

"By the way, I must inform you (pray dont let papa see this) that yesterday I

put on No. 1 of my new shifts, and indeed it is very comfortable. It is *long* since I have had a *shift* to *my* back — I dont know if I ever had till now. It seemed so strange too to have linen below my waist."

She was subject, too, to "egregious fits of laughterre," and fully proved the statement, "Aunt says I am a whimsical child."

With the last words of her journal ends the knowledge I have of her life, and I have not tried nor cared to know of her grown-up life, if she chanced to live to grow up.[1] I like to think of her as always a loving, endearing little child; not so passionate and gifted and rare a creature as that star among children, Marjorie Fleming, but a natural and homely little flower of New England life. For if she lived she may have had her heart-strings torn by loss of lover in the war of the Revolution, or she may have grown old and feeble and dull and sad; but now she lives in the glamour of eternal, laughing, happy youth through the few pages of her little time-stained journal.

Alice Morse Earle.

THE FIRST PRINCIPAL OF NEWNHAM COLLEGE.

A LITTLE more than a year ago, there passed away in Cambridge, England, in the fullness of an honored age, a woman who, in popular speech, was a leader of a cause, the cause of the higher education of women. There was, however, so complete an absence from her personality of aught that could suggest a departure from the most time-honored type of womanhood that it is only when reviewing and defining her life work that one would think of designating her thus. Then, even, one hesitates to include in the category to which also belong the noisy agitator and aggressive claimant of female rights the dignified and gentle lady who for nearly twenty years presided over Newnham Hall and College. Yet, in any attempt to give a true impression of Miss Clough, it must needs be said in clearest terms that she was above all things a reformer. Her life was passed in an earnest and untiring effort to bring a new order into the intellectual lives of other and younger women. Throughout a long and unbroken series of years her patience and courage in the service of her sex were never known to flag. Like too many of her fellow-workers, she may have brought away some ineradicable scars from the ungracious struggle with hostile conservative forces; but in her case there were none that could mar the softness and serenity of her presence. She bore about her, indeed, most of the marks and tokens that, to the student of types of character, indicate a conservative temperament. Her movements were slow (too early made more so by feebleness of health); her voice was low, though forcible; her speech deliberate. There was that in the atmosphere she created around her that sufficed to impart homelikeness to the bare and crude college halls, as yet unenriched by associations of a past.

The college owns two portraits of her: one hangs over the "high" table in Clough Hall; the other, by Richmond, is in Old Hall. The latter is the earlier taken, and the least characteristic; yet the artist has presented vividly what must have first impressed those who met her, — the fire and glow of her large dark

[1] Perhaps it serves even better to preserve this idea of youthfulness to know that the young girl died when she was about nineteen years of age. — ED. ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

eyes. There are eyes, met with perhaps half a dozen times in a lifetime, that, once seen, are never forgotten. Miss Clough's were of this kind. Their unusual size and darkness were made still more marked by the silvery whiteness of the hair above. This soft, lovely hair was parted in bands over the forehead and folded away beneath a lace cap. It is not too fanciful to say that the contrast between the keenness of the dusky eyes and the softness of the white hair typified outwardly the contrasts to be found in Miss Clough's character and traits. Although she stood before the world at large as the representative of a newly recognized principle, it is more than doubtful if she could at any time have succeeded in holding the attention of an audience, or even so much as in making her voice heard from a public platform. The head of one of the two most important organized bodies of women in the kingdom, it would have been impossible to picture her as presiding actively over any numerous organized assembly; one no more formidable, even, than the Debating Society or House of Commons of her own college students. With those valiant and admirable women whose vocation it is to disseminate doctrine in conferences and councils, and to spread the catchwords of a new movement, she seemed, indeed, to have nothing in common; yet of the number of persons of all sorts and conditions who were brought into personal contact with her, none, it is safe to say, were ever misled into doubting her single-minded devotion to an impersonal cause,— a devotion carried, as her friends knew, to the length of refusing to appropriate to individual use as much of the limited space of the college as they deemed her health required.

No practical detail that concerned the college or the students was too insignificant to engage Miss Clough's attention. Curiously blended with this almost anxious care for small matters was an absence of mind that now and then lent an air of abstraction to what she might be saying or doing. Then, when one least expected it, came the swift flash of insight into character, the evidence of the shrewd instinct for business. Advancing years brought with them a number of small personal idiosyncrasies, — well remembered by friends, — all kindly and unselfish in nature, of the sort to bring a tender, involuntary smile to the lips of those who now recall them. The earnestness of her disposition was delightfully tempered by a sense of humor; not the humor that sparkles or leaps out in witticism, but the quieter kind that finds its adequate expression in a gentle curve of the lips, a momentary flash of the eye. Joined with this, and no doubt in a measure due to it, was the sense of proportion so noticeable in her ideas in regard to her work. From the tendency, so conspicuous in many members of her sex, to exaggerate, to overestimate the relative importance of a new departure, Miss Clough was singularly free. Something of this rare appreciation of the relativity of things she doubtless owed to the circumstances and the sphere of her activity. Her college was not a pioneer institution, built where before only the growths of nature had flourished, but a follower and an imitator, a recipient of favors — at first somewhat niggardly bestowed, it must be confessed — at the hands of an august and immeasurably venerable benefactor. The mere external contrast between the modest red brick architecture of the halls, Old, Sidgwick, and Clough, that compose the new college and the splendid gateways and façades, the chapels, quadrangles, and gardens, the whole inexhaustible wealth of beauty of the old university, would seem sufficient in itself to impart a fit measure of humility to an aspiring feminine don. That it was innately natural, however, to Miss Clough to reverence the traditions of the past while zealously striving to promote the welfare of the future, the

record of her active but quiet life can prove.

She was born in Liverpool, in 1820, only a year after the birth of her more rarely gifted brother, Arthur Hugh. But the ugly commercial city, which offers to so many transatlantic descendants the first repellent glimpse of the mother country, was not the home that was hers by birthright. The Cloughs were Welsh. For many generations they had lived at "Plas Clough," in Denbighshire, the most northeasterly county of the land of the ancient bards. Miss Clough's father, James Butler Clough, was the first of the family to emigrate from the vicinity of the old home. He established himself, at the outset, in the great importing mart as a cotton merchant; but when his only daughter, on whom had been bestowed the homely Christian names of Anne Jemima, was three years old, he embarked on a longer voyage than the passage of the Dee or Mersey, and came to Charleston, in this country. Here his daughter spent the next thirteen years of her life, living perhaps more merrily, and certainly with greater freedom from outward restraint, than she could have done in the northern English home. In the memoir written by her, in after years, for an edition of her brother's poetical works, she gives pleasant glimpses of playtimes among the cotton heaps in their father's office, near the wharves, and of still more delightful summer holidays on Sullivan Island, where there was paddling on the warm sands, with happy shelter among the myrtle groves, and where strange, fascinating birds haunted the lonely shore.

But the moulding influence of her early life was her mother. Mrs. Clough, whose charmingly quaint maiden name was Anne Perfect, was of Yorkshire birth, and was a mother to whom her children owed more than the gift of physical existence. Her daughter's own words can best describe her. "My mother," Miss Clough writes, "cared little for general society, but had a few fast friends to whom she was strongly attached. In her tastes and habits she was rigidly simple: this harmonized with the stern integrity which was the foundation of her character. She was very fond of reading, especially works on religious subjects, poetry, and history; and she greatly enjoyed beautiful scenery, and visiting places which had any historical associations. She loved what was grand, noble, and enterprising, and was truly religious. She early taught us about God and duty, and, having such a loving earthly father, it was not difficult to look up to a Heavenly one. . . . But with all this love of the terrible and grand she was altogether a woman, clinging to and leaning on our father."

When Miss Clough was sixteen the family returned to Liverpool, and there the next fourteen years of her life were passed. Her attractive and venturesome father died in 1843, leaving her to be thenceforth the companion and protector of her mother. Before this time, she had begun, in a small and tentative way, the less personal work which was to last as long as her life. As far as her own needs were concerned, the only existing means of supplementing her irregular and unsystematic education were such lessons as she could get from private masters. But then, as now, there was plentiful demand for help in the education of others, and she began to teach in a school for Welsh children. Not satisfied with the school curriculum of those days of unscientific pedagogy, she had the children in her own home, on Saturdays or in the evenings, and there taught them, among other subjects, the neglected one of geography. In a magazine article on better methods of teaching reading she embodied her educational theories, showing, youthful as she was, a thorough practical insight into the elementary school system that then existed.

In 1850, Liverpool was, on account

of Mrs. Clough's health, exchanged for Ambleside. There, in the heart of the beautiful lake scenery, and among the stimulating associations of Windermere and its neighboring hills, Miss Clough went on with her work. High up on the "how," or fell, above the village, in a small house dignified by the name of "Eller How," she opened a school for the children of the place. The school was for boys and girls alike; and it is interesting to know that Miss Clough continued always to approve this plan. There were other features peculiar to her school which, though equally in touch with modern sentiment, could not be carried out in larger places so thoroughly as in the little hillside academy. Thus, each child had its own time-table, suited to its individual needs, and drawn up in the careful mistress's own way. Unnecessary restraint was banished, and lessons might be learned in window seats or corners, in postures of delicious comfort. It is pleasant to think how the small inhabitants of Wordsworth's countryside must have delighted in a schoolmistress who, beside having marvelous stores of information which she loved to pour out to eager listeners, was also known on occasion to inquire, "with admirable gravity and conviction, after the health of certain dolls who were supposed to be suffering from a severe attack of scarlet fever." An appreciative pupil, now known to fame as Mrs. Humphry Ward, remembers that even as a little child she was impressed by "the mixture of patience, common sense, and occasional humor with which she treated my troublesome temper."

After ten years of life at Ambleside, Miss Clough lost the mother she had tenderly cared for, amid her other occupations, and one year later her brother, the poet, Arthur Hugh, died in Florence. With his loss, in 1861, the period of her active teaching came to an end. For the ten succeeding years her home was with his widow and children at Combe Hurst, near Kingston-on-Thames. It was during this time that broader fields of usefulness opened before her; the history of her life is henceforth one with the history of the progress of the higher education of women in England. The first important step actually taken in this far-reaching movement was suggested by her in an article published in Macmillan's Magazine, advocating the establishment in the large provincial towns of courses of lectures for the "elder girls from the various schools," and for teachers who "desired to improve themselves." This scheme, which was to be "by way of experiment, as a means of creating a taste for higher studies and collective instruction," was embodied by the formation, in 1867, of the "North of England Council for Promoting the Higher Education of Women." Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, and Sheffield were the four towns represented in the Council, which had for its president Mrs. Butler, wife of the Principal of Liverpool College, with Miss Clough as secretary.

In October and November of this same year, the Council provided its first course of lectures, — the forerunner of the University Extension courses. Astronomy was the somewhat ambitious subject of the course, which was repeated in each of the four towns in succession by Professor (then Mr.) Stuart, of Trinity College, Cambridge. It is needless to say, in the light of succeeding events, that this and the other courses quickly following proved, by their popularity, that the Council had taken at the flood a tide that was to lead to great developments. The next step in advance was but the logical outcome of the first. This was the presentation by the Council to the University of Cambridge of a numerously signed petition for the establishment of an examination for women over eighteen. The immediate result of this petition was the holding in June, 1869, of the first of the long se-

ries of the Cambridge Higher Local Examinations; the ultimate result has been the gradual revolutionizing of the education of English girls. Miss Clough's services in the Council, of which she became president in 1873, were gratefully acknowledged in the Clough Scholarship, an exhibition of fifty pounds a year for two years to Newnham College, awarded to the candidate who stands highest in the Cambridge Higher Local Examination in the Liverpool Centre; and by the presentation, on the final dissolution of the Council, of the balance of its funds to the library of Newnham College.

Newnham College may be said to have practically, though namelessly, entered the first stage of its existence in October, 1871, when Miss Clough, with five women students, began her residence in a house in Regent Street, Cambridge. She was invited thither by Professor Henry Sidgwick, "the moving spirit of the Cambridge Lecture Committee." An epitome of the history of this action, the type of others in our own country, is to be found in an address given in Liverpool at the sixth meeting of the North of England Council by Professor Sidgwick, who said: "A strong feeling had grown up among the residents in Cambridge that examination, however searching and complete, was an inadequate means of improvement, and that something should be done to extend the advantage of academic instruction to women. This had led to the commencement, in January, 1870, of a system of lectures in the different subjects of the examination. These comprised a certain portion of all the branches of study pursued at Cambridge; and, as the education of girls improved, they would naturally be extended, until the whole field of academic instruction was thrown open. The lectures in the higher subjects were at present only partially operative, as Cambridge alone did not supply a sufficient number of students. In order that they might achieve the end aimed at, the most intelligent girls from different parts of the country must be enabled to take advantage of them."

Miss Clough was thus in her fifty-second year when she came, with ripened mind and tempered judgment, to the work that was to crown her days with honored and prominent activity. By rapid stages the house in Regent Street grew into Merton, and Merton into Newnham Hall, and this into Newnham College, with its spacious grounds and proud record of triumphs scored in the triposes. Some years of waiting, however, still remained to the friends and promoters of the college before official recognition of their students' work was secured from the University. It was not until 1881 that the University of Cambridge, after a debate in the Senate, the warmth and excitement of which have become matter of tradition, decided to formally open its examinations to students of Newnham and Girton colleges; while still — of so slow growth is the ideal justice in even a republic of letters — the University's final stamp of success in the examinations, the degree, is withheld from women students, who must perforce content themselves with the posting of their names in the tripos lists on the doors of the Senate House, and with the knowledge that they have, in more than one examination, distanced in marks the men who have a lawful claim to the degree.

Miss Clough died in the college she loved. In the presence of the great change awaiting her, her thoughts kept the current of their simple unselfishness. Her last words were about the building of the wall along the new road behind the college, and the last message she sent, not many hours before her death, was of love to the students. It was her wish that the college life should be as little interrupted as possible by her death; and when it was made known that the final summons had come, the word was

received with awed and reverent sorrow by the students who were in residence. Throughout Cambridge the tidings were met with grief. The Provost and Fellows of King's College expressed their sympathy by the offer of their chapel for the funeral services. Cambridge has witnessed few more impressive scenes than here took place on March 5, 1892. The stately Tudor chapel, under whose soaring roof Miss Clough had worshiped Sunday after Sunday, was crowded with students from all parts of the kingdom, and with members of the University; all gathered together in a common act of honor to one who, in words spoken in the chapel the following Sunday, had just closed "her life of devotion to the cause to which she gave herself, amid the reverent admiration of the whole University." "Neither country nor University," the speaker added, "will ever be unmindful of her whose noble work is now done, and who bequeaths to others the heritage of her gentle power and the memory of the riches of her unerring sympathy."

How penetrating and how practical this sympathy was, as shown in the paths of daily life, there are women scattered all over the world whose memories gratefully bear witness. It is remembered that on one occasion, when Miss Clough was to go to London for the day in company with one of her students, it was proposed, in accordance with the economical fashion of Cambridge dons, that the two should travel third class. "I may have to come back second class, though," Miss Clough remarked, remembering the long day's occupation that would tax her strength, and probably make a more comfortably cushioned carriage a necessity in returning. Then, mindful of the oftentimes sad limitations of the purses of the students, "But I will pay the difference for both, my dear," she added quickly, in an undertone. The same student also cherishes the recollection of a certain night in the spring term, when, having gone to London in the morning with Miss Clough, and returned alone early in the evening, according to arrangement, a voice was heard, after she had gone to bed, softly calling her name outside her closed door. It was Miss Clough, just back from her long day's outing, not too wearied to mount to the second floor to ask how her companion of the morning had fared.

There are few who have enjoyed its quiet hospitality who will be likely to forget the aspect of her own particular room in the Old Hall, at the corner of the ground-floor corridor. It was a large square room, with low ceiling, and woodwork and walls of a soft olive tint. There was a delightful high recessed window, with a cushioned seat beneath it, reached by a step from the floor, and there was a fire of coals in the grate, with the busily used desk on one side, and an armchair on the other; there were books and pictures and flowers, all merged in that quiet decorativeness of effect which is peculiar to an exquisitely refined English room. From this sitting-room to the garden there was but a single step, through one of the long windows; and in the garden, in old days, was to be found in the spring the culminating charm of Newnham. The cuckoos were heard calling across the fields all day, and at night a nightingale sang on the branches of a slender poplar. Laburnums drooped under their golden chains, and the hawthorns were powdered with white or crimson blossoms. Daisies sprang up in the turf, and under the high brick wall grew cowslips and primroses, beloved alike of students and Principal, who might often be met strolling along the paths, in serene enjoyment of the scene.

These are some of the valued though minor associations that cluster around the memory of an acquaintanceship with Miss Clough. But there are also more strenuous thoughts that belong to her memory.

She stands forth in one's mind as a rebuke to whatever is harsh or discordant or unfeminine in the minds and manners of the advocates of the cause she served. As has already been said, she had in her own personality nothing in common with the women who repel even while they stimulate. In the transition of her sex from a stunted to a freely developed intellectual life, much that is unlovely and ungracious has been called into evidence. There are repeated reminders that sacrifices to the graces may not be ceased with impunity. In the midst of a generation not yet sure of the range of its possibilities, Miss Clough presented the spectacle of an essentially mellow nature. Hers was the force that worked slowly, silently, and irresistibly, without explosions or ungainly contortions. Her friendships were of the same nature, undemonstrative and lasting; her generosity of temper towards those who shared her work was unstinted, her religious faith secure and unostentatious.

Miss Clough is buried, as she had expressed a wish to be, in a country churchyard. To reach her grave needs but a brief walk from the college, past an avenue of ancient elms, through meadows where a stream flows and skylarks sing overhead, to the little village of Grantchester. The Grantchester church, with square gray tower and walls overgrown with ivy, is one of which hundreds more are to be found in scattered country parishes. In a corner of its graveyard, somewhat apart from the older barrows and moss-grown headstones, rises the pure white slab that marks her resting-place. On it is inscribed

IN MEMORY OF
ANNE JEMIMA CLOUGH
FIRST PRINCIPAL OF NEWNHAM COLLEGE.
Born at Liverpool, January 20th, 1820.
Died at Newnham College, Cambridge, Feb. 27th, 1892.

"After that she had served her own generation by the will of God, she fell on sleep."

As one stands in silence beside her grave, one thinks involuntarily of the far different scene in the Florentine cemetery, where, "under the flowery oleanders pale," the brother she so dearly loved sleeps with her "the morningless and unawakening sleep."

Eugenia Skelding.

THE BREAKERS.

A PULSING organ-toned arpeggio,
Crescendo mounting, with a sweep sublime;
A swift back-rushing of diminished sound,
A gasp for breath, a futile long-drawn sigh;
A momentary hush, with cries of gulls
Struck through and through, staccato; then the roar
Of great swift chords, that crash and break and blend,
A sobbing undertone, marked by the hiss
Of yellow foam left stranded in the sun.
And then da capo.

Charles Washington Coleman.

"THE OGRE OF ALEWIFE COVE."

THE waters of the Sound wind their way into the idyllic land for more than a mile; spreading here into a moist liquid meadow of such weeds and grasses as are nourished by saline food; still further widening into a so-called "salt lake" lying in placid silver; finally narrowing deeply and silently to reflect tall marginal rocks, vertical, much fissured, "pointed" with columbine and vine, and crowned above with proud civic oak. This incursion of the ocean stream takes, in its course, a small island covered with wizened trees, — little old sorcerous and conjuring yew-trees, and knock-kneed, stunted oaks that mingle the attitudes of cringing and defiance. The elfin island has one brief midsummer lure, — its wild garden of scarlet lilies, poised on long and slender wands, whose flowerage seems the visible flame of the still heat of the dogdays. On one side of the stream, near the end of its quest, — for it is but a prying minion of the great sea, — a luxuriant thicket of young trees, with sweet, flowering azalea shrubs, all stitched together with stout greenbrier, rambles down to the water's edge. The mirror which the idle water holds up to sylvan nature is so perfect that leaf, branch, and flower at last may learn in what form God created them to give pleasure to all gazing eyes. Verging upon this mirror of beauty grow the finest wild roses you may anywhere see; but you will not pluck them, any more than you would arrest the divine trance of Narcissus. As for myself, one such wild rose that I coveted, but did not pluck, blooms there, grateful and immortal, through all summers.

This smooth sunshine world of margin and water and motionless shadow therein spellbound is known as Alewife Cove. Idle water it may be to the idler; not such to those who know and prove the riches of its half-seen treasures; for the sea, "the fruitless sea," as an ancient poet will have it, has underfreighted the slow stream with a floating garden of loose seaweed, of eelgrass, and other aquatic plants. Where these rise to the surface, the oar labors with their chance festoon and garland. At night, the water glitters, without the moon, wherever the oar stirs their phosphorescent masses. Part drifting, part rooted, the garden hides in its meshes large crabs, whose dark blue shells are beautifully freaked with red and orange. These lose their lives in two ways: either gluttonously resorting to the baited string of the holiday visitor, or gallantly fleeing in vain the net of the practiced boatman, who, standing in the bow of his boat, balances dexterously, at the same time propelling himself and the boat by the long staff of the crab-net, quickly reversed when the game appears.

Also, a light on the Cove at night tells the beholder that some thrifty native is spearing eels (and so justifying the name he has given to these rich waters). But more are they who wade in the half-opaque stream, with basket and clam-rake, or who, with oyster knife, twist from its stronghold the rugged shell. When the tide is out, the rocks along the margin are seen to be scarred with white patches, the half-shells left behind by unskilled gatherers. The blind oyster here seems not entirely to keep to its own element, since even the roots of overhanging trees, fallen branches, and bits of floating drift bear these traces of its clinging inhabitation.

At the height of the fruitful season, Alewife Cove indeed presents a busy scene. Man, woman, and child flock to the unfailing harvest. In this cheerful picture of human industry, it would scarcely be thought that one figure more or less

would count to the eye of the speculative or the artistic observer; and yet, among the many harvesters of sea-food during the summer I have in mind, one figure had especially attracted the attention of several persons, whom it had variously impressed.

"No, I will *not* sit in the shade on that island while you go crabbing!"

"Why not?"

"Because there 's the ogre's boat."

"Well, what of that? He is n't there, poor harmless creature!"

"It does n't make any difference whether he is there or not. He has magnetized the whole place, and the effect is like voodoo for me. I won't stay. I 'd rather sit in the boat, and take my chances with the crabs scuttling round my feet!"

It was the same "sensitive" whose objection had provoked the above conversation who, at another time, as our little boat glided around a rocky point, with an indication of the head in a direction which the eyes were loath to take, observed, "There! If you wish to see the ogre, and experience his spells, you have the opportunity. But don't look unless you covet bad dreams."

A few yards away appeared "the genius of the flood," or rather "the ogre of Alewife Cove," by common consent of the coterie of summer idlers, who in winter remember not idly, whether with pen, pencil, or brush, that pleasant water and romantic margin. But, clad in a loose blouse of some heavy, dun-colored stuff, the head covered with an old felt hat whose brim drooped about the face, a man appeared, wading in the weed-choked stream. A tattered basket was on his arm, a clam-rake in one hand. The day's work was done, and he was returning to his floating habitation, which was moored by the island of lilies, and whose box of a cabin, kitchen and bedroom in one, had vouchsafed us chary glimpses of scrupulous order and immaculate neatness.

I have mentioned only what was definable and tangible in the general appearance of this sudden figure; the rest lay in that margin where, with the least error of the describer, all quickly eludes and transcends verbal description. I hesitate, therefore, to try to characterize what I observed: a peculiar droop of the head upon the sunken chest; a slight lifting of the shoulders each side beneath the loose-hanging garment; the weighted and weary movement through the dense water, — the movement as of one who makes, slowly and painfully, a compulsory progress towards some well-indicated and inevitable goal. Yet more do I hesitate to speak of the strange suggestion presented by the man's figure alone, — the suggestion that thus might one have looked who, in the midst of his suffering, had been unexpectedly reprieved, but who yet bore upon his racked and dislocated body record of an ancient form of torture, the guise of one who had been taken down from the cross!

As we were actually opposite the wading pedestrian, the drooped head was partially lifted, disclosing a face of singularly pure pallor, further characterized by softness that could not have resided in its angular contour. Eyes deep-set, contemplative, but wholly incurious, were met by ours; by *ours*, I say, for his eyes seemed not to regard us, but rather to traverse, and pass beyond, the plane of vision which ours crossed with objective and questioning interest. With the slight uplifting of the head, a shock of hair, dark brown and silky, fell across the cheek, half revealing the temple it had previously concealed, — half revealing, — but whether deep scar, or shadowy birthmark, or merely some hollow shading of the thin face, this momentary glimpse failed to divulge. The ogre passed on, and was out of reach of any voice impatient to comment, "Did you see?"

Now, it is remarkable how we resent any observation savoring of the secular or curious regarding that which the im-

agination has suddenly resolved to look upon as an object of tender and sacred consideration.

"Did you see — *it?*"

"I don't know what you mean. I saw only a man who has been hard at work all day with a clam-rake, and is going home, or what he calls home, tired out."

Nevertheless, after this episode the ogre's apologist entertained no thoughts regarding him in which the latter figured as the ordinary tiller of those brackish acres; and all casual testimony as to the peculiar solitariness of this individual found hospitable lodgment. But such testimony was of the slightest nature, and is quickly summed up.

"The ogre, after all, is a good-natured creature," volunteered a young girl who was fond of pulling an oar sometimes, even if quite by herself; "for the other day, when I had been gathering those lilies on the island, and the tide was dead low, and I ran aground, he appeared all of a sudden and gave the boat a push, and I was off before I could thank him. But for that matter, almost before I knew what he had done, he had turned his back, and was going on with that clam-raking." Continuing, "I wonder what manner of foreigner he is; for the next day, when we passed his boat, and he was resting and looking at the sky or the water, I wanted very much to say something civil; so I observed that it was a 'fine evening.' He kept on looking at the sky or the water, and made no reply. And another time when I said something, he looked at me with those vague eyes of his, and slowly shook his head."

"He don' never tell his name, he don' never speak; reckon he don' never hear folks speak to him. Looks like he deaf and dumb," deposed an irregularly industrious gentleman of color, who also possessed a boat, and who, hard by, was proving his floating fortunes; his loneliness being beguiled by the presence of a solemn yellow dog of great reputed sagacity, and exceedingly "dangersome," if his master's statement were to be credited.

When the imagination is sympathetically aroused, very little is required to keep it operative; so I may record that, fed by such slight incident and comment, the interest first excited in the ogre steadily increased from day to day. Fortunately, it had been observed that "if there were any enterprise among us, some one would get some of those fine clams from the Cove." Fortunately, indeed, for the desire thus expressed suggested a way of fulfillment which might also discharge the growing burden of speculative curiosity: an arrangement might possibly be made with the silent toiler of the salt inlet to furnish us with clams through the rest of the season. A visit in negotiation was planned and executed, one evening, soon after this resolution had been taken.

Remembering the deposition of the dusky neighbor, it appeared that any demonstration to gain the ogre's attention through the sense of hearing would be useless; I therefore descended from my boat into his, and approached the door of the miniature cabin. It was standing open, but the occupant was not within. Scrutiny quickly devoured the little interior. All was scrupulously neat, as we had before seen in passing. There were the red lilies which some one had observed him gathering that very day; now held in a broken pitcher set upon the box that served for table or for seat, beside the cot bed. But it was not the tasteful evidence of love for the lilies of the field (perhaps those of parable) that the eye dwelt on in this brief instant of stolen inspection; all interest concentred, emotionally, upon a print that was pinned to the rude ceiling above the cot. It was a reproduction of Christ succumbing under the cross.

Again the impression first gained of this silent and solitary person was in

full sway, and the heart beating against the side warned me of the presence of something like sacred fear. Here dwelt some man of sorrows. Had he all through life been conscious of the similitude felt by at least one observer? Was the symbol of suffering in some mysterious and transcendent way of deeper import to him than it could be to any fellow-creature? Grotesquery, sacrilege, pathos, were strangely blended in this idea. Involuntarily, I set the basket of fruit (brought in friendly overture) down by the door, and hastily dropped into my own boat. Not one word of explanation or of apology would come to the rescue, when, in this hurried departure, a familiar wading figure met me face to face. But neither countenance nor expression was other than I remembered of our first encounter. Neither curiosity nor the least shadow of displeasure crossed the far-centred, inscrutable, sad tranquillity of his face and eyes. He passed by me, following up the wake which my clandestine boat had left on the evening-smooth water. Heartily ashamed of my enterprise, I yet was reminded that I had left the basket of fruit, and I hoped that in the offering he would recognize touches of a remotely related humanity, so distanced by him in his treading out of spiritual destinies unknown to me!

The next morning, simultaneously with waking, recurred the idea of the ogre. There might yet be a way of finding out the heart of his mystery without rude probing. I would try once more. I took the path to the Cove, resolved upon a solitary row in the enchantment of the half-veiled seaside morning. Nearing the island of lilies, it was scarce to be credited that the trim boat, so long moored there, was gone. But a second look did not restore the familiar object. Far down the windings of the inlet, just where the sunlit mist prepared to hide all that approached, I saw the catboat swinging out to sea. The mist was receding slowly seaward; but the boat made forward and away, faster than did the mist. The wind in the sail seemed more than the slight breeze of the fair morning, — rather a wind of the spirit speeding one who willed not to stay,

> "And snatched his rudder, and shook out more sail,
> And day and night held on indignantly
> O'er the blue midland waters with the gale."

No trace left behind. But yes! the basket which had held the fruit, now filled with lilies, was lying on the margin sand of the little island. The lilies were fresh, and the mist of the morning was in them for dew.

Edith M. Thomas.

STUDIES IN THE CORRESPONDENCE OF PETRARCH.

II.

PETRARCH AND THE COLONNA.

Among the great families who disputed, during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the civil dominion of Rome and its adjacent territory, precedence is invariably and rightly accorded to the Colonna, or Colonnesi. They were not, indeed, of Roman origin. Even Petrarch, who owed them so much, and really loved them so well, when his own proud sentiment of Italian nationality had been inflamed by the crusade of Cola di Rienzo, did not hesitate to sneer at them as adventurers from the barbarous borders of the Rhine. Yet, at that

period, the middle of the fourteenth century, they had been exercising for fully two hundred and fifty years a prominent and often controlling influence in the chaotic affairs of the states of the Church. Their name and device were in all probability adopted from Trajan's Column, which marked as nearly as possible the centre of their possessions within the walls of Rome. Outside, they had early intrenched themselves on the commanding heights of Palestrina, while the exquisite region over which, in their greatest days, they exercised the rights of sovereign princes embraced almost the entire range of the Alban hills, and extended far into the Sabine territory. They were, in the main, strongly Ghibelline, and as such the hereditary foes of the Popes; yet they received, or perhaps it would be more correct to say extorted, a vast amount of church preferment, and the annals of their warlike line bristle with the names of legates, cardinals, and actively militant bishops. A Cardinal Giovanni Colonna, titular of Sta. Prisca, was legate to France and Germany in 1193. Another Cardinal Giovanni was ambassador to Constantinople, and brought thence in 1222 the Column of the Scourging, still venerated in the ancient and splendid Church of Sta. Prassede, of which this second Giovanni was titular, though screened from the eyes of the profane in a dark chapel, which no woman's foot may invade. A grandnephew of this Giovanni, Giacomo, son of Oddone, was created cardinal when a mere boy, in 1278. Giacomo's nephew, Pietro, took orders after the entrance into religion — some say the death — of his young wife, and speedily received the scarlet hat at the hands of Nicholas IV.

These two, Giacomo and Pietro, were the pair of Colonnesi cardinals who disputed the election, in 1294, of Boniface VIII., Benedetto Gaetani, the great foe of their race, thus winning excommunication for themselves, and drawing down upon the whole circle of their kindred the vengeance of that violent pontiff. The uncle and nephew were of nearly the same age, and the family touched, in their lifetime, the summit of its greatness, both in good and evil fortune. One of Pietro's brothers was Giacomo, the ancestor of the Sciarra-Colonna, who was hunted like a wild beast through the pestilential woods encompassing Turnus's town of Ardea; and having been seized by pirates when he emerged upon the classic shore, he preferred to row four years in the galleys rather than disclose his identity to Boniface VIII. But he ultimately passed from the society of the chain-gang to a seat in the council chamber of Philippe le Bel, whose tutor had been Egidio Colonna. Another brother was Giovanni, called of San Vito, the stately Roman senator who was Petrarch's first cicerone in the Eternal City. A third, the most illustrious of all, was the great Stefano, whose crowded and glorious life lacked but little of filling the entire century from 1250 to 1350; who survived in godlike vigor of mind and body two generations of his own descendants, and seemed to belittle, by contrast with his own heroic style, every human being ever brought into intimate relations with him. Despoiled at one time by Boniface VIII. of all his vast possessions, and banished to Provence, it was he who, when tauntingly asked whether there were a fortress he could still call his own, struck his hand upon his breast, and answered "Eccola!"

Of the seven legitimate sons of Stefano, we are chiefly concerned in this place with the two who were Petrarch's best and most powerful friends at Avignon, and through whom he was introduced to the great men of the elder generation. Both these brothers, Giovanni and Giacomo, grew up during the exile of the family in France, Giacomo, the younger, having been born there; and from the time when the Holy See was transferred to Avignon, in 1309, the influence of

this inevitably domineering race became paramount in the papal councils.

Giovanni was made cardinal by John XXII., in 1327, while he was still under thirty ; Giacomo received the see of Lombez two years later, when he could hardly have passed his twenty-sixth year. Giacomo had been the fellow-student of Francesco Petrarca and his brother Gerardo at Bologna, but had not known them personally there. Doubtless the difference in rank told exactly as it would do in a college of to-day. Only when the university career of the two brilliant young Tuscans had been cut short by their father's death, and, finding themselves, on their return to France, orphans without resources, they had both received the tonsure and become candidates for preferment at the papal court, Giacomo Colonna remembered them, especially the extraordinary beauty and distinction of the elder brother, which had haunted him, so he says, all through those university days. Their success was thus immediately assured ; and they were launched, for weal or for woe, in the most distinguished circles of Avignonese papal society.

"Do you remember," wrote Francesco to Gerardo long afterward, in September of the fatal year 1348, when his woes and those of the world had subdued the soul of the poet, no less than seven years in the silence of a Carthusian cloister that of the younger brother, — "do you remember the sort of life we used to live; how that toil of pleasure weighed upon our spirits, and with what heart-burnings it was interspersed? . . . Do you remember the ridiculous splendor of our exquisite costumes, which amazes me when I think of it even yet? . . . How excessively particular we were to change our garments morning and evening; how distressed for fear a hair should get out of place, or a light breeze disturb the studied arrangement of our curls! What care we used to take of our elaborate and perfumed togas, lest they should be splashed with mud, either before or behind, by some passing horseman, or deranged, by rude contact, in the precise arrangement of their folds! . . . And what can I say of our shoes, and the sharp and incessant torment they inflicted on the members they professed to protect? I verily believe my feet would have been entirely disabled if I had not decided, in the last extremity, that it was better to offend the eyes of others a little than to suffer such torture in my own nerves and joints."

It was in the year 1327, — while Giovanni Colonna was organizing his cardinal's establishment at Avignon, — on the 6th of April, a day of destiny for the poet throughout his entire life, that Petrarch first saw Laura, then twenty years of age, and two years married to Hugues de Sade. She was in the full splendor of a beauty which was destined to fade unusually early; and the budding ecclesiastic, the romantic child of genius, who had studied the troubadours at Carpentras and the Latin poets at Bologna more zealously than he had studied law at either place, accepted her forthwith as his goddess, and vowed her the worship of a life. The sentiment thus impulsively adopted, and worn at first perhaps as a mere poetic ornament, came soon to overmaster its subject, and little by little to pervade and color his entire being; and under its disquieting influence, added to that of his own keen curiosity, he began that series of restless journeyings which he was to pursue to the very verge of old age. Ostensibly with the purpose of collecting rare books and unearthing classical manuscripts, with funds which had doubtless been supplied by his new and powerful protectors, Petrarch first visited Belgium, Switzerland, and the chief towns of eastern France, returning from Liege near the close of the year 1329.

His fellow-student of former days, Giacomo Colonna, had lately come back from a still more adventurous journey to

Rome, where the most amiable of churchmen, as Petrarch always called him, had approved his fighting blood by proclaiming the excommunication, at the hands of John XXII., of the Emperor Louis of Bavaria, then present in the Eternal City. The see of Lombez was Giacomo's reward for this act of temerity; and when he went into Gascony to take possession, he carried with him a choice company of friends, of whom Petrarch was one, for that "divine summer" which was remembered so long and so wistfully.

That the enamored poet should have talked much, if mysteriously, to his young patron of the passion that enthralled him was inevitable; but there is curious proof in one of the most interesting of Petrarch's letters, written some years later from Avignon to Giacomo in Rome, that the latter had been disposed to treat the initial stages, at least, of his friend's immortal malady rather lightly.

"Your clamorous epistle," Petrarch begins, "woke me from a species of lethargy, and I read it from beginning to end, laughing heartily over the charges which you half jestingly bring against me. So now, to repel your shafts in their order, I beg you to observe, my good father, how entirely inconsistent with your many accusations are the very first words of your own letter. You say that the fine contempt of the world at which I have so early arrived is a standing marvel to you, because it seems to be quite as much the result of experience as of nature. You might have chanted me a longer panegyric, but certainly not a more flattering one. . . . The compliment is immense, provided you really mean it; and if it be not true of me to-day, I pray God, who can rescue from hell itself, that it may be so before I die. But you proceed to say, in the same facetious vein, that I have artfully contrived to excite in many minds a magnificent opinion of my own merits. Unquestionably there have been illustrious men who were open to the charge of trying, artificially, to enhance the effect upon their admirers of their real qualities; as when Numa Pompilius professed to hold colloquies with a goddess, and Publius Africanus claimed a divine origin. But my case is very different from theirs. I have nothing to boast of, unless it be the excessive and incomprehensible good fortune which has followed me from infancy. I am better known than I could wish to be, — an insignificant person, yet generally talked about. It is a fact which neither elates nor depresses me, for I know that common rumor is a common liar. So, indeed, it has been hitherto, but I understand that it would take very little to turn the populace against me. Your amenities, however, do not stop here. You say that I have not merely bewitched the crowd, but attempted to impose upon Heaven itself; and you cite my pretended admiration for Augustine and his works, whereas the truth is, you say, that I am not to be detached from the poets and philosophers. And indeed, why should I, when Augustine himself was so devoted to them? Had this not been so, he would surely not have composed those books concerning the City of God — to say nothing of his other works — out of the very material furnished him by philosophers and poets, nor painted it with hues borrowed from the historian and the orator."

Observe, Petrarch proceeds, that *my* Augustine was never cited in dreams before the divine tribunal for his love of Cicero, as *your* Jerome was; and, having come under no visionary interdict, "not only was he not in the least ashamed of his intimacy with the classic authors, but he frankly owned that he had found a large part of our faith in the books of Plato; while as to Cicero's Hortensius, it had had the most marvelous effect in turning him from delusive hopes and the vain wrangling of discordant sects to the study of the one truth."

He goes on for some time in this strain, repelling the bishop's only half-

serious accusations, and defending his favorite authors lightly, but eloquently, and with an undertone of sincere feeling. Then, suddenly, he becomes wholly grave. To jest, he says, is easy; but, that tone once adopted, it is difficult to rid one's self of it. "And what can you mean by hinting that the very name *Laurea* (laurel) is but a graceful play upon words, designed to express both her whom I would honor, and the honor which many would award to me? How can you say that there is really no Laura enshrined in my heart, save that crown of poesy to which I aspire, and that my long and unremitting studies prove it; that all which I have written concerning the living, breathing Laura, by whose loveliness I am enslaved, are but imaginative lays, cunning fables, and simulated sighs? Would to God that it were only an idle dream, a fancy, and not a fury, which possessed me! But nobody, trust me, can dissemble forever; and deliberately to strive to appear mad were in itself the height of madness. Moreover, a well man may imitate the actions of a sick one, but he cannot imitate his pallor. And you know whether I was wan and wasted; you know whether I was oppressed in spirit! It almost seems to me as if in that so-called Socratic play of irony, in which you are hardly surpassed by Socrates himself, you were insulting my distress. But wait a little! This malady will doubtless run its course. I will think of what Cicero says: *The day wounds, and the day heals.* My fictitious Augustine may yet prevail over her whom you call my fictitious Laura, and by diligent and sober study and much meditation I may arrive at being an old man before my time."

The reader should remember, with reference to the skepticism of Bishop Giacomo, that the two friends had seen comparatively little of each other in the four or five years which had intervened between that pleasant summer in Gascony and the date of the above letter. In the autumn of the earlier year Petrarch received the appointment of private chaplain to Cardinal Giovanni, with a nominal oversight of the education of two of the prelate's innumerable nephews. This necessitated his return to Avignon; and how warmly he was received, and with what delicate consideration he was treated there, we have already seen in the Letter to Posterity. But the astute cardinal, who was older and more mundane than his brother the bishop, soon saw that the infatuation of his young *protégé* about the wife of Hugues de Sade was unfitting him for the serious business of life; and it seems to have been he who originally proposed to Petrarch another and longer journey than his first, which should embrace Paris and the principal German cities and seats of learning. The poet was of course bound, and probably under explicit promise, to keep his patron and banker informed of his adventures; and accordingly there are two interesting if somewhat stiff and studied letters to Cardinal Giovanni, dated respectively June 21 and August 9, 1333. In the first of these Petrarch sketches his route as far as Aquis Granum, or Aix-la-Chapelle, where he saw the marble tomb of Charlemagne, and heard from the priest in attendance the well-known legend of the Emperor's insane devotion to the corpse of his dead love, — all of which he relates to the cardinal in his most choice and touching style.

In the second letter he has a livelier story to tell from his own personal observation of what he saw at Cologne. "'T is really wonderful," he observes, "here in this barbarous land, to see such a handsome city, so high a degree of civilization, such dignified men and such elegant matrons. I happened to arrive on the vigil of St. John the Baptist, just as the sun was setting; and my friends advised me (for report rather than merit had provided me with friends before-

hand even here) to go directly from my inn to the river, if I wanted to see a remarkable sight. Sure enough, the bank was literally thronged with a large and very striking assemblage of women. I was amazed. Ye gods, what beautiful forms and faces were there! And what costumes! Any one with a heart not fully preoccupied must have fallen in love upon the spot. I stood upon a slight rise of ground, whence I could have a good view of what went on. It seemed incredible that there could be so great a crowd without the least rudeness or confusion. But so it was. Some of them were girt with sweet grasses, and all took turns in rolling their sleeves up above the elbows, and going gayly down to bathe their white hands and arms in the running water, murmuring I know not what sweet things to one another all the while in that strange language of theirs. I never understood so well before what Cicero and the old proverb mean by saying that, among those who speak an unknown tongue, we are all deaf-mutes. However, I was fortunate enough to find most amiable interpreters, . . . and, singling out one of my friends, I asked for enlightenment in those words of Virgil: —

'Quid vult concursus ad amnem,
Quidve petunt animæ?' [1]

He replied that it was a very ancient rite of their people, in which the women especially put great faith, believing that any calamity which threatened them for the whole year to come might be washed away by bathing in the river on that day, and a happier fortune substituted: and this is why they practice their annual lustration with such unflagging zeal. I laughed, and said that the dwellers by the Rhine were fortunate indeed if that river could exorcise their ills; it was more than the Po or the Tiber had ever been able to do *for us*."

[1] Æn. vi. 318, 319.

"What means the throng at the river,
Of what are these souls in search?"

The last words are significant. If the impassioned love of Petrarch for his native land had slumbered awhile, amid the varied fascinations of his early court life at Avignon, this journey had reawakened it in full force; and the most heartfelt and least formal passage in either of the letters which relate to his wanderings of this year is the one in which he says that, after all he has seen of the Gauls and the Germans at home, "and much that is magnificent everywhere," he thanks God that he was born an Italian.

To this same year, 1333, belongs also Petrarch's Latin poem, addressed in the form of an epistle to Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini of Siena (afterwards Pius II.), on the Woes of Italy, and culminating in the piercing lines in which he says that he feels as one who stands upon the shore and sees his mother drowning beyond reach of help.

The most important episode, however, of Petrarch's tour through France and Germany, and the most influential upon his future career, his reception, namely, at the University of Paris, and especially by the Augustinian monk, Dionysius of Borgo San Sepolcro, then a professor there, is lightly touched upon in the letters to Cardinal Colonna. We shall find him reverting to it, a year or two later, in the graceful epistle where he describes his ascent of Mont Ventoux.

He was disappointed to receive at Lyons, on his way home, the tidings that Giacomo Colonna, who had been planning to spend the ensuing winter in Avignon, under his brother's roof and in the society of Petrarch, had been suddenly summoned, on important family business, to Rome, where indeed he was destined to be detained for a number of years. The bishop and the poet had long dreamed and often talked of making the Roman pilgrimage together, and the latter addressed to his friend, on the spur of the moment, a somewhat reproachful letter, reminding him of

those delightful old plans. "You have done," he cries, "what you surely promised me that you would never do, — you have gone to Rome without me! What am I to say? . . . Can I think of you as either suspicious or unmindful of your friends? Nothing could be further from your character! Can I chide you as forgetful, — I, to whom your fine memory is a constant marvel; or inconstant, when your loyalty is known of all men? How then? You must find a name for your own fault, and condemn or absolve yourself. Let the case come before your own personal tribunal; and do you be culprit, witness, and judge in one. . . . Only please to answer my forlorn inquiry, 'Why are you in Rome and I in Gaul, and what have I done to merit such a divorce?'"

This letter is dated Lyons, August 9, 1333. But if the sensitive poet felt himself wounded at the moment, it is plain that he was easily appeased, since it is now considered certain, by the best Petrarchian authorities, that the beautiful twelfth *canzone*, "O aspettata in ciel," was written during the autumn of this year, and sent to Giacomo Colonna in Rome, — "O thou for whom they wait in heaven, beautiful and happy soul, who goest arrayed in our humanity, not burdened by it, as others are," etc.[1]

Petrarch's Italian muse was very prolific at this time. The earlier sonnets, those "short swallow flights" of ineffably sweet song, addressed to the living and still youthful Laura, followed one another in swift succession, interspersed with a few longer canzoni, more mystical in spirit and involved in style, and plainly modeled on Cavalcanti and Cino da Pistoja. In December, 1334, John XXII. died, and was succeeded, after a short conclave, by Benedict XII., to whom Petrarch, immediately on his accession, addressed an epistolary poem in Latin, urging, by every solemn and imperious motive, the restoration of the Holy See to Rome. Nothing was further from the new pontiff's intentions than to obey the high-flown summons of the Italian minstrel, but he made him a canon of his friend's cathedral at Lombez, and allowed him to advocate, before himself and his cardinals, the claim, through the Scaligeri, of the Correggi to Parma. This was the beginning of the intimacy between Petrarch and Azzo di Correggio, who was now in Avignon upon the same business, and of his permanent connection with Parma, his "cisalpine Parnassus," as the poet rather affectedly called it.

On the 26th of April, 1336, while still a member of Cardinal Colonna's household, Petrarch and his brother Gerardo accomplished that ascent of Mont Ventoux of which they had dreamed from boyhood.

All who are familiar with Avignon and its environs know how the whole region is dominated by the aerial majesty of that solitary peak, — the king and leader of the lesser Alps of Provence, — and how much the delicate purple tints which it is wont to wear enhance the beauty of the noble but singularly pallid landscape which it overlooks. It is easy to understand how so grand an object must have affected two boys like the Petrarca brothers, and at the same time how they may have been deterred from undertaking what is even now a com-

[1] The best modern criticism is also pretty nearly unanimous in referring to a period earlier even than this the famous sonnet, Gloriosa Colonna, which was addressed to Stefano, the illustrious father of Petrarch's two friends, and where that magnificent senior is hailed as "the sole remaining hope and stay of the great Latin name." The one difficulty about assigning it so early a date lies in the fact that the sonnet contains a most dulcet and beguiling invitation to Vaucluse. Now, though Petrarch had had a great *penchant* for the place ever since he first saw it, as a schoolboy, on an excursion from Carpentras, and frequently went out there from Avignon, he certainly did not make himself the sort of home in the Closed Valley to which he would have been likely to invite so distinguished a guest until 1337.

paratively rare and rather difficult adventure. But the occasion had at last arrived, and we make a few extracts from the narrative which Francesco sent on the very next day, from the hamlet at the foot of the mountain, where the brothers passed the night, to his friend and director, Father Dionysius, in Paris:

"The long spring day was balmy, and we pedestrians had active and vigorous frames and were full of enthusiasm, so that our sole obstacle lay in the nature of the ground. We found an old shepherd in a hollow of the hill, who did his best to dissuade us from the ascent, saying that he himself, some fifty years before, impelled by the same juvenile ardor as ourselves, had scaled the highest peak, and that he had had his labor for his pains; and his clothes had been torn and his limbs lacerated by the stones and briers, and he had never heard of anybody else, either before or since, who had so much as made the experiment. But the more he howled, the more eager we were to go, being as patient under advice as the young usually are. So at last, finding his monitions quite useless, the old man moved on a little, and pointed with his finger to a steep and rocky path; and we could still hear him chiding and groaning behind us for a long time after we parted."

We have not space to follow step by step the lively account of all the mistakes and mishaps of the inexperienced mountaineers, still less the allegory which Petrarch feels bound, as a man of letters, to interweave with his tale, and the moral reflections by which it is adorned. At last they were nearing their goal. "The highest peak of all is named by the woodmen 'Filiolus,' the little son, — why, I cannot imagine, unless by that figure of speech which is called antiphrasis; for it looks more like the father of all the neighboring mountains. On the summit of this there is a narrow level space; and there, utterly exhausted, we sank down to rest. . . . At first, we were so affected by the vast outlook and the unwonted exhilaration of the air that we sat as if dazed, gazing back over the way by which we had come. There were clouds beneath our feet; and I could the better believe what I had read of Athos and Olympus for what I beheld on this less renowned mountain. I then turned my eyes whither my heart inclined, — I mean in the direction of Italy. The precipitous and snowy Alps, once crossed by that bitter enemy of the Roman race, who split the rocks, if we may believe the tale, with vinegar, seemed close upon me, though they were in reality far away. In the spirit rather than in the body, I must confess, I drew a deep breath of Italian air, and an inexpressible longing seized me to see again my native land, and the dear friend who is there. . . . Presently a new thought occurred, and after my vision of space I had a vision of time." He reviews the decade which had now elapsed since he finished his studies at Bologna, the mutations of his lot, the infinite sweetness and sorrow of his hopeless love, his vain efforts to free himself from its thralldom. "So I lived over those ten years, . . . almost forgetting where I was, and why I had come hither; then I flung my cares aside, postponing them to a fitter season, and looked about me again, and saw what I had come to see. The sinking sun and the enlarging shadow of the mountain warned us that it was almost time to be gone, and, as one awakened from a dream, I turned me round again toward the western view. The range of the Pyrenees, that wall of division between France and Spain, cannot be seen from this point, — whether through the frailty of mortal vision or because of some intervening object, I do not know; but the mountains of the province of Lyons rise on the right and on the left, though distant by several days' journey; the sea off Marseilles is distinctly visible, and that which washes the walls of Aigues Mortes, while the

eye embraces the whole course of the Rhone. Wondering at all I saw, now visited by thoughts of earth, and now endeavoring to lift up my mind to higher things, even as my body had ascended, it occurred to me to look into that book of Augustine's Confessions which you once so kindly gave me, and which I keep about me always, in memory of the author and the donor, — a tiny volume, but one of infinite sweetness. So I opened it at random, for how could I chance on anything which should not be pious and devout? My brother stood by much interested, expecting to hear me read out something of Augustine's; and I call God to witness, who surely was present there, that the first words upon which my eyes lighted were these: 'Men go about admiring mountain summits and the huge waves of the sea, the broad flow of mighty rivers, the expanse of ocean, and the revolution of the stars, and utterly neglect themselves.'"

The reader will readily understand that the aptness of this *sors Augustiniana* was quite sufficient to recall the mind of Petrarch to personal reflections of the most serious character; but we need not follow him through the second stage of his humble and candid if somewhat over-subtle self-examination. The coincidence of the passage in Augustine, as well as the leap of his heart toward Italy from the summit of the mountain, helped to make the day of this ascension ever memorable to the poet; and indeed, before many more months had passed, one, at least, of his mystical presentiments had fulfilled itself, and he was entering the harbor of Civita Vecchia, after a stormy autumnal passage from Marseilles, on his way at last to Rome. He had still, however, a visit to pay before his journey's end was reached, and we must look in the letters which he sent back to the cardinal in Avignon for some of the incidents of his interesting sojourn at Monte Capranica, in the castle of Count Orso dell' Anguillara, who had married Agnese della Colonna, one of the younger daughters of old Stefano.

"No spot in the Roman territory could be more to my mind than this to which I have come," he says in the first of these letters, "were it not that I am so impatient to get on. It was called the Mons Caprarum in ancient times, — I suppose because it was then all one thicket of that wild shrubbery which is more to the taste of goats than of man. But the beauty of the site and the fertility of the soil soon attracted inhabitants, who founded a citadel on the summit of the steep little hill, and crowded it with as many dwellings as the strait space would hold, though still it retained the old sylvan name."

How natural all this is; and how familiar, to every lover of Italian landscape from Virgil's day, the picture of the

"Tot congesta manu præruptis oppida saxis"![1]

"The place itself," Petrarch proceeds, "is unknown to fame, but all about it are more illustrious sites. On one side is Soracte, famous as the retreat of Pope Sylvester, but renowned long before his day in the strains of the poets. Yonder lie the Ciminian mere and mountain mentioned by Virgil, while barely two miles away is Sutri, a site beloved of Ceres, and said to be an old Saturnian colony. They show the very field, hard by our walls, where the first grain of wheat was planted by the foreign king, and the first harvest reaped. . . . No wonder," he goes on, "that the giver of so great a gift to man should have been deified after his death."

Petrarch dilates yet farther on the infinite picturesqueness, as we should now call it, of the region, — its wealth of wheat fields and vineyards, its breezy and beautiful pasture lands, the watercourses in every valley, the birds that fill the hillside groves with song. "One thing alone is lacking here, I know not by what fault of man, or mandate of heaven,

[1] Geor. ii. 156.

or fatal influence of the stars, and that one boon is peace. The very shepherds and husbandmen have to go armed."

In a second letter to Cardinal Giovanni from the same place, the poet dwells on the gifts and graces of his good host and hostess, punning rather clumsily on the name of Count Orso, whom he calls "the mildest of the ursine race;" "a lover of peace, who yet does not fear war; resolved in war, even while he longs for peace. . . . And as for his wife, Agnese, your most distinguished sister, she is one of those concerning whom — as Sallust says of Carthage — it is better to be silent than to say too little; for there are some women, and I think your sister is one, who are better praised by a reverent silence than by any speech."

A little later, January 26, 1337, the Bishop of Lombez and his eldest brother, Stefano, arrived at Capranica, having come on purpose to escort Petrarch on the last stage of his journey. They had provided themselves with a guard of a hundred men-at-arms, which they judged a quite sufficient protection against five hundred or more of their enemies, the Orsini, whom they understood to be lying in wait for them. "And so sweet is the life which I lead here with these generous souls," the poet adds, "that I sometimes forget that I am still upon earth, and cease to long immoderately for Rome. However, we are going." And accordingly, the next note, a short one, is written from the Capitol on the Ides of March: —

"You thought I would have wonderful things to write from Rome itself, and I may indeed be laying up vast material for the future; but at present I have no courage to begin, for I am fairly crushed and stupefied by the miracle of what I see. . . . You used, I remember, to try to dissuade me from coming hither, on the ground especially that the ruinous aspect of the city, so unworthy of its fame, and of the ideas which I had conceived from books, would chill my ardor; . . . but the fact is that Rome must have been greater than I ever imagined, and her ruins are more impressive. I no longer marvel that the whole world was subjugated by this one city: I only wonder that the world resisted her so long."

The names of Stefano della Colonna the younger, who was Roman senator during this year of Petrarch's first visit, and for the moment exceedingly popular, and of his uncle, Giovanni di San Vito, the man of many vicissitudes and vast antiquarian lore, are added to the list of Petrarch's Colonnesi correspondents from this time, and naturally appear more frequently, after his return to Provence, than that of Cardinal Giovanni. His voyage, this time, was a roundabout one, for he had touched the shores both of Spain and Britain before he arrived, on the 16th of August, in Avignon; nor did he then take up his abode in the churchman's house, as before, but retired almost immediately to Vaucluse, and began his arrangements for a regular habitation there.

Scattered up and down his writings in prose and in verse, we have all the testimony we need to the fact that his manly purpose, in making this retreat, was to withdraw himself from the fascination exercised by the too frequent sight of his beloved mistress, and to gather strength, in hours of silent recollection, for definitively breaking the bond which had perhaps been first loosened a little by his larger experiences, and the new direction given to his thoughts in Rome. His first installation, beside the sources of the Sorgue, was an extremely primitive one, — in a mere laborer's cottage, which he apparently found standing on the spot. His only servants were the peasant and his wife, to both of whom, however, he soon became warmly attached, and whose portraits he hits off in more than one letter, humorously, but always affectionately. He congratulates his Lælius, at one time, on the tact with which he had

managed, when at Vaucluse, to win the friendship of "this aquatic animal of mine, brought up in the water, and getting his livelihood off the rocks;" but he said of the man, long after, to another friend, that "to call him faithful is to say little: he was fidelity in person, the most humble, helpful soul that ever lived." Of the *contadina* he observes that her face was scorched and tanned as if by the suns of the Libyan desert, and that, "if Helen had looked like her, Troy would be standing still; . . . and yet, her loyalty, her docility, her industry, are above everything. She toils all day in the fields, under a sun so hot that the cicadas themselves can hardly endure it, heedless of the havoc that Cancer and Leo have wrought with her cuticle. This little old woman, coming home late at night, addresses her small person to the work of the house with inexhaustible strength and unflagging good will, like a young maid just risen from refreshing sleep; and never a murmur or complaint, or the faintest sign of ill humor, but the utmost care of her husband and children, my family and my guests, and an incredible disregard of self."

The letters from Vaucluse to Stefano the younger begin in May, 1338, and continue at intervals throughout the summer; and there is one to Giovanni di San Vito, dated "Ad fontem Sorgiæ, June 22," and apparently of this year, in which Petrarch permits himself to admonish the old man that his gout would be better if he would adopt his (Petrarch's) abstemious habits; which, considering how very fresh the poet's own conversion was, must be regarded as slightly forward and pharisaical. For himself, he adhered bravely to his self-denying resolutions, made his cottage at Vaucluse a little more commodious, and had the greater part of his books removed thither. In Holy Week of the next year, while Simone Memmi of Siena was beginning to decorate the new papal palace at Avignon, and incidentally painting Madonna Laura's portrait, Petrarch, as we know from his Apologia, was still in the wilderness, revolving the project of a poem to be called Africa. Exactly two years later, on Easter Day, 1341, he received the laurel wreath at Rome.

It was his courteous host at Capranica, Count Orso dell' Anguillara, who actually bestowed the crown which had been awarded by Robert of Naples, while Stefano Colonna the younger pronounced the poet's eulogy. There was only one drawback to the intoxicating pride and pleasure of that day, — the Bishop of Lombez was not there. After a seven years' absence from France, he had hurried back, in the last days of 1340, to his see in Gascony, stopping just long enough in Avignon to embrace the cardinal, but not long enough to summon Petrarch, who was buried at Vaucluse. It was the last meeting of the brothers; and had Petrarch known that the end was so near, the letter of farewell which he sent to Bishop Giacomo, before setting out on his eventful second journey to Rome, would have been fuller even than it reads to-day of unavailing regret and the vague presentiment of sorrow. From Rome, as we know, Petrarch went to Parma, was with his new friends, the brothers Correggi, when they made their triumphant entry into that city, and remained for some time as their guest in a pleasant villa which they had placed at his disposal. And there a strange but by no means unprecedented thing happened to him, which we must let him describe in his own vivid words. In a letter to a friend at Bologna on the subject of dreams and visions, after a most affecting tribute to the beauty of Bishop Giacomo's character and the saintlike piety of his latest days, he says: —

"He had returned to his see in remote Gascony . . . while I was here in cisalpine Gaul, in the selfsame little garden where I now write, feeling very

tranquil. I had indeed heard a rumor that he was not quite well, and was on the watch for more definite news, but not seriously anxious. I cannot think of it without a shudder, for I am looking on the very spot where he appeared to me in the stillness of the night. He was crossing the stream which flows through the garden, and quite alone. In amazement I rushed to meet him, pouring out a flood of questions: whence had he come? where was he going? why had he come so suddenly? why was he alone? He paid no heed to my other inquiries, but said, with a smile and his old charm of manner, 'Do you remember how you disliked the climate of the Pyrenees, when you were living with me, long ago, beyond the Garonne? I too am thoroughly weary of it, and have left it forever. I am on my way to Rome.' He had moved on rapidly while he spoke, and was now come to the confines of the garden, and I was entreating him to take me with him, when, after having gently waved me backward once and again, he said, with a sudden change of look and tone, 'Let be! I do not now desire your company!' Then I looked hard at him, and by his bloodless pallor I knew that he was dead; and in my anguish I gave such a cry that I awoke with the sound of my own last accents yet ringing in my ears. I made a note of the time, and told the tale to the friends who were with me, and wrote it to some who were absent; and on the twenty-fifth day thereafter came a messenger with tidings that the bishop was no more. Then I compared notes, and knew that he had departed this life the very day on which he came to me. But what I did not then know, nor even guess, was that, three years later, his remains would be taken back to Rome."

Petrarch wrote a long and loving but formal memorial of the deceased, which he addressed, in the form of a letter, to Cardinal Giovanni, early in the new year, 1342. If the Bishop of Lombez had lived, that eminently sweet, liberal, and reasonable soul, would Petrarch's brief but bitter estrangement from the Colonna, which came so soon to pass, ever have happened? It is an idle speculation. One can readily understand that a man with so intense a sentiment of nationality as Petrarch's, and so towering a pride in his visionary inheritance of the "great Roman name," must have been inexpressibly shocked by much that he saw, even during those first brilliant Roman visits, when he was the honored and pampered guest of the most powerful of all the predominant families. For the Roman populace the times were about as evil as they could be. The very men who had adopted the poet so heartily, and afforded him so chivalrous a protection, exercised over their unhappy vassals, especially inside the city, the most callous and ruthless tyranny. Petrarch heard the wail of the people's torment in the to him sacred streets, and his spirit rose up in angry revolt against his own benefactors. For the oppressed were his kindred, and the true heirs of the kingdom; while what were these others, after all, but *parvenus* from the savage north, — one more barbarian horde, like those who had trampled in the dust the supreme *incivilimento* of old? Thus an ideal patriotism contended against natural affection and the sentiment of private loyalty.

The year 1342 was Petrarch's thirty-ninth, and a very memorable one in his history. Circumstances compelled him, rather against his will, to return from Parma to Avignon during the winter months; and there, in April, Benedict XII. died, and was succeeded, after ten days or so, by Clement VI.; the poet's brother Gerardo lost his beloved young wife, and began his novitiate as a Carthusian monk; his former confessor, Father Dionysius, died at Naples; and he wrote, in the sylvan solitude of Vaucluse, the three dialogues of the Secret,

which we already know. Most important of all to the Italian patriot, Cola di Rienzo came to Avignon, as ambassador from the Roman people to entreat the new Pope to return from "Babylon," restore peace to his distracted and outraged city, punish the excesses of the feudal lords, and assume his true place among his own flock once more.

The fact that Clement, at least in the beginning of his pontificate, was extremely jealous of the power of the great Roman nobles prepared a cordial reception for the future tribune at the papal court, and rendered easy that frequent intercourse with the laureate which disclosed the identity of their political dreams, and resulted in a passionate alliance between these two seemingly incompatible beings.

Cola's vast project of himself grasping the civil headship of an emancipated and united Italy, in connection with the spiritual headship of the Pope, took five more years completely to ripen. Meanwhile Petrarch went again to Rome, and was again the guest of Giovanni di San Vito. The old senator's bread, one would think, must sometimes have been bitter in the mouth of the man who was even then brooding over that burning twenty-ninth canzone, "Italia mia, benchè il parlar sia indarno;" but never had he been more cordially received or treated with greater consideration by every branch and member of the Colonna family, and the acknowledgments of their assiduous kindness which abound in the letters of this period to Cardinal Giovanni seem to receive poignancy from an obscure touch of compunction on the poet's part, and a presentiment, shapeless as yet, of all that was to follow.

"Do you think I can forget such things?" he says in the first of these. "It would be a long story indeed were I to tell of all the like favors I have received, and this is not the time nor place. I hear your noble father's voice calling me at this moment; he has come of his own accord to escort me beyond the city walls; for to-day I am to be entertained at his castle of Palestrina.[1] My host there will be his brilliant grandchild, your brother's [Stefano's] son."

He speaks of old Stefano again in the next letter: —

"It was late at night when I arrived in Rome, but I felt as if I must see your glorious father before I slept. Good God! what a majestic human being! What a voice, what a brow, what a face and mien! What vigor of mind and strength of body at his advanced age! . . . He looks exactly as he did when I said good-by to him in Rome, seven years ago; exactly as he did when I first saw him, more than twelve years since, in Avignon-on-the-Rhone. 'T is nothing short of a miracle. Rome grows old, but this one man is always young!"

The remaining letters of this year to the cardinal are full of Petrarch's journey to Naples, and of the perplexing politics of that turbulent kingdom. Those which he sent back to the other Giovanni, his Roman host, — one written on his homeward journey, and one after he had reached Avignon, — seem already a little cold and formal.

That Cola di Rienzo, during the single summer of his more than fabulous first triumph (1347), should have appeared to an Italian enthusiast like Petrarch an avenging angel divinely commissioned to restore the glories of the Roman name, to put down the mighty from their seat, and to exalt them of low degree is not wonderful. It is harder to accept the absolutely unquestionable fact that the heart of the sensitive poet should have been so hardened and his brain so turned by the frenzy of that strange time as to permit of his writing to Cola in terms of keen reproach because the tribune had not grasped the occasion of a banquet, to which he had

[1] The fortress leveled by Urban VIII. had been replaced by the one whose ruins still surmount the peak of Palestrina.

invited them, to rid himself once for all of the most eminent of the Roman barons, — the chief Colonnesi, and the venerable Stefano himself among them!

Cola did, in fact, seize and imprison his guests for one night, with an unpleasant offer of priests to shrive them; but the next day, in a sudden freak of clemency, he let them all go. It was the signal, as we know, for a desperate league among the nobles for their own defense and his destruction; but when the fierce conflict that ensued had culminated in the battle of November 20, 1347, and Petrarch, who was again on his way from France, to see with his own eyes the salvation of Rome, heard at Parma how many of the Colonna had fallen on that day, he was brought to a terrible pause.

One of the victims was certainly the younger Stefano, who had spoken Petrarch's eulogy when he had received the laurel; another was his son Giovanni, the same brilliant youth who had entertained the poet at Palestrina four years before. What wonder that Petrarch could with difficulty bring himself to write a word to the Colonna survivors, and that, while he addressed Cola himself in terms of unmeasured reproach, the letter which he finally sent to the cardinal at Avignon should have been embarrassed, conventional, and almost cold? Doubtless it seemed as painfully so to himself as it does to the reader of to-day; but let us remember, on the poet's behalf, that the situation was paralyzing and all but impossible. Old friendship was dear, but so had been that bright dream of the rehabilitation of Rome; and the sense of old benefits must have lain with crushing weight upon the heart of the doubly depressed writer.

Cardinal Giovanni, at all events, understood and forgave him. If there was one of the admiring epithets which Petrarch had been wont to lavish on the Colonnesi which the sons of that proud and despotic house deserved better than another, it was *magnanimous*. The word leaps to the lips when one seeks to characterize them collectively. Moreover, the shadow of his own death was upon the cardinal. The air was already infect with the plague, and before another half year had passed both he and Laura de Sade were to be numbered among its victims. Petrarch escaped the contagion; so did the indomitable head of the house of Colonna, who must have looked from the bleak solitude of his accumulated years with something like the sick envy of the fabled Tithonus upon "the sons of men who die." This was the thought which haunted Petrarch all through the letter which he sent to the venerable survivor of so many of his line, in the first days of September, 1348. By that time, to the credit of human nature be it said, the laureate had found his own sensibility once more, and something like the natural accents of love and pity.

"Ah, what hast thou done to deserve the torment of so long a life? . . . Naked thou camest hither, and naked thou goest away. Yet take heart to disdain that fortune whom they call the mistress of human events. She has harmed thee to the very utmost of her power. What plot, what threat of hers, can any longer avail? Her quiver is exhausted; she is disarmed; she has not another shaft to speed, nor thou a spot where she might wound thee still."

The year and circumstances of the old hero's death are unknown, but it could not, in the nature of things, have been very long delayed; and Petrarch had at least been able to persuade himself, before he penned his apology to posterity, that the veteran clung to him at the last (as indeed he may well have done) as representing in some sort his own lost progeny. Meanwhile Petrarch had associated in one plaintive lament the names of his adored mistress and of Cardinal Giovanni Colonna:[1] —

[1] Sonnet ccxcix.: "Rotta è l'alta Colonna."

Prone lie the Column tall, the Laurel fair,
In shade whereof my weary thought found rest:
They whom I miss may never homeward fare,
From north or south, by seas of east or west.
Death, thou hast robbed me of my twofold best,
The joy of life, the pride that trod on air.
Earth's empire would but mock me dispossessed;
Her gold, her orient gems, no ransom were!
And I, foredoomed in all to acquiesce,
May live, indeed, but evermore forlorn,
Nor lift my head, nor clear my eyes of tears.
Of life, so sweet in prospect, who could guess
The fated havoc of a single morn
Among the hoarded hopes of many years!

Harriet Waters Preston.
Louise Dodge.

BEN.

I.

It is probable that no horse in Virginia ever had a happier youth than Ben. To be sure, during his earliest colthood the times were more or less troubled. There were certain soldier folk abroad, blue-coated and gray-coated too, riding round the country, every week or so, with an eye to able-bodied horseflesh; and often with means of paying for the same, even when so inclined, quite disproportioned to their urgent demand. Ben's mother was a mare that any one might have prized. Though her owner had given much, and given it freely, to help prop up a certain falling cause which he believed in, he felt that he could not quite part with her, to friends any more than foes. There were some queer hidings and dodges resorted to in those days, both by man and beast. Little Ben, long-legged and bright-eyed, coltishly tricksy and kickish, did not guess how near he sometimes came to being left virtually an orphan before he was six months old. To him various odd experiences thus brought about were only a part of life's general novelty and amusingness. Afterwards, in more peaceful yet perhaps still sadder days, whatever his masters and mistresses may have had to vex their souls, they contrived somehow, for a good long while, to make things smooth for Ben. He was a handsome fellow, as handsome as good, — showing in graceful legs and small spirited head the gentle blood which had come to him from both sides. They could be proud of him no less than fond, and with these people pride went a long way towards love. The fact that he and Stonewall, his companion carriage horse, represented the sole luxury left to them from past comparative splendor certainly did not lessen the dearness of this pair in any respect. I have not space to tell how the long-deferred fall came about; but come it did, at last. Stonewall had been dead for years; the once elegant carriage was a sad old rattletrap, past mending any more; the stable was almost a ruin; and Ben himself turned eighteen years, besides pretty well worn by various kinds of hard work, when he was put up at the great Evesby sale and sold for forty dollars.

It was late in the evening after this sale, and almost all the neighborhood people who had attended it had gone away, when old Gilbert Jeffries, Ben's new owner, came leading him around to the back porch of Evesby house, in response to a message that day received, and stood bareheaded, with the bridle over one arm, to say good-by to the last remaining one of that family who for more than a hundred years had dwelt under the roof-tree which was now to shelter a stranger.

She was a tall young woman, as slender and straight as a dart. She shivered a little, as she stood there on the high, gaunt, uninclosed platform, — not merely because the evening wind was chill and her black wrap pitifully thin. She had on bonnet and gloves, and held a little satchel in one hand; and the old friend who was going to take her home with him in his dog-cart, for that one night at least, stood in the doorway just behind, ready and waiting. He was not the only friend whom she could claim. His house was not the only one where warmth and kindness ("charity" she called it in her rebellious heart) were offered at this time of need. But it seemed to her, nevertheless, that the end of the world had now come. A wave of bitterness seemed to rise within her heart against the fate which she chose to think dictated this parting, against the new master whom to-morrow would bring; no whit less bitter for the knowledge that she might have remained, had she so chosen, to share life with this same interloper; no whit less bitter for the secret hateful consciousness that once, if no more, her heart had prompted — Stay! What! was she to be sold and bought with house and land? Pride to the rescue! No! Let alone another reason which had thrust itself perversely between these two, was she one to be thus humiliated? Let him come and find her gone; come and be happy, if he could, in the home from which ill fortune had driven her to make room for his ease and prosperity! Her face was white. Her eyes looked big and hollow; there were dark circles under them. Her lips were bluish and queerly pinched. There had really been no need for her presence here to-day; but she would not go, she said (for all the world, remarked some one who thought it rather absurd, as if she were speaking of a funeral), "until all was over." It was very absurd, no doubt, but it had gone hard with her, sitting up there listening in one of the dismantled bedrooms; considering how hard, no wonder she shivered.

Old Gibby, as they called him, stood gazing up at her with adoring eyes that tried not to betray also his compassion. He knew better than that, did old Gibby. Ben looked no higher than the frozen ground beneath him, for which she was thankful. Otherwise the interview might have been too much. He too was shivering. She had done her best for him always. He had never gone hungry, whether the young mistress within doors had food such as she could relish or not. But hauling wood and going to mill, fetching and carrying, — such tasks do not agree with a horse of Ben's age, of Ben's descent and breeding. The neck, poked out, hanging down so dejectedly, looked shrunken and long. His ribs and hip bones more than suggested themselves. His once fine black coat, his mane and tail, were both worn and rusty. He was slightly lame in one foot. Whatever spirit of his own he might still have, surely no spark was visible then. And it seemed to her that the sight of him thus, together with the memory of all that had been, was more than she could bear.

"Did they give you my message, Mr. Jeffries?" she asked presently.

There was something in her low, strained voice, as it quivered against the silence at last, after two or three vain essays, which somehow seemed to take away old Gibby's own. He nodded; he could not speak for the choke in his throat.

"I told them I wanted you to have him, if you would, and at your own price," she went on anxiously. "You know why I wished it, and how glad I am; but are you sure you have n't given too much for him?"

The old man looked Ben over slowly from head to tail, laying a toil-worn hand on his shoulder. "I reckin he 's wuth all I give fur him, miss, to me, anyway."

"He was n't the one you first thought of buying, though, was he?" queried she, still half suspicious and unsatisfied.

"He wuz the one I wanted, miss, all along," was the reply, "an' no mistake 'bout that. Don't you be oneasy. 'T wuz the ole woman that took a notion to that air sorrel colt. If she 'd ha' been here ter-day 'stead o' bein' laid up with the jaw-ache, she 'd ha' had her way, I reckin, like she most in gin'ral does. Hows'ever, don't you be oneasy fur 's Ben 's consarned, nor me nuther. He 'll be well took keer of whilst I 'm a-livin'. Of all the hawses that ever I knowed, the one I look up to most an' ha' got the most respec' fur is Ben."

"I think there 's good service in him yet, Mr. Jeffries. You won't repent your bargain after he 's a little rested. He has had a right hard time lately. I could n't, could n't help it, though it almost broke my heart. The men say that lameness is from a stone bruise, and only temporary. As for sweet temper and willingness, you know without telling" —

Her voice faltered and broke. Old Gibby put in hastily: —

"Oh, ez fur sarvice, miss, the right kind o' sarvice, I 'm nowise afeared. A quality hawse like Ben, miss, he 's got to be treated *like* a quality hawse. None o' yo' Cawnestoga breed, he ain't, to stand treatin' Cawnestoga fashion. I know his raisin', miss, an' he 'll git took keer of accordin'."

She drew a step nearer. She tried to speak lower, but her tone, though faint, began to wax hysterically shrill. Her hand unconsciously stole to her side.

"I need not ask you to be kind to him," she said. "I need not ask you, for their sake, when you think of them lying out yonder in the graves you helped to fill, all of them, — *all* who were fond of him and me. Papa was so fond of him! Those two, Ben and Stonewall, as far back as I can remember, seemed to make him almost forget sometimes the trouble and poverty. You 'll remember it, won't you, and what friends we have always been, you and all of us? Oh, I 'm sure — I 'm sure" —

"Sylvia!" said a voice behind her, warningly. An uneasy step, a fidgety touch on her shoulder, hinted impatience and apprehension. "Sylvia, I am ready, my dear. Make haste."

Old Gibby did not look up this time, but Ben — alas! Ben did. Dumbly, wonderingly, with dim and pathetic eyes, he lifted his head and looked. And then a queer thing happened.

Few people then living had ever seen Sylvia Evesby give way to strong emotion; certainly not old Gibby. It seemed to him, too, that the universe was breaking up when she came rushing so tempestuously down the steps. Her face had "gone all to pieces," he said to himself afterwards, thinking it over. The breath seemed to go clean out of her in that dreadful, long, hard sob. He saw her fling one arm around Ben's bony old neck and lean her face against it; and then no more, for he turned his back, walking a few steps away. He might better have made the distance greater. He heard. He was very, very sorry. And he will never forget it as long as he lives.

II.

"You think I 'm a-goin' to let you keep that ole critter, Gib Jeffries?"

Old Gilbert was sitting on Ben's back, in front of his own little house by the roadside, about a mile from the Evesby mansion, and near the back gate of that estate. It was twilight, and just at the edge of a pine wood besides; but he saw, nevertheless, too plainly the threatening, angry face and gestures of that formidable female, his wife.

Mrs. Jeffries was several years younger than her husband, and was also considered by most folk of her acquaintance correspondingly "smarter" and "pearter." Stout in person, vixenish in counte-

nance, shrill-voiced, and strong-willed to boot, — as old Gibby knew by long experience, — no wonder she generally struck terror to his soul when speaking in her present tone, looking as she did now over the little whitewashed gate, which seemed to take on a like expression of jagged, spiky danger. And yet this evening, somehow, with the recollection of a certain late scene fresh in his mind, though rather apprehensive and uncomfortable, he did not feel afraid.

"I think I 'm a-goin' to keep him, Ma'y Jane," said he, "whether you 'low to let me or not."

"You — you" — cried Mary Jane. "Say that to me ag'in!"

She flourished a stubby fat hand so suddenly above the gate towards him that old Gibby involuntarily dodged, and even Ben was roused out of his drooping apathy. He turned his head and glanced at the woman out of the corners of his eyes.

"Lord he'p us!" she exclaimed, drawing back. "He 's got the very look of 'em."

Now, when old Gibby and his wife were living, many years previous to this, as tenants on the Evesby estate, Mrs. Jeffries had been sorely conscious that her husband was much more of a favorite with the owners thereof than her own aspiring self. The fact will need no explanation to the readers of this tale, but Mrs. Jeffries had, notwithstanding, neither forgotten nor forgiven it. Of all the fallen family against whom she nursed this grudge, she hated most the former head, Sylvia Evesby's father. He was a shy, silent man, given to strong likes and dislikes. Old Gibby's genuine, humble simplicity, his honesty and kindliness, had won a friendly, lifelong favor here which his helpmate's bustling, eager advances failed utterly to gain. Not even Mr. Evesby's most studied, old-time courteousness towards inferiors could hide from those sharp, beady eyes the truth, that he detested their owner. And now that look of Ben's, slow, sidelong, half critical, half afraid, wholly antagonistic, was just such another as Mrs. Jeffries had more than once surprised, turned in her direction by Ben's dead-and-gone master.

Old Gibby stared from one to the other in amaze.

"The ole bag o' bones is a-lookin' at me like I wuz dirt under his feet, — the very ixpression of them Evesbys!" gasped Mrs. Jeffries. "The owdaciousness of the critter! He 's jest like the rest o' things that used to be there. The very roosters in that back yard, they 'd a stuck-up, sassy look, like they thought theyselves cocks o' the walk all over creation. The very puppy dogs had it, an' the calves kickin' up the'r heels scornful-like if a po' person went along the road. Oh, I 'd my fill of 'em all, with all the'r politeness an' soft talk, — them Evesbys, — a-handin' you out cake an' things whenever you 'd go there, an' offerin' to lend you good books. Drat the'r ole books! *I* never wasted time over one of 'em, if I did eat the'r cake. Well, with all the'r soft sawder, they 'd make you feel ev'ry time like they wuz better 'n you. Ev'rybody else, after the war, — folks good as them, too, — wuz glad enough to have a spring wagin to ride in; but jest 'cause they had that fine fix, better 'n the'r neighbors, they had to keep two hawses to haul 'em around, an' go ridin' week-days just fur pleasure, with that very ole rascal an' that other one, Stonewall, a-steppin' like the ground wuz n't good enough fur the'r feet."

"Well, the hawses an' the kerridge wuz the'rn, I reckin," said old Gibby, still unconquered, though quaking not a little. "They 'd neither stole nor borried 'em, fur 's I know; an' Lord knows thar wuz precious few things else mo' 'an barely needful that they did n't make shift without."

"Oh, so 's they made much o' *you*, soft-sawderin' *you* a little, 't would n't ha' made much diff'rence, I s'pose, in yo' lovin' favor, if they 'd trampled *me*

under the'r feet," replied his amiable spouse, with a few injured sniffs. "An' I s'pose with you it 's anythin' on fo' legs or three that 's ever had the honor an' glory of haulin' them Evesbys 'round. You think yo'self some, now, don't you, a-settin' on that ole broken-winded screw, twenty-five years ole if he 's a day! 'Got him partly to ease her mind,' indeedy! an' goin' to take keer of him the rest o' his days! Lord he'p my patience! The sorrel colt wuz a barg'in, an' not sp'ilt by any o' the'r high-day raisin'. I 'd nothin' ag'inst that, if nobody 'd run the price up; but to think o' yo' payin' out good cash fur" —

"'T wuz my own money, Ma'y Jane," said the old man deprecatingly. "'T wuz none o' yo' earnin' nor savin', fur all you don't 'pear to rimmember. I reckin you better not say any mo'."

But Mrs. Jeffries was not one to be easily silenced. And as her husband rode Ben slowly (as old Gibby did everything) around to the back of the house, she followed within speaking distance, still plying her tongue.

"You got the impidence, you ole simple, you, to say that to me," cried she, "when you know whose slavin' an' savin' you kin thank fur havin' a single dollar ahead, an' not bein' mebbe in the po'house this blessid day! Who 's been the one to keep this fam'ly from goin' to nowheres an' nothin'? Ain't this a piece with all yo' doin's, first an' last? I might ha' knowed, when I let you set off by yo'self this mornin', I might ha' knowed you 'd be playin' the dratted fool somehow. If I had n't been laid up groanin' with my face ag'inst a flatiron," — and here Mrs. Jeffries, who seemed to have recovered wonderfully from her indisposition, or else, in excitement, half forgotten it, gave a vicious tug to a handkerchief tied under her chin, and gritted the offending teeth vengefully together, — "if I had n't been in sich a dratted fix, you 'd never ha' got the chance fur this. Easin' her mind, indeedy! I 'd ease the'r minds right fashion. 'T would ha' pleasured mine this day to see the fall o' the'r pride. Pride goes befo' a fall, thank goodness, an' it 's bound to come somehow. I 'd ha' liked to see the very people they thought theyselves above tramplin' over that house this day upstairs an' down, an' pullin'-haulin' things around. They 'd a fine chance to see darns an' makeshifts, anyhow. There wuz n't a cha' cover in the house, or a yard o' kyarpetin' nuther, that wuz n't turned an' darned all over. Grand quality livin' it wuz! If anybody wuz fool enough to bid much fur that oletimy trash, why, it 's mo' 'an I 'd do. 'T ain't much fur show, that 's cert'in, mahog'ny or no mahog'ny. I wonder you did n't come haulin' home one o' them ole brass-handle chist o' drawers, or that there ole dinin'-room table, to ease her mind! 'T would ha' been another smart trick fur you. Folks sez that man that 's bought the place would ha' took the ole furnicher, too, if she had n't fell out with him, an' had the sale fur spite. They sez she did n't even want him to have sich pieces ez he p'intedly picked out befo'hand. Serve him right! I lay he 's a fool, if he keeps on, after this, settin' up to her any mo'. That 's the ongrateful, stuck-up hussy you go ag'inst me to serve! But fair warnin' I give you now, Gilbert Jeffries: if you think I 'm goin' to have that there hawse a-puttin' on airs to me, an' have you settin' him up here fur a pompered, do-nothin' pet, you 're mighty much mistaken, an' that 's all."

III.

From the foregoing conversation, and especially its conclusive outburst, we may gather that Ben's new path in life, even softened by his new master's best intentions and efforts, was not likely to prove an easy one. Mrs. Jeffries, who in some respects was not a bad-hearted woman, and who at any rate rarely let ill temper get the better of self-interest, would pro-

bably have seen that the good sound stuff still in Ben was well worth a little building up, and would have made no objection to the rest, the gentle treatment, the high feeding needful to this end, had not that old unlucky grudge with which she identified him come as it did between her and prudent judgment. The Jeffries owned another horse, much younger and heavier built, and a good yoke of oxen, so there was no urgent need for Ben's services just then; but Mrs. Jeffries had resolved that he should be neither "pompered" nor idle. Though old Gibby, indeed, tried hard to follow his instinct and keep to his promise, the forty-year-long habit of cowed, yielding obedience into which he had sunk was not to be broken in a day, even by his strongest opposing impulses. His wife's shrill daily arguments, her reasons why Ben should be made use of thus and so, and for this or that urgent business, nearly always carried her point against any protest he might venture to offer. One thing he made sure, — Ben had enough to eat. And yet, other circumstances considered, it was not strange that, instead of improving, the poor horse grew leaner and less alive every day.

It is likely that Mrs. Jeffries, for all her jeers at old Gibby on that score, found a pleasure not to be despised in owning a horse which had belonged to "them Evesbys" in their comparatively prosperous days, even though she could not refrain from wreaking on him all the while a sort of nagging vengeance. Soon after this purchase, she set out on a round of visits among her kinsfolk and acquaintance, mounted on Ben, and carrying a long, stout hickory switch, with which the poor old fellow's hide soon became too familiar. That Sylvia Evesby had left the neighborhood by this time was well for her faith in old Gibby, if not for Ben; for if she had chanced to meet this pair in the road, on some raw spring day of that year, had seen Ben's struggles through the half-frozen mire, ankle-deep under the weight of Mrs. Jeffries' good two hundred pounds, and heard the whack which accompanied almost every other step, I believe there would have been, before another day-dawn, an end put to Ben's humiliations. Her whole fortune in ready money then did not amount to what had been lately paid for him, yet some way or somehow she would have managed it. However, she did not know, and neither did she guess.

Now, it cannot be denied that Mrs. Jeffries found a stick very necessary in all her dealings with Ben, for a more stubborn beast than he became at the very sight of her, the first sound of her voice, would be hard to find. His dislike to the woman was instinctive; as deeply rooted, as human, as if the spirit of old Mr. Evesby himself were still upon earth and sharing this his favorite equine semblance. Alas for the sweet, docile temper which responded always so kindly to some other touches and tones! To what sullen perversity, what dumb, obstinate "tantrums," was it changed under the influence of this obnoxious presence! No wonder that even old Gibby half repented his bargain sometimes, though in his secret heart he sided loyally with Ben.

One of Ben's peculiarities, and one highly inconvenient to Mrs. Jeffries, was his positive refusal to pass Evesby house or the front gate of the premises without being forcibly led. As the shortest way to the nearest village, post office, and store lay either through this farm, or along a lane skirting its boundary fence, out into the highroad on which opened the aforesaid gate, we can understand the ire with which, after many an unavailing blow, she scrambled down in the mud from her saddle or buggy seat and dragged him along by main strength. "You want to git back to them Evesbys, do you? — you ole buzzard!" she would say between her set teeth. "I 'll teach you who you b'long

to now. There! an' there! an' there! Now come up here 'fore I cut the blood out o' you, an' lemme see you try it ag'in."

Nevertheless, for all the stripes laid on his poor old ribs, Ben tried it again so invariably that, to save trouble and time, a roundabout way through the woods had to be resorted to, instead of the two usual and better ones, which compromise by no means added to the little good will already borne him by his mistress. If she had known how, about this time, the new master of Evesby — whose rare and brief visits to the neighborhood from a certain great city not a hundred miles away, and whose erratic comings and goings while there, excited so much interest — had made old Gibby an offer for Ben, if she had known the price that old Gibby refused for him, I fear it might have fared harder still with horse and man. One thing is certain, — both of the men would have been set down in her mind as still bigger fools than she had before thought.

Old Gibby had a way of talking to the horse when they were alone together, creeping along the woods road, or in the stable or the little paddock behind; and Ben had a way of listening as if he understood. If the finer sympathy of dumb beasts exist only in our fancy, such confidence is at least safe. They are dumb; they will not betray. And it seemed good to the old man to speak out at last, after long years, to somebody. A few extracts from one of these outpourings will suffice for a fair sample of all.

It was on a soft April evening at the close of an uncommonly long and trying day, and Ben stood in his stall forlornly, biting his corn from the cob without apparent appetite, while old Gibby, who had just finished rubbing him down, sat on the end of the manger smoking his favorite clay pipe. The last glimmers of red sunset light through the doorway were fading into twilight. The outer air stole in with it, warm and sweet. It had been a fine day for this pair's appointed task, namely, ploughing the garden and potato patch; but in getting through it under Mrs. Jeffries' supervision, even with old Gibby there to coax and soothe, the various eccentric movements prompted by Ben's quivering nerves had wrought sad havoc with grass walk and currant bushes, as also the mistress's broomstick with his sides. Outworn, defeated, and downcast he stood; only by a glance now and then keeping up his share in the conversation. And still the other did not by any means feel as if further eloquence were needed.

"You know I tole you befo', Benny, my boy," said old Gibby, with a puff and a sigh, "I tole you 't wuz n't any use. Don't you rec'lect now what I said t'other day? Bless yo' heart, Ben, ain't I been through it an' found out long-a-merry-go? If I 'd 'a' knowed she 'd take sich a kink, I 'd 'a' thought twice befo' givin' that promise, — fur yo' sake well ez mine. But now it 's give, Benny, an' long ez I 'm a-doin' my best fur you, don't you think 't would be better to do ez I does, an' take her calm an' easy? She sha'n't never give you a lick that I don't make up fur somehow; but don't rile her up, Ben, — jest don't rile her up. I can't say I blames you, Ben, fur not bein' fond o' her, but — but you see I 've larnt by long exper'unce, Ben, how 't ain't best to show out so plain. She ain't sich a bad-heart, Benny, fur all she takes notions; an' if she wuz n't so set ag'inst the raristockercy" —

The old man broke off his muttering, and smoked awhile in silence. Ben stirred restlessly, inquiringly.

"Don't you be oneasy, my dear," said old Gibby, "a-thinkin' I 'm takin' her side ag'inst 'em. The raristockercy, they never did nothin' to me. I ain't 'feared nor 'shamed, Ben, to put in a good word fur 'em whenever I 'm called

on. I ain't goin' to deny, Ben, that yo' mother bein' a lady, — ez she wuz, an' no mistake, from top to toes, — an' yo' father bein' the high gentleman stallium that I knowed him to be, does make me look up to you mo', not to mention yo' fam'ly raisin'. Lord! he *wuz* a hawse, yo' daddy, Ben. If you could only ha' seed him, — that mane an' tail o' his'n, an' his head tip-tiltin' 'way up yonder, an' his feet fairly treadin' down pride itse'f! Now you know what sort yo' mother wuz 'thout any tellin'. You rec'lect the time when you wuz 'bout seven months ole, how me an' ole Unc' Sam hustled you both out, one mornin', back way, through the gyarden, an' into that big gully down the hillside, under them plum bushes? The soldiers come mighty near gittin' you then, or gittin' her, anyway, if she had n't gone so quiet, a-steppin' it so ladified an' human-like. To be sho', I don't wonder you 're proud, Ben, an' find the yother sort hard to stand. If it 's hard on me sometimes, ez I 'low to you it is, — me that ain't got no blood nor nothin', — I kin sense yo' feelin's, Ben. But jest try takin' it easy, now, an' see if she don't come round. I reckin she do find us a leetle tryin' sometimes. Thar 's somethin' to be spoke on her side. You see, she 's powerful smart an' managin', Ben, an' the sort to git along an' git up. She 's got a notion o' style now, too, — a powerful notion o' style. 'Pears to me she 's a-gittin' stylisher an' stylisher 'most ev'ry day now; an' you see, you an' me, Ben, we ain't much on style, the way she looks at it. Yo' day fur that 's overpast, an' mine ain't never begun. You 're quality, Ben, all the same, but thar 's quality that ain't stylish, jest like thar 's style that ain't quality. I don't mind the quality style when folks do put it on; leastways I did n't use to mind it much ez the yother kind. 'T wuz n't so on-easy-like. It seemed to hang mo' nachal. I did n't use to mind Miss Sylvy an' them when they come along fixed up fur comp'ny much ez I do them Sunday clo'es o' her'n when she gits 'em on. Cracky! ain't they stylish! An' the new furnicher! Lord jiminee! to think egg an' chicken money bought it! I did n't use to feel so shy o' that sofy in the dinin'-room at Evesby. 'T wuz mighty soft, I rec'lect, fur all jest a slip caliker kiver; an' I rec'lect sittin' on it sometimes, when I 'd go in, easy-like ez you please. But to think o' me settin' on that thar sofy o' her'n! 'T ain't soft, but ain't it stylish! Lord! Lord! Lord!"

He paused again, softly rubbing and patting the horse's shoulder, while Ben, looking round, rubbed his nose comprehendingly against his master's elbow.

"I ain't got no sugar fur you this time," muttered old Gibby, rambling on, "so you need n't be lookin' fur it. 'T wuz n't 'cause I furgot you, but I did n't git ary chance to the safe to-day when she wuz n't in thar. I 'm a-thinkin' I 'll git a pound or two nex' time I go to the sto', an' keep it in here somewher's. Rimmember how Miss Sylvy used to fetch you her candy, when she wuz 'bout knee-high to a lame duck? I 'll be bound you do!" (And Ben really looked as if he did.) "An' I reckin that 's the reason you 're so fond of it now. I wonder what *she* 'd say to my givin' it to you! — Ma'y Jane, I mean. Jiminee! what would n't she say? When folks takes to savin' up fur stylishness, Lord! how tight the'r fists does git! It 'll be a pianner next, I reckin, or mebbe somethin' wuss 'n that. Wonder what she 'd say, Benny, if she knowed what I would n't take t'other day fur you! Well, mebbe you 'd ha' liked the chance much ez she 'd ha' liked the chink. I dunno, Ben, I dunno. But I 'm sho' 'bout one thing: if Miss Sylvy thought enough o' me to pick me out in the fust place, 'stead o' him, I think 'nough o' my promise to stand by you. I 'm a-goin' to do it, Ben. If it comes to fussin', I 'll fuss. But don't you think you better take things a leetle mo' easy

now? Jest look at me an' keep cool till she comes round. Jest stop lookin' at her so critical-like, an' rilin' her up ag'in' the raristockercy" —

It was the voice of Mrs. Jeffries shrilly calling her spouse to supper which interrupted and ended his speech this time. However, Ben had heard it all before, and was destined to hear it again, till I think he must have known every word by heart; so a little more or less now and then did not make much difference.

IV.

Spring passed, and summer came and went, without either Ben or Mrs. Jeffries fulfilling old Gilbert's hope by coming round; but at last something happened, and something that nobody expected.

There was life again at Evesby when the sun-steeped midsummer days brought the new master and his friends to enjoy its breezy largeness, its dreamy quiet and shade. There were handsomer horses in the stables (now repaired and smartened) than Ben had ever been, even in his best days, and girl guests who rode them more dashingly, if with less easeful grace, than ever Sylvia Evesby,— though whether they quite filled the vacancy which she had left behind in house and in heart (one heart, at least) remains to be guessed. Meeting them sometimes in the sleepy, brier-hedged lanes, or the still sleepier pine-wood roads stretching or twisting hereabouts, a gay cavalcade bent laughingly on some exploration of the Virginia wilderness, — meeting them thus, Ben gave no sign. Little he cared, apparently, for all this outside splendor which filled Mrs. Jeffries' heart with envy and awe. She hated, but admired. Ben did neither. He did not even notice. But then, Ben, in sooth, seemed to have got beyond taking much notice of anything or anybody. The iron had entered his soul.

It was well into autumn when the grand yearly event of the Jeffries household came to pass. Old Gibby's daughter-in-law, Mrs. Bob Jeffries, a bustling young woman from a bustling young Western town, arrived on a visit.

Now, the being whom old Gibby feared most in all this world, next to Mrs. Jeffries herself, was this same daughter-in-law. The son, Bob, of whose money-making turn and general "all-around smartness" his mother had long been proud, was a good-natured fellow, and not hard on the old man. His father had never been afraid of Bob; but this other, ah! she was different. It is doubtful if men who are getting up in the world ever grow quite so ruthlessly hardened toward those who may keep them down as their women folk are apt to be in like case. Old Gibby, in talking it over with Ben, summed up the impression which Violet Magnolia made on his mind in one ominous word, — "stylish." It was not the quality style, he said, but that dreaded other kind; whereat he thought Ben nodded as if he also knew. The only word at old Gibby's command that came anywhere near describing her keen little countenance, her still keener manner, was "peart." The fit of her clothes, their tightness, their smoothness, was to him something fearful and wonderful. The glib tang of her tongue struck stammering terror to his own. And yet this dazzling reproach to his clodhopperish inferiority was Bob's wife, actually, in a way, one of the family! Alas for all such old folk whose juniors have got to a certain point beyond them, and alas for the soul-relieving confidences that at this time were poured into Ben's ear! For who knows how much they had to do with what soon followed!

A certain chill and cloudy evening in October, not long after Mrs. Bob's coming, found that lady and her proud mother-in-law seated in Mrs. Jeffries' buggy, drawn by Ben, on their way to the afore-mentioned post office.

Mrs. Jeffries had told Ben's history to Violet Magnolia with such embellishments as her prejudices suggested, and Violet Magnolia had listened with a sympathy gratifying to her hearer's inmost spirit. No wonder old Gibby gazed after them uneasily as they drove away. Ben's appearance was not improved by his life for some months past, in spite of the old man's petting and feeding. But for an accident which had happened to the other horse Mrs. Jeffries really would have been unwilling to drive him. Many apologies did she make, and scathing were the allusions both to "them Evesbys" and old Gibby's mean-spirited perverseness. As to Mrs. Bob, she was outwardly scornful, inwardly furious; not so much at the turnout, for she knew vaguely the difference between horses and horses, and that, despite Ben's age and condition, he at least showed what he had been; but to have to go creeping through the woods back of Evesby for the sake of avoiding that gate was really too great an indignity. The new velveteen dress, which old Gibby told Ben, as he harnessed him, looked "jest like she 'd been melted an' po'ed in," strained tighter than usual over a swelling bosom. The new bonnet, gorgeous with bugles and the stiffest of "wired" red ribbon bows, fairly quivered in wrath at being thus half thrown away.

The two women called at the post office for Mrs. Bob's mail, and then drove to the store, where Mrs. Jeffries alighted and went in to make divers purchases. She was a sharp hand at a bargain, and always took her time. More than an hour did Violet Magnolia sit in the buggy waiting, her temper not improved by the situation. The east wind was blowing. A drizzling rain began to fall. It dripped from the umbrella which she had raised, and trickled in little streams from Ben's sharp back and hip bones, between his ribs, and down the hollows of his poor sunken flanks. The mud was deep underfoot from a rain some days previous. It was also cold. Ben shivered now and then. When Mrs. Bob jerked his head up viciously every few minutes, there would come a curious quick flash into his dull eyes. This was the only sign of life about him, — that life which now meant mostly suffering and weariness and dumb humiliation. Yet who can doubt that thought and memory were busy within his brain? These long-known ways, these stopping-places, were they not haunted for him, as well as for his human brothers, by echoes from the past? The contrast in Ben's case could not have made his present any less bitter. It would have cut old Gibby to the heart, I think, to see him just then; and not old Gibby alone. Of various townsfolk who came and went, some pitied and some smiled. And Mrs. Bob, beholding, could have torn them — even as she could Ben himself — limb from limb with her own pudgy hands, and enjoyed the operation.

One thing she had resolved on by the time they started back, — to go right by the Evesby front gate.

The rain was still falling, the mud growing deeper, when, some time later, they drew near that spot of contention. It took a good deal of beating with Mrs. Jeffries' hickory stick to get Ben along fast enough. Her arm was as sore the next morning as Ben's back then, and that for more reasons than one. A veil of mist was thickening along the roadside on either hand, and blurring the landscape beyond; but the big iron gate, with its stone pillars, seemed to stand out blacker, sharper, than usual against this whitish, hazy background. However, had it been pitch dark instead, what difference would that have made to Ben in knowing his way at last — home!

"Give me the switch, mother," said Mrs. Bob, in response to the other woman's "There!" — her indicative nod and glance. "Give the rein a good hard jerk, and leave the beatin' to me. If you have to get out in the mud this time, it

sha'n't be my fault, anyhow. Before I 'd be ruled by any contrary old horse under the sun, I lay I 'd " —

Mrs. Bob never finished that threat.

The jerk and the blow were duly administered, but Ben heeded neither ; and his offense this time was something vastly different from stopping, as heretofore, in the middle of the road. He must have felt young then, and very, very strong. He lifted his head high and shook it, and with a fierce, mighty plunge wheeled half around and started for the gate.

The buggy was old and dry-rotten. Mrs. Bob gave a scream, her mother-in-law a shout of rage, as one of the wheels crashed under them. The gate had been left unlatched that day by somebody. It swung gratingly back as Ben rushed against it, and he struggled through, with the skin scraped from one bleeding shoulder, a splinter from the shaft in his side, and the buggy, now on two wheels, lurching behind him, while the women, panic-stricken, screeched and tugged at one rein. The way (ah, how well he knew it!) sloped downward for some distance to a bad washout, lately deepened by autumn freshets, then rose straight and smooth for nearly a mile between two lines of trees to an open space where dimly suggested itself the shape of a house. It was in the gully that Ben shook off the burden which stayed his steps. No bones were broken, and bruises and scratches were none too deep. Velveteen and artificial flowers, beads and bows, made but a sorry show crawling out of the mire ; but on such a fall of finery, brought about by spite, we will waste none of the pity which belongs to Ben.

His breath was fetching hard, in great sobbing gasps, by this time. The fire in his eyes flashed redly still through a whitish, filmy glaze. The sweat was beginning to break out all over his trembling body. Swift reaction was already on the way, though not yet quite upon him. That jagged splinter had struck deep, and must have made each step a torture at any other time. If he felt the pain now, it but added haste to his speed. Love's longing, hate's revengeful triumph, life's well-nigh despairing struggle, urged him on to his goal. Little he recked of those cast-off tormentors, or even of old Gibby, for whose sake he had borne with them so long. Above him, as he ran, met the grand old branches which had sheltered his merry, capering youth ; beneath which he and Stonewall had so often paced pleasantly together, home-stepping after some ride or drive in the soft sunset light, needing no other incitement than one gentle word or touch. Under his feet was the soil which the feet he loved had trodden ; the eyes he loved, looked lovingly on, as well as upon him ; the hands which had caressed him, so sadly failed to keep. Before him stretched, near and nearer now, the wide, grassy lawn, its trees standing well apart, in stately fashion, the pillars of the high front porch glimmering between them against the gray massive house-front, — hazy all and dim now through mist and coming twilight. Not one friendly light gleamed out from window or doorway. Shutters and doors were closed. It looked like a house deserted. Not such a welcome, this, as the old days had seen ; yet still his feet, though now slowly, staggeringly, pressed on their way to the threshold.

But if the house was indeed empty just then, there happened to be more than one person within sight.

As Ben, after that last struggle round the circle (he showed even then his gentle training by not going across the grass), stopped, faltered, and fell, with his head on the lowest step, a slender woman in a black frock came out of a small, stone-walled inclosure opening upon the lawn, well back and away from the house, and paused one moment, turning as if for a farewell look. An old man just behind her was fastening the

rusty gate. It was the Evesby place of graves, and these two were Sylvia Evesby and old Gibby Jeffries. No need to explain their errand, or tell how her sudden coming had taken his breath away an hour or two earlier. They were there. In a few more seconds they would have been gone, walking swiftly back along the field path by which they had come hither, but for what she saw when she turned. The cry that broke from her lips was echoed by old Gibby. They both started forward at once, but the other had fallen many steps behind when she flung herself on her knees in the wet and drew that poor head up against her. The neck was limp, relaxed, the eyes were half shut and glassy, the breath seemed well-nigh out of him; but she felt somehow that he knew her. She did not hear old Gibby's groan of anger and dismay. She did not see a carriage which a little later was driven rapidly up in Ben's very footsteps, or the tall figure which sprang from it and stooped anxiously at her side. The shame of his finding her there was nothing to her now. She was thinking only of Ben.

V.

Well, they made it up between them in the hour next following, and between them they tried their very best afterwards to make it up to Ben. The last two or three years of his life were different from that one of which I have told, and to him as well as his mistress it was pleasant to be once more at home. If more fortunate elsewhere than he, neither had she been happy. Ah, yes, it was good to be at home!

"If I had not heard you were away, and not expected soon, do you think I 'd have come that time?" she said more than once to her husband, when that reunion was mentioned, speaking with a frowning anxiety which brought a smile to his eyes. "For all it seemed to me sometimes that I could not keep away, do you think I 'd have come? Even as it was, would you have found me here except for Ben? I won't pretend I 'm not glad it happened so — but" —

She always stopped at this point, where he was wont to break in, sometimes after one fashion, sometimes another. The dash of stubborn pride still in her was no worse for what that last little word hinted at. Yet he took no cruel advantage. He could both tease and jest upon occasion, but knew better than to try it here; where, indeed, though they often thought a good deal, they were not apt to say much. They were both glad that it had happened so; as also was their stanch friend, old Gibby Jeffries, even if somewhat ashamed; and last, but not least, Ben himself. His bones rest peacefully this day by those of Stonewall, under a tree in a certain meadow that they loved, and the young mistress who loved them will never forget the spot.

A. M. Ewell.

RELATIONS OF ACADEMIC AND TECHNICAL INSTRUCTION.

At the time when the brothers Humboldt planned the scheme for the University of Berlin, the problem of the higher education did not seem very complicated. The ancient faculties of divinity, philosophy, law, and medicine provided sufficiently for the demands of the time. It is true that the elasticity of the department of philosophy had already begun to be strained by the number of subjects which had been packed into it; but it was not necessary to re-

construct the framework of the higher education in order to provide for the subjects which at that time had come to be important. If those able men, who, by their diverse scholarship, were able to survey the field of knowledge in a most competent manner, should again essay their task, there is every reason to believe that they would feel obliged to abandon altogether the mediæval framework of university instruction, and to build a new one. In the century which has passed since they were in their prime, the natural sciences have undergone a marvelous extension, and the arts which rest on them have in great measure been created. In their day, the various technical employments were considered mere crafts, to be transmitted by tradition and apprenticeship ; the idea that they were liberal professions, to be cared for like those of the physician or the jurist, was yet to enter the minds of men.

In the old classification of employments with reference to education, we discern a tincture of the aristocratic motive. The priest, the lawyer, and the artist, though their stations in society were not high, had definite rank in the scale of precedence which was devised in the feudal age, while the plain citizens of all grades belonged in the lower estates of the realm, in that unclassified residuum of mankind with which the authorities did not concern themselves. The French Revolution, or rather the political renaissance of the western world which it is the custom to name from the country where its features were most strikingly exhibited, did something to elevate education in the arts. Since this movement we find that technical education, which in earlier times had been practically limited to a few schools where mining was taught, has demanded increasing attention. Still, to this day, the tendency has been to regard this department of instruction as something much below the university grade. The plan has been to give the needed instruction in special technical schools, arranging it to meet the immediate wants of the pupils. There has been little effort made to group this new work with that heretofore done in the centres of the higher education, — no sense of the advantages to be derived from associating the new arts with the old learning. When the technological institutes were geographically connected with the universities, there might be some slight exchange of instructors, or other similar arrangements dictated by common needs ; but the conception that the new arts could be really allied with the old culture found no place in the minds of those who guided the course of education.

Since much of this sense of disparity between the old and the new professions arose, as before remarked, from the ancient prejudices concerning the humble position of all mechanical employments, it was quite natural that the first distinct step towards the union of the two in universities should be taken in this country. So far as I have been able to find, the beginning was made with the institution of the Lawrence Scientific School at Harvard. The founder of this school, Mr. Abbott Lawrence, as is shown by his communication to the corporation of the university to which he entrusted his gifts, intended by his benefactions to secure to students in the several branches of engineering and chemistry, geology and zoölogy, an opportunity to pursue their studies where they would receive the benefits arising from the enlarging conditions which a university affords. It thus fell to a broad-minded citizen of Boston, in the middle of the present century, to begin a new age in the history of the higher education.

On many accounts, the place selected by Mr. Lawrence for his school was well suited for the experiment which he sought to try. Harvard University has, during the last hundred years or more, been willing to seek new fields of use-

fulness in a manner exceptional among such institutions in this or other countries. It has indeed made more essays of this sort than any other. It has established schools in medicine, dentistry, veterinary medicine, agriculture, and horticulture: it has maintained a Botanic Garden and an Arboretum, and a great Observatory which now has a branch in the Andes. It has organized very extensive and varied museums. In many ways it has shown an admirable hospitality towards all true and useful learning, in whatever form it might seek admission to its halls. The Lawrence School was welcomed in Cambridge. For almost twenty years it attracted much attention, and its graduates won their way in a remarkable manner to success in their professions. The rate of its advance during this period is perhaps as creditable as that of any other like school. What was of even more importance, several of our American colleges adopted the plan of having technical education in connection with the work they had previously undertaken. The Sheffield School at Yale, indeed, was begun at almost the same time with the Lawrence School, and scientific establishments were soon founded at Columbia, the University of Pennsylvania, Cornell, Michigan, and perhaps a dozen other institutions; and thus it came to be accepted that an American university was incomplete without a school of applied science.

If the march of events were in all cases controlled by logic, the result of Mr. Lawrence's admirable gift should have been decisive in all that relates to the place of schools of applied science in this country. Notwithstanding a temporary decline in the usefulness of his foundation, owing to causes which we cannot now consider, the success of the principle, and of the practice as well, was both quickly and completely assured. The schools of Yale and Columbia were of themselves enough to show that the old and the new learning could abide together, that their affairs could safely be left to the care of the same governing boards, and that the new professions gained much from association with the old. But the conception of the technical school as something which, by its nature, should be kept apart from the university, a view which arose in the rigid conditions of the Old World, was not without its advocates in this country. Their arguments have had weight: they have led to the establishment of several institutes of technology, which have proved in many ways successful, attracting large numbers of students, and providing our arts with men who are well trained in all that immediately pertains to their several crafts. Their success in their independent positions has led to the presumption that such trade schools may be freer, if isolated, to go straight forward to their object of training young men for the highly specialized employments of the arts. As a large part of the means which our people can afford to spend in the higher education is evidently to be devoted to technical instruction, it seems well to examine this point in a deliberate manner; for much depends on the decision which may in the end be reached.

In the first place, we should note the fact that, so far, only one perfectly successful agent has been devised whereby the ever-increasing store of learning, which is passed from generation to generation, can be made available for instructing youths: this is the university. Books do much for those already well trained; natural ability may do much if combined with fortunate experience; but the only method whereby, with the least effort, a large body of youths can be brought into contact with the store of knowledge is by an aggregation of able teachers who possess the traditions of their several branches of learning, and who can, through association, maintain the spirit which is peculiarly demanded in such work as they have to do. Few

even of those who have studied the life of universities appear to understand the essential though invisible complexity of their organization. To the eye, they seem to be a mere combination of instruments for teaching, instructors, buildings, libraries, collections, all of which may be duplicated at a certain cost and in a limited time. To the careful inquirer, there appear, beyond all this, the traditions of centuries, transmitting experience in all that relates to the methods by which the appointed work is done. If we could by any means weigh in the balance the material and the immaterial elements which constitute the great schools of the world, we should find that the invisible parts of the properties which give them value are by far the most important.

First among the needs of a great university — for on it depends the stability of its foundations — we must reckon the administration. In some foreign countries this may be left with safety to the civil government, which from time to time, by legislation, determines the general conduct of affairs, or regulates the methods in some detail; but in this country experience is clearly against the proposition that a really great school can safely be entrusted to the civil authorities, or can be developed under their direct control. It is therefore a difficult matter to see how properly constituted administrative boards can, save in rare instances, be provided for our great educational establishments. There are at present but few of our American institutions of learning which have succeeded in accomplishing this task of finding the men who can care for their money and regulate their work. So far, religious or sectarian interests have helped them to obtain the services of men who have the ability both to make large plans and to execute them; but such motives, while they may bring devotion, are in their nature hostile to the larger purposes of a university. Only two or three such schools in this country are so placed, as regards their geographical position or their history, that they can command the services of their abler graduates for the needs of their government. Only where these conditions exist is it possible to insure permanent vitality in a great school. Now and then it happens that a strong man — sometimes a president of unusual ability, or a vigorous and far-seeing member of a board of trustees — may give a college the impress of his personality, and lead it for a time to success; but the continuity of action and the foresight and patience necessary for steadfast development cannot be secured without the devotion of generations of able men. Thomas Jefferson had the genius to frame for the University of Virginia what was perhaps the amplest project which has ever been devised for an American school; but no one else has been able to continue the work which he began, on a scale commensurate with the undertaking.

It is true that a technical school, owing to the limitations of its purposes, is perhaps more likely than a university to command the services of governors who understand its immediate objects and are interested in its success. There is, however, an evident danger that, drawing its supervising ability mainly, if not altogether, from persons who have a knowledge of only one side of human culture, the institution may become very narrow in spirit, seeking, not to develop its pupils to a full measure of their natural abilities, but to train them at once to do particular tasks. In general it may be said that the more fit the youth at graduation for the details of a special employment, the less likely he is to have the broad foundation on which his subsequent development must to a great extent depend. This truth is apt to escape the perception of those who are in charge of schools devoted to single and proximate ends. It is, in fact, the peculiar function of the university to maintain the well-affirmed principle that, to

make the enlarged man, we must seek all the means of enlargement. It is characteristic of all trade work that immediate utility, rather than the means of continuous growth, commands the attention of its managers.

The experiment in special education which is now being tried in our isolated technical schools has been carefully essayed in other and essentially similar institutions. In the earlier state of the educational work of this country, when men set about their tasks with little forethought, a number of law and medical schools were founded which had no relation to institutions of liberal culture. Even those which were in some kind of relation with the colleges were in most cases substantially independent. With one or two exceptions, these detached schools have failed to maintain themselves. Neither in the quality of their work nor in the kind of student they have secured have they been creditable or advantageous to the professions which they have endeavored to serve. Some of these ventures have entirely disappeared; others have been conjoined with colleges, thereby obtaining a moral and intellectual support which has bettered their condition; yet others continue to exist in feebleness, their degrees being of so little value that long ago, and with no reference to the question we are considering, it was determined that they should not be recognized in the Harvard Quinquennial Catalogue. Even in those instances where the professional schools grouped about a college had at one time a large measure of independence, it has been found most advantageous, indeed we may say absolutely necessary, to bring them under the direct control of the governing boards of the institution.

The lessons which may be drawn from the history of the detached professional schools of this country lead clearly to the conclusion that there are serious dangers arising from isolation, which may best be escaped by union with institutions which can command able governing boards. There are no features in our separate technical schools which will insure them against the evils which have affected the detached schools founded to train ministers, doctors, or lawyers. Now and then, in a favorable environment, such a school may attain success; but this success is apt to be temporary, and at best it has the limitations which we shall hereafter note.

In all the productive work of modern life, where the labor ought to have a continuity not interrupted by the death of the men who do the tasks; where, in a word, perfect continuity of action and a complete preservation of traditions are demanded, the evident tendency is to consolidate labor in large establishments. It is commonly, yet erroneously, believed that the only end attained by this massing of endeavors is the cheapening of production. This is certainly one of the results; but it is doubtful if it is the most important of those which are attained. Of as much importance is the utilization of master minds, which can be discovered by these associations, and brought to do their utmost in their time. The supreme advantage arises from the consolidation of energy, which in a measure secures the undertakings from the accidents of death and incompetency. The principle has long been adopted in warfare; it is common in all the organic groups where many individuals are combined, as in the hive or the ant-hill; it is hereafter to be of much importance in the affairs of civilized men. The principle of the division of labor, when half understood, appears to militate against the law of association; but the principle is in fact not applicable save in coöperation, and is successful somewhat in proportion to the size of the association in which it is applied. The success of the university system in the past at once illustrates and explains this strengthening by division and coöperation.

So far we have considered the plan

of separate technical schools from the point of view of general administration. The conclusion seems fairly affirmed that the governmental needs of these establishments make it desirable to have them conjoined with the other institutions of professional learning. We now come to the point where we must take into account the effects on the development of students, brought about by the social and intellectual conditions and the diversities of *milieu* which are afforded by schools united with universities as compared with isolated schools. As before remarked, the observer who looks upon these associated institutions of learning as mere "plants" of buildings, collections, etc., fails to see the main source of their influence on the minds of men, namely, the influence of contact with able scholars, and of mingling with fellow-students who are engaged in a great diversity of intellectual occupations. It is this contact with learning which, though it may not be formal or sensible, in the case of all really educable youths is the first and most important element of university life. When a young man has but small natural ability and small means, it may be best, if he has at once to make his living, to spare him the time and force which he must expend in obtaining some sense of the breadth of human knowledge and interests. I say it may perhaps be well to do this in some cases; though I really think that any system is unjust which deprives a well-meaning youth, whose parents can support him till he is twenty-two years old, of this precious opportunity for enlargement which is certain to be unattainable in later life. When, however, the pupil is of fair capacity, and possesses that common quality which makes a youth quick to sympathize with the life about him, it seems to me worse than folly to set, during his school time, any barriers in the way of his gaining access to the incidental advantages which a university can afford. Even if he should come to his technical employment with a little less of the craft sense than he might have gained in a detached school, this hindrance should not be allowed to weigh against the development of his general powers and sympathies which four years' contact with a great body of diverse intellectual endeavor may bring about.

Placed within a university of sufficient resources, a technical school can afford its pupils all the professional advantages which any separate institution can hope to provide. It can command their time for the tasks which they need especially to do. It can have its courses of instruction so arranged that the students shall to a great extent share the work of men engaged in fitting themselves for other professions. Next after the gifts which come to a youth by birthright, the most precious of his resources are those of educative companionship. This system of associate study provides such opportunities in an ample way. As yet, the manner in which this element of profitable intellectual intercourse among students can best be favored has received too little consideration. I therefore venture to give an account of the way in which, after much debate and several tentative experiments, the project has been arranged in the departments under the control of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences at Harvard.

In this part of the university, which may be termed the academic, the courses of instruction given by the one hundred and fifty or more teachers who work in its several divisions, amounting in all to about three hundred and fifty courses, are grouped in departments, according to their natural order. These departments number twenty; and each of them is in charge of a committee composed of its permanently appointed teachers. The courses of instruction offered by the several divisions approximately include all the branches of learning which, in the present condition of education, can well be introduced into an academic system.

In the departments of natural science they are about as complete as in any European university. The subjects are taught solely with reference to the acquisition by the student of the knowledge which the teacher can convey, and the methods of inquiry by which he can acquire the habit of research in the particular field. In the courses above those which are elementary, the effort is made to develop the habit of independent labor in the pupils. They are shown how to use the literature of the subject, and to approach the matter, as far as may be, in an original and originating way. From this body of instruction the students in the college and graduate school select the studies which they wish to pursue. In this they have a large freedom of choice, yet much guidance. In many cases, the students find a statement in the list of electives that they cannot take the so-called elective without having previously followed one or more courses which may have given them a fit preparation for the particular task.

The student in the Lawrence Scientific School finds the work which he has to do described in the above-mentioned list of studies. In his case, however, in place of the considerable liberty of election which is granted to his companions in the college or the graduate school, he is required to follow a prescribed path, taking, according to the end he has in view, a particular number and sequence of studies in successive years. When the student has a sufficient reason for making certain changes in his work, the appointed curriculum may be varied to suit his needs. In general, he is compelled to follow the plan laid down in the announcement, which designates the studies which have to be pursued in order to obtain the degree of Bachelor in one of the seven departments of the school. There are a few distinctly special courses in engineering, and in some other branches of the work in the Scientific School, to which students not candidates for its degree are denied admission; but in all the others, say nine tenths of the whole number, the technical student of this institution is always in association with those who are following the work without intending to make it the basis of professional employment, except perhaps that of the teacher. Thus, the scholastic life of a young man who intends to be an engineer, a chemist, or a practical geologist, or who is specially fitting himself to teach science, is to a great degree spent in a truly academic atmosphere, — one in which knowledge and a capacity for inquiry are valued for their own sake, and not measured by their uses in economic employment. This seems to me, as I think it will to any one who holds the first purpose of all education to be the enlargement of men, the great advantage which the system has over any which is devised for more immediate ends. It starts the youth with a broad view of learning, and leaves the practical applications of the knowledge to a later stage of his work.

The incidental profit which the student of technical science may win from his residence at a university consists partly in the chance which he there has of getting some idea of the modes of thought and expression of many masters who are not among those whose instruction he is required to attend. When I was myself a student of geology in the Lawrence Scientific School, more than thirty years ago, I found a great and abiding profit in the lectures of Professor Lowell, which I heard for several successive years. So, too, the instruction given by Professor Jeffries Wyman in the lecture room and laboratory, though not demanded in my course, was of inestimable advantage to me. Such chances as these could not possibly come to a youth in a detached technical school, even if its teaching force could be organized with ideal completeness. Such men as those I have mentioned grow and abide only in the free atmosphere of academic culture, where

learning is followed for its own sake, and not as an aid to a very immediate end.

There are those who appear to hold that such divagations from the path of duty which is marked out for the youth who expects to make his bread by applied science are harmful to the integrity of his purpose. It seems to me that in this view there is a radical misapprehension as to the conditions of mental development, and of our duty towards that process. While there doubtless is such a thing as a dissipation of energy on the part of a brain worker, it is tolerably clear that the intelligence, like the body of a man, is at its best an intricate and complex growth, in which each healthy organ, or function, strengthens every other. The blacksmith needs a strong arm, but also a patient back, a quick eye, and a ready judgment. The true athlete, the man who is fit for all the exigencies of an active life, must have trained, not his body only, but his judgment and his will. The mind is not a member, like the ear or the arm; it is a pervasive and complex whole, which must be developed by many various contacts and influences. In later life the mental athlete may use his powers chiefly in some narrow field; but there ought to be nothing narrow about his powers.

If, as is often the case, it be necessary to give the student of technology a practical acquaintance with the arts which he is to practice after the period of his direct schooling is past, that end can best be accomplished, not by keeping him in an atmosphere of a professional quality during his term times, but by a proper use of the long summer vacation which we, following the English usage, have adopted in our higher education, — a custom which is warranted by the trying character of our climate. This long break in study is often a sad waste of the period of life in which intellectual accomplishment is most easily won, — a time which should be counted by months, when indeed the principle of *carpe diem* should ever be before the minds of those who have control of youth. I have found that students of geology who pursue the theoretical part of their work in term time, with only such practice as is necessary to illustrate the theory, and who give the long vacation to economic employment in mines or surveys, derive a very great inspiration from contact with the practice of the arts. They feel at once how the general truth illuminates the practice, and in this practice they learn where they still need enlightenment by studious inquiry. The same result is attained in other branches of engineering work.

I am satisfied that the above-mentioned method, where the academic culture is combined with that of actual practice, will afford the fit solution of all the real difficulties which beset the training of our master workmen in the universities. Three months in each of four years can fairly be given to the lessons which the youth needs to learn in the applied science of his proposed occupation, making in all a year; eight of each twelve months shall be devoted to his term-time studies, — leaving a month to pure vacation or to home life. At first sight, it may seem improbable that the opportunities for practical instruction which are necessary for the development of such a plan could be found for any considerable number of students. Experience, however, indicates that the intelligent employers of high-grade labor are ever looking about for able young men whom they may take into their service. Such employers, of course, always have more persons seeking employment of them than they need; but the trial which they can make with a promising youth, who is willing to come for little or no pay, and to prepare and prove himself before he asks for a permanent position, has very distinct advantages. It should be remembered that the youths who resort to our universities are, in a very decided manner, selected from the mass of their gen-

eration. It is true that only a small part of the able young men of this or other countries find their way to these schools; it is also true that some few dull or characterless persons obtain this promotion through their families; but in no other large aggregations of men do we find anything like the average grade of capacity in the academic departments of our great schools. In proportion as they make their students ready for duty, the occupations of the world will call for their services, with the assurance that their ability and their training will give them value in tasks of a difficult nature. Our schools will find the men of affairs willing to aid them in making youths ready for their professions.

There is, perhaps, in the mind of the reader, an impression that the students who are assembled in our greater colleges are engaged in studies or diversions which have no particular relation to their plans of life; their aim being to develop their minds and bodies, with no care as to the way in which they are to be hereafter employed. This view as to the position and state of mind of the college student was true enough in Harvard College so long as the required system of studies was maintained; it is doubtless true of schools where that method of work still prevails. It was indeed the logical, the necessary result of that plan of education where the youth was taking a prescription at appointed intervals, and with a blind trust as to the benefit he was to receive.

One of the most interesting of the many effects of the elective system has been a steady and tolerably rapid change in the attitude of the young men toward their future: in this matter, it is not too much to say that in twenty years a great revolution has been brought about. The fact that a student has to make a choice puts his studies on the plane of the other elements of conduct which constitute the life of a free man, and this selection keeps the question of his course of study constantly before his mind. The result is that while the few who are guided by the uncivilized humor of monetary enjoyment are apt to select their studies with reference to the ease with which they may "get through," by far the greater part are, from the beginning of their college life, intently engaged in preparing themselves for their future occupations, or at least are trying to attain a position where they may make an intelligent determination as to a career. Thus, any college where the young men are free to choose their studies is certain to afford an environment which is favorable to the development of the earnest spirit that is imperatively demanded of all those who are preparing themselves for technical as well as other work. Under the old conditions, in which undergraduates had only required studies, it might with reason have been doubted whether the environment of a college would have been favorable to the development of the earnestness of purpose necessary in the case of men who were to go thence to professional employment. It seems to me that the elective system has done away with this danger; it has made our academic life fit for the earnest, self-guiding young man. That colleges where the studies are elective have at the same time become less well suited to the education of the intellectual waifs who are forced into such a society is also true, but this is a matter of secondary importance.

The elective system in academic education, begun in Harvard College, has been rapidly extended in other schools of similar grade in this country, and is sure to be adopted wherever the resources of the institution will permit the innovation to be made. There is a probability, indeed, that it may be extended downward, until it affects in an important way our secondary education. This change does not mean that we are to give up the idea that the really educated man is a person broadened by knowledge which does not immediately relate to the economic work

of society; it does mean, however, the earlier formation of a plan of life, and the acquisition of culture in relation to that plan. In place of the ephemeral "jigsaw" decorations of our old teaching, we are to seek a solid framework of education which shall suit the needs of the individual, and which may receive an adornment fitly related to the plan.

The establishment of this theory of education makes it the more natural that all the higher training of specialists should be gathered into the universities. There we may expect that the body of students will be endeavoring to obtain from the store of instruction which these institutions provide the learning which may suit their especial plans in life. The society of teachers and students thus created will be so varied that it will fairly represent all the diversities of the masterful occupations which our civilization demands. In this condition of their development our great establishments for the higher education will be an epitome of our culture. Gaining their education under the conditions which they will afford, our youths will come to acknowledge the solidarity of all high-minded and well-informed endeavor. The prejudices of caste, the narrowing quality of many occupations, are serious imperfections in our democracy, which will tend to disappear before a spirit of culture that recognizes all the well-trained intellectual service of mankind as in equal measure dignified and honorable. This end can be attained only by culture on a common ground.

So far, though the people of this country have had an ideal of higher education to which they have been very devoted, and for which they have made many sacrifices, it cannot be said that they have been wise in the ways in which they have sought to advance its interests. They have multiplied colleges, and made a patchwork of their professional schools. Vaguely conscious of the vast body of learning which it is necessary to preserve and to disseminate, they have failed to see how the work needs to be done in order to adapt it to the conditions of our American life. In this task, as in all else, they began by imitating the institutions of European countries, where learning was for the clergy, the bar, and the gentry. In dealing with the newly discovered needs of the technical professions, they have again been led in part to follow the example of Europeans. It seems, however, clear that with the broadening of the understanding as to the province of the higher education, and the share which universities have in the work, the people will demand for their children the opportunities of enlargement which they cannot elsewhere obtain.

Nathaniel Southgate Shaler.

ANTI-SLAVERY HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE time has come for some one to write the classical biography of Abraham Lincoln. All the essential materials for such a life are now in our possession. Memoirs and Reminiscences without number have given us to the full the singular flavor of Mr. Lincoln's personality: a close friend has left us an authoritative account of his life; his secretaries have overwhelmed us with ten volumes of particulars concerning it; and Mr. Herndon, his partner in the practice of the law, has disclosed it to us with a frankness little short of brutal. We know the man as those who were imaginative saw him, and we know him also as those who could not penetrate beneath the mere external features of his life would have us believe

him to have been. All the evidence being in, it is eminently desirable that some master of the art of biography should sum it up, sift, assess it, and picture for us the man Lincoln as he was.

If Mr. Morse has not done what we hoped and ventured to expect,[1] the reasons why he has not are obvious. He has attempted a bit of scientific painting, and not a portraiture to the life. The book is a criticism, consequently, rather than an appreciation. It unquestionably adds, and adds a great deal, to our command of the materials out of which a real and definitive Life of Lincoln is to be extracted; but it adds very little, if anything, to our knowledge of Lincoln himself. We are advanced several stages nearer a correct apprehension of the facts of that singular life by reason of this careful book, but it may be doubted whether we are any nearer to Lincoln.

This result is not due entirely, however, to the colorless scientific method which Mr. Morse endeavors to maintain. It is due also to the plan of the book. The series in which it appears carries by its title the assumption, not of biographic study, but of an inquiry into the public relations of the persons dealt with, the part which they played in the great political drama of their day. Mr. Morse is concerned with the statesmanship of Lincoln, and with his personality only so far as this accounts for individual notes in the story. Only one hundred and sixty of the seven hundred and forty-five pages of his volumes are given to the consideration of the fifty years of Mr. Lincoln's life which preceded his election to the presidency, and these are devoted largely to his political career; the rest of the two volumes is given up to a narrative of the events of the five years which ensued. The reason for this is, of course, that those five years were of incalculably more consequence than the preceding five decades, in their transcendent importance both as respects the destinies of the country and the opportunity which they afforded for the display of Mr. Lincoln's character. During those years he stood forth one of the most conspicuous figures in the world's history, for he held steadily in his hand the destinies of a great nation. They were not simply the dramatic culmination of his own life; they were also one of the chief points of dramatic culmination in the history of the United States, and even of the world. If length of life is to be reckoned by intensity, there was unquestionably more of Mr. Lincoln's life in those five years than in the preceding fifty: and in these years he was not a mere political orator, as before; he was a statesman, having to put his political principles into action, to translate his theories into momentous practice. Our keen regret is that, in leading up to this great period, Mr. Morse has not given us a more penetrating study of those American forces which shaped Lincoln in his youth and obscure manhood. History underlies statecraft, and there is as much history in those forces as in the events which furnished scope for Lincoln's great powers amidst the tumults and storms of war. Even the very broad scale Mr. Morse has allowed himself for the consideration of the events of Mr. Lincoln's presidency is not broad enough for the purpose; he is obliged to refer to more history than he tells; and if Mr. Lincoln remains somewhat dim and shadowy the while, it is because we did not know him well before the stage became so crowded. If we could have mastered his character and made it real to our thought before this rush of momentous history came upon him and upon us, the outlines of his part would remain clear-cut and prominent throughout. As it is, we note him only when our attention is called to him.

[1] *Abraham Lincoln.* [American Statesmen Series.] By John T. Morse, Jr. In two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

This explains the inadequacy of the book as a personal biography. Mr. Lincoln can be known only by a close and prolonged scrutiny of his life before he became President. The years of his presidency were not years to form, but rather years to test character. The strain was too great to harden and perfect any sinew but that which was already tough and firmly knit. There is something of the quality and method of the analytical novelist in Mr. Morse's manner of dealing with his subject. He frequently pauses to explain and analyze Mr. Lincoln; modestly, indeed, and without the novelist's confidence that he thoroughly understands the workings of his singular hero's mind, since he did not create him, but still with the novelist's art of making the character distinct by description rather than by action. And yet these descriptions of the man are confessedly incomplete. Like most modern historians, Mr. Morse uniformly suspects and rejects, if he can, every explanation that is extraordinary, and insists upon believing that some quite commonplace explanation exists, if it could but be discovered; though he very often admits a failure to discover it, and rather helplessly suggests that we must feel convinced both of its existence and of its sufficiency without knowing what it is. He is subtly disquieted, nevertheless, by the consciousness, which every one must have in studying Lincoln, that the more ordinary and within easy view of reason you seek to make the life of this strange man, the more extraordinary it becomes, and the more inexplicable. Mr. Morse is keenly alive to the desirability of avoiding the foolish habit of most biographers, of beckoning their great men impatiently on to their greatness, wondering the while and fretting at their laggardliness and blindness to the destiny in store; and yet he himself gives frequent evidence of having his eye on the future always rather than directly on the present, in dealing with Lincoln's years of preparation. He is himself irritated by the narrowness of the life Lincoln so long led, and hurries over it as merely preliminary to his narrative.

And yet the real Lincoln was alive in 1850 quite as much as in 1860. Mr. Morse presents the key to the whole matter on pages 31–34 of his first volume: "The preëminently striking feature in Lincoln's nature," visible in the early days scarcely less than in the later, "was the extraordinary degree to which he always seemed to be in close and sympathetic touch with the people; that is to say, the people in the mass wherein he was embedded, the social body amid which he dwelt, which pressed upon him on all sides, which for him formed 'the public.' First this group or body was only the population of the frontier settlement; then it widened to include the State of Illinois; then it expanded to the population of the entire North." But it strikes us that he hardly sees the full value of the solution; he only marvels at the rapidity of the transition from the public of Illinois to the public of the Union, on Lincoln's part, without loss of head or flaw of complete insight and sympathy, and leaves the capacity a sign and wonder rather than an explanation. The fact would seem to be that there was no sudden broadening of view, no marvel of an instantly widened vision. Lincoln's capacity to understand and persuade men was indeed marvelous in its perfection, its inerrancy, but in kind it was no new wonder. And in Illinois, in Lincoln's day, there was every opportunity for an eye like Lincoln's to see the thought and spirit of the whole country. The youth of the State was coincident in time with his own youth, and Illinois grew to maturity as rapidly as Lincoln did. The Western frontier population was, moreover, an intensely political population. It felt the very keenest throbs of the nation's life, for the nation's energy was directed westward. The West was not separate from the East: its

communities were every day receiving fresh members from the East, and fresh impulse of direct suggestion; their blood flowed to them directly from the veins of the older communities. Elements separated in the East, moreover, were united in the West, which displayed to the eye a sort of epitome of the more active and permanent forces of the national life. In such communities as these Lincoln mixed daily with men of all types and from every quarter of the country. With them he discussed neighborhood politics, the politics of the State, the politics of the nation, now more and more centring in Western questions. He went twice down the Mississippi to its mouth, and his eyes, so accustomed to look directly, point-blank, upon men and affairs, saw characteristic regions of the South. He worked his way slowly and sagaciously, with the larger sort of sagacity, into the active business of state politics, he sat twice in the legislature and for one term in Congress; his singularly sensitive mind open all the time to every aspect, especially every human aspect, of what was going on about him. All the while, too, he was canvassing, piece by piece, every item of politics, familiarly around the stove, more formally upon the stump, in direct contact always with the ordinary views of ordinary men. He was reading, too, as nobody else of those around him read, seeking a complete mastery over speech with the conscious purpose to prevail in its use; deriving zest from the study of mathematical proof, amusement in clean and naked statements of truth. It was all irregularly done, but it was strenuously done, and done throughout with the same instinct and with a steady access of facility and power. There was no sudden leap for this man, any more than for other men, from crudeness to finished power, from an understanding of the people of Illinois to an understanding of the people of the United States. He came to his great national task with a capacity trained to an equality with its magnitude. You could not then set a pace in learning and perceiving that was too hard for him.

If we have dwelt upon the possibilities contained in such a study, it is because every fresh presentation of Lincoln makes us more eager for that characterization of the man which shall not indeed detach him from his times, but which shall build up the figure with such truthfulness and skill as shall justify the unique position which he holds in history. For the rest, Mr. Morse's contribution is marked by such full knowledge, calm judgment, and eminent fairness that after we have regretted the neutral tints in which the chief figure is drawn, we can thank the writer heartily for an able historical study.

Both the plan and the subject of Mr. Pierce's volumes[1] are very different. They complete his monumental Memoir of Charles Sumner in the style of which the earlier volumes gave promise. They do not attempt a portrait of the man; a portrait extended throughout four octavo volumes would of course be no portrait at all. They are a careful and elaborate recital of all the events, both great and small, of Mr. Sumner's interesting and eventful life; full of long extracts from his speeches and addresses; full of his letters, both formal and familiar, and of letters written to him by others. They are not an historian's work, but teem with such materials as historians are most grateful for; such materials as furnish minutely elaborated pictures of men, of situations in affairs, of places and social conditions, and bring the imagination into direct contact with persons and times now passed away. This Memoir, with due allowance made for the prepossessions of the devoted biographer, unquestionably gives us Charles Sumner as he was, a man of high tastes and refined sensibilities; meant for the profession of

[1] *Memoir and Letters of Charles Sumner.* By Edward L. Pierce. Volumes III. and IV. 1845–1874. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1893.

the scholar, but forced by exceptional times and causes into public stations for which he had a decided distaste, into public functions for which he had little real capacity or fitness of temperament. Mr. Sumner was by nature a philanthropist. His capacity for affairs was a capacity for understanding them in their larger aspects rather than for conducting them in detail. Immediate hot contact with practical politics sometimes destroyed his self-possession, as it is so apt to do in the case of all men of fervid moral temperament. He now and again suffered himself to be goaded into utterances which were wholly unbecoming his elevated genius. He often spoke like an apostle, too, when the occasion required that he should speak like a statesman. Powers meant, perhaps, for mankind were given up to an agitation. His life had dignity, had largeness, had even, in the broader conception of events, a generous measure of success; but one cannot suppress a regret, after reading Mr. Pierce's worthy memorial, that such a man should have been denied to some quiet time, when his powers could have worked the gentler works of amity and peace.

So far, such materials of our history as this great biography affords have proved more interesting and enlightening than the formal histories that have been constructed out of them. Biographies, especially when they are full of letters, as this one is, are at least pervaded by the flavor of the personality of the men whose lives they recount. But the historian introduces what individualities he will, distributes flavor to his taste, reconceives the story, recasts it, colors it to his own eye. And it must be said that we have not been very fortunate in our later historians of the anti-slavery struggle. Elevated as are the character and purpose of Mr. Schouler, it is impossible to convey right impressions in his swashbuckler style. Mr. Rhodes has been hardly more successful. It is unpleasant, it even seems ungrateful, to set less than full value on his painstaking volumes.[1] They are studiously conceived, they are full of a pleasing candor, they try diligently to tell the whole story, their purpose is just and their manner unpretentious. But for all that, if the balance be wisely cast, they must be pronounced not to be what a history of the period they cover ought to be. Nothing short of catholicity of sympathy, a most delicate and discriminating appreciation of opposite points of view, and a rare literary skill in nicely modulated statement is required by the historian of the time since 1850; and Mr. Rhodes does not, if the truth may be candidly put, possess these elements of success. This is not harsh criticism; it is simply the inevitable conclusion of the critic.

His attitude towards the South is of course the crucial test of the whole matter. He declares, with his usual candor, at the outset of his chapter on slavery, that what he shall have to say "can only be a commentary on the sententious expression of Clay: 'Slavery is a curse to the master, and a wrong to the slave.'" He has already avowed, in a previous passage, the belief that only "the historian whose sympathies are with the anti-slavery cause of 1850" "can most truly write the story" of the ways in which that cause was advanced. Accordingly, his volumes become a superior sort of anti-slavery pamphlet, and, by reason of the extreme exaggeration of his emphasis of the national life and feeling, the features of the story are thrown hopelessly, almost grotesquely, out of proportion. There was space enough in these two large volumes, surely, to tell the history of the whole country during the ten years they cover, stirring times as those were; but Mr. Rhodes's view is confined

[1] *History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850.* By James Ford Rhodes. Volumes I. and II. 1850–1860. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1893.

to the Northern States, and, within the Northern States, almost exclusively to the anti-slavery struggle. All other matters, even all other features of national legislation, not only fall into the background, but practically pass out of view altogether. No one now needs to be persuaded that slavery ought to have been extirpated, the country rendered homogeneous and safely united both in spirit and in interest; and yet those who believe in the necessary and indissoluble nature of the Union, before the war as since, can hardly be satisfied with Mr. Rhodes's treatment. He quietly dissolves the Union from the outset of his narrative. The South is throughout, for him, a foreign country, whose condition and sentiments he learns piecemeal and at intervals from travelers. It is a region from which many rumors come to him; he speculates and concludes concerning it, but he has no authentic knowledge or direct realization of it himself. His Union is not to be preserved so much as created by the suppression of slavery.

That the whole matter of the condition of the South and the character of slavery is foreign to his apprehension is shown most sharply in his deliberate estimate of the slave system. He sets forth the evils of slavery in black catalogue, and then he turns suddenly about and smilingly recites the brighter and more benignant features of the institution. The two passages are simply contradictory; and he is either unconscious of the fact, or quite helpless in the presence of it. He makes no attempt at a consistent assessment of the thing as it was when seen whole and in its normal aspects. This is the result in part, perhaps, of the leisurely spaces of the narrative, and in part, no doubt, of the false canons of modern historical writing. Both long histories and modern canons prompt the historian to set forth his material rather than to digest it, to give grounds for a conclusion rather than the conclusion itself.

But such methods, such temptations, when yielded to, simply rob history of all significance or right to be. Mr. Rhodes ought to have realized for himself, and ought to have written the history of the whole country. Even during the decade 1850–1860 that history by no means narrows itself to a history of the Northern States and the anti-slavery struggle. The forces that were to win in the deadly contest coming on were gathering head in the North, and the South was approaching the end of her belated régime. But the historian who confines his view to these things merely skims the surface; he by no means penetrates to the real life of the times. There was much genuine community of view between North and South in those days. The South was rashly forfeiting the confidence of those who nevertheless held her general principles of politics as stanchly as she did; but the Republican party, fast as it gathered strength, was the party of a minority even at the very threshold of the war. There was a real and abiding basis for the Union in spite of slavery; and if there had been no persistently open question concerning the extension of slavery, its mere continued existence in the Southern States would never have been a question at all, — at any rate never a question capable of affecting the vitality of the Union. The history of the anti-slavery propaganda, therefore, is not, taken apart, the history either of the affairs or of the thought of the country. Its affairs had a deeper guiding principle, its thought an infinitely profounder complexity, than one would dream of in reading these pages. The very term which most comprehensively characterizes the war which followed, the war for the Union, is a protest against a more limited conception of the principles involved in the contest.

The truth is that Mr. Rhodes has no insight, at least into complex characters, taking men either individually or

in the mass. His delineations of character and appraisements of motive in public men give even a painful evidence of the fact. No historian of real insight could for a moment accept his portrait of Calhoun, or of Douglas, or of Seward, or of Sumner. The historian needs nothing less than the insight of the best novelists into character and the grounds of action. Mr. Rhodes gives us only very singular and whimsical sketches of the outsides of men. The same man is now one thing, and again quite another, according as his acts are approved or disapproved. Seward is a politician when he is wrong, a statesman when he is right. Douglas is a time-server when he proposes the repeal of the Missouri Compromise; yet he suddenly becomes unselfish and disinterested at the very moment when he might, by trimming, reap the identical advantage he is supposed to have played for in that legislation. The author's descriptions of the personal appearance and outward fortunes of his characters are equally capricious and oddly proportioned, reminding one sometimes of the dear old lady who described an intellectual friend who had impressed her very deeply as "having a great mind and shaggy eyebrows"! Lincoln, "like Socrates, was odd in personal appearance, though with a different grotesqueness of exterior. And to Lincoln, as to Socrates, were denied the felicity of domestic life and the pleasures of a quiet home." Could Mr. Rhodes find no homely man whose wife was uncongenial who was at the same time in other respects more like Lincoln than Socrates was? Such comparisons are not even like Banks, "sagacious in appearance."

These, it will be perceived, are not mere literary defects. They betoken a real obtuseness of vision. Mr. Rhodes's method is crude and with the flat hand rather than refined and discriminating. It never penetrates to any interior meaning, nor to the real centre of any complex situation. His soft-spoken judgment of John Brown, his tendency to speak of "the South" in a lump, his sometimes credulous entertainment of rumors, of which his pages are often as full as Washington itself, are evidences of this that will occur to any one who has read the book. The writing is not dogmatic in terms, one feels, only because the author is aware that it is "bad form" to be dogmatic; for it is strongly dogmatic in spirit.

However much one deplores these grave defects of the book, and however radical he must pronounce them to be, he cannot quit its perusal without a kindly feeling for the author. It is so honest a piece of work. It is elaborate, — unduly, inartistically elaborate, indeed, — giving symptoms everywhere of that demoralizing disease known as "materials-in-the-footnotes;" but its elaborateness is unmistakably the result of a painstaking examination of the sources. If the colors of the narrative are not successfully blended, they are at least not pale or neutral in tint, but the strong and definite colors of conviction. It is a pleasure to see the period so studiously canvassed, so frankly discussed. There are vigor, honesty, and knowledge throughout; and so full a setting forth of the matter for judgment will contribute in a very important degree, it may be hoped, to the formation of right views. Where there is no concealment the truth may be expected eventually to emerge.

An old member of one of our historical societies used to say, some years ago, that he did n't know but the time had about come when we might tell the truth concerning Great Britain and the Revolution. Dr. Woodrow Wilson[1] evidently thinks the time has come when the coun-

[1] *Division and Reunion.* 1829–1889. [Epochs of American History.] By Woodrow Wilson, Ph. D., LL. D., Professor of Jurisprudence in Princeton University. New York and London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1893.

try is ready to hear the truth about the South and the war. We believe that he is right. The generation which participated in the final struggle has largely passed away. It has contributed much toward bringing on the better era in the historical treatment of the conflict by the good work it has done in the impartial discussion of its military history. In this field it was easier to bring the views of the opposing parties into reconciliation. But that participants in the political history of the time should come to agreement about its events and questions was not to be expected. Unquestionably, our civil war is not exempt from the fate of all other civil wars, — that the ultimate judgment of mankind upon it is something different from that held at the time by either of the parties engaged. But for this judicial and intermediate view we look rather to the new generation, which can more easily acquire that sympathy with both sides which is the indispensable condition of just narration. This new generation Dr. Wilson fully represents. Such a temper is a primary qualification toward writing the history of the period of sectional division and reunion in the United States. The resulting view of the conflict is one which we believe will commend itself more and more, especially to the newer generation. We may quote as typical Professor Wilson's words regarding secession: "The legal theory upon which this startling and extraordinary series of steps was taken was one which would hardly have been questioned in the early years of the government, whatever resistance might then have been offered to its practical execution. It was for long found difficult to deny that a State could withdraw from the federal arrangement, as she might have declined to enter it. But constitutions are not mere legal documents: they are the skeleton frames of a living organism; and in this case the course of events had nationalized the government once deemed confederate. Twenty States had been added to the original thirteen. . . . These are not lawyer's facts: they are historian's facts. There had been nothing but a dim realization of them till the war came and awoke the national spirit into full consciousness. They have no bearing upon the legal intent of the Constitution as a document, to be interpreted by the intention of its framers; but they have everything to do with the Constitution as a vehicle of life. The South had not changed her ideas from the first, because she had not changed her condition. She had not experienced, except in a very slight degree, the economic forces which had created the great northwest and nationalized the rest of the country, for they had been shut out from her life by slavery. . . . She had stood still while the rest of the country had undergone profound changes; and, standing still, she retained the old principles which had once been universal."

In other words, Professor Wilson refuses to engage in the old debate upon the ground originally occupied by the disputants, but leads us away to another position, from which both sides of the shield can easily be seen. From the strictly legal point of view, that which was the Constitution in 1789 was the Constitution in 1830 and in 1860; and what it was, was to be discovered by inspection of the document in the light of the remarks of those who originated it. In the old debate, each party argued from this assumption, and claimed the victory on this battle-ground. In Webster's great speech, the best remembered portion is the impassioned appeal to the sentiment of nationality with which he closed; but the bulk of the argument is upon the documentary evidence as to the original meaning of the Constitution. Taken upon this ground, the Southern chieftains were in reality difficult to assail. While we should not wish to assent to the proposition that the extreme state-rights theory would hardly have

been questioned in the early years of the government (for the writings of the fathers give an uncertain sound), the weight of evidence seems on the whole to be with those who think the doctrine of state sovereignty to have been the doctrine held, consciously or unconsciously, by most instructed persons at the time when the Constitution was formed. But the legal point of view is not the only one from which a constitution can be considered. There is another, — that of the historian, regardful of development; of the practical statesman or humbler man of affairs, to whom it seems obvious that the growth of a nation to adult maturity should cause, and sufficiently justify, a fortification of its vertebræ. Hence arose, by 1861, another theory of the Constitution, equally valid with the other, and, as the event proved, vastly more potent, but quite irreconcilable therewith. It is one of the chief merits of Dr. Wilson's little book that he has perceived not only the irreconcilable quality of the two, but the real validity of each, its genuine title to respect.

We have lingered long upon those portions of the book which deal with the great crisis toward which the thirty preceding years of the period were leading us, and from which the thirty succeeding years have but slowly, painfully, and in some respects imperfectly extricated us. These are the parts of the book which will most arouse discussion, and in regard to which the author's lucid mind and liberal spirit will have their most ample chance to exert a beneficent influence on those who may use his volume for reading or as a textbook. Yet, after all, the slavery conflict was, in its relation to the logical development of American democracy, only an episode, though a gigantic one, and Dr. Wilson is careful not to give it undue prominence in his narrative, nor to neglect for its sake the record of that development. We could ask for a student of Mr. Rhodes's History, for example, no better preparation than would follow upon a careful reading of Dr. Wilson's volume. Considered as a general history of the United States from 1829 to 1889, his book is marked by excellent sense of proportion, extensive knowledge, impartiality of judgment, unusual power of summarizing, and an acute political sense. Few writers can more vividly set forth the views of parties. Indeed, we should be inclined to say that the book is stronger in its exposition of the development of political thought than in any other department of the narrative; certainly stronger here than in regard to the development of external institutions, the anatomy of government. Yet here it is only fair to remember how little has been done to elucidate the history of our governmental institutions during the present century. What do we know about the history of the nominating convention, for instance? Have we not left it to be described by M. Ostrogorski and Mr. Bryce? And the writer of the small book upon a long period, however zealous he may be in research, is to a great extent limited by the existence or absence of larger or more special treatises.

Though Dr. Wilson's book is mainly a history of our political development, he has a manifest desire to consider the history of our civilization, at least in so far as it illustrates our political history. In his remarks on such topics one notes the influence of the writings of the late Professor Alexander Johnston. One notes, too, an appreciation of the fact, which we hope will be increasingly perceived by our historians, that at many points in our history subsequent to the Treaty of Ghent there have been intimate connections between the movements of public thought in Europe and those in America. In spite of our political separateness since 1815, more is common in the nineteenth-century history of the two continents than is usually imagined.

If one compares Dr. Wilson's book with the two which have preceded it in the same series, some results of the comparative want of predecessors are apparent. There is not the same evidence of compression forced upon the writer by the presence of a vast body of facts already long recognized as of necessity to be included in a history of the time. The narrative is easier, the style more fluid. It may be that the book will not be so easy to use as a textbook as Dr. Hart's admirable volume, but it will be more enjoyed as reading. As regards arrangement, the author has intentionally dealt somewhat more fully with the years of Jackson and Van Buren's administrations, as constituting a formative period the understanding of which is in an especial degree necessary to that which follows. Particularly interesting and important is the short chapter on the constitution and government of the Confederate States. Dr. Wilson rightly remarks that, "stupendous as was the war struggle from every point of view, its deepest and most extraordinary qualities are revealed only when it is viewed from the side of the Southern Confederacy." He therefore gives an instructive account of the constitution of the Confederate States, of their resources, army, and finances, and of the character of the government, the symptoms of opposition, and the final collapse.

Save for a number of annoying misprints in the references, the volume has the same excellence in respect to bibliographical aids which characterized its predecessors in the series.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

History and Biography. The second volume of J. R. Green's A Short History of the English People (Harpers), in the new illustrated edition, follows the plan so well laid down at the start, of giving as far as possible facsimiles of contemporaneous designs. The period covered is from 1377 to 1610, and the editors have drawn upon manuscripts, psalters, paintings, local histories, old prints, and other sources for a rich collection of illustrative material. There are several brilliant reproductions in color; costume, architectural views, portraits, title pages, scenes descriptive of manners and customs, landscapes, a great variety of most helpful designs, render the book a pleasure to the eye, and a sound aid to the student. — A new edition of Pepys's Diary, edited by Henry B. Wheatley, is in progress. (Macmillan.) There are to be eight volumes, and the first is before us. It is based on Mynors Bright's edition, but the editor assures us that he is able to add one fifth more matter, since so much was left unused by Mr. Bright. He avails himself of Lord Braybrooke's notes as well as makes many of his own. He provides also a brief summary of Pepys's life as drawn from the Diary and from other authorities; and this volume is furnished with a portrait, an engraving of Pepys's silver goblet, a view of the old Navy House in Crutched Friars, and a plan of part of the Tower Ward. The page is a good one, the type is clear; and now the reader, having dispatched these accessories, may be left to the imperishable delight of the Diary itself, one of the great accidental books. — Russia under Alexander III. and in the Preceding Period, by H. von Samson-Himmelstierna. Translated by J. Morrison, M. A., and edited, with Notes and an Introduction, by Felix Volkhovsky. (Macmillan.) On the curiously arranged title page of this book, the names of the translator and editor, particularly the latter, are conspicuously given, while that of the luckless author appears in type so small that many readers will probably overlook it altogether. But this is only the beginning of the indignities suffered by him. The editor brands him as a narrow-minded German, who loves his race, and does not

love the Russians, and proceeds to controvert or treat with scorn most of his opinions ; explaining by the way that the present volume is not a full translation of the original work, but a collection of sketches selected from it, a large part of the book being of no value to the English reader. In respect to some of the points in dispute, readers, English and American, will, as a rule, have a plentiful lack of knowledge, and, after the discouraging prelude, they will be agreeably disappointed in the excerpts vouchsafed to them. They will find the character studies exceedingly well done, will soon feel confidence in the author's intelligence and acumen, and will probably be much interested, and certainly instructed. The narrative is recent rather than contemporaneous, but in regard to most of the subjects treated this is of slight consequence. The work presupposes, especially in its present disjointed and fragmentary state, reasonably well-informed readers, and to them it will prove of real value. — The Memoirs of Baron de Marbot, Late Lieutenant-General in the French Army, translated by Arthur John Butler. (Longmans.) There was no need that Mr. Butler should, in his preface, give so modest an estimate of his abilities as a translator, for he has produced, on the whole, an excellent version of the exceedingly interesting volumes whose appearance in Paris, two years ago, was the cause of a veritable sensation among both students of history and general readers. Except in the most exciting episodes, the Memoirs throughout have been somewhat abridged ; and this condensation has usually been effected skillfully and with good judgment, though it is of course inevitable that readers of the original should occasionally miss some of the details which have been crowded out. The work has taken so high and assured a position that it is hardly necessary now to reiterate the fact that no other officer of Napoleon has left reminiscences at all comparable to these. That they should not have been continued beyond the Emperor's first abdication, and have found their fitting ending in the record of the Hundred Days and Waterloo, is a cause for keen regret. But doubtless we should then have wished to learn something of Marbot's experiences during the Restoration, and of his service under the monarchy of July. At any point we should probably have parted with him reluctantly. — Angelica Kauffmann, a Biography, by Frances A. Gerard. (Macmillan.) A new, an enlarged, and, as was sorely needed, a carefully revised edition of this memoir. Excepting good intentions, industry in collecting material, and enthusiasm for her subject, the author shows few qualifications for the task she set herself. She has small sense of literary form or comeliness, her style is commonplace, and she shows no special gifts as an art critic or a student of character. And yet so attractive is the personality of Angelica, so interesting, and in certain aspects so tragic, the story of her life, that this her first English biography, with all its shortcomings, holds the reader's attention from beginning to end. Even the charming Miss Angel of fiction hardly appeals to us as does the sweet-natured, brave, self-sacrificing heroine of unadorned fact, who, with her extraordinary gifts and immense power of work, is always so entirely womanly in both her virtues and foibles. If her phenomenal success was largely the result of her being an excellent exponent of a passing artistic fashion, it must in its social phases have owed much to that exceptional personal charm which she never lost, and which to most readers of to-day will make the artist a far more interesting study than her works. — Studies by a Recluse in Cloister, Town, and Country, by Augustus Jessopp, D. D. (Putnams.) To all who share with the author, in however humble and ineffective a fashion, the love of historical research, or even to those who have merely a taste for historical reading, a new volume from Dr. Jessopp is sure to be heartily welcome. Modest as is the estimate he puts upon his attainments, — the modesty of the true and enthusiastic student who feels that " the most difficult of all the sciences " demands the devotion of a lifetime rather than the spare hours of a hard-working clergyman, — yet it is given to few to revivify so successfully the dry bones of monastic chronicles, to divine so clearly the life of our mediæval ancestors, while his temperate judgment, quick sympathies, unfailing geniality, and humorous perception make him a delightful *raconteur*. The principal paper in this collection is the admirable article on St. Alban's and her Historian, first printed in the Quarterly Re-

view ; and second only to this are the at once interesting and suggestive essays, The Land and its Owners in Past Times, and The Origin and Growth of English Towns. Most of the studies were first given as lectures, and, wisely on the whole, the original form has been retained. The volume closes with an earnest plea for the extension and popularizing — in the best sense of the word — of the study of English history, so that the masses can have some conception of the great past of their country ; and the writer instances the success of his impromptu address to his weather-bound rural parishioners on the history of their own church. Why, he asks, should not this thing be done in a hundred churches ? Perhaps it might be, if many of the clergy thereof possessed the historical, archæological, and antiquarian knowledge, and the imagination and insight that alone can make such knowledge attractive and vital, which are the good gifts of the rector of Scarning. — Formation of the Union, 1750–1829, by Albert Bushnell Hart. (Longmans.) Dr. Hart is not only a master of the art of condensation, in this small volume, the second in the series Epochs of American History, edited by him ; he is what is of even greater importance, an interpreter of history. He perceives the logic of historic events ; hence, in his condensation, he does not neglect proportion, and more than once he gives the student valuable clues to the solution of historical problems. The book is well furnished with maps, index, and bibliographical details. — A New England Boyhood, by Edward E. Hale. (Cassell.) Readers of The Atlantic need only to be told that this volume is a collection of the charming papers which were read first in the last two volumes of the magazine, no matter whereabouts in the numbers they happened to be placed. An agreeable introduction adds some details of family history which one is glad to have.

Fiction. Strolling Players, a Harmony of Contrasts, by Charlotte M. Yonge and Christabel R. Coleridge. (Macmillan.) Miss Yonge has shown in more than one of her later novels that she fully comprehends the changed or changing conditions of the time as they affect that section of English life of which she has so long been a faithful chronicler. This is rather strikingly evident in this story, which, notwithstanding such assistance as may have been given by her co-worker, must be regarded as in the main hers. One of the heroines, distinctly a girl of to-day, is a gentlewoman who thoughtfully and deliberately decides to go upon the stage, not from necessity, but because she feels it to be her vocation. The book is a record of the haps and mishaps of a company of well-born amateurs, who, owing to the pecuniary reverses of the family to which their leading performers belong, endeavor for a while to make a serious business of what has been an amusement, and are aided thereto by a clever and distinguished young actor, who finally, as perhaps the most important result of the summer's work, becomes the *fiancé* of the prospective actress. It need not be said that this pleasant and readable tale does not adventure far into the land of Bohemia, or that it is marked by good sense, refinement of tone, quiet humor, and touches of delicate discrimination in the character drawing. — After Twenty Years, and Other Stories, by Julian Sturgis. (Longmans.) Mr. Sturgis, who has a friendly interest in himself as well as in his readers, advises us that the first story in the volume was his maiden effort in publication; the last, his latest. Both have an element of freshness, almost of boyishness, about them, and impress the reader with a sense of Mr. Sturgis's vivid interest in his subjects, — an interest which he conveys to the printed page. — Cosmopolis, by Paul Bourget. Translated by Hettie E. Miller. (Charles H. Sergel & Co., Chicago.) A wearisome book, in which the few incidents are invented by the author only as illustrations of his theory, and his characters have their being only as exponents of a predetermined scheme of literary color. The attempt to construct a round world out of a few examples of race tendencies, and to discover thereby the logic of life, repeatedly breaks down, and all that the reader gets for his pains is to see a number of persons sadly bemired in a sort of French Inferno. Better the whirlwind of Dumas than the soft breezes of Bourget, which merely spin a few dead leaves about in the pale sunshine. — A Cathedral Courtship and Penelope's English Experiences, by Kate Douglas Wiggin. With five illustrations by Clifford Carleton. (Houghton.) Mrs. Wiggin has added to the gayety of nations by this little book. Readers of The Atlantic know the delight-

ful frivolity which characterizes it; do they not also remember one or two passages, like that describing the preacher in the park, which turn the humor into a sudden pathos, as genuine as it is moving? — Voodoo Tales as told among the Negroes of the Southwest, collected from Original Sources by Mary Alicia Owen. Introduction by Charles Godfrey Leland. Illustrated by Juliette A. Owen and Louis Wain. (Putnams.) Miss Owen has borrowed a hint from Mr. Harris as to the plan of her book, and provides a little group of old negresses and half Indians for the story-tellers, and a small girl for chief listener. The figures are well sketched, and the stories are cleverly told. They are marked variations from the Uncle Remus stories, with more of the sorcery element in them; but if one can stand the almost unrelieved negro dialect, he will be entertained, or, if he chooses, be folk-lored seriously. The pictures have a rudely amusing character, in keeping with the tales. — The Shadow of Desire, by Irene Osgood. (Cleveland Publishing Co., New York.) The only original thing about this story is the author's trick of winding up each chapter with a poetical quotation. The book itself is a weak piece of literary erotics. — Mrs. Harry St. John, by Robert Appleton. (Morrill, Higgins & Co., Chicago.) Silly. — The latest volumes added to the new edition of William Black's novels (Harpers) are: the clever Irish story, Shandon Bells, parts of which are in the author's best manner; Yolande, an agreeable tale, wherein the characters voyage in a P. and O. steamer, and hunt deer in the Highlands, after the well-known fashion; and Adventures in Thule, three spirited stories for boys. — To Leeward, first published ten years ago, and which remains one of the writer's strongest and most impressive novels, has been issued, after careful revision, in the uniform edition of Mr. Crawford's works. (Macmillan.) — Two recent additions to the Franklin Square Library (Harpers) are, In a Promised Land, by M. A. Bengough, and A Wasted Crime, by David Christie Murray.

Travel and Nature. Baedeker's United States, with an Excursion into Mexico (Imported by Scribners), has a curious effect upon the traveled American. He is used to Baedeker. He trusts him implicitly in his European journeys, and now he has a chance to test the Baedeker principle by considering its application to his own country, which he knows as a native, and therefore by a thousand trifling, almost incommunicable modes. The book stands scrutiny well. In its appearance, without and within, it falls into the compact style so well known. Here are the asterisks, — but no double ones, by the way, — the small-type introductory notes, the abbreviations, the condensed statements, the clear, frequent maps and full index. On looking more closely, one discovers the same authoritative but not dogmatic tone, the accurate sense of proportion, the frugality of epithets, the precision of statement, which have created confidence in the remarkable series of which this is the latest and, considering the difficulties attending it, the most conspicuous example of skill in guidebook-making. — Under Summer Skies, by Clinton Scollard. (Webster.) These pleasant sketches in unambitious prose touch upon light scenes in Egypt and Palestine, Italy, Arizona, and Bermuda. They are true to the comprehensive title, for both writer and reader feel the leisure, the long shadows, the ease, and the languor which belong to nature and humanity when the traveler is loitering in warm places, and not actively engaged in accomplishing something important.

Literature. A delightful little edition of the novels of Charlotte, Emily, and Anne Brontë has been begun with the issue of Jane Eyre in two volumes. (J. M. Dent & Co., London.) The book is 16mo in size, with a close yet readable page, and attractively bound. A portrait of Charlotte Brontë and six other photogravures illustrate the two volumes; there is a brief sketch of the author; the original prefaces and dedication are reproduced; and then there is the story itself, with its power and its crudity, its stormy passion and its frank avowal of woman's weakness. One reads it first as a bit of life, and then goes back to it as an exercise in pathology. — The Beauty Spot, and Other Stories, by Alfred de Musset. Translated by Kendall Warren. (Charles H. Sergel & Co., Chicago.) Besides the title story, the volume contains Frederic and Bernerette, Titian's Son, Croisilles, and the famous Adventures of a White Blackbird. The translation, though not marked by special grace, is not marred by special blemishes. The delicacy of the

telling, nevertheless, is what preserves an otherwise fading interest, and the English reader accustomed to current French tales is a little puzzled to account for the vogue of De Musset. — Chapman's Homer's Iliads is reproduced in three volumes in Knickerbocker Nuggets. (Putnams.) The form is handy, but it was unwise to repeat Flaxman's designs in reduced and inartistic line. They require the most careful engraving and printing to save them from the nakedness of commonplace. — The Complete Angler of Izaak Walton. (McClurg.) In this little edition of the Angler Walton's text is given intact, but the voluminous notes of modern editors are omitted, as is also the essay by Cotton which usually follows Walton's work. The necessary editing has been done by Edward Gilpin Johnson, who has prefixed an introduction to the volume, in which most of the familiar anecdotes and stock allusions to Walton and his work are rehearsed. Is it with conscious humor that Mr. Johnson remarks that "this edition of Walton's masterpiece is designed chiefly for those who wish to enjoy it as a piece of literature *rather than to consult it as a manual in fishing; and indeed we fancy that in the latter capacity it is largely superseded*"? In this diverting passage the italics are our own.

Manuals and Textbooks. An Adventure in Photography, by Octave Thanet. Illustrated from Photographs by the Adventurers. (Scribners.) A lively account of the experience of two ladies in learning to take photographs, with many practical hints and direct recipes. Incidentally, the reader receives a number of impressions of Arkansas life, for the scene is laid chiefly in that country. We can readily fancy that the amateur photographer will read not only for entertainment, but for profit. — Spanish Literature, an Elementary Handbook, by H. Butler Clarke. (Macmillan.) Mr. Clarke is the Taylorian teacher of Spanish in the University of Oxford, and he ought to speak with authority. His book is, however, a rather wooden and lifeless review of Spanish literature from the twelfth century to the present day. Merely as an introduction and as a brief survey of Spanish writers it possesses some value. It is not exhaustive; and if it be throughout as inadequate as it is in the account given of modern Spanish writers of fiction, it will leave a good deal for the reader to find out for himself. As some attention is called to the indexes, we may add that they are perhaps as poor as any it has ever been our ill fortune to be obliged to consult.

Theology. The Sacramental System, Considered as an Extension of the Incarnation [Bishop Paddock Lectures for 1892], by Morgan Dix. (Longmans.) Whatever Dr. Dix writes is worth reading, although his standpoint is one unpopular with the general public to-day. This volume is an elaborate defense of the system commonly known as sacramental, held among English-speaking people at the present time, chiefly in the Church of Rome, the Church of England, and the Episcopal Church in the United States. Dr. Dix first considers the sacramental character of God's workings in nature and in man, and then extends these considerations to his workings in the kingdom of grace. He endeavors to show that sacramentality is to be found in all created things, and deduces from this an argument in favor of the reasonableness of such manifestations to the soul of man through the sacraments and sacramental ordinances of the historic churches of Christianity. It is at this point, where the author becomes really definite, that his words will form "an hard saying" for some persons. His book will be prized chiefly by those who already in some sort agree with it. It may be added that it is clearly and delightfully written. — The Blood Covenant, a Primitive Rite, and its Bearings on Scripture, by H. Clay Trumbull. (John D. Wattles, Philadelphia.) Eight years after the first, a second edition of this interesting study is published, with a supplement, in which the author uses his opportunity to reply to some of the criticisms made upon the book, and to add further facts which have come to his knowledge.

Bibliography and Book-Making. The Great Book Collectors, by Charles and Mary Elton, and Book Plates, by W. J. Hardy (Imported by Scribners), are the first two numbers of a series entitled Books about Books, edited by Alfred Pollard. Mr. Pollard is himself to follow with a volume on the Decoration of Books, while Herbert P. Horne will consider Book Bindings; F. Madan, Books in Manuscript; and E. Gordon Duff, Early Printed Books. The scheme seems to be an excellent one,

and the books before us are well printed, very profusely illustrated, and contain good indexes. Having said this, we confess that we are disappointed in the volumes themselves. That entitled Great Book Collectors covers an enormous field, beginning with the classical bibliophiles, and bringing down the race of book lovers through England, Italy, France, and Germany almost to our day. To do this in two hundred and thirty pages is of course difficult, and it is not strange if the notice of each collector is brief; but even after this allowance is made, the work is unsatisfactory. The text is full of dates, proper names, and titles, which pass before the reader in such rapid succession that they leave no serious impression, and it gives a good deal of entertaining information in a way which does not inform and does not entertain. The subject of book plates is much more special in character, and Mr. Hardy's book seems to cover the ground very well. He traces the early use of book plates in England, and the various styles in vogue there; gives some account of German, French, and American book plates, and sketches of the best engravers of them; and adds to this a varied knowledge in regard to the subject not easily come at elsewhere. At the same time, we must say, in regard to this volume, that it is not, to our mind, as satisfactory as an earlier and slighter book by the Hon. J. Leicester Warren, now Lord De Tabley. We are glad to see that Mr. Hardy mentions in the preface the strikingly beautiful work of Mr. W. C. Sherborn, of London, whose marvelous book plates for the Duke of Devonshire, the Rothschild family, and other well-known collectors are among the best specimens of modern work, and whose efforts in this direction ought to be better known to American book collectors.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Sound versus Color.

A CORRESPONDENT of Notes and Queries says: "Almost from childhood I have been in the habit of associating the vowel sounds in a word with color. In the course of a somewhat long life, I never met more than one person (a woman) who was possessed of a similar craze, as I considered it, and in her case only two of the vowels, *a* and *o*, were supposed to have color. In my own case each vowel has its distinctive color. *A* is very white, *e* is light blue, *i* is red, *o* black, and *u* brown. When I hear a name I remember its color, although I may not remember the name itself; and thus I sometimes give a wrong name, although of the same color; for example, 'Mr. Cook' instead of 'Mr. Wood.' To my mind 'Abraham' is a very white word, 'need' is light blue, 'iniquity' is as red as if printed in red ink, 'bore' is black, and 'useful' is brown."

I feel very much like shaking hands with the unknown Notes and Queries man across seas, for, as far back as I can remember, a younger sister (no longer living) and myself had the same "fad;" and until now we were the only people I had ever heard of possessing it, so that I was really pleased to learn there were a few other persons in the world affected in the same way. And I should now like to "inquire round" among the friends of the Club whether any of them have a similar gift, — though indeed I hardly know whether to call it that, — and are in sympathy with my English friend and myself; and above all, whether any one has anything like a philosophical explanation to offer for this peculiarity. It seems as if there must be some principle underlying it all that could be found. Most of us have, I think, heard the story of the man, born blind, who asked what the color of scarlet might be like, and was told to imagine it like the blast of a trumpet. Many people can see how very good that is, and it seems to me that our color fad must be based on exactly the same principle, only carried down to infinitely finer gradations.

I should like to add that my English friend and I do not see the same colors in the vowels. We agree only in the *u*, which to me, as to him, is brown, — a rich red-brown. Otherwise, my scale of colors is

this : *a*, pale green; *e*, pale pink; *i*, yellow, either light or dark, according to pronunciation (in "Smith," for instance, orange; in "bright," more a lemon color); *o*, dark blue; and finally, *u*, brown. Combinations of vowels, such as in "house," "memoir," etc., have a tint of their own, — a sea-green, a kind of purple, and so on. Probably every one having the fad possesses a different color tablet of his or her own. I remember, for instance, that my sister's differed from mine, though I do not recollect in what way. But in whatever combinations this singular palette may be made up, the mind lays on the colors by a perfectly involuntary process, — for there is no conscious effort of the will or imagination about it, — and with absolute and inflexible consistency ; there is no shifting or varying of colors, they remain always the same. Thus the name "Clarence" (the process is somewhat more conspicuous in proper names, perhaps, but might be, and really is, applied to every word in the language) is to me, for instance, infallibly pale green and pale pink ; "John," indigo; "Ruth," dark brown ; "Lily," yellow ; "Jackson," pale green and indigo ; and so on, indefinitely.

There is a word in German that ought to have some bearing on this subject, — *Klang-Farbe*, sound-tint. To the best of my knowledge, it is used mostly in musical composition. For instance, if there is in a piece too great a preponderance of one instrument, — let us say first violins, — the Klang-Farbe will not be just right.

I am quite aware that to any one knowing nothing of my fad this must all seem very vague and flighty, possibly like mere nonsense. But if some Club friend can and will come forward and assure me that I am not the only "crank" on the subject on this side of the water, it will be very interesting as well as delightful.

In re Port versus Claret.

— Has not my fellow-Contributor quoted his epigram from a failing memory ? Old mutton ! Here is the way my recollection, of from thirty to forty years, makes the epigram read : —

> "Firm and erect the Caledonian stood ;
> Prime was his mutton, and his claret good.
> 'Let him drink port ! ' the English statesman cried.
> He took the poison, and his spirit died."

How the distinction between Scottish and English wines came about I take to have been as follows : Even in England the wines of France were the only wines (except, say, the "sack" or sherry *sec* of Falstaff) in use before the eighteenth century ; so that it has been said that not so much as a pipe of port had been brought into England before the Revolution. Still truer was this of Scotland before the union, since its relations, political, dynastic, social, as well as commercial, with France were very intimate. The Methuen Treaty with Portugal, so named from its negotiator, was concluded in December, 1703. By this, Portuguese wines were to be received (and were received until 1831 or 1833) at duties one third less than French wines ; which amounted practically to the exclusion of French wines from the country. In England as well as in Scotland, therefore, it came about that port in the place of claret became the universal wine of the last century ; with what effect upon the British constitution might be an interesting inquiry.

To be sure, the union of England and Scotland was not consummated until 1707 ; but having a common monarch, who was the treaty-making power, their relations with other powers were naturally identical.

But whose the epigram is, and where to find it, I shall be glad to learn when the "pestilent specialist" shall make it known through the Contributors' Club.

A Barometer of Gayety

— A few steps from the birthplace of Giulio Romano, and within a stone's throw of the new Victor Emmanuel monument, is a little by-street with a queer name, which has not yet succumbed to the devastating hand of progress. Lumbering diligences, crowded inside with priest and peasant, and laden on top with weary poultry and fresh eggs from the mountains, draw up here every evening and unload their dusty, vociferous burden. Next to the diligence stable is a wine shop of the old Roman type, with grotesquely frescoed walls and great wine vats. When one passes by at night, the eye plunges through a long vista of black tuns and flickering light, with groups of dark-browed folk drinking and playing cards, men wrapping their mantles about them in the fashion of their forefathers, and not less swift than they with their knives in midnight brawls. Opposite this, the cooks and maids of the neighborhood gather each morning around a greengrocer's, where they chat and munch, and the

hours fly by unheeded. It is mortifying to call such a study in color a "grocery." The massing of the tender green of the endive salad and darker lettuce, borderings of tiny scarlet tomatoes, fringings of purple and white grapes, big yellow pumpkins in the background, piles of juicy figs to the fore, — such dashes of color, such combinations of shades, all entitle the *ortolano* to some of the artist's honors.

But the keynote to my characteristic byway is a place of business facing this shop, and a would-be rival. In a wide, arched doorway, by the side of baskets of wizened apples, speckled pears, and pomegranates, sits a fat old woman, too colossal and lazy ever to drive a flourishing trade. Before her is one of the little iron stands for roasting chestnuts; and she also deals in vegetables, but each thing is the worst of its kind. On one side hangs a dingy card, inscribed, in shaky capitals, with the words

"DARNING AND MENDING DONE HERE."

But over her head is suspended the redeeming feature of the establishment. On a string stretched across the front of the shop, above the decaying cabbages and fried artichokes, is strung a goodly array of mandolins, violins, and guitars,

"TO BE LET OR SOLD."

During the bright October days, Christmas week, and the carousals of carnival not a single instrument is on the line, but Lenten dullness finds the string taut and fully manned; so I have learned to consider this, Madame Lucrezia's relative musical display, as a sign of whether our Romans are serenading, making merry, or doing penance.

In old days Madame Lucrezia found in me an occasional customer. Honeyed flattery was distilled into my ear as I bought oranges, and several extras were thrown in when chestnuts were the purchase; but pulpy fruit and worm-eaten shells drove me to her *vis-à-vis*, a fact naturally resented by this dealer in greens, fine needlework, and musical instruments. Passing in best array and light gloves for calling, I am arrested by a fat paw thrusting forward roasted chestnuts and sticky fruit. Distance is unrecognized by her, and as I go down the street with friends she screams, "Why don't you buy from me any more?" Sometimes she appeals to me as "beautiful child," and again shakes her fist and says bad words. She knows not dignity; and though she begins to despair of me as a purchaser, she cannot yet quite relinquish the social side of our acquaintance; and on the days she does not see my cook shopping at her rival's, opposite, she inquires affectionately after her health, and wishes me a pleasant walk.

"The English Question" Again.

— The waning power of expression that Mr. Greenough deplores, in his admirable essay in The Atlantic for May, 1893, is, it would seem, only partly accounted for by the prevailing conditions he describes, and could hardly be revived or duly encouraged solely by the methods he advocates. Without regard to personal aptitude, is not the power of expression, generally speaking, a matter of definite understanding? The most uneducated person strongly possessed of a definite idea finds little difficulty in expressing it; is, in fact, irresistibly impelled to the expression of it, though perhaps in no very nice language. But it is especially the discrimination resulting from a rich vocabulary and all its associations that can be cultivated by study under competent masters.

Is there any more important or essential thing to be learned than the relative value of facts and deductions? Is there any practical necessity for drawing the usual hard-and-fast lines between the different subjects of inquiry? For instance, a boy is studying Latin. That "Omnia Gallia divisa est in partes tres" is to him neither an historical nor a politico-geographical fact, and is not made to appear so. In short, why cannot his Cæsar be made a means of teaching him history, geography, and literature as well as Latin? Should not Carlyle's statement, that the sum of all possible human knowledge is what mankind has said and done, be engraved on the walls of every schoolroom?

It is not so much the recitation of lessons that will insure readiness of expression as an appreciation that every word in the language has a history, a complete understanding of which is equivalent to the most liberal education. A child who should be taught to describe some one thing or condition with scrupulous nicety every week, and taught to appreciate something of the value of the selected words, would not fail, in a few years, to become more

liberally educated in the true sense than most of us ever are, and would be sure to find the expression of an idea a second nature, — especially if to oral discussion were added the task of committing to writing the accepted definition or description.

To describe accurately and adequately is, perhaps, the flower of all education. This sort of teaching can be graded to the capacity of any age, sex, color, or previous condition ; from the description of the simplest objects and things to that of phases of exalted feeling or accomplishment. A child in the primary class — even when this shall be confided, as Professor Shaler would have it, to none but the most gifted persons — could not be expected to appreciate the force and beauty of De Quincey's comparison between Dr. Johnson and Edmund Burke as conversationalists : " The doctor was remarkable for a word, a distinction, a pointed antithesis ; but a projectile thrown by Burke in conversation rebounded at new angles, and went on splintering and coruscating."

Gaudia Certaminis. — " Come, close up there ! Steady on the right ! Forward into line ! " And the brigade of Tecumseh Sherman, which had been running on what the boys called " all fours," — that is, by the flank, — suddenly swept forward and formed a line of battle across the road. Our men were breathing hard as they came up from the Centreville Ridge at what was termed the " double quick ; " and so great was our eager pride to be in at the first shedding of blood that nearly all, sick or well, weak or strong, had somehow contrived to be present. The usual straggling and falling out by the wayside, which later became only too familiar, were on this occasion conspicuously absent. Some remnant there was of the impression of the holiday excursion which had been promised us by our home sympathizers ; and the tedious and gruesome realities so soon to be experienced were scarcely apprehended by our gallant soldiery, so many of whom were to have returned that very day, since their three months' term of service was just expiring. Uniforms were still new, gold lace was but little tarnished. Even the horses were glossy from recent grooming, and were neighing from recent oats, little recking how soon they too would drop the gaudy trappings of war which now bedizened them. How readily they caught the holiday spirit which surrounded them, how sociably they whinnied ! All that we had ever read in the Old Testament and elsewhere about the unthinking horse in battle seemed here to be realized. We had expected that the quadrupeds of our crusade would require reassuring ; that an animal so timid in the city streets that he can easily be stampeded by a vagrant firecracker could not be relied upon at first to face the hideous noises which now prevailed, but that he must gradually become inured to the terrors of the cannonade. Yet, to our surprise, the horses showed no signs of fear whatever. We noticed that no horse ran away except when he became riderless ; then, with lifted head and staring eyes and floating mane, he would flee bewildered. But horses and mules all accepted the sounds and tokens of coming battle with far more equanimity, apparently, than could be accredited to many of their tamers.

Yes, there was no disguising the fact, the scene was a dreadful one. From a source entirely invisible, missiles were sent crashing through the woods, like a hurricane of delirious metal, shrieking and falling, to be buried in the earth with what was literally a sickening thud. The number who were hurt, it is true, was not very great ; what appalled us was the mystery of it all, the strange unexpectedness with which the danger appeared. Then, too, the orders were given in a tone of low, hissing intensity that seemed to have the carrying power of the stage whisper. Add to this the perpetual galloping of horses immediately in our rear, — horses belonging to the staff officers who were conveying orders ; then a pause, and the hurricane of cannonade in our front was redoubled. The men were told to lie down ; the officers remained standing at our rear, while those of sufficient rank maintained their position on horseback, a little farther back. The screaming of the missiles was interrupted from time to time by what we now knew to be the bursting of shells. The deepening danger grew tragically intense, for there was nothing to be done except to stay and confront it. At last, to the manifest relief of the long, long line, the orders were to advance ; and as we stepped forward somewhat blithely, we noticed, moving directly in front of us, a little more rapidly than ourselves, a small body of glit-

tering cavalry escorting a group of gorgeously appointed staff officers. We also noticed that they had a most enthusiastic companion. A large dog, with shaggy, jet-black curly hair and most musical voice, followed the cavalcade closely, barking sonorously, as though he felt his duty to be akin to that of the bugler. His superb waving tail moved high in air in rhythmic cadence with the marching men who were behind him, rather than in time to the clattering hoofs and chaos of sound which preceded him. The awful peril of our own situation did not prevent us from wondering how the noble beast had managed to get there, and what would be his fate if he remained. We could not learn, even, whether he belonged to any of those who were actors in the fearful drama before us; but presumably this was the case, for there was that in his movements betokening a dog who felt himself to be at home, rather than the vagrant canine who had run away whither he had no business to go.

Still on and on, as the brigade advanced, went the delighted dog, occasionally raising his head yet higher, as if for the purpose of throwing his voice farther, while his ever-swaying tail responded to the cadenced step of the dear dog's fellow-countrymen. How he loved the scene! I have often been charmed with the delight shown by dogs when there is dancing or other frolic going on; their emotional nature fairly reveling in movement of any kind. The least sociable dog is always ready for a run or a romp with the least congenial companion, and there is no being to whom the infection of gayety is so generously contagious.

All through the desolate two hours occupied by this engagement, the first of the war, our friend still pursued his delighted tactics, — an example of glowing fearlessness. "Why," exclaimed a soldier, "he's better than a brass band to keep our spirits up!" We were all young then, the group surveying this ecstatic dog, and much nearer to college and classic phraseology than most of us have ever been since; and so, when a recent graduate cried, "Well done, Gaudia Certaminis!" the refrain was taken up by all who could translate it, and by a great many who could not, and Gaudia Certaminis the dog remained throughout his martial career.

Later on, as one by one the various regiments were drawn off from a field now deemed impracticable, we could see our handsome friend holding his ground among the very last, until, in the deepening twilight, he was observed majestically striding after *his* cavalry escort, as we now called it, on their way to the rear. Ah, then that swaying tail, which an hour before had moved in joyous unison with the soldiery, had fallen to a discontented level, as the poor dog bewilderedly retraced his footsteps, following whatever master among the glittering staff might lay claim to his prowess and his fidelity.

All the succeeding night we were kept awake by the fierce whistle of trains bearing what we only too well knew were reinforcements from Richmond. When at last, at daybreak, we stood on that vast plateau where we were to see by far the greatest battle yet fought on this continent, we instinctively looked for our four-footed comrade, Gaudia; for somehow we were well assured that he must be with us, taking his share of peril, as beseemed a noble knight.

At dark of that day of monstrous calamity the warring hosts had separated, and, for some reason which will never be known, the legions of the North were in full retreat, having been victorious all through the day! Terrified teamsters, homesick militiamen, panic-stricken mules, and stragglers of every sort had started the stampede at the rear long before the fighting in our front had ceased. The German reserves stationed at Centreville, five miles behind us, were in full retreat an hour previous to the last charge of the seventy-ninth Highlanders. As our discouraged, despairing soldiery staggered in retreat towards the stone bridges, walking as though wading through seas of clotted blood, one of the last scenes that fell upon our disturbed vision, on passing through Centreville, was that of our dear Gaudia returning from the field, with a small red rill of blood trickling from his neck. He probably did not live to go much farther; and, associated as he was in our minds with the army when advancing, it seemed to us well if he did not survive to witness that retreat which brought mourning into nearly every house in the land.

I have seen much of the brave man's contempt of death, of the risks run for

glory, of the honest patriotism which dares for duty, but I have never seen such exultation of joy in battle, such genuine sympathy with heroic pageant, as were shown by this handsome dog at the battle of Blackburn's Ford. Hitherto, I confess that it had seemed a sentimental exaggeration of Byron's when he wrote of his dog, Boatswain, in the famous epitaph: "Here lies one who possessed beauty without vanity, strength without insolence, courage without ferocity, — all the virtues of man without his vices. This praise, which would be unmeaning flattery if inscribed over human ashes, is but simple truth when told of a dog." But the fitness of these words had for me been visibly verified; and I think it would be no exaggeration to say that, in all our glittering host, there was no braver heart nor one with greater zest for battle than that which beat in the breast of our poor Gaudia Certaminis.

The Metaphor of Every-Day Life.

— For a people who talk as much as we Americans, we are strangely deficient in current proverb and available metaphor. With the exception of certain Yankee quaintnesses and the topsy-turviness of humor which reached its acme in Artemus Ward, we have done little in the way of furnishing ourselves with useful and artistic slang. To be sure, we have invented some odd verbal terms of distinction (of more than doubtful expediency and fitness), as when we say a "walkist," meaning a man who walks for a living, as discriminated from the "walker," who is merely a man who walks; or as when we indicate by the word "billiardist" the gentleman who makes a calling of the propulsion of ivory in contradistinction to the ordinary individual who plays billiards!

The older countries, especially those rejoicing in many dialects, have a wealth of proverb and metaphor, the picturesqueness of which might imply a survival of the fittest through many generations. What, for instance, could be better descriptive of a man who returns abashed at the non-success of his mission than the phrase (Scotch), "He came back with his finger in his mouth"? What more vivid limning of the fatuously improvident one than the following description, "He came home with both arms alike long"? A whole sermon on marriage is contained in the phrase, from the same national source, "Beauty and she might be married, being nothing akin" (applied to the case of a conspicuously plain woman). The delight which is sometimes experienced at some novel wickedness, or, still more, novel virtue, has a brief but expressive condensation in the word "newins." I noticed in army days that no one had to ask twice to be sent to the front; and the philosophy of Auld Reekie confirms this noble sentiment in a proverb to the effect that "those who are willing to take the black end of the poker will always get it." The unwritten anthology of popular wisdom is rich in prudence rather than generosity, abounding in warnings against the vice of unthrift. Probably in all languages there is a variant for the idea contained in that homely Yankee distich,

> "But keep your money in your pocket,
> For when it 's there, you know you 've got it,"

— an idea which is offset by the following from the Scotch: "If a man counts the cost, he 'll never put plough in the ground."

The metaphor of every-day life, being made, as it is, for convenience rather than for ornament, is apt to resemble the attire of every-day life, and is therefore more remarkable for its accommodating proportions than for its suitable fit. Indeed, certain current witticisms seem to be valued (and here let the present metaphor be changed) as missiles which can safely be launched on all occasions, since their entire merit is irrelevance! The embodiment of all evil, his Satanic Majesty, and the kingdom which he represents, are apt to figure largely in the metaphor of every-day life; and the easy-going indifference as to fit or fitness is nowhere better manifested than in the various rôles assigned to this tropical personage. It might seem proper to refer to the weather as being "hot as the Devil;" but when the profane hewers of wood, in midwinter, on the Canada border, look forth on a morning when the mute mercury cowers in the bottom of the thermometer, and characterize the season as one cold as the regions swayed by the Prince of Darkness, we might call this the meeting of extremes. In most metaphorical illustrations, persons given to methods of this sort are likely to push language to the last hyperbolical bounds. So, the bucolic voyager, overtaken by a passing shower, describes the event as a series of

torrents, sometimes reaching the amazing consummation of "cats and dogs," or, yet worse, "pitchforks;" but why these domestic animals or agricultural implements should be so popular in weather observations is difficult to account for except on the score of improbability.

Persons who are *tête montée*, such as fervid orators, temperance lecturers, and lovers, are not expected to confine themselves to literal truth; and we cannot wonder that the narratives of J. B. Gough were more remarkable for their tear-compelling qualities than for historic or clinical accuracy. The lover is aware that he is expected to come supplied with certain "property" metaphors (if a theatrical term may be used), metaphors in which the lady's eyes are likened to stars, which they must very slightly resemble; although, when the rose and the carnation are laid under contribution for limning her cheeks and lips as they appear to him, there is both propriety and fragrance in their use!

In politics, of course, the "property" metaphor is drawn mainly from the national symbols, with such occasional allusions to our national dimensions and civic virtues as will conduce to the popularity of the orator. However, there is nowadays far less tampering with the bird of freedom, far less adverting to territorial resources, than was the case in the early days of the republic. The late Daniel Dougherty used to allude to his political opponents as persons who had "dried up the fountains of liberty, and locked the wheels of progress," making a very convenient use of certain obvious elements of our commonwealth. Joseph Rodman Drake furnished material for the Fourth of July orator for a period of fifty years; but, unfortunately, when the abolition question arose, the inconvenient presence of "stripes" in his glowing metaphor was a drawback to national similitudes of freedom. Contributory to this department of rhetoric, Edward Everett made a beautiful turning-point in his speech on Washington by referring to the Indian quest of Vasco da Gama and the sublime mistake which brought Columbus to our shores when seeking India as "two century plants, of the West and the East."

Time was when a poem, even a lyric like those of Moore, was expected to contain at least one thoughtful metaphor addressed in verse as musical as poetry could command. As, for example, in one of the Irish Melodies, where the proverbial variableness of climate is used to parallel the troubled political career of Ireland, the whole metaphor is "resolved" (to speak as musicians do) in the second verse, where "a rainbow of promise" is called in to reconcile all factions under "one arch of peace." In another instance taken from this poet, any one who has ever heard the snapping of a string on a musical instrument, especially at night, when the increased dampness makes such an accident probable, will see at once the propriety with which the idea is introduced in that most poetic bewailing of the silenced harp, in the lines, —

> "The chord alone that breaks at night
> Its tale of ruin tells."

It would seem that our moderns (the impressionists of verse, shall we call them?) can find some better way of expressing the thoughts that crowd upon them, for the metaphor is no more a necessity of life in poetry than it is in oratory. But it is the metaphor of every-day life that is under present consideration, and I fear that it is subjected to many humiliating tasks; largely used for purposes of needless condensation, lending a sting to the blow of invective, imparting a pathos to the pleading of self-seeking; acting, therefore, as a stenographer, telephone, and other ornaments of the useful arts, until, like the spavined race horse that draws a buggy for the country doctor, it is scarce recognizable in its harness of commonplace duty!

On the whole, the "property" metaphors are the least objectionable: they fill a "long-felt want." Like depreciated currency, they deceive no one, for no one attaches to them their face value. A gentleman who is described as being "quicker than lightning" may be one who simply avoids being a sloth. A man who is "strong as a horse" need not necessarily draw four tons to prove his athletic power. When, on the other hand, eulogistic comparisons are addressed to beauty, all reasonable exaggeration becomes poetic license, and is understood to express not so much the literal fact as the elevated state of mind of him who speaks.

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HIS VANISHED STAR.

V.

Kenniston's gracious mood was not of long continuance. He was of the temperament which demands a prerequisite for good nature. Given an adequate reason to be happy, and he could show you a fine article of felicity. But his heart would not bubble with gratitude on general principles for ordinary blessings enjoyed in common by humanity at large. It was not enough for him that the fried chicken was fat; that his cigar was good; that, as he smoked after supper on the little porch, the air was so fragrant, so fine, so dry; that the stars were brighter for the great dark amphitheatre of mountains above whose summits, serrated against the horizon, his far-reaching gaze sought them; that Julia, as she sat on the step of the threshold, had an outline and a coiffure that he would have discriminated as classic in marble; that every trace of the battered beauty of old "Cap'n Lucy's" countenance vanished, leaving it a unique ideal for a gargoyle, when his guest chanced to intimate that he had written to the register in the county town, who had furnished him with the calls from his title deeds, and that he felt very sure that Captain Lucy had inadvertently trespassed on his neighbor's domain. Harmoniously ugly as his countenance was, Captain Lucy's conduct was more so.

"Waal, sir," he said, after an interval of stunned dismay, during which Kenniston leaned forward, drawing with his cane an imaginary line on the floor, and repeating the measurements for the boundaries from the paper in his hand, "ye an' the register may go to hell, sir, an' brile, sir!"

Captain Lucy's face was very distinct in the light from the fire within the door, as he sat tilted back in his chair against the post of the porch, and a sudden sensation ensued amongst his household as they gazed upon him, astounded by this unprecedented breach of all the canons of hospitality. There was silence for a moment. Luther stirred uneasily, the legs of his chair rasping harshly on the rough flooring of the porch. Even Julia gave signs of having heard by turning her head slowly, with a certain interest and incipient excitement on her impassive face. Adelicia's eyes dilated with alarm as she half rose from her seat on the step of the porch; she had grown pale; her delicate, fine little chin and her lips quivered with the agitation of the moment.

"Oh, uncle Lucy, ye don't mean that, — ye don't mean that, now!" she urged.

"Oh, I ain't partic'lar ez ter *when!*" the old man blurted out. And then he paused to chuckle in sinister fashion over his play upon the double meaning of the word "now" in this connection. He had a satisfaction, too, in thwarting the ever-ready peacemaker and apologist, and in her look of balked surprise as she cogitated upon his answer.

His grimly jocose pride in his cleverness relieved the tension of the moment. It suddenly became more practicable for

Kenniston to overlook his rude rage, when the circumstances rendered it hardly possible for him to take cognizance of it. His indignant repugnance to the situation was sharply manifest in his face, however, which was of an expressive type, but he compassed an offhand manner as he said, —

"Oh, the register and I may be burned indefinitely and to your heart's content, in due course of spiritual justice; but I fancy it won't be the direct consequence of anything in the nature of muniments of title, and it won't change the metes and bounds of this land by one rod, perch, or pole."

Another voice broke into the discussion abruptly: —

"What reason hev ye got ter 'low ez Cap'n Lucy be on yer land?"

The dull irradiation of the porch from the flicker of the fire within the house barely sufficed to show Lorenzo Taft's burly form standing beside the post. His approach had been unnoticed by the group, but his question apprised them that he had joined them some moments previously, and the pawing of his mare at the gate showed that she had been hitched in anticipation of passing the evening there. In the excitement of the situation the usual greetings were dispensed with, and Kenniston not unwillingly recited anew the calls of the title papers, again sketching the boundary line with his cane on the floor, and even taking from his pocket a letter, and drawing upon the back of the envelope a miniature plat of the irregularly shaped body of land. Even in his preoccupation he could but note the intelligence of the attention which the visitor closely bent upon his exposition and the rude draught, the receptivity of his mind, the pertinence of his questions. Taft stood leaning over the back of Kenniston's chair, his blue eyes fixed on the paper in the slim deft fingers of the draughtsman, his own brawny hand laid meditatively on his long yellow beard.

"Of course," said Kenniston, folding the paper, and by way of concluding the matter, "I am ready to pay the colonel the full value of his improvements. He has only to name his price."

The irate glance which Captain Lucy shot at him served to steady him a trifle, to tame his buoyant sense of triumph. He had an ample fund of physical courage; that is, in his fresh, healthy, normal mental impulses he never thought of fear. But he had seldom been brought into actual personal danger, and the details of sundry lawless and furious feuds that had come to his knowledge during his stay in the mountains were brought suddenly to his remembrance by that swift, scathing look; and he was further reminded that few of these bloody chronicles recounted so definite a provocation as the effort at eviction. Nevertheless, the sense of proprietorship was strong within him, and the active aggressiveness of a man with the coercions of that weapon in his hand, the law of the land, made his blood stir when Captain Lucy, wagging his arbitrary old head, retorted, "An' s'pose I say — like I hev said — ez my h'a'th-stone ain't got no price! S'pose I won't sell, an' I won't gin in, an' I keep my line whar I know my line hev got a right ter be, — whut then, hey?"

But for his gray head, so did his manner and expression reach the climax of aggravation, it might have seemed righteousness to smite him. Kenniston, held in the bonds of such considerations, controlled himself with difficulty. He was unused to self-restraint, or to occasions that necessitated it. The color had overspread his face; he was hot, impatient, indignant. "Why, then, there 's nothing for it but to procession the land and establish the boundary," he declared.

Captain Lucy stared in amazement. This possibility seemed never to have occurred to him as a solution.

"Percession my lan'!" he cried at last, as if the extremity of insult had been offered him. "Percession my lan'!"

His face was scarlet; his eye blazed; his hand, held out with a gesture of insistence toward Kenniston, shook with fury.

"Or *my* land," Kenniston sneered. "'T is n't capital punishment. Plenty of men have survived the processioning of land, — thriven on it! My land, then; the process won't hurt it. Get the line, — that 's what I want."

Once or twice Adelicia sought, in her agitation, to interpose. Now she rose and came to Captain Lucy's side, taking hold of the shaking hand which he brought ever nearer to Kenniston's face, who would not draw back, nor mitigate or postpone his demand, in the front of this threatening gesture. "Oh, uncle Lucy — don't — don't! Sweet uncle Lucy, don't! Thar 's room enough in the mountings fur all o' we-uns! Look at the mountings — how big they air — toler'ble roomy fur sure! Don't quar'l 'bout *lan'*, uncle Lucy — whenst we-uns hev got all out o' doors fur lan' — an' git in a fight, mebbe, an' git hurt, an' " —

"Ad'licia," snarled "sweet uncle Lucy," with a gasp, pretermitting his attentions to Kenniston to turn upon her his corrugated face, "Ad'licia, I tole that man ez war so dead set ter marry ye I would n't let him hev ye. But I hev changed my mind. I 'll tell him he kin cart ye off from hyar ter-morrer, an' welcome, mighty welcome, ef so be he ain't changed his mind; fur I can't abide ye an' yer 'peace talks,' like a Injun, an' yer interferin' with yer elders, an' yer purtenses, no mo'! Thar, now!" he exclaimed in triumph, as she fell back quite speechless because of this disclosure of the matrimonial proposition. "I reckon ye 'll set down now, an' stay set!"

Then he turned to Kenniston with an accession of fury, the fiercer for the momentary stemming of the tide.

"An' I say, hyar I be, an' yer percessionin' don't tech me nowhar. An' hyar I 'll 'bide, no matter whut! An' I won't sell out, an' I won't take no price fur my h'a'thstone, no matter whut!"

"Then," said Kenniston hotly, "you 'll be ejected in due process of law, — that 's all."

He changed color the next moment and bit his lip, for he had put himself in a false position.

"That 's toler'ble tall talk ter a man under his own roof," said Captain Lucy, suddenly cool, and not without dignity.

Kenniston was out of countenance for the nonce. He felt that there was scant grace or utility in forcing the matter, which was beyond the control of either, to this unseemly issue. He had been hurried by his impatience of contradiction and Captain Lucy's illogical and arbitrary temper far beyond his intention, which was originally merely to propose to have the surveyor run out the boundary line in order to demonstrate for the old man's enlightenment the fact that he was a trespasser, and to offer to pay the full value of the improvements. But he was not of the type from whom penitents are developed. The acknowledgment of being in the wrong was inexpressibly repugnant to him. Perhaps he could not have constrained himself to make it but that he foresaw the reversal of their mutual positions.

"You 're more than half right, colonel. I am out of place here. I feel that. And, under the circumstances, I think I had better take myself off."

He had intended to get the better of his host. But his most cruel desire could never have sought to compass the deep humiliation of vanquishment which had befallen poor Captain Lucy. The implied reflection upon his hospitality, the consciousness that his own hasty words justified it, the receding and diminishing aspect of the provocation common to the mental vision at such moments, with the magnifying of the offense, all combined to render him a chopfallen and lugubrious old non-combatant in the space of a second. But Captain Lucy's talent for open confession and repentance was not more marked than Kenniston's. He sat

grum, crestfallen, afflicted of mien, but silent. His keen eye had no longer an alert interest; it was fixed with an absorbed, reflective stare on an intermediate point some two feet from the floor, with the air of insight rather than outward vision. Kenniston was not prepared, either, for the protest from the younger and ordinarily acquiescent members of the family.

"Thar, now!" exclaimed the apathetic Luther, rising to the occasion like a man of this world. "Ye hev actially got ter the p'int o' quar'lin' over yer old land an' worldly goods an' sech. An' what diff'unce do it make? The line is thar, no matter what air one of ye say, an' I reckon the county surveyor air man enough ter find it. Mebbe ye 'low ye air powerful interestin', but I ain't listenin' much, through wantin' ter interjuice this hyar plumb special applejack I got this evenin' from the cross-roads. Ye 'lowed ye hed never tasted sech, Mr. Kenniston. Now try this, sir, an' ye 'll feel good enough ter set out an' sing psalms an' hymns an' speritchul chunes the rest of the evenin'."

Adelicia took a pitcher which the languid Julia had alertly fetched. She spoke for her, as if Julia were dumb. She looked up at Kenniston, with her delicately tinted old-fashioned oval face set in smiles.

"Ef ye want ter temper it enny?" she suggested.

"Git out'n the way, Ad'licia, with that pernicious jug o' cold water!" exclaimed Luther, shoving her aside. "Take it straight, stranger; don't spile the good liquor."

The feminine members of the family had observed that Kenniston's glass was usually diluted, and in their eagerness to facilitate peace they gave him no excuse. He hardly liked to nullify his bluster of incipient farewell by accepting this show of good fellowship and further hospitality, and yet he could not rudely repel it. He felt that both he and his host had gone too far, much farther than he had intended. Yet nevertheless his was not the nature nor the practice to overlook an affront. He took the glass, with a slight laugh and the outward show of amity, but he was determined to adhere to his threat of departure. Their interests were too adverse to make a longer sojourn appropriate; time would render them even more inimical, and he was under no obligations to put up with indignities at the hands of Captain Lucy or any other man. Could he have thought anything humorous that affected his interests, he must have been moved by the serio-comic aspect of the old man, sedulously silent lest his tongue escape him, solemnly sampling the new liquor, — for his son had filially and with great show of courtesy waited upon him, — a sort of aged pallor upon the wrinkles of his face, where erstwhile his rage had glowed so ruddily. In drinking, Taft had unconsciously a knowing and discriminating air. He was comparing the quality of the beverage with the apple brandy of the Lost Time still. He looked very thoughtful as he lowered the glass, and let the flavor permeate his palate, and once more took a careful, considerate draught. It was more like business than pleasure. Luther himself did not indulge beyond the merest swallow for form's sake. He was occupied in guiding the conversation clear of difficulties and bellicose suggestions; and, considering his limited and uncouth experience, his efforts to reëstablish the decorums of peace were worthy of praise. He evidently considered that he had failed utterly when Kenniston rejoined him in the porch, after the rest of the family had retired for the night, and communicated his intention of immediate departure. "I can make the cross-roads by daylight or breakfast time, no doubt," he said, "if you will let me have my horse; and I can rest there an hour or so, and then ride on and reach the train,

the night express, as it passes the tank and stops for water, about sundown."

In vain Luther protested. Kenniston declared this his original intention. He would save time, and prevent making both journeys by daylight. "I don't believe I could stand the sun two days in succession, at this season. And if I like, I 'll lie over at the cross-roads, and make another night ride." He urged Luther to say nothing to Captain Lucy or the other members of the family, as he did not want to combat any objections to his departure. "The old cap'n will think I bear malice, and — really I must go."

Luther's hesitation in the matter was a trifle nettling to a free agent. He evidently hardly liked to take the responsibility of acting without the autocratic paternal concurrence. Kenniston himself felt the irking of leading-strings. "Cap'n Lucy or no Cap'n Lucy, I 'm going," he said to himself, making a dash for liberty, as it were. "I believe the man thinks Cap'n Lucy owns the earth."

Luther's obduracy gave way presently, although he persisted in saddling his own horse, also, and accompanying his guest as far as the cross-roads. Kenniston was oppressed with the sense of so punctilious a host, and the long ride in the dewy night, along the deserted roads, under the white silent stars, would have accorded better with his humor had he been solitary. But the freshening wind that came with the daybreak had a sense of liberty in the broad spread of its wings. Under the slow revelation of the clear gray skies of dawn, he marked how far the tumult of its flight extended in the stirring of the forests on the mountain sides, awakening from the lethargies of the night. He experienced a certain quickening interest in the unrolling of an unfamiliar landscape from the obscurities of the darkness. He had a keen zest for its beauty, the splendid symmetry of its setting amidst a new and strange conformation of the mountains; he was responsive, too, to that touch of pensive melancholy, that sense of loss, which one must feel in noting the day-star fade, the quenching of that white, tremulous, supernal lustre in the midst of the roseate mists; but his strong mundane heart stirred to see the sun sail majestically up amidst the full argosy of scarlet and amber clouds, freighted with the future, and the breathless expectation of the quiescent landscape merge into the certainty of largess to the present moment. And he had a yet deeper satisfaction: he noted the inferiority of the magnificence about him to the scene he had left, his own, his very own, and he dwelt upon the recollection of it with a personal triumph, as if he had himself designed and builded it. It was with an influx of hopefulness, of content, of renewed interest in the world, that he shook hands with Luther, glad enough to part with him.

The mountaineer looked after him with a certain wistfulness. His experience was too limited, his idea of the world beyond too vague, for his thoughts to follow the traveler. It was only the sudden dim perception of that fresh, vital, alert turning to fields beyond his ken that smote upon him with a sense of deprivation or of discontent, too subtle to be definitely discriminated.

It was, fortunately, fleeting. Luther's satisfaction to discover that old Captain Lucy approved of his course, and in fact was secretly pleased to be rid of Kenniston's presence, dominated every other consideration. As the day wore on, the old man's jaunty self-importance returned. From various meditative pauses, in which he evidently argued anew the situation, he visibly derived self-justification. He was altogether at ease and himself again in an indefinitely short time, for the father was hardly more worldly-wise than the son. He considered Kenniston's departure final. He

assumed that his taunt and his sturdy resistance had bluffed the man off from the design of processioning the land, which, being a thing undreamed of hitherto, Captain Lucy vaguely feared, albeit sure enough that he stood well within his own boundaries. As time went by without incident or news, he began even to speak of the projected hotel as a thing of the past, a sort of mental mirage of a crack-brained visionary.

It came upon him, therefore, with the force of an unexpected blow when Luther one day burst into the house with a paper in his hand giving notice of the proposed processioning, and blurted out that he had seen the public notice posted, according to law, at the voting-place of the district, which was the gristmill on Tomahawk Creek.

Captain Lucy, lapsed in the soft securities of peace, was stunned for a moment. That valiant essence, his temper, of all his faculties recovered its vitality first. He mounted his horse and rode to Sawyer's Mill, where, confronting the obnoxious notice, conspicuous upon the doorpost, he stood for a moment, the centre of a curious group of idlers, frowningly contemplating it; then, with a single irate gesture, he promptly tore it down, in defiance of the law. He silently got upon his horse and rode away, leaving Luther and the kindly miller to patch the fragments together, and to replace the notice as before, where, the fractions not perfectly adjusted, it haltingly and disconnectedly continued to proclaim the date, some twenty days hence, when said Kenneth J. Kenniston designed to cause his land to be processioned, stating the corner at which he intended to begin, to ascertain and establish its boundary line.

Kenniston's absence, however, Captain Lucy still appreciated as a boon. He was free to flounder about amongst the dense jungles of the laurel, "huntin' fur the line ez ef 't war hid 'mongst the bushes like a rattlesnake, an' he mought find it by hearin' it rattle," Luther observed, with his first unfilial criticism. Since the full value of the improvements would doubtless be paid, should it be ascertained that the land was Kenniston's, the son could only think it a matter of inconvenience to be obliged to move, and a misfortune to that extent. But he regarded the contingency as untenable as a *casus belli*, having no realization of the reserves of obduracy in Captain Lucy's mind, or of that aversion to change so characteristic of the home-loving aged. He deemed the surveyor the fit discoverer of the line, and deprecated his father's long jaunts up and down the mountain from one "monument of boundary" to the other; for since there was no adversary to relish the spectacle, Captain Lucy's pride did not preclude him from daily patrolling the extent of his possessions so far as his strength and his horse's legs might serve. But Luther came to think this a frivolous objection indeed, in comparison with his view of his father's standpoint later.

One day Captain Lucy rode up to the side of the cornfield, a late planting, where Luther, with a bull-tongue plough, was industriously engaged in "bustin' out the middles," since the land had been planted, in view of the backwardness of the season, without the preliminary "breaking up." The young man reluctantly came to the fence, his ruddy countenance shadowy glimpsed beneath his broad-brimmed hat.

"Mount an' kem along straight," commanded his father.

Obedience, implicit and unquestioning, had been Luther's lifelong habit. He looked with desperation at his suffering corn. "Why, dad, I ain't got on no shoes," he ventured to urge.

"I ain't keerin' ef ye ain't got on no skin," the arbitrary elder declared. "Git on yer beastis an' kem along with me."

The surprised old plough horse was released, and, with his clanging gear still rattling about him, and his owner on his saddleless back, began to take his

way, following Captain Lucy's lead, up the precipitous slope of the mountain. The dark forests closed high above their heads. The transition from the glare of the noontide of the open field to the chill twilight of the shade was grateful to the senses. The undergrowth and the jungle of the laurel seemed well-nigh impenetrable, except indeed for the traces in broken boughs and bruised leaves of Captain Lucy's former transits. They had journeyed nearly to the summit, and Luther was ruefully meditating on the loss of two good hours of farming weather, when the old man turned his head, glanced over his shoulder, and drew rein.

"Luther," he said, excitement shining in his blue eyes and the color rejuvenating his face, "ye know that Kenn'ston 'lows his southeast corner air at that boulder 'known ez Big Hollow Boulder,'" — he quoted from the notice with a sneer, — "ez ef it could hev been known ez a peegeon-aig boulder or sech."

Luther nodded in surprise.

"Waal, he gins notice ez he begins thar."

Luther nodded again in assent.

"Waal, sir, that thar boulder hev been moved."

The young man stared for a moment. Then a blank alarm settled on his face.

"Why, dad, it 's onpossible!" he exclaimed.

"Kem an' see! Kem an' see." And Captain Lucy rode on as before.

Luther was never sure whether he really came upon the old landmark earlier than he expected to see it, or whether the anticipation of something novel and incongruous colored his mind. There it was, presently, lying on the steep slope in the midst of the wilderness, as he had always known it, — a vast boulder, weighing many tons, with a cavity in it which almost pierced through its bulk, and was large enough to accommodate a man standing at full height. The slope above was bare, for it was near the bald of the mountain, and with outcropping ledges of rock; athwart these several trees were lying, one apparently old and lightning-scathed long ago, the others freshly storm-riven, for the winds had raged in a recent tempest, and instances of its fury were elsewhere visible in broken branches in the woods.

"The wind could n't hev done it," observed Luther, as his father pointed at the boulder with a wave of the hand.

"Wind? — ye sodden idjit!"

"'Pears like ter me it air whar it always war," said Luther, seeking refuge in conservatism from the hazards of conjecture.

"Luther," said his father impressively, "I know that thar rock war the fust thing my gran'dad viewed in Tennessee, whenst he wagoned 'crost the range ter settle. I hev hearn him say that word time an' agin. He said he struck camp by it, 'count o' the spring close by, up over thar. I hev knowed it familiar fur better 'n fifty year, an' I tell ye ez it useter war around the curve o' the bend o' the mounting up over thar, a-nigh the spring."

"Hev ye viewed that spot lately?" asked Luther, drawing his horse to one side, and gazing blankly at the big hollow boulder.

"Nuthin' ter view, — jes' rock an' laidges an' sech."

"Why, dad, how could it hev kem down hyar?" demanded Luther.

Old Captain Lucy broke into a high, derisive laugh.

"Ax Mr. Kenn'ston; don't ax me. I ain't 'quainted with them things he talks 'bout by the yard medjure, — 'splosives an' giant powder an' daminite." (Thus Captain Lucy profanely denominated a certain cogent compound.) "Enny one o' them would be ekal ter fetchin' the rock 'known ez Big Hollow Boulder' down hyar whar he wants it to be."

"Whut fur, dad?" demanded Luther.

"Whut fur, ye fool? Ter make the line run ter suit him, ter take my house

an' lot an' sech in his boundary, ter turn me out'n house an' home ter suit his pleasure! He can't buy it, so he 's a-fixin' ter take it, — take it by changing the corner fur the start o' the survey."

His eyes dilated with anger, and his chin shook with the weakness of age and the vehemence of his emotion.

Luther's face grew grave. "That 's agin the law, ain't it?"

"Ter move corner lan'marks or monimints o' boundaries air a felony, that 's whut," said Captain Lucy, cavalierly swinging his feet in his stirrups. "Mr. Kenn'ston hed better gin keerful heed ter his steps."

He grinned fiercely as he took up the reins, and, followed by the astounded, dismayed, and ruminating Luther, fared cheerfully enough down the mountain.

VI.

The roof beneath which Jack Espey had found shelter was the readiest expression of hospitality. Its several expansions beyond its builder's original gambrel design were betokened by the incongruity of the additions, and the varying tints and fashion of the warped and worn old clapboards. Two shed-rooms were obviously of a later date than the dank and mossy covering of the main building; a queer projection above a modern porch exhibited an aboriginal inspiration correlated to a dormer window, albeit lacking the aperture; a section of the limited porch itself was boarded up to serve further as house-room; and a valiant disregard of the possibility of leakage characterized the intrepid domestic architect. It further differed from the conventional roofs of the district in its surroundings. In lieu of the bare door-yard and the neighboring fields, or the low tangle of peach and apple orchards, great forest trees loomed above it, the gigantic poplar and white oak of the region; for the space about it was rugged with the outcropping rock that sheered off further down into the great precipice on the mountain slope, precluding the possibility of cultivation. An exhaustless freestone spring burst out from the rocks close at hand, the reason of the selection of its vicinity as a building-site, and the "gyardin spot" and the corn-fields were lower down the slope at the side, out of view amidst the clustering foliage. So little industrial were the suggestions that hung about it, so allied was it in its rough, gray, mossy aspect to the rugged bark and gnarled boles of the great trees, that it too might have seemed some spontaneous production of the soil, as it rose from the ledges of the rock, mossy and gray and rugged, too, like the rest. It had an intimation, also, of an aspiration toward higher things, as it, like the trees, gazed out upon the environing lofty seclusion of the mountains, the very inner sanctuary of nature; for, save the mystic mist, or the sun and the pursuing shadow, or the vagrant wind, naught ventured into that vast semicircle of mountains and intermediate valleys that lay before it, refulgent with color, massive, multitudinous, illimitable, the compass of the human vision failing to trace further than the far horizon the endless ranges still rising tier upon tier.

Whether the inmates of the house consciously derived aught from the scene, from its calm, its splendor of extent that might widen the imagination in looking upon it, its vast resources of suggestion, one of them spent many idle hours in gazing upon it. Often Jack Espey lay all the forenoon upon the hay in the loft of the little barn, watching through the bare logs, guiltless of "chinking," the shadows dwindling on the hazy indented slopes, blue in the sunshine, amethyst in the shade. The white clouds would sail when the wind set fair, or in still noontides would lie at anchor off the great shimmering domes. Sometimes these loiterings were prolonged till the pageants

of sunset-tide were on the march along the great purple western slopes, and from the shipping of the skies floated every pennant of splendid color; the sun, with the burnished dazzling quality quenched in the great blood-red sphere, would go slowly dropping down behind the western ranges, leaving the sky of a delicate amber tint with scarlet strata, amongst which incongruous gorgeousness the evening star would shine with a pure, pensive white radiance. The loft of the flimsy little barn, but now all aglow with bars of gold alternating with brown shadow as the sunlight fell between the logs, gilding even the tissues of cobweb and the masses of hay, would sink into a dull, dusky monochrome. A shadow would seem to fall upon his spirit. The anxiety to which the contemplative, languorous idleness had granted surcease roused itself anew; the voices from the house, never silent, were reasserted upon his attention, and the necessity would supervene of joining the family circle, — a necessity sometimes infinitely repugnant to his troubled soul, craving solitude for its indulgence of woe, and hardly able to maintain the cheerful disguise which must needs screen it.

So poor were his arts of deception that perhaps they would scarcely have served his purpose elsewhere, but here he and his peculiarities were given scant heed. He could not have found another domicile, in all the length and breadth of the country, where he could have been installed and have excited so little attention and curiosity. And indeed, to Mrs. Larrabee, the head of the house, he was only one more in addition to the rest of the tribe that must be warmed and fed and housed, or, as she expressed it, "tucked away somewhar." She always was equal to the emergency, although whenever Espey entered the large circle about the fireside it seemed to have been recruited somewhere, and more numerous than at his last survey.

"Ye 'pear ter hev a cornsidef'ble head o' humans hyar, Mis' Haight," he observed on one occasion to the old grandam who sat in the corner, the stepmother-in-law of Mrs. Larrabee, and whose reproval seemed the natural incident of all that her daughter-in-law did. The world had gone much awry with her, after the mundane manner, and in the evening of her days she had neither the softening influence of religion nor the resources of culture to mitigate the asperities of the result.

"In course, — in course!" she exclaimed rancorously, gazing at him over her spectacles with little dark eyes, the brighter for exasperation. "Thar 's me an' my ole man, — he 's got the palsy," as if this rendered him more numerous; "an' thar 's Jerushy, my darter, an' her chil'n, five, an' her husband; an' S'briny Lar'bee herself, an' her son Jasper. An' ez ef that war n't enough, she hearn ez Henrietty Timson's husband war dead, an' they war burnt out an' hed no home, so S'briny Lar'bee jes' wagons down the mounting an' brung 'em hyar ter stay, seben of 'em, — seben with thar mammy makes eight. S'briny jes' tucks 'em away somehows, ez she 'lows, in this hyar leetle house!" She sneered toothlessly, then laughed aloud. Suddenly she leaned forward, and, with her knitting needle in her hand, pointed at the group of floundering children. "See that thar brat, the leetlest one?"

Espey, turning in his chair, descried a tow-head bobbing not far above the floor. The significant eye of the old woman fixed him as if reciting an enormity.

"He war a infant whenst he kem, — a ill-convenient infant in arms, *with the rickets!*"

As the subject of this criticism scampered out of the crowd, with a single unbleached cotton garment on, very rotund as to trunk, very fat and cherubic as to legs, very loud and blatant as to voice, very arrogant and impudent as to manner, the young man was moved to remark that he "'peared toler'ble hearty now."

"Course he do," she assented, "through a-gormandizin' of so much fat meat; scandalous, impident shoat, — ez well ez a bear!"

She loved a quiet life, did Mrs. Haight. She had been an only daughter. She had had only two children. She had always had her house to herself; and in this congregation of incongruous elements around her widowed daughter-in-law's hearth she beheld only inconvenience, perversity, and an unfilial disregard of her own very sage advice. It had even been advanced to exclude her own daughter.

"Let Jerushy's husband take keer o' her. She would marry him, spite o' all. Let her 'bide by her ch'ice."

But poor Jerusha's husband was a drunkard, and the forlorn household had suffered hardship and very nearly grazed starvation before they made their happy advent into this populous haven.

There were certain sensitive thrills of pride and shame in the fugitive's heart, as he listened to this arraignment of the numbers crowded about the hospitable hearth. He said to himself, in justification, that he was only one more among so many, but he felt that he was an imposition. There was no such thought, however, in Mrs. Haight's mind. She regarded him only as a visitor, a personable young man, and moreover as possessing a certain unique interest for her; for in her youth she had spent some days in Tanglefoot Cove, and, despite the wide diversity of their age, occupation, and outlook at life, they passed sundry companionable hours in gossiping of the people of that locality, and detailing the various chances that had befallen families known to both. During these sessions he was wont to hold her yarn for her to wind. She never slipped the hank across his wrists that he did not bethink himself of other wristlets destined for him, perchance, and made of sterner stuff. He was prone to be silent for a time during the winding of the skeins, but she improved the opportunity to talk to an attentive listener; for Sabrina was too liable to interruptions from her various charges to meet her somewhat exacting demands as an interlocutor, and she was at scornful variance with the other elders of the family.

"Mis' Lar'bee 'pears ter be fond o' comp'ny," said Jack, as he leaned forward, with his submissive hands outstretched for the yarn.

The old woman, peering keenly through her spectacles as she sought to find the end of the thread, — she had a cautious, skillful, alert air, as of a trapper, — paused suddenly, her knotted, withered hand poised like a claw.

"'T ain't that!" she exclaimed scornfully. "Nothin' like it! Ye reckon enny 'oman in her senses likes sech ez that?"

She nodded acrimoniously, and Jack, following the direction of her eye, glanced over his shoulder at the turmoil of towheads scuffling together in the flickering firelight. Supper was in course of preparation, and they were even noisier at this glad prospect than their wont. One of them, under cover of Espey's preoccupation, had approached, and, slipping his hand under the arm held out for the skein, was venturing slyly to touch the pistols in his belt, with all the greed of the small boy for deadly weapons. Espey, his white hat far back on his head, looked down upon him, his suddenly scowling face all unshaded, and the little mountaineer fell back affrighted and in dismay; for, despite his humble estate in life, he had encountered few frowns.

"Naw, S'briny's reason ain't got no reason in it." Mrs. Haight had begun the winding now, and the red ball was whirling, ever larger, in her nimble fingers. "She jes' hed a son kilt in the wars. Leastwise the tale ez kem back war that he war wounded in a scrimmage, turrible; an' his folks war all on the run. An' he crawled ter a house nigh by, an' the 'oman tuk him in. An'

he died in her house stiddier on the groun' or in a fence corner. That war the tale. S'briny never could find out who war the 'oman, nor edzac'ly whar it happened. But sence then, ter pay back her debt, she takes 'em all in, an' whenst they gits too crowded she knocks up a shed or suthin' an' packs 'em in; whenst like ez not the 'oman lef' Alvin ter die on the hard, cold groun', an' mebbe sot the dogs on him ter hurry the job."

There was silence for a few moments, while the firelight flickered upon Espey's absorbed eyes and intent, listening figure. The wrinkled, parchment-like face of the old woman was partly in the shadow as she sat in the corner, but her spectacles gleamed with unwonted brilliancy as she actively moved and nodded her head under her big ruffled cap.

"S'briny say, too, ez old pa'son Jenks say ez ye mought entertain angels unaware. An' *I* say, then agin ye mought n't! Fur ef enny o' these hyar that S'briny *hev* entertained air angels, they air powerful peart at hidin' it, sure!"

Once more she cast a caustic glance at the group, and her sarcastic laughter fell upon the air, sharply treble.

If celestial visitants, these were certainly well disguised. He glanced at the bloated face of the inebriate husband of Jerusha, tremulous, full of sudden fits and starts; at Jerusha herself, slatternly, slothful, and down at the heel, a snuff brush in her mouth, and her forlorn discontent with life in general on her weak, flabby face; at the old feeble-minded man dozing and muttering in the corner, — he had once in his life worked in the Lost Time mine, and he sometimes gave Espey a sudden start by bringing out the name with a deep, full, blood-curdling curse. Henrietta Timson's thankfulness had merged into a suspicion that too much gratitude was expected of her, and she was prone to magnify the lighter tasks which she selected, and went about with an overworked, drudging air, and with some distinct proclivity for the rôle of martyr. It was a furtive, jealous eye which she cast upon Mrs. Larrabee, at home, competent, and emphatically in command. The children, nevertheless, were disposed to take undue advantage of their protectress; and the smaller they were, the more capable, by reason of her leniency, of imposing upon her. This disposition characterized even an infant turkey which had contracted some disease by exposure to the inclemency of the weather, and, being put into a basket of cotton to recuperate, found its way out, from time to time, with a cotton girdle adhering about its middle, and, with a fifelike voice, made the grand tour of the hearth, in imminent danger of catching fire in its cotton gear, causing her acute anguish lest it should be baked alive and before its time.

Even Mrs. Larrabee herself, — if there were aught spiritual about her, it must have been in the ends of her fingers. She was much given to wearing a sunbonnet, in the depths of which her thin, pallid face had a look like marble, with its keen, straight features. Her busy eye had not casual observation: she looked at the children to see if they were sick or cold or hungry; at Jerusha's husband to descry if perchance he were drunk again; at Jack Espey to discover if he wanted aught, and if he had no want or ailment she noticed him not at all. He could hardly have been more free to come and go as he would, and the long hours when he and Larrabee were away at the still passed altogether without remark. It was nevertheless to her that he resolved to open his heart. The door was ajar, and he could see that the long, loitering summer night had come at last. Through the gap in the trees the stars were visible, glowing white above the sombre mountains in the distance; he could not distinguish a constellation, — only a whorl of brilliant stellular points of light in the scant interval where the black leaves of the oak, as distinct and as dark as if cut of bronze, failed to fill

the space between the threshold and the zenith. It was not long now before she would be at leisure, and sleep would silence the juvenile members of the family, except indeed the turkey, which, though unclassified amongst nocturnal fowl, was wont to pipe lugubriously in the dead watches of the night, necessitating the uprising of the mistress of the house with a draught of water and a light lunch of corn-meal batter to compose it once more to slumber. As Espey observed it gadding about on its long legs, disproportioned to the size of its body even when begirt with the cotton batting, he sagely thought that Mrs. Larrabee's tolerance toward its exacting idiosyncrasies was the result of no sense of obligation to it or its kind. "She 's a powerful good-hearted woman, and smart, too," he said to himself; "she 's got enough sense ter hev some feelin's."

The evening, passed in winding the yarn, wore slowly away to him after his resolve. He was very taciturn and still, and Mrs. Haight, finding so acquiescent a coadjutor, grew industrious, and hank succeeded hank upon his motionless and submissive wrists. His silence did not discourage her flow of words. On the contrary, it assumed the narrative form in lieu of their usual dialogue; and as the fervor of reminiscence waxed, her small black eyes grew brighter, her parchment-like cheek flushed, and, with her red "shoulder shawl" and big white cap and snowy hair and blue apron, she looked like some fairy godmother. And indeed, as she briskly wound the thread, now blue, now red, and again gray "clouded" with white, it might have seemed that she wielded some sorcery to reduce to the humble fireside utility this wild-eyed, defiant spirit. The young desperado, his belt stuck full of weapons, was oddly at variance with the solicitude which he now and again exhibited when a troublous tangle developed, and the thread perversely knotted and broke. The firelight that flickered on his face, the fairer from his sojourn in the sunless depths of the Lost Time mine, his great boots and spurs, his pliant attitude and submissive gestures, and his aged and incongruous companion served also to show what speed was made in disposing of the youthful gentry for the night. With that perverse disinclination for bedtime which betrays the old Adam in the youngest infant, they severally resisted, each to the best of his very respectable capacity. One or two of tender years, having been hustled up the ladder to the loft, came down again in scant attire, and he who had triumphed over the rickets, and whose bed was in a box, resuscitated himself from amongst the bedclothes whenever he was stowed away, but finally was overtaken, and fell asleep on the old house-dog's neck as he lay snoring on the hearth.

Espey was of that type of man to whom juvenility is neither comical nor alluring. Duty was revealed to him in graduated doses adapted to the age of the taker, and he was disposed to make no allowance to infants for delinquency. It seemed to him that Mrs. Larrabee's patience was much misplaced, and he now and again gazed with unkindly eyes at the group. He was obliged to linger long before she was at leisure, and sitting in front of the hearth with the shovel in her hand, ready to heap the ashes over the coals to keep the fire till day. The two beds in the room were edged with the tow-heads of the children, sleeping cross-wise; the baby's box-crib and the turkey's basket had each its wonted occupant; and if the dreams that went up from the conclave could have been materialized, what a wild display of phantasmagoria they would have made! The door had been barred up against the possible marauder of the elder's apprehension, and the black bear of juvenile dread. The shadows of the two loiterers were on the red, dully illumined ceiling, two gigantic, distorted heads of dusky brown.

"I war sorter waitin' fur Jasper," ob-

served Espey disingenuously, having noticed that Mrs. Larrabee looked inquiringly at him. "I reckon he be a-visitin' down at Tems's."

"Mebbe so," she acquiesced succinctly, rasping the shovel on the hearth. She seemed indisposed for conversation.

"Mis' Haight 's mighty good comp'ny," he continued, leaning sideways in his chair, with his elbow on its back as he supported his head in his hand. "Talkin' 'bout old times, an' her courtin' days, an' sech."

For, according to Mrs. Haight's own account, she had been a truculent heart-breaker in her heyday. There were few names that one might mention, native to her locality, which she could not have worn had she chosen. She always alluded cavalierly to the husband she had and to the one she had lost as "toler'ble samples o' the whole b'ilin'."

Mrs. Larrabee's immobile face was more inexpressive than before, as the red light sought it out in the depths of her sunbonnet. She had her secret doubts as to this wholesale destruction of the peace of youth a half century before.

"Toler'ble interestin' ter me!" protested Espey suddenly. "I hev been sorter in love myse'f — leastwise" — He did not continue to qualify, for Mrs. Larrabee turned her face, illumined by maternal interest, upon him. "It 's gin me a heap o' trouble, too," he broke out impetuously, divining her sympathy.

She was looking at him tenderly, remembering her own youth and her own young lover, dead and gone this many a year. Jacob Larrabee had, in happier days, laughed retrospectively at his own lackadaisical woe and wakeful nights and anxious doubts. "Sech a *funny* fool I war. Thar may hev been ez *big* fools, but I 'll swar I war the *funniest*." But his woe had always appealed to her commiseration, and she was glad she had consciously been no factor in it. "I would n't hev hed ye so tormented fur nuthin', Jacob, ef I hed knowed," she would say gently.

Jack's young face, worn with fiercer griefs and turmoils and keener fears, was appealing in its anxious lines; her warm motherly heart went out to him. He leaned his hands on his knees, and assumed a confidential tone.

"Now, Mis' Lar'bee," he said, "I 'lowed I 'd ax ye what this hyar gal means. I hev done everything I knowed how ter please her, — even whenst she tole me ter go a-perlitin' around another gal. I done *jes' like she ordered*, an' what ye s'pose she done?"

"What?" demanded his partisan confidante angrily, knitting her brows heavily.

"She hit me."

"Did she hurt ye?" exclaimed Mrs. Larrabee sympathetically, dropping her voice in contemplation of the enormity.

Remembering the relative proportions and force of Adelicia and himself, Espey and his woe were out of countenance for the nonce. He laughed a little sheepishly. "Naw," he admitted reluctantly. "She did n't hurt me none ter speak on."

Mrs. Larrabee's brow cleared. "Sonny, 't war jes' love-licks," she suggested, in old-fashioned maternal phrase.

"Naw, sir! Naw, sir!" Espey shook his head with grave protest. "She war too leetle ter hurt me, she war bound ter know. She jes' wanted ter hurt my feelin's. An' she done it, too."

Mrs. Larrabee's face was all commiseration; and suddenly a truly feminine curiosity became manifest. "Whar do the gal live? Hyarabouts or in Tanglefoot?"

However far a man may trust a woman, he never trusts her completely. Jack Espey caught himself sharply. "It 's fur off, — mighty fur, 'pears like ter me," he said mendaciously. "Now, Mis' Lar'bee, I wants ter git yer advices. What ails the gal ter treat me that-a-way, jes' 'kase I done her bid an'

gin the t'other gal good-evenin', full perlite like she told me ter do? What ails her?"

"Pride," said Mrs. Larrabee sternly. She could be severe enough with people whom she did not see, and her mental image of a buxom termagant was far enough removed from the fragile and shrinking Adelicia.

Espey looked at her with doubtful, troubled eyes. "Jes' turned on me an' smit me!" he protested. "I feel like I 'll never git over that lick. I 'll die of it yit!"

"Pride!" fiercely reiterated Mrs. Larrabee. "An' ef ye wanter make her repent it, ye jes' perlite up the t'other gal fur true! Whenst I went back ter Tanglefoot Cove, I 'd show sech manners ez it ain't used ter, — ye 'd better b'lieve I would. That thar gal 'lows she kin git ye too easy, too powerful cheap. T'other gal good lookin'?"

"Waal," drawled Espey uneasily, evidently contemplating apprehensively this heroic treatment for the small smiter, "nobody don't look purty ter me but one, an' she 's plumb beautiful, ter my mind."

"Oh, shucks!" Mrs. Larrabee exhorted him scornfully.

"T'other gal hev got the name of it, though," he said reluctantly, plainly jealous for the preëminence of his lady love. "T'other gal is named a reg'lar gyardin lily fur beauty."

"Waal, then, perlitin' 'round her won't go so turrible hard with ye," said Mrs. Larrabee discerningly. "Though mebbe ye hed better let the 'gyardin lily' inter the secret, 'kase she mought fall in love with ye an' yer perliteness."

But Jack Espey shook his head; he had bitter cause to distrust candor. "I can't go 'round warnin' the gals off'n me," he said sturdily. "Ef she falls in love with me, she 'll jes' hev ter fall out agin, that 's all."

He sat for a little time gazing moodily at the fire, and contemplating the details of this scheme of reprisal. Then, with a curt good-night, he rose and tramped off to the roof-room, which he shared with Jasper and a delegation of the larger boys; leaving Mrs. Larrabee covering the embers, and pausing now and again, as she knelt on the hearth, with the red light on her statuesque features, to ponder on the lover of her past youthful days, and the sensible advice she had given Jack Espey to reduce the inordinate pride of the arrogant, arbitrary damsel of his heart in Tanglefoot Cove.

But the bars so stoutly made fast against the door were not destined to keep their place that night. The moon had long before slipped from the vaguely illumined limited space of the sky, which her own light had rendered faintly blue, down behind a jutting crag of the western mountains; it glowed a sombre purple as the crescent passed, with a pearly gleaming mist half revealed against the black summits about it. The white stars, whiter still, pulsated in the darkening sky. So pervasive a sense of silence was in their mute splendor that even the benighted mountain wilderness seemed to assert many voices, strange, murmurous, unknown to the light. Espey, stretched upon his pallet in the recess of the dormer window above the porch, with his wakeful, troublous thoughts, languidly sought to differentiate the sounds. He heeded the rustle of a vagrant zephyr, the twitter of a nestling, the murmur of the spring in the rocks near at hand, the never silent chirring of the cicada of the Southern summer night. But what was it in the insensate world of crag and forest and mountain and chasm that drew a long breath, and paused, and once more sighed heavily, and again resigned itself to silence? He could see in the rifts of the clapboards above his head a palpitating white star, — how its heart of fire beat! He felt his own pulses throb heavily, and the next moment they seemed to cease. A new sound intruded into the monotony of the mountain stillness. He heard it

once far away, and then silence. He lifted himself upon his elbow and listened, with dilating eyes. Only the sense of the noiseless dewfall, the cracking of a sun-dried clapboard, the swift scurrying of a mouse amongst the rafters, and once more silence, or that mysterious voice of the night which rose and fell in the cadence of sighs. He was about to lie down when the sound came again, — distinct this time, unmistakable, so close at hand that it seemed the very malice of fate that he should not have distinguished it earlier. It was the hoofbeat of horses, and they came at a swift gallop, — so swift that he had hardly a moment to take counsel with himself, in a turmoil of doubt and fear; his foot was barely on the stairway when a heavy tread fell upon the little porch, and a sturdy fist thundered at the door.

Into the dusky red darkness of the room below — for the glow of the embers could hardly be reckoned as light — a feeble white glimmer was stealing. Mrs. Larrabee, without her sunbonnet for once, had hustled on her homespun dress, buttoned all awry, and was striking a light for a tallow dip. Perhaps its dim flicker revealed the young man standing high in the deep shadows, on the stair that led to the roof-room, or perhaps she only distinguished his step in the midst of the clamor at the door, for she called out suddenly to him, "Open the door, Jack, open the door, sonny, no matter who it be! Every chile in the house will be a-swarming up d'rectly ef that thar bangin' be 'lowed ter go on, an' I reckon we 'll *never* git the baby inter bed agin!"

The turkey was already awake and alert, its piercing pipe adding to the confusion and nervous stress of the situation, as Jack Espey, after one irresolute moment, strode to the door, and Mrs. Larrabee rose from her knees on the hearth and stood in the dusky brown background, shading with her hand the timorous flame of the candle.

Perhaps it was well for Jack Espey that the bars went down with so resolute and hearty a clangor, for, as he confronted the men at the door, they did not doubt that they faced the son of the house.

"Widder Lar'bee lives hyar?" said a keen, tall, dark-eyed man, with high cheek-bones and a hooked nose, above which his thick black eyebrows met. His soft black hat had a sort of peaked crown, and he wore a suit of plaided "store clothes," as befitted one having access to the towns, but which were much creased, and his boots were drawn, country fashion, over his trousers to the knees.

"Air that enny reason ter bust the door down?" demanded Espey, looking at the stout battens as if expecting to discern injury as it swayed in his hand.

Mrs. Larrabee interposed blandly, "I be Widder Lar'bee. 'T ain't no use ter talk loud. I got some mighty fractious chil'n hyar 'sleep."

The fractious turkey stood upon the hearth and piped till the end of its tail quivered with the energy of its vocalization. A cricket was shrilling keenly. The trivial sounds seemed to throb in Espey's brain when the visitor said, "I be a dep'ty sher'ff o' Cher'kee County, Mis' Lar'bee, an' I hear ez thar war a stranger in the Cove a-puttin' up hyar."

The two men behind the officer looked over his shoulder, their bearded faces keenly inquisitive.

"Naw, sir, I ain't got no stranger hyar; not but whut I would take 'em in, — me an' my son hev made a rule o' that, — but we-uns bide too fur off'n the road." She did not account Espey a stranger, so accustomed a figure had he become in the domestic circle.

There was a definite disappointment in the officer's keen, high-featured face.

Mrs. Larrabee turned to Espey. "Ye ain't hearn o' enny stray man hyarabouts, hev ye, sonny?"

"Thar be a stranger down at Tems's," said Espey; "though I reckon he ain't done nuthin' agin the law, — saaft-spoken an' perlite an' peaceable."

The high-featured face was contorted in a jocose grimace, to which the meeting of the black eyebrows gave a singularly sinister effect. Espey felt his heart sink as the official winked at him.

"Perliteness would hev been wuth mo' ter this man ef he could hev showed manners sooner. War mighty onpolite indeed in Tanglefoot Cove, Mis' Lar'bee, an' shot a man."

"Kilt him?" she demanded in a bated voice, and turning pale. She held the candle awry, as she spoke, and the flickering light of the tallow melting and dripping heavily on the floor showed only her own straight features and masses of brown hair, dulled with gray, coiled at the back of her head.

Espey's overladen heart thumped heavily. The cold drops stood thick on his face, all in the shadow, white and drawn with suspense.

"In an' about, — a sorter livin' death. An' sence he hev got so much worse his folks want the malefactor apprehended straight. We hearn ez he air hyarabouts or in Persimmon Cove, one. An' ez the constable o' this deestric' air sick abed, — ailin' ole cattle like him ought n't ter be 'lowed ter hold office! — the high sher'ff sent me ter look arter him, ef I could come up with him. Waal," — he was turning away, — "I 'm sorry I hed ter roust ye and yer son up this time o' night."

Mrs. Larrabee took no note of this misdescription. Her thoughts were engrossed by a sudden hospitable intention.

"Would n't a bite an' a sup hearten ye up sorter, arter so much ridin' in the night wind?" she drawled amiably.

The deputy, despite his lean, lank, ill-nourished air, was susceptible to the allurements of the pleasures of the table. He hesitated, and a very little urgency sufficed to induct him into a chair by the side of the fire, while Mrs. Larrabee ransacked her stores for the bite and sup, which were more easily promised than provided.

He was new to his office, and disposed to magnify its dignities and difficulties, as he and his two companions waited for the refection, while Espey stirred up the fire and rescued the turkey, which had burrowed into a mound of dead ashes, still permeated, however, with the grateful warmth of the embers.

"Ye 'd be plumb s'prised, Mis' Lar'bee, at the slyness o' sech malefactors, an' the trouble they 'll gin. Now I be a stranger ter this e-end o' the county, an' what with the constable sick everybody sorter holds back 'bout'n informin' the off'cer o' the law; turrible 'fraid lest the folks in gineral takes it out on them, ye know. Some 'lows I be a-trappin' moonshiners; an' that ain't my business at all. I got no mo' agin moonshiners 'n I hev agin whiskey. It 's all one ter *me*. I don't c'lect the tax, an' I don't pay it nuther. I drinks mos'ly on treats, sech ez this." He held up his glass, for Espey had proffered the product of the Lost Time still, and it seemed to him at the moment that the very jug looked conscious. "I could n't git a critter ter kem with me ter-night 'thout reg'lar summonsin' a posse: one man ailin'; t'other man, sick wife; another man, sore foot; another man, lame horse. Course *I* could hev *made* 'em kem," waving the hand with the glass in it with a capable gesture; "but I did n't want ter be harsh an' requirin' with the citizens, 'kase, ye know," with a sudden sly geniality illumining his countenance, "I mought want ter run fur sher'ff myse'f some day, — that is, ef the old man was ter git done with the office," he added, mindful of his tenure through the favor of the high sheriff. "Now this hyar man," pointing out one of his followers, who bore with a sort of wooden equanimity the united gaze of Mrs. Larrabee and Espey, "he be a stranger hyarabouts, too, — kems from my deestric', frien' o' mine, — so o' course he war n't acquainted hyarabout, nuther."

Mrs. Larrabee's perceptions detected

something embarrassing to a sensitive nature in this invited survey of the silent, bearded man, who had not opened his mouth except to put a biscuit into it. As amends, she handed him the plate anew, and the second biscuit silently went the way of the first.

"Now this hyar other man," — the officer indicated a short, square-set fellow, — "he war powerful leetle 'quainted round hyar, though he kem from neighboring ways, the Gap; so he ondertook ter p'int out yer house" —

The short man interposed in great haste, and with his mouth full: —

"Though I hev never hed nuthin' agin you-uns, Mis' Lar'bee, an' I hope ye won't lay it up agin me, marm. I knowed 't war mighty safe, 'kase you-uns war n't the sort ter harbor evil-doers 'gainst the law an' sech ez that, hevin' been powerful well 'quainted with yer husband whenst he war a boy; an' this hyar dep'ty war so powerful partic'lar, an' I did n't see how ter git out'n it, an'" — The crumbs in his throat and the scruples in his heart combined to choke his utterance, and as the climax came in a paroxysm of coughing Mrs. Larrabee turned to the officer.

"I got nobody hyar wuss 'n yerse'f, sher'ff," she drawled, with a slow smile.

"Waal, now, Mis' Lar'bee," said the officer, probably mindful of political hopes, "ef ever ye want ennything of me, ye jes' lemme know. I wanter show ye how I 'll remember this hyar squar meal ternight. I ain't one o' them ez can't 'member dinner till it 's dinner time agin." He smiled gallantly upon her from under his superabundance of brows. Then he turned to Espey. "I been so well treated it makes me plumb bold ter ax another favior. I want ye ter git on yer horse an' ride with me ter set me in the road ter Tems's. Nare one o' these men air 'quainted with the way."

His dark eyes hardened under his sinister black brows, and Espey, who had taken heart of grace, felt his hope of escape annihilated in the instant. His eyes were fastened with a fixed stare on the officer's face; his nerves were all a-quiver; his heart seemed to stand still; a cold insidious thrill crept along the fibres of his skin. The conviction seized him that the conversation which had seemed so incidental was merely a blind devised for the purpose of getting him apart from the women and children, that he might be captured with less ado or danger to the bystanders, perhaps further from the chance of rescue. He thought of rescue, himself, of Jerusha's husband blind drunk in the shed-room, of Jasper away at the Lost Time mine. Through some other sense than that of conscious sight he was aware of the movements of the deputy's comrades: that one, seated in the chair, was carefully examining his revolver; that the other was standing beside the door with his hand on the latch. But Espey's eyes never quitted the face of the sheriff, who apparently took note of this fixed, unresponsive gaze.

"Air he deef?" he demanded of Mrs. Larrabee, and was about to repeat his demand in a louder key, when his hostess interposed.

"No deefer than them in gineral be who ain't willin' ter hear," she muttered. "Go saddle yer critter, Jack. 'T won't take ye long." Then, in a lower aside, "Ye 'll jes' hev ter guide 'em ez fur ez Tems's, ennyhow."

Her insistence constrained him; and indeed no alternative was definite to his mind. He turned with a bewildered, submissive mien toward the door.

The chill midnight air, blowing freshly on his face as he held it open and the draught rushed through, revived him like the very breath of freedom. The obvious opportunity flashed through his mind like an inspiration. He could give them the slip while saddling the horse. He would have the start of them even if by only a few paces. Let him but once get foot in the stirrup again, with

the kindly shield of the darkness about him, and he would give them a good run through this pathless mountain wilderness. He caught up his saddle that lay upon the floor, and made for the door with a sudden eager alacrity.

He heard an abrupt clanging noise, as one hears a sound in sleep, muffled, unreal, distant. It was only when he saw one of the men stoop and rise again and follow him that he realized what had happened. One of the stirrup irons had fallen from the saddle, unbuckled perhaps in the unwarranted juvenile curiosity of the meddling youngsters of the house. The deputy sheriff also followed. "I 'll put that on agin whilst ye air a-ketchin' an' a-bridlin' of the nag," he said.

Espey heard the loud, strident tones of his hasty farewells as he took leave of Mrs. Larrabee, — he evidently intended to return no more, — and then he was by the young man's side in the barn, followed by his two companions. For the horse was not in the pasture lot; he had repaired to the little shed that served as barn, and had stretched himself on his bed of straw. At the first indication of the prospect of journeying the roan horse struggled up, and, with a sound of greeting that was almost articulate, came out from the stall, ready and willing to be saddled and bridled. Espey experienced a sort of animosity toward the creature for his unreasoning alacrity. He was even denied the poor respite which the usual delay in catching the horse might have given.

In his numbing, silent despair as he buckled the girth and slipped the bridle over the horse's head and the bit into his mouth, he took no definite heed of his surroundings, and yet they were all impressed upon his consciousness. He noted, uncaring, how the horse tossed up his head askance at the stranger's touch, when one of the men laid his hand on the powerful shoulder and opined that he must be a "toler'ble good goer." He was aware, somehow, of the blue-black, translucent gloom of the air, and the differing darkness with its effect of solidity, of the fodder stack looming close by, of the fantastic roof of the little log cabin against the stars, and of a vague sense of motion where the invisible smoke curled up from the chimney, faring off into the dense black gloom of the foliage of the great trees. The door was still open, and the yellow light fell far out into the darkness; in the interior he could see the gaunt, tall form of Mrs. Larrabee walking back and forth, and in her arms the baby, who had been roused by the falling of the spur. The child needed little tenderness, in his robust self-sufficiency, and was elderly indeed for such infantile coddling. His fat legs stuck far out of her arms, and his bawling objections to the interruption of slumber attested temper rather than delicacy. Espey realized how her heart would go out to a real trouble, — how she would feel for him if she only knew! Somehow the thought of that fictitious anguish of sympathy soothed him for the moment, and he was resigned to say to himself that it was best as it was. She could have done naught. He was no child like the others to cling to her in a sort of fervid faith in her omnipotence. No; resistance would only have endangered her and hers. And so he was strengthened to put his foot in the stirrup and ride away, with the sheriff at his right hand, and the other men close behind, all looking alertly forward into the gloom. The roan horse, fresh from slumber, was beginning to feel his oats and corn, snuffing the freshening wind, pulling on the bit, and forging on at a more speedy gait. The other men noticed this, for now and again, with a touch of the spur, they closed up, and the roan horse was in the centre of the squad.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

EDWIN BOOTH.

THE keen sense of loss which has come to the American people because of the death of Edwin Booth may well be shared by all the English-speaking communities of the world. If Mr. Irving be left out of view, it is plain that for many years Mr. Booth has had no rival as a tragedian among those actors who use our language; and it is equally plain that there is to-day not even a candidate for his vacant place.

As for Mr. Irving, it is fair to say that neither his career nor his success has been precisely upon the plane of Mr. Booth's. By turns a comedian, a player of melodrama, an attempter of tragedy, and a master of farce, Mr. Irving, in his picturesque and versatile talents, has ever displayed an eccentric quality of which there was not a trace in the American performer. Mr. Booth will be remembered as a classic tragedian, while it is more than probable that Mr. Irving's Louis XI., Mathias, and Dubosc will be recalled when his Hamlet and King Lear have quite slipped out of general recollection.

The student of the history of the English stage will not find, outside of the Kemble and Kean families, a person whose equipment would vie with that of Edwin Booth; including within the word "equipment" all that may be reasonably expected from tradition, heredity, and surroundings in early life. Mr. Booth inherited from his father, Junius Brutus Booth, — an actor accounted by many competent critics the greatest of his brilliant period, — a definite bent and a full gift. He was born to the buskin as truly as Edward III. was born to the royal purple; in his infancy and youth he breathed the atmosphere of the stage, and histrionic traditions and aptitudes came to him as a part of his birthright. Edwin was undoubtedly inferior to his father in that plasticity which may be cultivated, but cannot be acquired; yet his temperament was admirably well adapted to the needs of his craft, and especially of that department of the actor's art to which, after a little experimenting at the outset of his professional life, he wholly devoted himself. In Mr. Booth's nature there was a remarkable combination of sensibility, thoughtfulness, power, and reserve. His intellect was vigorous, intuitive, and singularly lucid. Physically he was nobly equipped for his work: with a voice of exceptional purity, range, and carrying power; with a figure of medium height and size, but well knit and proportioned; and with a mobile face, finely, almost faultlessly chiseled, lighted by dark eyes of extraordinary brilliancy and depth, and marked in repose by a cold but highly distinguished beauty. The histrionic art has ever been a jealous mistress to her followers, and no class of professional men and women are, as a rule, so completely absorbed by their work as are actors and actresses. In this respect Mr. Booth surpassed even the custom of his class. For forty years all his strength and industry, all his powers and parts, were concentrated upon the study and practice of his art. Ambition to excel and to shine was, of course, one of the feeders of the zeal which burned with such a pure and steady flame; but it was only one. He was an actor as Shelley was a poet, Raphael a painter, Mozart a musician, — an actor by every instinct of his nature, by the impulse of every drop of his blood. It may well be believed that what is called "society" lost much by his seclusion; but the social or unsocial habit of such an artist is not to be criticised. He knew what he had to do, and how best or only he could do it, and through his fidelity to the law derived

from that knowledge he wrought not only to his own best advantage, but to that of the entire community and nation.

Mr. Booth's peculiar quality as a player was the natural product of his endowment and mode of life. As an artist he lived an ideal existence. He was too quick and keen not to profit by his inevitable contacts with men, but assiduous reading, study, and toil in the closet or on the stage supplied both the substance and the color of his performance. In a man less richly endowed by nature such a life might have brought forth but barrenly; with Mr. Booth it seemed to be the condition of his most fruitful achievement. Well has the artist lived whose hours have been spent in lofty intimacy with the great poets and dramatists; and so it was well with our tragedian. His habits and associations were at once the consequence and the cause of his artistic temper. Under the guidance of the chosen companions of his life he became incapable of vulgarity; and as a player he became the shining exponent of that school of acting whose chief characteristic and distinction is ideality.

All that was corporeal of the artist fitted well to his fine spiritual conditions. Some of my readers can recall his first appearance as a leading player at the Boston Theatre, thirty-six years ago, and will remember that, like all other artists, he had his early faults and crudities of method; but the process of correcting and ripening was rapid, and for a quarter of a century or more Mr. Booth was recognized as the best accomplished actor of our stage. Free and graceful in motion, with carriage and step which lent themselves with equal and perfect ease to the panther footfall of Iago, the dignified alertness of Macbeth, and the stately progress of Othello; with a beautiful face whose mask was as wax under the moulding fingers of passion; with a voice whose peculiar vibrant quality had an extraordinary power to stir the soul of the listener at the very moment of its appeal as music to the ear, — all of Edwin Booth that was, in the choice phrase of Shakespeare, "out of door" was "most rich." And, without unduly exalting the mere material of his art, it is worth while to dwell for a moment upon the service which he constantly rendered to the ever-imperiled cause of pure and elegant speech. "Orators," teachers, preachers, many actors, — some in one way, some in another, and some in nearly every conceivable way, — set the example of bad utterance of our language. Mr. Booth's tongue might well in its kind have secured for him the praise which Chaucer's pen won for the first great English poet; for in his speech he was a "well of English undefiled," reviving and refreshing the ancient tradition, which is now dying of inanition on English and American soil, that the stage is the natural guardian of the nation's orthoepy.[1] A faultless pronunciation, an enunciation distinct, clean, and clear without formalism or apparent effort, an exquisite feeling for the sweetness of words, and a perfect sense of their relation to one another united to give to his delivery exemplary distinction, and to make it a model and a standard. And, at a moment when the art seems almost to be lost to our theatre, one must recur with melancholy pleasure to his mastery of the noble art of reciting English blank verse. The vast majority of our players helplessly and

[1] Many points of unique elegance in Mr. Booth's enunciation might be mentioned. Two of the finest were the effortless distinctness of his delivery of the letter *r*, and the delicate purity of tone with which he always sounded our short *o*. Both these points are worth noting; for New Englanders appear to be absolutely incapable of the former, and as for the short *o*, it seems quite to have disappeared from the speech of large sections of the West and South, being replaced by the sound of *aw* or of *a* in "partner," with hideous results. The only mispronunciation I ever observed in Mr. Booth's speech was of the word "all," which he gave habitually with a very queer employment of the *a* in "father" as the vowel sound.

hopelessly stumble, nowadays, in the attempt to interpret Shakespeare's lines: if they essay the rhythm, the meaning suffers a kind of smooth asphyxiation at their hands; if they devote themselves to the thought, the verse degenerates into a queer variety of hitchy prose. Mr. Booth, at no point of his career, seemed to find any serious difficulty in putting into practice the theory to which all the great actors and critics before his day had subscribed, — that in Shakespeare's blank verse sound and sense are as a rule so vitally united that what makes for the life of the one conduces to the life of the other; or, rather, that the master poet uses the melody and the flow of his measure as an implement in the expression of the idea or the emotion, almost as if he were a composer of music, employing words in lieu of tones.

It is understood that no one can achieve high success as an actor who is not a master of the art of elocution, using the word "elocution" in its amplest sense. Such a master was Edwin Booth. Very few of our players are capable of dealing as he dealt with a difficult text, in such a fashion as will keep that perfect relation of word to word, and clause to clause, by intonation, cadence, breathing, pause, and emphasis, which shall convey to the ear and mind of the listener the thoughts of the dramatist in all their fullness, power, beauty, and just proportion. A definite touch here and a slurring there, a firm grasp of one end of this phrase and of the other end of that, a scramble or rush toward the close coupled with an attempt "to make a point," — that is a fair account of all that the commonplace actor ever attempts in dealing with long poetical or declamatory passages. Clever old Colley Cibber had upon this theme a word which, indicating the magnitude and delicacy of the player's task, will help us to distinguish the inferior histrionic artist in this kind from the superior: "In the just delivery of poetical numbers, particularly where the sentiments are pathetic, it is scarce credible upon how minute an article of sound depends their greatest beauty and effect. The voice of a singer is not more strictly ty'd to Time and Tune than that of an actor in theatrical elocution. The least syllable, too long or too slightly dwelt upon in a period, depreciates it to nothing, which very syllable, if rightly touched, shall, like the heightening stroke of light from a master's pencil, give life and spirit to the whole."

Nearly all great actors experiment with a variety of parts early in their professional lives, and some players continue the experimenting process through their entire careers, though the general tendency of middle and later age is of course toward the stability of repetition. In his first years upon the stage Mr. Booth was moderately tentative, but soon settled himself to an almost steady presentation of what may be called the classical characters of the English theatre. In his repertory were all the first men's parts in the chief tragedies of Shakespeare, except Timon, Posthumus, Coriolanus, and the Antony of Antony and Cleopatra; and also Shylock, Benedick, and Petruchio in the maimed one-act summary of The Taming of the Shrew. In the histories, he played Gloster, — both in the familiar Colley Cibber perversion of Richard III. and in the excellent acting version of Shakespeare's play prepared for him by Mr. William Winter, — Brutus and Cassius in Julius Cæsar, and in 1887, and for a short time thereafter, Richard II. in the drama of that name. On several occasions during the first half of his career he essayed Romeo. Outside the Shakespearean drama, his principal parts were those of Sir Giles Overreach in Massinger's A New Way to Pay Old Debts, Don César de Bazan, Sir Edward Mortimer in The Iron Chest, Claude Melnotte, Pescara in The Apostate, Ruy Blas, Brutus in John Howard Payne's tragedy, Bertuccio in

The Fool's Revenge (Tom Taylor's version of Le Roi s'Amuse of Victor Hugo), and Richelieu. All the characters in this group, except the last three, he practically dropped from his acting list for a long time in the middle of his professional life, but some eight or nine years before his death "revived" them, in the stage phrase, for performance in New York, Boston, and some other cities.

I have spoken briefly of Mr. Booth's fine physical equipment, and of the excellence of what may be called the outward part of his technique. But to attain success nobly and truly in the presentation of the characters which have been enumerated, it was necessary that great conditions of mind, temperament, and spirit should be united in the impersonator. Mr. Booth's intellectual strength and lucidity were of prime importance to all his achievement, and conspicuous factors in all his work. I have no means of knowing what Mr. Booth's ability and desire were on other lines of study, but of Shakespeare and the other English dramatists he was a close, intuitive, and discriminating student, often showing scholarly ability in judging of texts and readings, and constantly displaying such a mastery of the great playwright's thought in sum and in detail as is possible only to a vivid and refined intelligence working strongly and assiduously. Justly to conceive, as an actor should conceive, a character like Hamlet, Iago, or Shylock is a true intellectual gift, and has been given to a comparatively small number of performers. Mr. Booth's mind's eyesight was as clear as crystal: he read, saw, understood, conceived; then, by the operation of the artist's constructive faculty, brought all the portions of his conception together, each clearly defined in itself, and definitely related to every other; and when all had been, as it were, fused, or rather brought into a vital union, within the alembic of the spirit, the living product appeared. From time to time, of course, his conceptions of great characters changed, as his views of them were changed by further study or observation: lines were deepened in one place, and softened in another; colors were darkened here, and clarified there; perhaps the entire character grew or lessened in size or sweetness or spirituality, or even was so modified in significant particulars as to produce a new effect. But at each stage of the process the artist's thought was clear and vivid, and fairly and intuitively related to the writer whom he sought to interpret. A good example of these changes may be noted in passing. Mr. Booth's youthful idea of Shylock was of a literary and conventional order, according to the prevailing tradition of the stage; it made prominent and predominant all the best traits of Shakespeare's creation, and exhibited the Jew as a victim of persecution and an avenger of the wrongs of his race and religion, showing him as a figure of heroic qualities and proportions. Then a remarkable change took place in the artist's idea, and he proceeded to suppress the ideality of his conception, and to strengthen in it all that was rudest and of the coarseness of common clay. His father's Shylock had been likened to a roaring lion, and described as "marked by pride of intellect and intense pride of race." Edwin Booth's was now an ignoble, greedy, malicious usurer, a creature of tremendous but vile and vulgar passions, sometimes hideously jocular, in the trial scene fawning upon Portia after the ruling in his favor, incapable of exaltation except for some rare brief moment, appealing to the spectator's imagination only on the lower side. This impersonation was, in its way, very human, and effectively embodied a conception of Shylock which may be easily defended as natural and Shakespearean. Gradually Mr. Booth made the tone of his impersonation more sombre, dispensed with his lighter touches, and presented a personage of

greater power and depth, though still of common mould. At last he came to a theory of the character in which the extremes of his former conceptions were avoided; out of which was evolved an impersonation of remarkable justness, consistency, and fullness, wherein neither the essential baseness of Shylock's nature nor the frequent dignity born of his passionate purpose was sacrificed. The depth and intensity, the lodged hate, the inflexible will, the stubborn spirit, and the fanatical conviction of the Jew were indicated with continuous and imposing power; but Shylock was not represented with the loftiness of a Greek sage or of a Christian martyr because of the force of his evil passions and resolved temper. In this final assumption, Shakespeare's composite thought and unrelenting neutrality in the invention of Shylock were supremely well expressed; yet every one of the previous impersonations had been lucid, intellectually vigorous, and fairly interpretative of the master dramatist.

Through these qualities of intellectual force and clearness, used with the patient discretion of a close student, Mr. Booth became possessed of that rarest of histrionic possessions, a large style. The phrase is applied with flippant frequency to many artists, and seems to be comprehended about as seldom as it is merited. Upon the stage, a large style is characteristic of the actor who is conscious, at every moment of his performance, not only of the needs of that moment, but of the total value and color of the character he is presenting, and of the relation borne by the passion of the instant to all the stirs of passion which have preceded it. With the mere reading of the definition, the observer of our modern stage has a painful vision of the small, deformed, fragmentary, spasmodic methods prevailing even among our more ambitious actors, who for the most part are well contented if they can utter any passion with a vaguely befitting naturalness. In the playing of such artists, Juliet, Imogen, and Parthenia have but one mode of expressing tenderness; Rosalind and Viola but one kind of vivacity; Gloster, Spartacus, and Lear but one form of rage. Many examples of Mr. Booth's largeness and artistic fullness of style might be cited. His Iago is especially in point. In his scheme of that character, also, there had been an interesting process of development. Midway or moderately early in his career, Mr. Booth apparently decided that he must fit his performance of the part to his physical limitations. He made Iago a light, comfortable villain, and bore down upon that side of the crafty Venetian's nature which allies him most closely with common humanity. But later he darkened the hues of his conception, and steadily increased its force, impetuosity, and profundity. As thus finally presented, his Iago was a masterpiece in respect of its breadth and finish of style, and was consummate in its malign beauty. In immediate appeal to the eye and the taste of the spectator it was exceedingly interesting: a fascinating man, whose gayer air had the crisp sparkle of a fine winter's day; whose usual thoughtfulness was easy, poised, unaffected, potent, but not ponderous; whose talk was sensible, shrewd, and just cynical enough to relish to the taste of the worldly; whose wit was astonishingly keen, quick, inventive, prolific, and uttered with exquisite aptness by a tongue which drove or clinched a nail at every stroke; handsome in face, graceful and free in motion and in manners, polished, frank, and rich in *bonhomie*. In the deeper portions of his nature, Mr. Booth's Iago was endowed with an intellect as swift and subtle as electricity, and, like that mysterious element, capable of playing lightly over surfaces, or of rending the toughest obstacles in sunder; his temper was like some ethereal quicksilver in its sensitiveness, adapting itself to every mood of those whom it sought to influence; and

in its intensity of malevolence and potency of maleficence his spirit had that right satanic quality which stopped not short of a consuming desire to torture and "enmesh" "all" good men and women, "ensnaring" them both in "soul and body," and did not fear to thrust its blasphemy into the very face of the Almighty. In diabolic force and blackness Mr. Booth's assumption was, I suppose, inferior to that of his father and of some of the other actors of the old heroic school. But in absolute self-consistency, in perfectness of proportion, in the maintenance of a most "politic state of evil," and in the unfailing relation of every point and particular of the conception to every other and to the total scheme it was as noble an illustration of largeness of style as has been afforded by our modern stage.

Intellectual force and lucidity — of which, as has been said, Mr. Booth was possessed in an extraordinarily high degree — are essential to the conception of dramatic characters, and to the presentation of such characters in a large and finished style. The ability deeply to move and convince the spectator by performance is derived from the possession of another quality or set of qualities. To identify this quality or these qualities is not easy. Neither patience, nor close observation of nature, nor superior mimetic skill, nor even sincerity, nor all these together, will necessarily furnish the player with the power to enter into the inmost life of the personages that he represents, to possess them or to be possessed by them completely, and then so to present them as to carry conviction to the soul of the spectator. I do not mean by "conviction" to imply that the auditor will ever, except for brief instants and at long intervals, lose the sense of the player's art, or forget that that art is representative, but that the actor shall so bring his audience into touch with the spirit of his creations that they shall be spiritually discerned, received, accepted, through the imagination believed in, and so loved or hated, honored or contemned; shall be, in other words, brought into genuinely and deeply sympathetic relations with the men and women who see and hear. Lacking this power, the histrionic artist may interest, please, or charm, but, how clever soever he may be, cannot by any possibility profoundly stir the passions or touch the heart. A full sense of the difference among players in this respect is sometimes slow to develop itself, but it comes sooner or later to nearly all who study the stage intelligently. It is not difficult to divide our leading modern actors of the "serious" order into two classes, according to their possession or lack of this ability, and then to see that those of one variety appeal successfully to the eye, the taste, the critical judgment, to what may be called, in a large sense, the pictorial faculty, of their spectators; the actors of the other sort, to the same faculties, but chiefly to imagination, sensibility, and sympathy. These diverse appeals are made through the same or similar dramatic characters, and often, so far as I can judge, with little or no conscious difference in the ambitions or hopes of the actors, all of whom, apparently, aim to touch the heart. Yet the results are as far apart as entertainment is from emotion. Mr. Irving and Mr. Willard may be named as players of the first kind; Salvini and Booth of the second. Some superiority in delicacy or fullness of sympathy, some hold upon a more intuitive imagination, some higher potency or fervor of temperament, avail to give players of the larger order a more complete possession of the soul of the part which they assume, and then the gift so to share that possession as deeply to stir the "convinced" listener with the passions of the part.

One simple, excellent test may be applied to indicate or enforce the distinction which has been made: try the performance by repeatedly witnessing it,

and observing its effect upon the mind and memory. Mr. Irving's Louis XI., for instance, may be fairly regarded as a fine example of his histrionic cleverness. In effectiveness and variety of "points," in delicacy of detail as to form, color, action, and tone, in consummate mimetic skill, it can scarcely be surpassed; its picturesqueness is perfect. But scarcely even at a first sight of the performance is the spectator deeply moved either to horror, pain, or loathing; on a second view, curiosity only remains; and when, by another sight, curiosity has been satisfied, there is no further desire to witness the performance. Mr. Irving's impersonation of Charles I., to take another instance, stays, if it stays at all, within the memory of those who have beheld it as if it were an exquisitely finished portrait in oils of the unfortunate monarch; but the recollection causes no trouble of the spirit. Mr. Willard's Cyrus Blenkarn is recalled for its careful workmanship, decent reserve, and regard for the modesty of nature, which are respectfully and unperturbedly remembered. These artists and such as these, fine and admirable as they are in many respects, show the eyes, but do not grieve the heart; like a procession of shadows and pictures their creations come, and so depart. Compare with this the hold which the greater performances of Salvini have upon the spirit, first in representation and afterward in remembrance. It is scarcely possible to recall his Conrade in La Morte Civile, or his Othello, or his Samson, without a sense of tug at the heartstrings; and repeated view of such performances scarcely dulls the spectator's pleasure, for the spirit is slow to tire of the strenuous joy of its own sympathetic travail or pain.

To Mr. Booth this great power was given, not indeed in the interpretation of all his characters, but of the chiefest of them. He entered into and uttered the inner life of his prime creations, and one knew the completeness of his mastery by the delightful heartache, the throb in the throat, the flush of the cheek, which bespoke the "conviction" of the auditory. His Richelieu, as it was presented at the highest point of his career, when it had been largely divested of theatricalness, but had lost nothing of the player's force, may be selected as a good example of his power in this kind. The character itself does not afford the greatest opportunities, of course; but it is interesting at the outset to note that Mr. Booth not only filled to overflowing the conception of Bulwer, but went far beyond it, and imported into the character of the cardinal a wealth of truth and life which transcended the scheme of the text. The inconsistencies of the cardinal were reconciled or made acceptable by Mr. Booth's treatment. The personal flavor and intellectual quality of the man were shown with absolute vividness; his wit, his humor, his cunning, his insight into character, his bodily delicacy and frequent lonesomeness, his one exacting form of vanity, his diplomatic unscrupulousness, his aptness in flattery, his subtlety, speed, versatility, and fruitfulness of resource, were made portions of a living picture, and fused by the imagination of the player into a creation which took possession of the spectator's memory. A hundred even of his lighter phrases are unforgettable. The sly shrewdness — delighting in its knowledge of men, and in its own duplicity as a necessary implement of statecraft — with which, questioning Joseph concerning Huguet's fidelity, he says,

"Think — we hanged his father!
. . . . . .
Trash! favors past — that 's nothing. In his hours
Of confidence with you has he named the favors
To come, he counts on?
. . . . .
Colonel and nobleman!
My bashful Huguet! that can never be!
We have him not the less — we 'll promise it —
And see the king withholds;"

the exquisite finesse and perfect ease with which, after frankly holding out the bait of a colonelcy to Huguet, in the words,

"If I live long enough — ay, mark my words —
If I live long enough, you 'll be a colonel,"

he adds, half under his breath, slowly, in a ruminating tone as if expressing a confidential afterthought, yet with a cleanly edged enunciation which carries straight to the captain's ear,

"Noble — perhaps;"

the delicately ironical flavor of the half-line with which, after his resignation, he comments upon the king's appointment of his successor, De Baradas,

"A most sagacious choice;"

the tenderness of his comforting promise to Julie, his stricken ward,

"All will be well; yes, yet all well,"

the short words dropping full and slow and sweet, as if they were laden with balm, — where could one pause in the chronicle, every line of which is a reminder and proof of the extraordinary intuition and just naturalness with which the actor penetrated the depths of the cardinal's spirit, and converted his knowledge into the very substance of imaginative life? Early in his career Mr. Booth played the character brilliantly well, but with every added year he made some gain on the lighter side of his performance, bringing to it a yet wiser discretion, a more delicate chastity of phrase, a more complete abnegation of vulgar over-emphasis, until the portraiture was etched, as it were, on the tissue of the spectator's brain with some uninjurious acid. The more intense, vehement, and lofty passions of the character were interpreted by Mr. Booth with varying degrees of histrionic skill. Often, in his younger period, his declamation of this or that famous speech of the cardinal was superfluously theatrical, or degenerated even into rant; at his point of greatest ripeness he had nearly rid himself and his style of fustian, and met the supreme test by producing powerful effects without extravagance in speech or in action. But, with all its imperfections on its head, Mr. Booth's Richelieu, at any time within the last fifteen years of his life, demonstrated in its stronger aspects the master actor upon the lines which I am now considering. It indeed piqued and gratified the curiosity, and stimulated and fed the spectator's sense of the picturesque. But that kind of achievement was as naught in comparison with the actor's "conviction" of his hearers' hearts. Always at some point in the performance, often at many points, when the cardinal's spirit blazed in ecstasy of courage or wrath, or when, especially, all weaknesses and insincerities solved in the pure flame of a true love of France, Richelieu stood, moved, and spoke, a veritable incarnation of the spirit of patriotism, the listener's soul would be stirred, thrilled, strained almost, it sometimes seemed consumed, by a passionate sympathy. Such pain and such joy it is given only to the actor of the first order to produce. The source of the producing power lies chiefly, perhaps, in temperamental force, and its basis may be partly or largely physical. But, however derived, it is unmistakable, the *sine qua non* of the great tragedian; and the lack of it relegates the tragic actor to the second rank of his profession.

The tragedian who is master of the mimetic detail of his art, of a large and finished style, and of the power to compel the hearts of men by the passion of the scene is a great actor. Edwin Booth was such a master. For my present purpose, it remains only to be said that his prime distinction among the players of our time lay in a quality for which I know no better name than ideality. The possession of that quality, a century or even half a century ago, could scarcely have conferred distinction

upon a serious actor. Players were endowed with it in various degrees, of course; but from Garrick to Junius Brutus Booth, through all the illustrious lines of Kembles and Keans, the tragedians of the elder day assumed it as a part of their theory, so to speak. It was taken for granted by the scholarly Macready, and even the passionate and sensuous-natured Forrest confidently aspired to its possession. It is easy to see why these artists had a tradition in favor of ideality: their acting had been modeled upon the requirements of the dramas and characters which they represented; their playing was ideal, even as and because their plays were ideal. In our time a change has taken place, slowly, but with almost unremitting steadiness: we have seen the tragedies of Shakespeare less and less in evidence, and, in a day when the study of the master poet is more thorough and more general than ever before, we have witnessed the phenomenon of the gradual disappearance of his serious dramas from the theatre. Edwin Booth came down to us from a former generation, and brought with him the tradition which, transmitted to him by his father, had had its source in the rude stage upon which Burbage played. He was an actor of the ideal order, and not of that school which is now known as the realistic. Nothing but necessity would compel me to comment upon that offensive pair of adjectives, whose votaries and vassals are wearying the world with their endless battles and squabbles, — the world wherein room *must* be found, in one way or another, for Raphael and Verestchagin, for Scott and Tolstóy, for Corot and Courbet, for Hawthorne and Jane Austen, for Shakespeare's Imogen and Ibsen's Nora. Upon the stage the schools are sharply distinguished, but seldom clash, because they seldom meet. Tragedy of the higher order is the natural home of ideal acting, even as comedy is the usual place of the realistic. Thus far, indeed, the dramatists whom the world has accepted as great are ranged with the ideals. Most of them, whether writers of tragedy or of comedy, are of the old régime, to be sure; for the positions of Ibsen and of the Belgian, Maetterlinck, have not been settled for English-speaking people, any more than have the places of Mr. Pinero, Mr. Herne, Mr. Barnard, Mr. Harrigan, and other playwrights of local reputation. But the drift is now steadily away from what has been received as classic, and, especially in comedy, the stage "is subdued to what it works in, like the dyer's hand."

In playing the tragedies of Shakespeare, on the other hand, sensitive actors have for the most part found themselves under a strong compulsion toward the ideal style. All good acting must of course be derived from and keep a firm hold on reality or nature, and must be, therefore, in its essence, realistic, in the preciser sense of the word. Yet, in the higher ranges of the drama, and especially in its poetic forms, there are many characters which demand both to be conceived and to be expressed ideally; that is to say, to be lifted above the commonplace of daily life into the realm of fancy; to be so represented that, though their kinship with humanity is never lost, their prime citizenship is demonstrated to be in the land of the imagination. Even when the question is not of the most exalted or poetic creations, most persons can perceive that the style of the dramatist ought in some measure to control the style of the actor; that Rosalind demands a different treatment from Lady Gay Spanker, Sir Giles Overreach from Martin Berry. And though an eccentric actor has occasionally done his despite upon Shylock or Gloster, an almost perfect consensus of mankind would probably assume that the great tragic characters of the higher drama should be played in a fashion accordant somehow with the loftiness of their language and scheme.

It is foreign to my purpose to discuss the peculiarities of this loftier mode of

playing. The essential thing to be noted is that the artist of the ideal school reaches his results by a method which removes them from and above every-day life; deliberately departing, in his bearing and utterance, from the familiar mode of parlor, counting-room, and street by the adoption of a style at once more distinct, more formal, and more elevated. The absurdities into which this manner may run in the gesture, walk, and declamation of incompetent performers have been the subject of ridicule almost ever since the stage and the actor came into existence. Shakespeare, even in the day when tragedy was "preferred" by gentle and simple, declared, through the mouth of Hamlet, that the extravagant action, the strut, the bellow, and the rant of the actor of the robustious sort offended him "to the soul." Even very capable players are in danger, as we all know, of achieving fustian in attempting velvet. But the grand style in its own place is none the less the true style because the attainment of it is beset by grievous dangers. Its function is not at any time nor under any temptation, whatsoever the opinion of superficial critics to the contrary may be, to defy or defeat nature. When the histrionic artist has the true feeling for his business and a true skill in his art, his product is supremely natural, if the nature of man, as seen by the clarifying, penetrating light of the imagination, and cleansed by the poet's power from what is transient and inessential, is to be taken as the standard. Upon the stage poetry has a language and voice of its own, which differ from those of our working-day life mainly because the higher mood of the mind or spirit which is here intermittently experienced is there maintained without fall or break; and that language it is the business and privilege of the actor of the ideal order to speak to the audience, which is his world.

Edwin Booth's art was preëminently idealistic. That he sometimes erred and displeased by his adherence to a stilted and conventionally theatrical style is not to be questioned. But, judged at and by his best, he attained the noble distinction of so interpreting the loftiest creations of the first of dramatists that his impersonations were both beautifully ideal and harmonious with the essential truth of life. If the faults of his Hamlet had been twenty times greater than they were, they would not have destroyed the high value of an assumption which reproduced the essence of the poet's thought, and imaged before us the very form and soul of Shakespeare's prophetic embodiment of the anxious, speculative, superrefined, and introverted humanity of modern times. Mr. Booth's impersonation of King Lear may be instanced, I think, as the greatest expression of his powers in this noble kind. The artist's achievement in this part was the more remarkable because of his lack of the highest physical force, and the impossibility — consequent, perhaps, upon that deficiency — of his reaching such sublimity of effect as that of Salvini, for example, at the Italian's grandest moments. But Mr. Booth's Lear was so wrought as to be as pure a triumph of the spiritual over the material as the warmest devotee of the idealistic could wish to see. Without extravagance of gesture, — which indeed Mr. Booth always used sparingly, — without violence of voice, without extreme effort of any kind, the chaotic vastness of Lear's nature, the frenzied wrath and woe of the "child-changed father," his agony of contrition over his rejection of Cordelia, the intellectual splendors which fitfully illuminate the pathos of his madness, and the sweet anguish of his restoration to a new life of the soul were greatly displayed. The subtlety, picturesqueness, and graphic vividness of all the details of the performance, especially in the second and third acts, were remarkable, but were scarcely to be esteemed in comparison with the immediate power of

the impersonation to touch the deepest springs of emotion. It might be said without extravagance that the actor's victory in the performance was like that of the dramatist in the tragedy. Who can estimate, or overestimate, the worth to the world of such art as this? The actor dies, and leaves no sign or memorial of his prowess, it has been often said; even Garrick and Edmund Kean, Siddons and Rachel, are but names, to which the modern ear scarcely permits a hospitable entrance. But acting such as that of Mr. Booth in Lear, which lifts the spectator for a time almost to the level of the play, and transports him beyond the ignorant present, which shows the spirit to itself by the searching illumination of the poet's genius, must have a power far transcending the effect of the moment. In his highest achievements, Edwin Booth was an actor of the spirit to the spirit, for the spirit, — a pure interpreter of the master dramatist; and the echoes which he there awakened must roll, like the poet's own, we may well believe, from soul to soul, and grow forever and forever.

I have not attempted to deal, except indirectly, with Mr. Booth's faults of style, but justice seems to demand a few words of comment upon his two chief professional limitations. He was unsuccessful in playing the lover upon the stage; he had no gift in mirthfulness. The former proposition needs, perhaps, a little qualification. Mr. Booth at some moments, as in his Hamlet, Othello, and Sir Edward Mortimer, succeeded in speaking the voice of the divine passion with impressive earnestness and with the suggestion of great depth of feeling. But his touch in this kind was always heavy, his tone portentous. The fluent love of youth, love of that intermittent, palpitating, many-hued variety which is redundantly called "sentimental," he had no skill to utter; and his impersonation of Claude Melnotte, for example, was even more artificial than Sir Bulwer Lytton's style in The Lady of Lyons. In comedy, Mr. Booth often sparkled, and sometimes, as in Petruchio and Don César de Bazan, he was gay and entertaining. But, like all his family, he had no power to excite laughter. His performance of Benedick may be cited as his highest achievement in the lighter drama: it was elegant, easy, of great intellectual brilliancy and charm, but quite devoid of that capacity for creating mirth which Shakespeare makes a prime quality in his hero.

Of Mr. Booth's personal character it would be unbecoming in me to speak in this place except for a reason which compels me to say a single word. He presented the spectacle — the more impressive because it has not been very common — of a life which was all upon one plane. Pure, generous, high-minded, incapable of vulgar arts either of defense or display, he lived upon the stage of the world, even as on the mimic stage, an ideal life. And the one appalling disaster and sorrow of his experience he bore with such patience and magnanimity as presently reconquered the favor of a shocked and bewildered nation. Only great men can thus greatly endure great griefs. The soul of Edwin Booth, like the art of Edwin Booth, was of the truly heroic type.

Henry A. Clapp.

HACK AND HEW.

Hack and Hew were the sons of God
In the earlier earth than now:
One at his right hand, one at his left,
To obey as he taught them how.

And Hack was blind, and Hew was dumb,
But both had the wild, wild heart;
And God's calm will was their burning will,
And the gist of their toil was art.

They made the moon and the belted stars,
They set the sun to ride;
They loosed the girdle and veil of the sea,
The wind and the purple tide.

Both flower and beast beneath their hands
To beauty and speed outgrew, —
The furious, fumbling hand of Hack,
And the glorying hand of Hew.

Then, fire and clay, they fashioned a man,
And painted him rosy brown;
And God himself blew hard in his eyes:
"Let them burn till they smoulder down!"

And "There!" said Hack, and "There!" thought Hew,
"We 'll rest, for our toil is done."
But "Nay," the Master Workman said,
"For your toil is just begun.

"And ye who served me of old as God
Shall serve me anew as man,
Till I compass the dream that is in my heart,
And perfect the vaster plan."

And still the craftsman over his craft,
In the vague white light of dawn,
With God's calm will for his burning will,
While the mounting day comes on,

Yearning, wind-swift, indolent, wild,
Toils with those shadowy two, —
The faltering, restless hand of Hack,
And the tireless hand of Hew.

Bliss Carman.

A SLIP ON THE ORTLER.

THERE is but little light in Sulden-Thal at two o'clock in the morning, early in September. Not even the gray outlines of St. Gertrude's shrine could be traced, as we passed, through the blackness of the night, though a faint shimmer of light showed that already within the chapel some petition was being offered. Neither is such hour the most agreeable at which to begin the ascent of a mountain. However, if "one must suffer to be beautiful," so one must also suffer to earn the ultimate gratification of perching on the topmost point of any of the mountain monarchs.

Ortler, with his 12,356 feet of rock and ice, is, as the guidebooks say, "*nicht jedermannssache.*" Still, with care, experienced guides, and a sure foot, there is no reason, unless the weather be against you, why prospective difficulties should deter from the effort; and once determined on, wisdom dictates an early start.

At that time, seven and a half hours was supposed to be the best time from Sulden to the summit of the Ortler. Starting, therefore, at two in the morning would bring one there about half after nine. A half-hour's rest and from four to five hours for the descent would see one safely back by half after two in the afternoon. In other words, all dangers from rotten ice-bridge or fall of loosened snow would be left behind before the afternoon sun unduly increased them with its powerful rays. As the event proved, we made somewhat better time than seven and a half hours. But it is doubtful whether it would be worth trying again on the same terms. Determined to beat the record, we made a rush from start to summit; accepting on the way a method of accelerating pace which embraced some perhaps unjustifiable risk, and (possibly through our very haste) all but coming to what our English cousins describe as "everlasting grief" at the very summit itself.

At first our way led through rocky fields. Then we turned sharply up, bearing off, by a well-defined path, diagonally along the face of a steep alp, — so steep, indeed, that to call it an "alp" was a misnomer. Nothing could have pastured there but those fabulous beasts whose legs are shorter on one side than on the other. The lanterns which swung at our sides showed us where to place our feet, at the same time conveniently failing to illuminate one or two uncomfortable little precipices with which a misstep might have subjected the unwary to more intimate acquaintance. On our way down, again reaching this point, we saw by daylight the path followed in the dark. Turning to Pinggera, I asked if "that" was where we had come up by lantern light. He grinned, and admitted that it was. All that I found words for was an emphatic assurance that knowledge of the immediate vicinity of any such "dropping over" places would have as certainly deterred me from ascending in the dark as ordinary prudence would have prevented my riding down the mountain on an avalanche. At the time, however, the steepness of the climb gave such full occupation as prevented any suspicion of the actual profundity of the unillumined depths.

Gradually the east grew gray. The mountains and rocks started out of the darkness. Lanterns were extinguished. The last that could, by any stretch of courtesy, be called pasture or alp was passed, and steady rock-climbing began. This, varied with crossing an occasional snow patch, lasted an hour or two. As usual in ascending a mountain, the route was by no means the shortest or most direct. At one point, after toiling up on a most infernal line of advance, for an

interminable time, the crest of a rocky ridge was reached only to learn that the object was to descend its other side to mount again in the final assault upon the peak itself.

As yet we were not tied together; the rope indeed being principally of use on ice and snow, and of most value merely in giving confidence. A man not sufficiently sure-footed to avoid slipping on rocks under practically any circumstances finds his best place in the valley below; for no one not fairly sure-footed is entitled, any more than a man liable to vertigo, to endanger the lives of others by making ascents in which the rope is a necessity.

Down the other face of the rocky ridge just spoken of lay one of those curious collections of broken stone, of all sizes and forms, found in so many of the hollows on the lower slopes of the mountain. The unanswerable question is, whence does it all come? It is useless to reply that it is the disintegrated fragments of the mountain; split off by frost, broken by its own falls, and temporarily lodged on its downward course. Very likely, some few thousand years ago, there was considerably more of every mountain. Doubtless they have been crumbling through the ages. But, presented with mere result, and with no capacity to appreciate the extended detail of causation, the mind rejects such explanation. It seems more reasonable to suppose that a former race of titanic road-menders deliberately sat themselves down upon the hills and broke stone, either as a pastime, a penance for their sins, or with the laudable view and desire to improve the Valhalla road: whence it would follow that these patches of broken stone which decorate the mountain sides must be the remnants and refuse left over when the gods themselves were hastily bundled off into the lumber-room of history.

Be this as it may, this particular patch of broken rock was an extensive one. It stretched down fully three hundred feet, sloped gradually outwards, and spread abroad at its base. Below its component parts were rocks weighing anywhere from five hundred pounds to a ton. At the upper edge they were of smaller sizes, weighing from an ounce to perhaps twenty pounds. Here we tried the somewhat reckless method of accelerating pace.

It is only necessary, as we all know from experiments with minor heaps, to start a few of the stones of such a pile sliding down, and they will rattle along merrily, if not to the bottom, at least until they have lost the imparted impetus, and come to rest and unstable equilibrium through the attraction of gravitation. This gave us our opportunity. We joined hands, and crept out on the face of the broken rocks. We worked our feet firmly in, and in doing so began to slide, accompanied by quite a little patch of the superficial surface. The stones did not move to any great depth, but still sufficiently so to carry us, standing upright and mutually supporting one another, rapidly down. Naturally, the descent of our improvised sled removed all support from the surface stones above, and these came rattling after us with constantly increasing speed. The little ones skipped gayly by; the larger ones rattled and jumped; the big ones rolled and bounced. Faster and faster our descent continued, and faster and faster came the loosened stones behind. It soon became apparent that there was a limit of safety to this performance.

We had traveled perhaps a hundred and fifty feet when the larger stones began to shoot past with a velocity promising misfortune if, flying clear, they struck us. At last a smallish stone did strike Pinggera quite a blow; at the same time, a ten-pound rock, traveling like a bolt from a catapult, whizzed past the second guide's head. With a simultaneous yell of warning we made a rush side-

ways for the solid rock. Reaching it, we clung there, and watched and listened to the moving mass as it rattled down. Relieved of our weight, at first one by one, then in greater numbers, the moving patch of stones came to rest. A few big ones continued to descend, each ending with a wild bound out into the air on striking the boulders below.

We gained perhaps five or ten minutes by the device. Content with thus much of that particular kind of experience, we climbed down the remainder of the ridge on its more solid portion. Later we reached one of the larger glaciers of the mountain, and went steadily upwards diagonally across its face.

We were now in an interior valley of the mountain, in the cañon of a river of ice, up near its source. As we ranged across, the valley ran, with a sweep to the right, upwards, and became lost in the snows of the summit. On the other side it fell off steeply, turning gently away from the mass of the mountain, and doubling the rocky curtain we had crossed. Its slope was quite steep for a glacier, while its bed, being fairly smooth, presented but few bad hummocks or wide crevasses. It was like a great chute leading from the inexhaustible reservoirs above, until, beyond our vision, it curved into the Trafoierthal, on the further side of which the Stelvio way, having surmounted the pass, with cautious zigzags winds down to Nauders.

Winter's most prodigal product, snow, has recognized the opportunity afforded, and, for its own delectation, has here constructed the magnificent Lavine track of the Alps, a gigantic coastway for avalanches, — a slide down which, hour after hour, through the summer, the avalanches toboggan to their fall with the booming crash and reverberating thunder that replace the shouting of the coasters and the ring of the iron-shod double-runner of civilization. For, steadily pressing its way down from the mountain, on top of the ice is a glacier of snow, — a slow but overwhelming current, majestically moving onward. Squeezed by the narrowing of the gulch above into a stream perhaps a hundred feet wide and full forty feet deep, it emerges upon the broadened face of the ice beneath, and preserves its integrity of structure until the descent becomes steep. There it momentarily poises itself, hangs and trembles. Deep fissures start across it and slowly widen. The face of the wall splits into a dozen towers and castles of hardened snow. Then, as the irresistible weight behind pushes them slowly on, they sway forward, overbalance, and a thousand tons of snow, involved in a common ruin, rush with a great roaring noise resistlessly down the mountain side. Out into the Trafoierthal the avalanche pours down the steep side of the valley almost to the river, but ever diminishes in volume as it leaves its substance strung out along its track.

This track itself, of broken snow, the remnants of avalanches already fallen, is not above a hundred feet in width. But that hundred feet we had to cross. Some ten minutes before we reached it an avalanche fell; and the intervening periods of safety being short and of uncertain duration, we hastened silently on, to cross as soon thereafter as possible.

Twenty yards this side of the snow track, and perhaps a hundred yards from the threatening snow wall, we paused for critical survey. The question stood for instant decision. From the appearance of the snow wall it must be determined whether another avalanche would fall within the next few minutes. Was it best to hurry silently across? Was it best to wait? Was the next section of the snow face in such condition that a mighty yell would send an avalanche down, and give us an opportunity for our hasty transit? On the other hand, if we all yelled together and no avalanche fell, would the effect of our so doing be merely to hasten the next fall, whereby we might be overwhelmed in

crossing? One towering pinnacle of snow, pushed a little beyond its fellows, seemed ready to totter to its fall. We looked at it doubtfully. It ought to have gone with the last avalanche. Would it stand, or would it fall within the next three minutes? A hundred feet is not much of a space to cross. But such crossing, if through fresh, broken snow from six to ten feet deep, is slow and floundering work.

From the time we came within view of the snow face the utmost silence had been preserved, and now, the searching but momentary scrutiny completed, Pinggera whispered to us to come on. With noiseless speed we hurried forward. Silently we struggled through the snow, and as silently emerged on the further side. From the time we started until we were well over the Lavine track no one of us turned his face toward the snow wall; but each kept his ears strained for the least sound from its direction. The silence was absolutely oppressive. It was like the silence in the woods at night, when the snapping of a dead twig under the foot of a deer two hundred yards away, coming down the hillside to drink in the stillwater, breaks sharp on the ear of the hunter and cracks like a pistol shot. I fancy, had a dry twig broken within earshot during those three minutes, each one of our three hearts would have gone through that saltatory performance known as "turning completely over."

Once across, we veered more to the left, and pressed steadily on. For some time the ascent was without incident. I remember one swelling slope, where the melting of the sun and the beating of the wind and weather had made glare ice of the snow, so that for some twenty yards we had to cut hand and foot holds to surmount it. This is always slow business. Your party is strung out perhaps fifteen feet apart, with the rope fairly taut. The leader cuts a fresh handhold, and each one lifts his right foot and puts it into the next nick in the ice, a foot above. Another nick is chopped. The left legs, in their turn, all go up one step, and so on until the slope lessens, or until some luckless wight settles all questions for himself and the others by failing to stand steady; that is, probably settles all questions, though a momentary slip is often recovered from if every one is cool and collected, and if things turn out luckily.

Further on we skirted the edge of a great snow precipice overhanging Sulden-Thal. That merest speck below us was the little church. It seemed as if a snowball thrown well out into the air would have dropped on it; and why the face of the snow cliff did not break off with our weight, as we traveled along on a line which seemed unnecessarily and ridiculously near the edge, I cannot understand. In fact, however, the consistency or binding quality of the snow on a mountain side is very great, while the weight of two or three human beings is an inconsiderable trifle to a great mass of snow.

Leaving the precipice finally, and turning to the right, we again labored up. So far our time from Sulden had been excellent. If we could continue at anything like the rate we were going, we stood fair to accomplish the result we desired, — that of breaking the record. Perhaps an hour and a half later we were within a few hundred yards of the summit. Our watches showed short of nine o'clock, so that our time was less than seven hours to that point.

The last peak of the Ortler is a single narrow *arête*. The extreme summit, as with all snow mountains, varies slightly from year to year. At that time it was but a cock's comb of snow blown up by the wind. This ridge rounds up from behind, and the mountain drops sheer off in front, appearing to hang over the valley. At the extreme end the snow was flattened out into a sloping triangular platform, perhaps twelve feet long,

and not over six feet wide. One side of the ridge of snow leading to it (the one which looks towards the Stelvio Pass) runs down in an almost sheer drop about a hundred feet. Below, it is only a little less steep, and it ends in a sickening precipice. I had a good opportunity, a few minutes later, to form a judgment by earnest inspection of that side of the mountain. It is that which lies to the left as one comes along the ridge to the summit. The other side, lying toward the König-Spitze, is nearly as bad, and although at the extreme end it is just possible of ascent and descent, it is not so at any intermediate point; and even there it is rather to be avoided than sought, as the slightest slip on it is beyond all redemption.

All the ways to the summit are practically one, and that one lies along the knife-edge of snow between those two uninviting alternatives. We reached the ridge. We were not seventy-five yards from our bourne. We were walking out along the knife-blade. Pinggera was the leader, I came next, and the second guide, Martignon, was behind. The way was so narrow that we planted our feet crosswise on it, stamping them well down through the crust and into the snow. As a matter of fact, the actual crest of the *couloir* where we walked was not three inches wide. The particles of snow that crumbled beneath our feet and fell on either side of the mountain dropped on the one side almost sheer a hundred feet, then shot down some hundreds of feet further, and then went over the precipice. On the other side they slipped and slid swiftly down the steep but slightly rounded mountain side, and disappeared from view.

We were traveling fast, but carefully, almost on a level (the summit not being three feet higher than where we stood), and naturally we had the rope taut, and were a short twenty feet apart. Our journey was done. We had beaten the record to the top, and were fairly entitled to our half-hour's rest and a quiet pipe of tobacco.

Such an idea as that anything could intervene to prevent our reaching the top of the Ortler was as far from my mind as was aught else of the inconceivable. Pinggera was within three feet of where the snow broadened into the little plateau. I was at the moment watching him, and, as minutiæ under some circumstances become photographed upon the brain, I remember distinctly wondering whether his next step would take him clear of the couloir and on to the plateau. It was ticklish but not dangerous work, an interesting but not alarming situation. In the tenth of a second everything was changed. There was a flounder in the snow and a despairing cry behind me, and I knew that somehow, though how passed comprehension, Martignon was gone. I did not stop to look behind nor to ask any question. If I had known on which side he had fallen, it would have been simple enough to jump over on the other, but time to turn and ascertain was lacking. Moreover, by so doing I should have had Pinggera, too, off the ridge, and we might have had a bad time of it.

I simply opened my arms and legs and fell forward on the snow ridge (crushing it down a few inches), with an arm and a leg on either side of the mountain. I dug my arms to the elbows and my feet to the ankles through the crust into the snow, and waited for the tug at my waist, which would resolve the doubt. As I did so, I looked up at Pinggera. He had stopped, and stood rooted in his tracks, leaning forward with a strain on the rope, and looking back over his right shoulder. It was plain that he could be of no assistance in holding up Martignon, since the forward pull on the rope would not help in that respect. What he could do, and evidently intended doing, was to drop over on the other side in case the guide's falling body dragged me off the ridge, and he was waiting to

see whether he would have to do this or not.

The facts all went with marvelous rapidity. There came at my waist a sudden heavy wrench to the left that all but had me off the ridge, and I knew on which side Martignon had fallen. The rope having been taut, he had necessarily swung and rolled in a half-circle, as it gradually pulled him into the perpendicular; and it was probably owing to this that it had been possible for me to hold him when the tug came. I put my face over on his side of the mountain and looked down at him. He hung from my waist at the end of the rope, twenty feet below, half swaying, half rolling, a few feet back and forth, like an irregular pendulum, clutching and grabbing at the snow crust. I lay there perfectly still. Pinggera leaned forward like a statue. Presently my literally "dependent" friend succeeded in kicking his feet and digging his hands through the crust, and there he stuck, like a fly on a wall, turning up at me a face that, to put it mildly, looked badly scared. We called down to him not to move till he felt all right again, and we waited in this absurd position with an exasperated feeling that our record time was meanwhile vanishing.

For perhaps sixty seconds he stayed there, and then, kicking holds through the snow crust with his feet and hauling on the rope, he came up the face of the mountain to my waist. When he reached me, he was shaking and shuddering. It was palpable that if we trusted him upon the ridge in that condition he would promptly fall off again. I put my left arm across his back and held him there, with his face buried in my side, while he slowly regained his breath. After perhaps a couple of minutes, I told him to get a firm hold, that I would crawl on until my body was clear of his: he could then crawl into my vacated place, and lie as I had in the snow, with one arm and one leg on each side, and wait there until the rope was again stretched taut. He agreeing, I crawled ahead a few feet. Pinggera went on an equal distance, and our unlucky companion filled my place, where he lay hugging the mountain with gloomy persistency.

Pinggera reached the beginning of the little plateau, and there turned round and sat down in the snow. Thereupon I resumed an upright position, and came toward him as far as the rope would let me, while he gathered in that section of the rope which was between us.

The situation was much improved, but I was still short of the plateau by three or four feet, while Martignon was twenty feet away, out on the ridge. It was evident that he must come as far as I then was without falling again, or we should have the same business to go through with, and perhaps with not so fortunate a result as before. Pinggera yelled to him not to stand up, but to hitch himself along the ridge with an arm and a leg on each side. He did so, and as he moved I went forward. A very few feet put me beside Pinggera on the snow, and then together we deliberately towed Martignon in on the rope. When we got him there, I was surprised to find that, in spite of everything, we had saved full thirty minutes on the record time, and that I was quite tired.

We lay in the snow on the summit and had our lunch and smoked our pipes. The area of the top was so restricted that when Pinggera, desiring to ascertain the reason for his fall, went over and sat down beside Martignon, he had to step across my body to get to him. To tell the truth, Pinggera and I had resolved ourselves into a high court of justice. We had still to descend the mountain. A slip in a descent, with every one faced outwards, may be more serious than a slip in ascending, and we desired to know why Martignon had fallen.

Presently Pinggera stepped back, and lay down again on the snow beside me.

He reported that Martignon — a local guide from Meran, who had come with me to Sulden-Thal to show me the way over the Madritsch glaciers — was in a humble and contrite frame of mind. He had confessed that he ought not to have attempted the ascent. He proffered as excuse that he had had a bad fall a year or two before, when with the Empress of Austria's excursion through the Tyrol, which had shaken his nerves. He had never been up the Ortler, and a desire to be able to say that he had made the ascent, when he returned to Meran, had led to his concealing his doubts from me, and accompanying us up the mountain.

It was one life or three. We weighed him and our selfish selves in the balance; his scale went up, and sentence was pronounced. We told him we would help him back across the arête, look out for him at every difficult or dangerous place on the descent, and give him all the assistance we could, but that we would not be tied to him. He must come down without the rope. It had been a clear case of vertigo. No sane man should have undertaken to walk along a snow ridge, with a precipice on either hand, who could not guarantee himself against falling over from mere swimming of the head. He made no protest, and admitted that we were right, and that his coming had, under the circumstances, been unjustifiable. We gave him what there was left of the red Tyrolean wine we had brought with us, and took him back along the arête, one in front and one behind, holding our alpenstocks on each side of him to give him confidence.

As is often the case, his loss of nerve had been but temporary, and he got on all right. In the one or two places where his slipping would have brought him down on top of us and swept us all into eternity, and where no practical assistance could be afforded him, — in other words, the places where the rope is a mere element of confidence, and not of the slightest practical use, — we made him either go first, or wait until we had passed from the direct perpendicular line below him. He got on very well, made no complaints, and neither slipped nor lost his head. Nevertheless, I should not have cared to feel that a rope bound his and my fortunes together for that afternoon. In fact, the anticipation of his slipping at every bad place might have so shaken our confidence, had we been tied to him, that we should have added one more to the long list of Alpine disasters.

The descent, other than for a glissade down a steep slanting snow field, was uneventful. If you have never tried coasting down a mountain side, it is an experience which you should by no means continue to forego. Where a crust has formed over a snow field, lying at a steep angle, it is the simplest thing in the world to untie the rope, sit down, one behind the other, with extended legs, put your alpenstock behind you, under your arm (to act as a brake), give a couple of hitches, and slide down the mountain. Also, that a little familiarity breeds contempt could hardly be better exemplified than in the fact that we slid down perhaps three hundred feet at lightning speed toward the very precipice along the edge of which I had thought we went absurdly near on the ascent. When we got within a hundred and fifty feet or so of the edge, by bearing heavily down on our alpenstocks, we brought ourselves up to the perpendicular. Then two or three gigantic strides out into the air and a little plunge into the snow brought us respectively to a standstill. But, like everything else, you have to know how to do it. There was absolutely no danger in our doing what we did, and yet, as a matter of fact, there was no one of us but stopped within a short hundred feet of the edge of a precipice, over which, had he fallen, his body would have found no resting-place for full a thousand feet.

When we reached Sulden-Thal, we made a slight detour, at Pinggera's request, to pass near the chapel. Pinggera gave a halloo, and a young woman appeared at the door and joined us. He presented her to me as his wife. That evening, at the Herr Curat Eller's house, I asked him what his wife had been doing at the chapel, and how he knew of her presence. He shamefacedly confessed that, at her request, he had taken her there in the morning before we started up the mountain; and there she had been on her knees until his halloo brought her the intelligence that her prayers had been answered.

It gave me a curious feeling when I handed him the trifling sum for which he had risked his life that day. I was a reckless boy, perhaps eighteen years of age, and what I did with my life was of small concern to me, and of no real consequence to any other. But the question as to whether I was justified in tempting him, for a half-handful of coin, to do that which had kept his wife, without food or fire, on her knees for full twelve hours was one which I had some difficulty in solving; and whether it was her prayers or my sticking like a leech to the snow ridge when the guide fell that led to our fortunate return is one which I have never settled.

Charles Stewart Davison.

A KITTEN.

If

"The child is father of the man,"

why is not the kitten father of the cat? If in the little boy there lurks the infant likeness of all that manhood will complete, why does not the kitten betray some of the attributes common to the adult puss? A puppy is but a dog plus high spirits, and minus common sense. We never hear our friends say they love puppies, but cannot bear dogs. A kitten is a thing apart; and many people who lack the discriminating enthusiasm for cats, who regard these beautiful beasts with aversion and mistrust, are won over easily, and cajoled out of their prejudices, by the deceitful wiles of kittenhood.

"The little actor cons another part,"

and is the most irresistible comedian in the world. Its wide-open eyes gleam with wonder and mirth. It darts madly at nothing at all, and then, as though suddenly checked in the pursuit, prances sideways on its hind legs with ridiculous agility and zeal. It makes a vast pretense of climbing the rounds of a chair, and swings by the curtain like an acrobat. It scrambles up a table leg, and is seized with comic horror at finding itself full two feet from the floor. If you hasten to its rescue, it clutches you nervously, its little heart thumping against its furry sides, while its soft paws expand and contract with agitation and relief;

"And all their harmless claws disclose,
Like prickles of an early rose."

Yet the instant it is back on the carpet it feigns to be suspicious of your interference, peers at you out of "the tail o' its ee," and scampers for protection under the sofa, from which asylum it presently emerges with cautious trailing steps, as though encompassed by fearful dangers and alarms. Its baby innocence is yet unseared. The evil knowledge of uncanny things which is the dark inheritance of cathood has not yet shadowed its round infant eyes. Where did witches find the mysterious beasts that sat motionless by their fires, and watched unblinkingly the waxen manikins dwindling

in the flame? They never reared these companions of their solitude, for no witch could have endured to see a kitten gamboling on her hearthstone. A witch's kitten! That one preposterous thought proves how wide, how unfathomed, is the gap between feline infancy and age.

So it happens that the kitten is loved and cherished and caressed as long as it preserves the beguiling mirthfulness of youth. Richelieu, we know, was wont to keep a family of kittens in his cabinet, that their grace and gayety might divert him from the cares of state, and from black moods of melancholy. Yet, with short-sighted selfishness, he banished these little friends when but a few months old, and gave their places to younger pets. The first faint dawn of reason, the first indication of soberness and worldly wisdom, the first charming and coquettish pretenses to maturity, were followed by immediate dismissal. Richelieu desired to be amused. He had no conception of the finer joy which springs from mutual companionship and esteem. Even humbler and more sincere admirers, like Joanna Baillie, in whom we wish to believe Puss found a friend and champion, appear to take it for granted that the kitten should be the spoiled darling of the household, and the cat a social outcast, degraded into usefulness, and expected to work for her living. What else can be understood from such lines as these?

"Ah! many a lightly sportive child,
Who hath, like thee, our wits beguiled,
To dull and sober manhood grown,
With strange recoil our hearts disown.
Even so, poor Kit! must thou endure,
When thou becomest a cat demure,
Full many a cuff and angry word,
Chid roughly from the tempting board.
And yet, for that thou hast, I ween,
So oft our favored playmate been,
Soft be the change which thou shalt prove,
When time hath spoiled thee of our love;
Still be thou deemed, by housewife fat,
A comely, careful, mousing cat,
Whose dish is, for the public good,
Replenished oft with savory food."

Here is a plain exposition of the utilitarian theory which Shakespeare is supposed to have countenanced because Shylock speaks of the "harmless, necessary cat." Shylock, forsooth! As if he, of all men in Christendom or Jewry, knew anything about cats! Small wonder that he was outwitted by Portia and Jessica, when an adroit little animal could so easily beguile him. But Joanna Baillie should never have been guilty of those snug commonplaces concerning the

"comely, careful, mousing cat,"

remembering her own valiant Tabby who won Scott's respectful admiration by worrying and killing a dog. It ill became the possessor of an Amazonian cat distinguished by Sir Walter's regard to speak with such patronizing kindness of the race.

We can make no more stupid blunder than to look upon our pets from the standpoint of utility. Puss, as a rule, is another Nimrod, eager for the chase, and unwearyingly patient in pursuit of her prey. But she hunts for her own pleasure, not for our convenience; and when a life of luxury has relaxed her ardor, she often declines to hunt at all. I knew intimately two Maryland cats, well born and of great personal attractions. The sleek, black Tom was named Onyx, and his snow-white companion Lilian. Both were idle, urbane, fastidious, and self-indulgent as Lucullus. Now, into the house honored, but not served, by these charming creatures came a rat, which secured permanent lodgings in the kitchen, and speedily evicted the maid servants. A reign of terror followed, and after a few days of hopeless anarchy it occurred to the cook that the cats might be brought from their comfortable cushions upstairs and shut in at night with their hereditary foe. This was done, and the next morning, on opening the kitchen door, a tableau rivaling the peaceful scenes of Eden was presented to the view. On one side of the hearth lay Onyx, on the other

Lilian; and ten feet away, upright on the kitchen table, sat the rat, contemplating them both with tranquil humor and content. It was apparent to him, as well as to the rest of the household, that he was an object of absolute, contemptuous indifference to those two lordly cats.

There is none of this superb unconcern in the joyous eagerness of infancy. A kitten will dart in pursuit of everything that is small enough to be chased with safety. Not a fly on the window-pane, not a moth in the air, not a tiny crawling insect on the carpet, escapes its unwelcome attentions. It begins to "take notice" as soon as its eyes are open, and its vivacity, outstripping its dawning intelligence, leads it into infantile perils and wrong doing. I own that when Agrippina brought her first-born son — aged two days — and established him in my bedroom closet, the plan struck me at the start as inconvenient. I had prepared another nursery for the little Claudius Nero, and I endeavored for a while to convince his mother that my arrangements were best. But Agrippina was inflexible. The closet suited her in every respect; and, with charming and irresistible flattery, she gave me to understand, in the mute language I knew so well, that she wished her baby boy to be under my immediate protection. "I bring him to you because I trust you," she said as plainly as looks can speak. "Downstairs they handle him all the time, and it is not good for kittens to be handled. Here he is safe from harm, and here he shall remain." After a few weak remonstrances, the futility of which I too clearly understood, her persistence carried the day. I removed my clothing from the closet, spread a shawl upon the floor, had the door taken from its hinges, and resigned myself, for the first time in my life, to the daily and hourly companionship of an infant.

I was amply rewarded. People who require the household cat to rear her offspring in some remote attic or dark corner of the cellar have no idea of all the diversion and pleasure that they lose. It is delightful to watch the little blind, sprawling, feeble, helpless things develop swiftly into the grace and agility of kittenhood. It is delightful to see the mingled pride and anxiety of the mother, whose parental love increases with every hour of care, and who exhibits her young family as if they were infant Gracchi, the hope of all their race. During Nero's extreme youth, there were times when Agrippina wearied both of his companionship and of her own maternal duties. Once or twice she abandoned him at night for the greater luxury of my bed, where she slept tranquilly by my side, unmindful of the little wailing cries with which Nero lamented her desertion. Once or twice the heat of early summer tempted her to spend the evening on the porch roof which lay beneath my windows, and I have passed some anxious hours awaiting her return, and wondering what would happen if she never came back, and I were left to bring up the baby by hand.

But as the days sped on, and Nero grew rapidly in beauty and intelligence, Agrippina's affection for him knew no bounds. She could hardly bear to leave him even for a little while, and always came hurrying back to him with a loud frightened mew, as if fearing he might have been stolen in her absence. At night she purred over him for hours, or made little gurgling noises expressive of ineffable content. She resented the careless curiosity of strangers, and was a trifle supercilious when the cook stole softly in to give vent to her fervent admiration. But from first to last she shared with me her pride and pleasure; and the joy in her beautiful eyes, as she raised them to mine, was frankly confiding and sympathetic. When the infant Claudius rolled for the first time over the ledge of the closet, and lay sprawling on the bedroom floor, it would have been hard to say which of us was the

more elated at his prowess. A narrow pink ribbon of honor was at once tied around the small adventurer's neck, and he was pronounced the most daring and agile of kittens. From that day his brief career was a series of brilliant triumphs. He was a kitten of parts. Like one of Miss Austen's heroes, he had air and countenance. Less beautiful than his mother, whom he closely resembled, he easily eclipsed her in vivacity and the specious arts of fascination. Never were mother and son more unlike in character and disposition, and the inevitable contrast between kittenhood and cathood was enhanced in this case by a strong natural dissimilarity which no length of years could have utterly effaced.

Agrippina had always been a cat of manifest reserves. She was only six weeks old when she came to me, and had already acquired that gravity of demeanor, that air of gentle disdain, that dignified and somewhat supercilious composure, which won the respectful admiration of those whom she permitted to enjoy her acquaintance. Even in moments of self-forgetfulness and mirth her recreations resembled those of the little Spanish Infanta, who, not being permitted to play with her inferiors, and having no equals, diverted herself as best she could with sedate and solitary sport. Always chary of her favors, Agrippina cared little for the admiration of her chosen circle; and, with a single exception, she made no friends beyond it.

Claudius Nero, on the contrary, thirsted for applause. Affable, debonair, and democratic to the core, the caresses and commendations of a chance visitor or of a housemaid were as valuable to him as were my own. I never looked at him "showing off," as children say, — jumping from chair to chair, balancing himself on the bedpost, or scrambling rapturously up the forbidden curtains, — without thinking of the young Emperor who contended in the amphitheatre for the worthless plaudits of the crowd. He was impulsive and affectionate, — so, I believe, was the Emperor for a time, — and as masterful as if born to the purple. His mother struggled hard to maintain her rightful authority, but it was in vain. He woke her from her sweetest naps; he darted at her tail, and leaped down on her from sofas and tables with the grace of a diminutive panther. Every time she attempted to punish him for these misdemeanors he cried piteously for help, and was promptly and unwisely rescued by some kind-hearted member of the family. After a while Agrippina took to sitting on her tail, in order to keep it out of his reach, and I have seen her many times carefully tucking it out of sight. She had never been a cat of active habits or of showy accomplishments, and the daring agility of the little Nero amazed and bewildered her. "A Spaniard," observes that pleasant gossip, James Howell, "walks as if he marched, and seldom looks upon the ground, as if he contemned it. I was told of a Spaniard who, having got a fall by a stumble, and broke his nose, rose up, and, in a disdainful manner, said, 'This comes of walking on the earth.'"

Now Nero seldom walked on the earth. At least, he never, if he could help it, walked on the floor, but traversed a room in a series of flying leaps from chair to table, from table to lounge, from lounge to desk, with an occasional dash at the mantelpiece, just to show what he could do. It was curious to watch Agrippina during the performance of these acrobatic feats. Pride, pleasure, the anxiety of a mother, and the faint resentment of conscious inferiority struggled for mastership in her little breast. Sometimes, when Nero's radiant self-satisfaction grew almost insufferable, I have seen her eyelids narrow sullenly, and have wondered whether the Roman Empress ever looked in that way at her brilliant and beautiful son, when maternal love was withering slowly under the shadow of coming evil. Sometimes, when Nero had been prancing

and paddling about with absurd and irresistible glee, attracting and compelling the attention of everybody in the room, Agrippina would jump up on my lap, and look in my face with an expression I thought I understood. She had never before valued my affection in all her little petted, pampered life. She had been sufficient for herself, and had merely tolerated me as a devoted and useful companion. But now that another had usurped so many of her privileges, I fancied there were moments when it pleased her to know that one subject, at least, was not to be beguiled from allegiance; that to one friend, at least, she always was and always would be the dearest cat in the world.

I am glad to remember that love triumphed over jealousy, and that Agrippina's devotion to Nero increased with every day of his short life. The altruism of a cat seldom reaches beyond her kittens; but she is capable of heroic unselfishness where they are concerned. I knew of a London beast, a homeless, forlorn vagrant, who constituted herself an out-door pensioner at the house of a friendly man of letters. This cat had a kitten, whose youthful vivacity won the hearts of a neighboring family. They adopted it willingly, but refused to harbor the mother, who still came for her daily dole to her only benefactor. Whenever a bit of fish or some other especial dainty was given her, this poor mendicant scaled the wall, and watched her chance to share it with her kitten, her little wealthy, greedy son, who gobbled it up as remorselessly as if he were not living on the fat of the land.

Agrippina would have been swift to follow such an example of devotion. At dinner time she always yielded the precedence to Nero, and it became one of our daily tasks to compel the little lad to respect his mother's privileges. He scorned his saucer of milk, and from tenderest infancy aspired to adult food, making predatory incursions upon Agrippina's plate, and obliging us finally to feed them in separate apartments. I have seen him, when a very young kitten, rear himself upon his baby legs, and with his soft and wicked little paw strike his mother in the face until she dropped the piece of meat she had been eating, when he tranquilly devoured it. It was to prevent the recurrence of such scandalous scenes that two dining-rooms became a necessity in the family. Yet he was so loving and so lovable, poor little Claudius Nero! Why do I dwell on his faults, remembering, as I do, his winning sweetness and affability? Hour after hour, in the narrow city garden, the two cats played together, happy in each other's society, and never a yard apart. Every night they retired at the same time, and slept upon the same cushion, curled up inextricably into one soft, furry ball. Many times I have knelt by their chair to bid them both good-night; and always, when I did so, Agrippina would lift her charming head, purr drowsily for a few seconds, and then nestle closer still to her first-born, with sighs of supreme satisfaction. The zenith of her life had been reached. Her cup of contentment was full.

It is a rude world, even for little cats, and evil chances lie in wait for the petted creatures we strive to shield from harm. Remembering the pangs of separation, the possibilities of unkindness or neglect, the troubles that hide in ambush on every unturned page, I am sometimes glad that the same cruel and selfish blow struck both mother and son, and that they lie together, safe from hurt or hazard, sleeping tranquilly and always, under the shadow of the friendly pines.

Agnes Repplier.

WILDCAT BANKING IN THE TEENS.

THE refusal of Congress, in 1811, to recharter the United States Bank was followed within a twelvemonth by a singular struggle for its deposits and its wealth. The bank was founded in 1791, at a time when there were but four others in the entire country, was given a capital of $10,000,000, was made the depository of government revenue, had power to issue bank notes which the government received in payment of all dues, and could establish branches, or, as they were called, offices of discount and deposit, in such numbers and in such places as its directors thought proper. Exercising their powers, the directors in time opened nineteen branches in the various States; issued some $5,000,000 of notes, which passed readily from hand to hand in all parts of the country, in much the same manner as the national bank notes of our day; and paid each year dividends of from seven to ten per cent on the capital stock.

An institution with such a charter might easily have done the banking business of the whole country. But the adoption of the Federal Constitution, the establishment of a strong and vigorous government on the ruins of the old Confederation, the stripping from the States of the power to coin money and issue paper, and, above all, the funding of the revolutionary debt had restored credit. The restoration of credit called out from attic floors and old stockings hundreds of thousands of dollars which had long lain hidden and unused; and these, in addition to the millions of new capital created by the government funding at their face value the indents, the final settlements, the loan-office certificates, the commissary certificates, the quartermasters' certificates, the thousand and one forms of the revolutionary indebtedness which till then had not been worth three shillings to the pound, provided an enormous fund, whose owners were eagerly seeking investment. This eagerness to invest was well displayed when, on the 4th of July, 1791, the books of the National Bank were opened at the old State House in Philadelphia, and in half an hour every penny of the $8,000,000 of stock offered the public was taken. The people were astonished, and an era of wild speculation began. Stock-issuing corporations sprang up on every hand. The cities abounded with the projectors of canal companies, turnpike companies, manufacturing companies, and state banks. In the course of a twelvemonth eight banks were chartered, and the state bank as a financial institution may be said to have been introduced.

Thus started, the banking system spread rapidly over the seaboard portion of the commercial States, and along the great routes of emigration westward. By the end of the century twenty-six banks existed, and of these fourteen were in New England, and two south of the Potomac. Five years later, thirty-eight others had been established, almost three fourths of which were again to be found in New England. But the movement of population westward was filling up the region beyond the Alleghanies, and when, in 1811, the charter of the United States Bank expired, state banks were to be found along the Mohawk, in central Pennsylvania, in western Maryland, at Steubenville, at Marietta, at Cincinnati, at Chillicothe, in Kentucky, in Tennessee, and in the Territory of Orleans. Eighty-eight were then doing business.

Just what would happen in the financial world if the United States Bank should not be rechartered, and the state institutions were left to do as they pleased, was clearly foreseen and well stated when the question of recharter

was under consideration in Congress. "Two things," it was said, "will happen. In the first place, the country will be stripped of the only circulating medium it possesses. This will be a serious blow to merchants and to the government. At present, if a trader in Ohio or Kentucky wishes to pay a debt contracted in Boston or New Orleans, he has but to procure from the nearest branch of the Bank of the United States a draft on the branch at Boston or New Orleans, and the money is paid in either city as soon as the mail can reach it. But when the bank is gone, what will the merchant do? Specie he cannot get; and even if he could, the cost and risk of sending it five hundred miles would be unbearable. The notes of state banks cannot be used; for the notes of Kentucky banks do not pass current in the East. He will therefore be at the mercy of the most grasping of all men, the exchange broker. In the second place, the abolition of the bank will be followed by an enormous increase in paper money. Some of it will come from new institutions that will spring up, eager for a share of the business once done by that we are asked to destroy. Some will be put out by old institutions to take the place of the bills retired by the Bank of the United States."

This was precisely what the enemies of a national bank wanted. Indeed, in a report against granting the bank an extension of time in which to settle its affairs, made to the Senate a few weeks after the bill to recharter was lost, great pleasure was expressed that inflation was well under way, and that the state banks were rapidly filling the vacuum produced by the withdrawal of the paper of the Bank of the United States.

Had the new issue stopped when the vacuum was filled, there would have been small cause for complaint. But it did not. A banking mania which had long been raging in Pennsylvania now swept through the commercial States, and in a few months the number of banks was increased a hundredfold. The great success of the Bank of the United States, the dividend, often as high as ten per cent, paid to the stockholders each year, together with the fine business done by the Bank of Pennsylvania and its branches located in the interior of the State, were so many object lessons to the farmers of the back counties. Every day the belief gained ground that the astonishing prosperity of the seaboard cities was due largely to the existence in them of banks, and that, to share in this prosperity, the people of the inland towns and counties had but to follow the example of their city brothers. The facilities offered by banks to borrowers, the growing need of a circulating medium that would not be drawn away, and, more than all, the desire of the farmers to invest the money made in the brisk times before the embargo did much to make banking popular.

There was one important function, however, which the federal government did not, and the state banks could not, perform, and that function was to supply the people with small change. The Bank of the United States issued no bills under ten dollars in value; the state banks could issue none under five; and, as the specie (composed largely of foreign coin) was drawn to the seaports to meet the needs of importers, the inhabitants of the inland towns and villages were often sorely tried for want of change. To supply this, numbers of individuals and associations of individuals had gone into the banking business without charters, and, procuring plates and paper, had issued notes of all denominations far beyond their ability to redeem. To stop this, the legislature of Pennsylvania, in 1810, forbade unincorporated banking associations to issue notes or bills, or to make loans, or to receive deposits. Knowing what was coming, six such associations promptly sought for charters during the session of 1809–10.

Five were refused. But the petitioners were not discouraged, and at the next session nine, and at the following session fourteen, applications were made to the legislature.

One of the fourteen deserves especial mention, for those who made it were no other than the Pennsylvania stockholders of the Bank of the United States, whose charter had now expired. Taking the name American Bank, these gentlemen asked for a twenty years' charter, with a capital of $5,000,000, and offered, in return, to give the State $375,000, to be used for building roads and bridges. As the session wore on, and the legislature seemed loath to act, the cash bonus was raised to $500,000, and an offer was made to loan the State another $500,000 for internal improvements. This was indeed tempting. But the feeling was general that if the petitioners could make such a bid the profits of the business must be immense, and ought to be enjoyed, not by one great bank, but by many small ones, and the petition was not granted.

Nevertheless it bore fruit, and aroused such eagerness for local banks as alarmed the governor. In his message at the opening of the session of 1812–13 he cautioned the legislature against what he saw was coming; told it that the banking capital in the State was all sufficient; cited in evidence the fact that within six months the Philadelphia banks had subscribed $2,400,000 to the United States war loan, and had taken in addition $1,000,000 in treasury notes bearing less than bank interest; and reminded the members that in the Harrisburg bank $100,000 had long been lying idle for want of a good investment. The people, however, were determined to have their way, and before the legislature arose applications were received for thirty-one charters, and a bill establishing a general banking system for the whole State, and calling for five and twenty new banks, was laid before the governor. Each of the twenty-three congressional districts was to be a banking district, and contain at least one of the new institutions. They were to be the people's banks; and that the farmers and mechanics might have a chance to subscribe and enjoy some of the riches about to be scattered broadcast, great care was taken to keep the stock out of the hands of capitalists. Nobody, therefore, could subscribe for more than one share on the day the subscription books were opened, nor for more than two shares on the second day, nor for more than three shares on the third day; and so on to the sixth day, when, for the first time, the subscriber could buy all the stock he wanted. One per cent on the stock subscribed was to be paid each year to the State, a sum which, as the capital of the twenty-five banks was to be $9,525,000, was far from trifling.

Unhappily for the scheme, the governor vetoed the bill, and gave nine good reasons. The people now grew more determined than ever; and when the legislature met again, it laid on the table of the governor a bill establishing forty-one new banks in twenty-seven districts. Once more he vetoed the bill; but this time it was passed over his veto, and thirty-seven banks went into business in 1814.

In New York the struggle was still more exciting. There, when it was known that the Bank of the United States was not to be rechartered, some capitalists bought out the foreign holders and such resident holders of the stock as would sell, and in 1812 applied to the legislature for a charter. The name of the new institution was to be the Bank of America, the capital was to be $6,000,000, and no foreign holder was to vote. As it had now become the custom to buy charters, a most liberal and tempting offer was made. For a thirty years' charter the bank would pay $400,000, in four annual and equal payments. If during ten years no other banks were char-

tered to do business in New York city, another $100,000 would be paid the State at the end of that period; and yet another $100,000 if, at the end of twenty more years, no other bank had been established in the city. One million was offered to the State at five per cent, to be used in building the Erie Canal, and another million at six per cent, to be loaned by the State to the farmers on landed security. In the assembly the measure found many warm and earnest friends, was passed after a vigorous struggle, and was about to be passed by the senate, when the governor, to the amazement of the whole community, prorogued the legislature for fifty-five days. Many reasons for the act were given; but the chief one was that, from the journals of both houses, it appeared that attempts had been made to bribe four assemblymen and one senator to vote for the bill. "Far be it from me," said the governor, "to assert that the charges are true. Yet before the bill passes it would be well to examine and refute them." Thinking that the honor and morals of the State required it, and wishing to give time for reflection, he felt it to be his duty to send the members home for a few weeks.

No good came of the dismissal, for the moment the members were back in their seats the bank bill was passed by both branches, and sent to the council of revision. The council of revision was a body made up of the governor, the chancellor, and the judges of the supreme court of the State, and possessed that veto power which in many other States was given to the governor. To it went every bill passed by the legislature. If, in the opinion of a majority of the council, the bill was an improper one, it was vetoed, and returned to the house in which it originated. If the bill was approved, or for any reason failed to be considered within ten days, it became law.

When the six million bank bill reached the council the chancellor was absent, and the six remaining members were equally divided. What should be its fate rested, therefore, with the chancellor, who, to the joy of the bank men, hastened back to Albany and cast his vote in their favor. The charter thereupon issued.

In Massachusetts, the bank question was brought up by the approach of the October day, 1812, when the charters of sixteen of the existing banks would expire. For a time the idea of replacing them by one great institution, with capital enough and branches enough to transact the banking business of the whole State, was a favorite one. But the closing of the Bank of the United States brought on the mania for local banks, and in 1812 twenty were founded, and located in eighteen towns.

New Jersey established six, and, by way of bonus, reserved the right to subscribe to half the capital stock, and to appoint the president and six of the directors of each. But the law was hardly a year old when the Federalists secured control of the legislature; and, determined that the benefits of the banks should not be enjoyed by the Democrats alone, they passed a law for the sale of the stock owned by the State. In twenty-four hours not a share of five of them was in the hands of the governor. Delaware chartered three banks. Ohio did the same. In Virginia, an attempt to add $1,500,000 to the capital of one of the two banks was defeated.

Thus in the course of two years did the mania spread over the seaboard States, and raise the number of banks from eighty-eight to two hundred and eight. As each possessed the right of issuing bills, and as each issued bills to at least three times the amount of its capital, the country entered once more upon an era of paper money. Had the banks been able to obtain enough specie to redeem even a small proportion of their paper, all would have gone well. But, unfortunately for them, much

of the specie on which their circulation depended was at that moment in New England. For this the long embargo, the days of non-importation, and the war were chiefly responsible. Under the restrictive system which began in 1807, and had not yet ended, manufactures had at last begun to flourish. Greatly against their will, the people of New England had turned their attention to spinning and weaving, and, favored by the exclusion of English competitors, had begun to supply the domestic market with many articles. As early as 1811, the effect of this was already apparent in the slow and steady flow of specie from the South and West to New England. With the opening of the war and the rigorous blockade of the coast south of Newport, this movement of specie became more rapid. The only outlet for the cotton, rice, tar, pitch, and hemp of the South, and the tobacco and flour of Virginia, was through New England, whose ports were still open to neutrals, and to the enemy disguised as neutrals. Into them came the hardware and the crockery of England, the wines and spices of the West Indies, which, with the boots and shoes, the negro cloth, the woolens, and the cotton cards made in New England, were carried by wagon to Richmond and Augusta, to be distributed over the South and West. So enormous did this trade become that, during 1813, employment was given to more than four thousand four-horse wagons. As the needs of the South forced it to buy of the East more largely than the opportunities of the East enabled it to buy of the South, the bales of cotton the teams brought north did not begin to settle the balance, which had, in consequence, to be paid in specie. Bad as this was, it became much worse when Congress, in December, 1813, laid an embargo, and stopped the trade of New England with the enemy and with neutrals. The South had then no market for its produce, and its banks were quickly stripped of every available dollar of specie.

In effecting this settlement the banks of Boston called on those of New York, which called on those of Philadelphia and Baltimore, which in their turn called on the banks yet farther south. So great was the drain that, in spite of sums used to pay for foreign merchandise, in spite of sums used to pay for British bills of exchange, in spite of sums smuggled out of the country to be sold at a high premium to the enemy, the specie in the Boston banks swelled from less than $800,000 in 1812 to more than $7,000,000 in 1814.

Nothing but a crisis or the first symptom of public discredit was then needed to send every bank from New York to Savannah into bankruptcy. Both these things came to pass toward the close of August, 1814. Landing on the shores of Chesapeake Bay, the British marched to Washington, burned the public buildings, cut off communication with the South, and attacked the city of Baltimore. That depositors, in such a time of excitement, should hasten to withdraw their money, and that people having bank notes should be eager to exchange them for specie, was no more than was to be expected. The banks along the seaboard south of Baltimore, gathering what little specie they still had, packed it in boxes, carried it far into the interior, buried it, and made no attempt to redeem their notes. The banks of Baltimore did the same. Those in Philadelphia held out a few days longer. But the run began, and on the 28th of August the presidents of the six banks ordered specie payment to be suspended, and gave the public the reasons.

"From the moment," said they in their circular, "the rigorous blockade of the ports stopped the exportation of our products, foreign goods had to be paid for with coin. As the importation of foreign goods and wares into New England has been very great, there is a

heavy drain on the banks, a drain swelled yet more by a trade in British government bills of exchange which has taken great sums out of the country. To meet this demand, the course of trade has enabled us heretofore to draw from the South. But the unhappy state of affairs there cut off this source of supply, and the question arose, Shall we continue to gather all the specie of the country into our vaults merely in order that it may be sent out of the country, or suspend specie and save the coin? Believing that the public interest is best served by taking the latter course, we have unanimously agreed to suspend, and appeal to our fellow-citizens to support us."

The appeal was not in vain. The friends of both political parties pleaded vigorously in its behalf. The merchants, who were deeply indebted to the banks, assembled at the Coffee House, and agreed to take the bills of the institutions suspending payment. The committee of defense publicly indorsed the action as a wise measure of precaution, and the people quietly submitted.

Meanwhile, the banks of New York city had suspended, and assured the people that, till specie was again in circulation, they would not increase the amount of their notes then outstanding, and would take one another's notes in all payments. On hearing this, the merchants and traders met at the Tontine Coffee House, and in their turn resolved to avoid all negotiation requiring specie payment, to take the notes of the banks as freely in the future as they had in the past, and to do their utmost to maintain bank credit. The city, in its corporate capacity, agreed to issue bills of a penny and upwards to replace the small silver and the cents. When these things became known at Albany, the banks of that city suspended, and in a few days not a bank in any of the seaboard States, from New York to Georgia, was making specie payments.

The chief sufferer from this state of things was the government. Millions of its revenue were at that moment deposited with the Southern banks. But the suspension having prevented the movement of a dollar to the frontier, where the troops, the army contractors, the thousand and one creditors, were to be paid, the treasury was practically bankrupt. In a little while numbers of acceptances for large amounts were protested. More than once the paymaster of the army was unable to meet demands for sums so trifling as thirty dollars. The War Department was in such distress that the Secretary of the Treasury was forced to ask a bank at Georgetown to pay a debt of $3500.

At some places along the frontier, when the terms of service of the troops expired, they were paid in certificates. On attempting to sell these bits of paper for one half the face value, the soldiers could not find a man who would take them, and were forced to beg their way home. At Plattsburg, where some New York militia were discharged, not even certificates were to be had, and they, too, went about begging food and money from the citizens. When, on the 1st of December, some treasury notes fell due at Philadelphia and were presented for payment, the loan commissioner offered new stock of the United States or bills of Southern banks. Having no specie of any denomination, the Secretary was now forced to take another step, and order the collectors of revenue not to receive treasury notes in payment of taxes or dues when the amount of the note was greater than the sum due. Thus, if the debt were nineteen dollars and ninety-nine cents, the collector must not accept a twenty-dollar treasury note. This order was construed with great strictness, and when some New Bedford liquor dealers applied to the collector for licenses, and offered a note greater in value than the sum total of all their respective dues, it was refused. Thereupon the dealers declared they would go

on without licenses, and told the collector to go to law if he dared. At New York, three men, whose combined taxes footed up twenty-one dollars and fifty-one cents, offered a twenty-dollar treasury note and the rest in specie; but this, too, was rejected, because, while less than the amount due from the three, it was greater than the amount due from any one.

Unable to get a dollar in specie or move a cent from one city to another, the Secretary of the Treasury, towards the close of the year, addressed a circular to the public creditors at Boston, in which he openly admitted that the treasury was empty. "The suspension of specie payments," said he, "by the greater part of the banks in the United States, and among them those in which the government's money lies, makes it no longer possible to apply money collected in one part of the country to the payment of debts incurred in another. The public creditors, therefore, must be content to receive treasury notes in place of specie, or wait patiently till such time as the Secretary has specie with which to pay them." Some took treasury notes, but they were few in number; and when the first day of 1815 arrived, the treasury had defaulted in the payment of dividends on the funded debt due in Boston, had defaulted in the payment of $2,800,000 of treasury notes due in many places, and had failed to take up two temporary loans of $250,000 each made by the State Bank of Boston.

Up to this time the Western banks had escaped the financial trouble which beset the Eastern banks. They had, indeed, small dealings with those in the East. But when a Spanish joe brought nine per cent, and an American dollar six per cent, premium in any seaboard city, it may well be supposed that great efforts were made to bring over the mountains what little specie the Mississippi Valley contained. So serious were these efforts that, early in the new year, the Miami Exporting Company, the Farmers and Mechanics' Bank, and the Bank of Cincinnati, all doing business in Ohio, were forced to suspend specie payments. The high price of specie in the East, the presidents stated in their circular, had directed the attention of "moneyed emissaries" to the West, and the refusal of the Ohio banks to pay gold or silver was a measure of self-protection.

Locking up the coin by the banks bore heavily not only on the Treasury Department and the public creditors, but on the great body of the people as well. It stripped the country of small change; not a sixpence, not a shilling, not a pistareen, was anywhere to be seen in the region of the suspending banks. As no financial institution could, at that time, legally issue bills of a lower denomination than two dollars, the place of the silver pieces had to be supplied by illegal issue of small paper bills. The cities, in their corporate capacity, printed thousands of dollars' worth of penny, two-penny, and six-penny notes, which their treasurers sold in sums of five or ten dollars to such as needed change, with the assurance that they could at any moment be redeemed in bank bills, and would be taken in payment of taxes. Thus the city of New York, in a few months, put out in this manner $190,000, of which $150,000 were in constant circulation. The banks did likewise; but, as they could not legally issue in their own name, they generally appointed some honest man to sign the bills for them. Merchants, tradesmen, manufacturers, stage owners, tavern keepers, ferrymen, and unchartered banks followed, and before spring came the whole seaboard south of New England was flooded with paper money of the worst description.

When peace returned, when the ports were opened in March, and a brisk trade began with foreign nations and along the coast, the evils of this kind of currency were felt most severely. Specie rose in value steadily, week by week,

till, in October, American dollars, which in March brought six per cent premium, sold at sixteen per cent advance, and Spanish coin at twenty-one. Around each city were drawn a series of imaginary rings, representing so many zones of varying discount. At Philadelphia, notes of the Delaware banks were taken at two per cent discount; those of Baltimore at three; those of Richmond, if of chartered banks, at three; those of Pennsylvania and Ohio at seven.

Northward and eastward a better state of affairs existed, and Jersey bills were taken in Philadelphia at par, New York bills at four, and Boston bills at nine per cent premium. At Boston, all the notes issued by New York state banks passed at a discount of twenty per cent, those of Philadelphia at twenty-four, and those of Baltimore at thirty. No Southern bank notes were to be seen. Treasury notes were not worth seventy-five cents on the dollar. A one hundred dollar United States six per cent bond would not bring more than sixty.

Philadelphia merchants and traders who dealt largely with the West and the South were so affected by these rates of exchange that meeting after meeting was held in April, 1815, to discuss the serious inconveniences they suffered. At last a committee was chosen to seek a remedy, and it made a report full of interest. The evil, it told the meeting, was deeply seated, and the remedy was not in the hands of the community at large. Want of a circulating medium was the true source of the difference of exchange between different States. Absence of specie put them in the position of foreign countries, the value of whose money was regulated by the balance of trade. States against which a balance arose would have their paper depreciated in the State to which they were indebted. This was precisely the condition of the South and the West with regard to Philadelphia. They were in debt. The balance of trade was against them, and nothing but the restoration of a national circulating medium could bring relief. How far the national government should attempt to accomplish this was not, the committee said, for it to say.

Had the banks been the only sufferers for the want of a circulating medium, they would have waited long for government aid. But they were not. Every day the Secretary of the Treasury felt the need of such a medium. Goods, wares, and merchandise were coming into the ports from foreign lands, in quantities such as had never before been known. Yet not a cent of the duty paid on them could be moved from the city at whose custom house it was collected without heavy charges for exchange. In hopes of stopping this, and forcing the banks to resume the payment of specie, the Secretary gave notice, in June, 1815, that on and after August 1 the collectors would not receive the notes of banks which did not pay specie, and did not take and pay out treasury notes at par. Some, whose depositors did a large custom-house business, or in whose vaults was government revenue, reluctantly yielded. But so many important banks did not accede that on August 15 a new circular was issued. The purpose of the proposition made to the banks by the treasury in the circular of June was, the Secretary said, to secure a circulating medium, both local and general. The local medium was to be made up of state bank notes, treasury notes, and cents, which the mint was to issue at once. The general medium was to consist of treasury notes, to be taken at par by the banks all over the country, and so afford a ready means of making remittances from place to place. This proposition, he was glad to state, had been generally accepted by the state banks. Two in New York, one in Connecticut, and one in Georgia had flatly refused to comply. Eight in New York, two in New Jersey, two in Pennsylvania, and two in Ohio had made no answer. Notice was therefore given

that, after the first day of October, 1815, the notes of these banks would no longer be received in payment of duties or taxes due the United States. This was vigorously protested against. No wonder, it was said, that New York banks will not receive and issue treasury notes at par, while banks in the South do. When those in New York city suspended specie payments, they solemnly agreed not to extend their loans above the amount then out. To this they adhered strictly, and by so doing kept the value of their paper steady, while that of Southern banks went down. When the Secretary made his proposition, treasury notes sold at three per cent discount in New York, and at three per cent premium in Baltimore. In New York, therefore, taking treasury notes at par was a tax of three per cent, while in Baltimore it was a bonus of three per cent. But this was not all. Bills of the Baltimore banks which accepted the Secretary's proposition were taken in payment of custom-house bonds, though the bills were seven per cent below treasury notes. In Boston, treasury notes were cheaper than bank bills. The rate of duty being the same, a Massachusetts importer would therefore pay in a currency seven per cent more valuable than the Baltimore merchant. On goods carrying a duty of twenty-five per cent *ad valorem*, this was equal to two per cent, and two per cent was enough to pay the freight and insurance from Baltimore to Boston. If two merchants in these cities had each imported $5,000,000 worth of hardware and crockery, woolens and linens, the merchant of Baltimore would have paid $350,000 less revenue than his fellow in Boston.

Nevertheless the notice was effective, and seven of the banks which had failed to comply in July complied before the first of November. By that time the people were growing weary of the refusal of the banks to resume, and of the flood of paper money poured out on the community by individuals, counterfeiters, and banks having no charters. At a meeting made up of the merchants, tradesmen, and citizens of Albany, resolutions were passed not to accept any small bills other than those issued by the corporation of the city, nor any bank bills which did not pass current at the city banks. At Richmond, a citizen having collected ten one-hundred-dollar notes of the Bank of Virginia, presented them and demanded silver. He was refused; and, on seeking counsel to bring suit, he could not find a member of the Richmond bar who would take the case. Repairing to the office of the clerk of the superior court, he thereupon took out a summons against the president and directors of the bank. When rule day came, as they failed to appear, a distringas was issued. Still the bank would not obey, and on the president refusing to submit peaceably the sheriff summoned a posse, shut the doors of the banking house, and carried him off. In a few days, however, the bank was doing business in a room over its old quarters, and in open contempt of the court.

Shortly after this affair the Virginia legislature took up the matter, and placed on the statute book three laws concerning the currency. One required every bank in the State to resume specie payment by November 15, 1816. The penalty for not doing so was a writ of execution, to issue in ten days, and costs and six per cent interest on the bill from the day specie was refused in exchange for it. In order to comply with this law, the banks began to call in loans, stopped discounting, and so deranged business that tobacco and produce fell off in price from five to twenty per cent. This led a grand jury to present the law as a daring attempt to infringe the constitutional rights of the people, and a violation of that section of the Federal Constitution which limits the powers of the States. "Should the legislature," said the jury, "attempt to

enforce the law, and pronounce absolute judgment of confiscation, its action may furnish a proper occasion for a popular revolution." The second law provided that in all cases of debt, or of money due on execution, deed of trust, judgment, or mortgage, not an article should be sold unless, ten days before the sale was to take place, the persons to be benefited should write on the execution their willingness to take such notes of the chartered banks of Virginia, of the neighboring States, and of the District of Columbia as were current in the county where the sale was to be held. It was then made the duty of the judges of the courts of the counties and of the corporations to decide each month what bills were current within their jurisdiction, and to fix the rates of depreciation as compared with the notes of the Farmers' Bank and the Bank of Virginia, the only chartered banks in the State. The third law fixed a date whereon the notes, bills, and tickets of unchartered banks and corporations should cease to be currency, and after which to issue or receive such bills or tickets would be a misdemeanor.

In each case the remedy was again worse than the disease. In each case the law failed to accomplish its purpose, was assailed with bitterness, and in time suspended.

At the court of hustings held for the corporation of Staunton, the judges flatly refused to execute the law. At a court for Augusta County, the judges declared that the paper of the chartered banks of Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia, and of the State Bank of North Carolina should be taken at par, and that no other bank paper should be current. The court of hustings sitting at Richmond ordered that notes of the Bank of Virginia and of the Farmers' Bank should be rated at par; but that Philadelphia paper should pass at seven and a half per cent discount, Baltimore paper at ten, and that of the District of Columbia at twelve and a half. Rulings such as these put an end to business. Notes which in Augusta County the people were forced to take at par, the people of Richmond were forbidden to take at all. Bills which at Richmond were, by order of the court, received at a discount of ten per cent were, for the same reason, current at Fredericksburg at their face value.

To make matters worse, the associations and companies doing an unchartered banking business began to call in their paper, in order to comply with the law aimed directly at them. These companies were of two classes, were to be found in the valley rather than in the tide-water region of Virginia, and owed their existence to the bad system of state banking. In 1803 and 1812 the legislature had chartered banks, had given to them power to establish branches in certain towns, and, since the establishment of these two, had granted no other charters. Exercising its powers, the Bank of Virginia had opened branches at Norfolk, Fredericksburg, Petersburg, and Lynchburg. The Farmers' Bank had branches at Norfolk, Petersburg, Lynchburg, Fredericksburg, and Winchester. In each case the parent bank was at Richmond.

The great and fertile region lying west of Richmond was thus left without any bank or any money-loaning institution. But it was into this region that immigration had long been pouring, and it was to meet the needs of these immigrants that two classes of companies had grown up. In the one class were the associations known by such names as the Bank of Winchester in Virginia, Bank of Martinsburg, Bank of the South Branch of the Potomac, the Virginia Saline Bank, the Farmers and Mechanics' Bank of Harper's Ferry, and a host of others, which, without charters, did a regular banking business, made loans, discounted notes, received deposits, and issued paper money. In the other

class were the exporting companies, the companies for the encouragement of agriculture and manufactures, and the farmers' companies, all of them great buyers and shippers of produce, who paid their debts in paper of their own issue, which soon became the circulating medium of the country. The efforts of these two classes to obey the law carried financial distress into regions where bank bills were almost unknown. By the middle of the summer the whole State was clamorous for a special session of the legislature to repeal the banking and currency laws. A special session was accordingly held in November. The law requiring the banks to resume specie payment was suspended, first for one month, and then for seven; and fifteen unchartered banking institutions were given till the last day of August, 1817, to call in their paper and comply with the law. To please the people of the mountain region, two new banks were created. One, called the Northwestern Bank of Virginia, was to be at Wheeling, with branches at Wellsburg, Morgantown, and Clarksburg. The other, named the Bank of the Valley in Virginia, was to be at Winchester, with two branches to be located in the neighboring counties, provided sufficient subscriptions were made.

The experience of Virginia was the experience of every State. In the Pennsylvania house of representatives, an attempt was made to instruct the committee on banks to inquire into the expediency of revoking the charters of every bank within the Commonwealth that refused to pay specie. The friends of the banks rallied, and succeeded in changing the motion to one bidding the committee report on the cause of suspension and the remedy. The causes, the committee declared, were, too many banks and an enormous issue of paper. The forty-one chartered in 1814 had not added one dollar to the specie in the State. Yet each one had put out paper far beyond the limit required for its own safety, or the good of the public, or the ability of the community to redeem in specie. The remedy was, the committee reported, a law providing that if any bank in Pennsylvania should, on demand, refuse to pay its notes in coin after January 1, 1817, interest at eighteen per cent should begin from the time the demand was made, and continue till the demand was fully satisfied. But if any bank, after January 1, 1818, refused to resume specie payment, its corporate rights should instantly become null and void.

Having heard the report, the friends of the banks, under the lead of James Buchanan, moved a substitute which gave very different reasons, and suggested a very different remedy. During the war, they said, the ports of the Southern and Middle States had been strictly blockaded, while those of the East had been open. Foreign merchandise, even when intended for the South and Middle States, came in, therefore, through the Eastern ports. As it could no longer be paid for in produce, it was paid for in specie, which began to flow steadily eastward. But more than this: New England had made small subscriptions to the federal loans, so small that they were far less than the federal expenditures in that region; and to make up this difference more specie was drawn from the Middle States. Just at the time this was going on, the people in the interior of Pennsylvania, seeing that all the profits of banking were monopolized by the citizens of Philadelphia, and becoming displeased at the behavior of the branch banks, which were drawing all the coin in the State into the vaults of the parent banks at Philadelphia, came forward in a body, and demanded that the legislature establish banks in the interior. This was done, and the new institutions, drawing on Philadelphia for their specie capital, steadily lessened the gold and silver in that city, and forced the banks to suspend. With peace many of these disturbing causes ceased. But

new ones took their places, for the importation of foreign goods so exceeded the exportation of American products that specie still continued to be sent abroad to settle the balance. This was the condition at the present time, and, under such circumstances, it was unwise to adopt measures forcing the banks to resume. As the result of these conflicting views, consideration of the report was postponed.

Like attempts to drive bank paper out of circulation failed in New York and Maryland. In Ohio, in Indiana Territory, in Kentucky, notes of unchartered banks were declared illegal. On the other hand, those of chartered banks were so highly protected in Kentucky that when an execution issued, and the plaintiff wrote across the face of the writ the words "Notes on the Bank of Kentucky, or its branches, or notes on any other incorporated bank of this State, or notes on the treasury of the United States, will be accepted in discharge of the whole of this execution," the defendant had but three months within which to replevy. Should the plaintiff refuse to accept such paper, the defendant might replevy at any time within a year.

To the evils produced by so debased a paper currency, coming from more than four hundred sources of issue, — from banks with charters, from banks without charters, from cities, from towns, from individuals, from importing companies and exporting companies, from factories, and from the treasury of the United States, — must be added yet other evils which sprang from the opportunities such a currency afforded rogues and sharpers. Men without consciences printed their change bills on paper so bad that it fell to pieces in the pockets of the takers. Counterfeiters plied their shameful trade so successfully that hundreds of thousands of dollars of false notes were soon afloat in the country. One gang made its headquarters in Indiana Territory. Another had its presses somewhere on the Hudson. Four members of the Western gang, who were captured at Harrisburg, had in their valises $350,000 of counterfeit notes of the Miami Exporting Company of Ohio. A member of the Eastern gang, when caught, had with him counterfeit notes of every important bank along the seaboard, from Savannah to Albany. The newspapers all over the country were full of notices of false bank notes, and, what was quite as bad, of notes of banks which had no existence. These wildcat institutions were the creation of a class of men who would have thought counterfeiting infamous. Two or three of them would associate, select a name and a city, have plates engraved in the best and most artistic manner, print bills of all denominations, and sell them to the exchange brokers, or pass them off in cities far away from the place where the bank was supposed to be located. New York, as a great commercial centre, was a favorite spot, and in it many such imaginary institutions were located. One, taking the name of the City Exchange Bank, and claiming to have $2,000,000 of capital, scattered tens of thousands of dollars in notes all over the South. Another, called the Merchants and Mechanics' Exchange Company, victimized the people of Augusta, of Fayetteville, and of Charleston. Notes of a third, the Ohio Exporting and Importing Company, appeared at Trenton, at Philadelphia, and in western Virginia. The owners of a fourth, known as the Commercial Bank, did a thriving business from Cooperstown to Buffalo.

But this prosperity was not to endure; for, in spite of state banks, exchange brokers, and sharpers, the day for the resumption of specie was near at hand. Congress had established the second Bank of the United States for the express purpose of regulating the currency, and had, by resolution, instructed the Secretary of the Treasury to see to it that, after February 20, 1817, the revenue was paid in legal currency.

In obedience to the command thus laid on him the Secretary began to act, and late in July, 1816, addressed a circular and a notice to the state banks. The circular reminded them that a return to specie payments was most desirable; that the banks of New England and of the South and West were ready to coöperate in an attempt to bring about a general resumption; that the reluctance of the Middle State banks was believed by the people to be caused by the profits they were making; and that a resolution had been passed by the late Congress looking toward the forcible resumption of legal currency. The notice was to the effect that, after October 1, debts, taxes, imposts, due the United States, when five dollars or under, must be paid in specie, or bank notes immediately convertible into specie; that no notes greater in value than five dollars would be taken, unless the banks issuing them redeemed notes under five dollars in specie; and that, after the 20th of February, 1817, all taxes and duties must be paid in legal currency.

On the receipt of this notice, the banks of New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore met in convention, and declined to resume for a year. It did not seem likely, they declared, that the Bank of the United States and its branches would be in operation before July, 1817. Until they were in operation a return to specie payments by the state banks would be inexpedient, and the best that could be done was to recommend that the first Monday in July, 1817, be agreed upon as the time for a general resumption throughout the country.

Considering this a refusal to comply with his request, and knowing that if the banks refused to pay out coin the people could get none wherewith to pay their taxes, the Secretary gave notice that no attempt would be made to collect duties in coin till February 20, 1817.

The people, however, were eager for resumption, and, under the pressure of the public demand, the New York city banks made a slight concession, and in September, 1816, began to pay small change in specie. Twenty-two exchange brokers, therefore, agreed not to buy or sell specie change of any denomination under fifty cents. The corporation began to call in its change tickets, the butchers agreed to lend their aid, and by the end of the first week in October the "silver age," as the people called it, was come again.

Meantime, physical causes which no man could foresee changed the balance of trade, stopped the export of specie, and in a few months brought it back to the United States in such quantities that on the 20th of February, 1817, every reputable bank from New York city to Richmond began to pay out specie. By that time, too, the Bank of the United States and its chief branches were in operation, and the business community was once more enjoying cheap exchange.

J. B. McMaster.

A RUSSIAN SUMMER RESORT.

THE spring was late and cold. I wore my fur-lined cloak (*shúba*) and wrapped up my ears, by Russian advice as well as by inclination, until late in May. But we were told that the summer heat would catch us suddenly, and that St. Petersburg would become malodorous and unhealthy. It was necessary, owing to circumstances, to find a healthy residence for the summer, which should not be too far removed from the capital. With a few exceptions, all the environs of St. Petersburg are damp. Unless one goes as far as Gátschina, or into the part of

Finland adjacent to the city, Tzárskoe Seló presents the only dry locality. In the Finnish summer colonies, one must, perforce, keep house, for lack of hotels. In Tzárskoe, as in Peterhoff, villa life is the only variety recognized by polite society; but there we had — or seemed to have — the choice between that and hotels. We decided in favor of Tzárskoe, as it is called in familiar conversation. As one approaches the Imperial Village, it rises like a green oasis from the plain. It is hedged in, like a true Russian village, but with trees and bushes well trained instead of with a wattled fence.

During the reign of Alexander II. this inland village was the favorite court resort; not Peterhoff, on the Gulf of Finland, as at present. It is situated sixteen miles from St. Petersburg, on the line of the first railway built in Russia, which to this day extends only a couple of miles beyond, — for lack of the necessity of farther extension, it is just to add. It stands on land which is not perceptibly higher than St. Petersburg, and it took a great deal of demonstration before an Empress of the last century could be made to believe that it was, in reality, on a level with the top of the lofty Admiralty spire, and that she must continue her tiresome trips to and fro in her coach, in the impossibility of constructing a canal which should enable her to sail in comfort. Tzárskoe Seló, "Imperial Village:" well as the name fits the place, it is thought to have been corrupted from *saari*, the Finnish word for "farm," as a farm occupied the site when Peter the Great pitched upon it for one of his numerous summer resorts. He first enlarged the farmhouse, then built one of his simple wooden palaces, and a greenhouse for Catherine I. Eventually he erected a small part of the present Old Palace. It was at the dedication of the church here, celebrated in floods of liquor (after a fashion not unfamiliar in the annals of New England in earlier days), that Peter I. contracted the illness which, aggravated by a similar drinking-bout elsewhere immediately afterward, and a cold caused by a wetting while he was engaged in rescuing some people from drowning, carried him to his grave very promptly. His successors enlarged and beautified the place, which first became famous during the reign of Catherine II. At the present day, its broad macadamized streets are lighted by electricity; its *gostínny dvor* (bazaar) is like that of a provincial city; many of its sidewalks, after the same provincial pattern, have made people prefer the middle of the street for their promenades. Naturally, only the lower classes were expected to walk when the court resided there.

Before making acquaintance with the famous palaces and parks, we undertook to settle ourselves for the time being, at least. It appeared that "furnished" villas are so called in Tzárskoe, as elsewhere, because they require to be almost completely furnished by the occupant on a foundation of barebones of furniture, consisting of a few bedsteads and tables. This was not convenient for travelers; neither did we wish to commit ourselves for the whole season to the cares of housekeeping, lest a change of air should be ordered suddenly: so we determined to try to live in another way.

Boarding-houses are as scarce here as in St. Petersburg, the whole town boasting but one, — advertised as a wonderful rarity, — which was very badly situated. There were plenty of *traktíri*, or low-class eating-houses, some of which had "numbers for arrivers" — that is to say, rooms for guests — added to their gaudy signs. These were not to be thought of. But we had been told of an establishment which rejoiced in the proud title of *gostínnitza*, "hotel," in city fashion. It looked fairly good, and there we took up our abode, after due and inevitable chaffering. This hotel was kept, over shops, on the first and part of the sec-

ond floor of a building which had originally been destined for apartments. Its only recommendation was that it was situated near a very desirable gate into the Imperial Park. Our experience there was sufficient to slake all curiosity as to Russian summer resort hotels, or country hotels in provincial towns, since that was its character; though it had, besides, some hindrances which were peculiar, I hope, to itself. The usual clean, large dining-room, with the polished floor, table decorated with plants, and lace curtains, was irresistibly attractive, especially to wedding parties of shopkeepers, who danced twelve hours at a stretch, and to breakfast parties after funerals, whose guests made rather more uproar on afternoons than did those of the wedding balls in the evening, as they sang the customary doleful chants, and then warmed up to the occasion with bottled consolation. The establishment being short-handed for waiters, these entertainments interfered seriously with our meals, which we took in private; and we were often forced to go hungry until long after the hour, because there was so much to eat in the house!

Our first experience of the place was characteristic. The waiter, who was also "boots," chambermaid, and clerk, on occasion, distributed two sheets, two pillows, one blanket, and one "cold" (cotton) coverlet between the two beds, and considered that ample, as no doubt it was according to some lights and according to the almanac, though the weather resembled November just then, and I saw snow a few days later. Having succeeded in getting this rectified, after some discussion, I asked for towels.

"There is one," answered Mikhéi (Micah), with his most fascinating smile.

The towel was very small, and was intended to serve for two persons! Eventually it did not; and we earned the name of being altogether too fastidious. The washstand had a tank of water attached to the top, which we pumped into the basin with a foot-treadle, after we became skillful, holding our hands under the stream the while. The basin had no stopper. "Running water is cleaner to wash in," was the serious explanation. Some other barbarian who had used that washstand before us must also have differed from that commonly accepted Russian opinion: when we plugged up the hole with a cork, and it disappeared, and we fished it out of the still clogged pipe, we found that six others had preceded it. It took a champagne cork and a cord to conquer the orifice.

Among our vulgar experiences at this place were — fleas. I remonstrated with Mikhéi, our typical waiter from the government of Yaroslávl, which furnishes restaurant *garçons* in hordes as a regular industry. Mikhéi replied airily: —

"*Nitchevó!* It is nothing! You will soon learn to like them so much that you cannot do without them."

I take the liberty of doubting whether even Russians ever reach that last state of mind, in a lifetime of endurance. Two rooms beyond us, in the same corridor, lodged a tall, thin, gray-haired Russian merchant, who was nearly a typical Yankee in appearance. Every morning, at four o'clock, when the fleas were at their worst and roused us regularly (the "close season" for mortals, in Russia, is between five and six A. M.), we heard this man emerge from his room, and shake, separately and violently, the four pieces of his bedclothing into the corridor; not out of the window, as he should have done. So much for the modern native taste. It is recorded that the beauties of the last century, in St. Petersburg, always wore on their bosoms silver "flea-catchers" attached to a ribbon. These traps consisted of small tubes pierced with a great number of tiny holes, closed at the bottom, open at the top, and each containing a slender shaft smeared with honey or some other sticky substance. So much for the ancient native taste.

Again we had a disagreement with Mikhéi on the subject of the roast beef. More than once it was brought in having a peculiar blackish-crimson hue and stringy grain, with a sweetish flavor, and an odor which was singular but not tainted, and which required imperatively that either we or it should vacate the room instantly. Mikhéi stuck firmly to his assertion that it was a prime cut from a first-class ox. We discovered the truth later on, in Moscow, when we entered a Tatar horse-butcher's shop — ornamented with the picture of a horse, as the law requires — out of curiosity, to inquire prices. We recognized the smell and other characteristics of our Tzárskoe Seló "roast ox" at a glance and a sniff, and remained only long enough to learn that the best cuts cost two and a half cents a pound. Afterward we went a block about to avoid passing that shop. The explanation of the affair was simple enough. In our hotel there was a traktír, run by our landlord, tucked away in a rear corner of the ground floor, and opening on what Thackeray would have called a "tight but elegant" little garden, for summer use. It was thronged from morning till night with Tatar old-clothes men and soldiers from the garrison, for whom it was the rendezvous. The horse beef had been provided for the Tatars, who considered it a special dainty, and had been palmed off upon us because it was cheap.

I may dismiss the subject of the genial Mikhéi here, with the remark that we met him the following summer at the Samson Inn, in Peterhoff, where he served our breakfast with an affectionate solicitude which somewhat alarmed us for his sobriety. He was very much injured in appearance by long hair thrown back in artistic fashion, and a livid gash which scored one side of his face down to his still unbrushed teeth, and nearly to his unwashed shirt, narrowly missing one eye, and suggesting possibilities of fight in him which, luckily for our peace of mind, we had not suspected the previous season.

Our chambermaid at first, at the Tzárskoe hostelry, was a lad fourteen years of age, who dusted in the most wonderfully conscientious way without being asked, like a veteran trained housekeeper. We supposed that male chambermaids were the fashion, judging from the offices which we had seen our St. Petersburg hotel "boots" perform, and we said nothing. A Russian friend who came to call on us, however, was shocked, and, without our knowledge, gave the landlord a lecture on the subject, the first intimation of which was conveyed to us by the appearance of a maid who had been engaged "expressly for the service of our high nobilities;" price, five rubles a month (two dollars and a half; she chanced to live in the attic lodgings), which they did not pay her, and which we gladly gave her. Her conversation alone was worth three times the money. Our "boots" in St. Petersburg got but four rubles a month, out of which he was obliged to clothe himself, and furnish the brushes, wax, and blacking for the boots; and he had not had a single day's holiday in four years, when we made his acquaintance. I won his eternal devotion by "placing a candle" vicariously to the Saviour for him on Christmas Day, and added one for myself, to harmonize with the brotherly spirit of the season.

Andréi, the boy, never wholly recovered from the grief and resentment caused by being thus supplanted, and the imputation cast upon his powers of caring for us. He got even with us on at least two occasions, for the offense of which we were innocent. Once he told a fashionable visitor of ours that we dined daily in the traktír, with the Tatar clothes peddlers and the soldiers of the garrison, with the deliberate intention of shocking her. I suppose it soothed his feelings for having to serve our food in our own room. Again, being ordered

to "place the *samovár*," he withdrew to his chamber, the former kitchen of the apartment, and went to sleep on the cold range, which was his bed, where he was discovered after we had starved patiently for an hour and a half.

Andréi's supplanter was named Katiúsha, but her angular charms corresponded so precisely with those of the character in the Mikado that we referred to her habitually as "Katisha." She had been a serf, a member of the serf aristocracy, which consisted of the house servants, and had served always as maid or nurse. She was now struggling on as a seamstress. Her sewing was wonderfully bad, and she found great difficulty in bringing up her two children, who demanded fashionable "European" clothing, and in eking out the starvation wages of her husband, a superannuated restaurant waiter, also a former serf, and belonging, like herself, to the class which received personal liberty, but no land, at the emancipation. Her view of the emancipation was not entirely favorable. In fact, all the ex-serfs with whom I talked retained a soft spot in their hearts for the comforts and irresponsibility of the good old days of serfdom.

Katiúsha could neither read nor write, but her naturally acute powers of observation, unconsciously trained by constant contact with her former owners, were of very creditable quality. She possessed a genuine talent for expressing herself neatly. For example, in describing a concert to which she had been taken, she praised the soprano singer's voice with much discrimination, winding up with, "It was — how shall I say it? — round — as round — as round as — a cartwheel!"

Her great delight consisted in being sent by me to purchase eggs and fruit at the market, or in accompanying me to carry them home, when I went myself to enjoy the scene and her methods. In her I was able to study Russian bargaining tactics in their finest flower. She would haggle for half an hour over a quarter of a cent on very small purchases, and then would carry whatever she bought into one of the neighboring shops to be reweighed. To my surprise, the good-natured venders seemed never to take offense at this significant act; and she never discovered any dishonesty. When wearied out by this sort of thing, I took charge of the proceedings, that I might escape from her agonized groans and grimaces at my extravagance. After choking down her emotion in gulps all the way home, she would at last clasp her hands, and moan in a wheedling voice:

"Please, *bárynya*,[1] how much did you pay that robber?"

"Two kopeks[2] apiece for the eggs. They are fine, large, and fresh, as you see. Twenty kopeks a pound for the strawberries, also of the first quality."

Then would follow a scene which never varied, even if my indiscretion had been confined to raspberries at five cents a pound, or currants at a cent less. She would wring her hands, long and fleshless as fan handles, and, her great green eyes phosphorescent with distress above her hollow cheeks and projecting bones, she would cry: —

"Oh, bárynya, they have cheated you, cheated you shamefully! You must let me protect you."

"Come, don't you think it is worth a few kopeks to be called 'a pearl,' 'a diamond,' 'an emerald'?"

"Is *that* all they called you?" she inquired, with a disdainful sniff.

"No; they said that I was 'a real general-ess.' They knew their business, you see. And they said 'madame' instead of 'sudárynya.'[3] Was there any

[1] Mistress. [2] About one cent.

[3] *Sudárynya* is the genuine Russian word for "madam," but, like *spasíbo*, "thank you," it is used only by the lower classes. Many merchants who know no French except *madame* use it as a delicate compliment to the patron's social position.

other title which they could have bestowed on me for the money?"

She confessed, with a pitying sigh, that there was not, but returned to her plaint over the sinfully wasted kopeks. Once I offered her some "tea money" in the shape of a basket of raspberries, which she wished to preserve and drink in her tea, with the privilege of purchasing them herself. As an experiment to determine whether bargaining is the outcome of thrift and economy alone, or a distinct pleasure in itself, it was a success. I followed her from vender to vender, and waited with exemplary patience while she scrutinized their wares and beat down prices with feverish eagerness, despite the fact that she was not to pay the bill. I put an end to the matter when she tried to persuade a pretty peasant girl, who had walked eight miles, to accept less than four cents a pound for superb berries. I think it really spoiled my gift to her that I insisted on making the girl happy with five cents a pound. After that, I was not surprised to find Russian merchants catering to the taste of their customers by refusing to adopt the one-price system.

It was vulgar to go to market, of course. Even the great mastiff who acted as yard dog at the bazaar made me aware of that fact. He always greeted me politely, like a host, when he met me in the court at market hours. But nothing could induce him even to look at me when he met me outside. I tried to explain to him that my motives were scientific, not economical, and I introduced Katiúsha to him as the family bargainer and scapegoat for his scorn. He declined to relent. After that I understood that there was nothing for it but to shoulder the responsibility myself, and I never attempted to palliate my unpardonable conduct in the eyes of the servants of my friends whom I occasionally encountered there.

The market was held in the inner courtyard of the gostínny dvor, near the chapel, which always occupies a conspicuous position in such places. While the shops under the arcade, facing on the street, sold everything, from "gallantry wares" (dry goods and small wares) to nails, the inner booths were all devoted to edibles. On the rubble pavement of the court squatted peasants from the villages for many versts round about, both Russian and Finnish, hedged in by their wares, vegetables, flowers, fruit, and live poultry. The Russians exhibited no beautiful costumes; their proximity to the capital had done away with all that. At first I was inexperienced, and went unprovided with receptacles for my marketing. The market women looked up in surprise.

"What, have you no kerchief?" they asked, as though I were a peasant or petty merchant's wife, and could remove the typical piece of gayly colored cloth from my head or neck. When I objected to transporting eggs and berries in my only resource, my handkerchief, they reluctantly produced scraps of dirty newspaper, or of ledgers scrawled over with queer accounts. I soon grew wise, and hoarded up the splint strawberry baskets provided by the male venders, which are put to multifarious uses in Russia.

After being asked for a kerchief in the markets, and a sheet when I went to get my fur cloak from its summer storage at a fashionable city shop, and after making divers notes on journeys, I was obliged to conclude that the ancient merchant fashion in Russia had been to seize the nearest fabric at hand, — the sheet from the bed, the cloth from the table, — and use it as a traveling trunk.

The Finns at the market were not to be mistaken for Russians. Their features were wooden; their expression was far less intelligent than that of the Russians. The women were addicted to wonderful patterns in aprons and silver ornaments, and wore, under a white headkerchief, a stiff glazed white circlet which seemed

to wear away their blond hair. These women arrived regularly every morning, before five o'clock, at the shops of the baker and the grocer opposite our windows. The shops opened at that hour, after having kept open until eleven o'clock at night, or later. After refreshing themselves with a roll and a bunch of young onions, of which the green tops appeared to be the most relished, the women made their town toilet by lowering the very much reefed skirt of their single garment, drawing on footless stockings, and donning shoes. At ten o'clock, or even earlier, they came back to fill the sacks of coarse white linen, borne over their shoulders, with necessaries for their households, purchased with the proceeds of their sales, and to reverse their toilet operations, preparatory to the long tramp homeward. I sometimes caught them buying articles which seemed extravagant luxuries, all things considered, such as raisins. One of their specialties was the sale of lilies of the valley, which grow wild in the Russian forests. Their peculiar little trot-trot, and the indescribable semi-tones and quarter-tones in which they cried, "*Lánd-dy-y-y-shée!*" were unmistakably Finnish at any distance.

The scene at the market was always entertaining. Tzárskoe is surrounded by market gardens, where vegetables and fruits are raised in highly manured and excessively hilled-up beds. It sends tons of its products to the capital as well as to the local market. Everything was cheap and delicious. Eggs were dear when they reached a cent and a half apiece. Strawberries, huge and luscious, were dear at ten cents a pound, since in warm seasons they cost but five. Another berry, sister to the strawberry, but differing from it utterly in taste, was the *klubníka*, of which there were two varieties, the white and the bluish-red, both delicious in their peculiar flavor, but less decorative in size and aspect than the strawberry.

The native cherries, small and sour, make excellent preserves, with a spicy flavor, which are much liked by Russians in their tea. The only objection to this use of them is that both tea and cherries are spoiled. Raspberries, plums, gooseberries, and currants were plentiful and cheap. A vegetable delicacy of high order, according to Katiúsha, who introduced it to my notice, was a sort of radish with an extremely fine, hard grain, and biting qualities much developed, which attains enormous size, and is eaten in thin slices salted and buttered. I presented the solitary specimen which I bought, a ninepin in proportions, to the grateful Katiúsha. It was beyond my appreciation.

Pears do not thrive so far north, but in good years apples of fine sorts are raised, to a certain extent, in the vicinity of St. Petersburg. Really good specimens, however, come from Poland, the lower Volga, Little Russia, and other distant points, which renders them always rather dear. We saw few in our village that were worth buying, as the season was phenomenally cold, and a month or three weeks late, so that we got our strawberries in August, and our linden blossoms in September. Apples, plums, grapes, and honey are not eaten — in theory — until after they have been blessed at the feast of the Transfiguration, on August 18 (N. S.), — a very good scheme for giving them time to ripen fully for health. Before that day, however, hucksters bearing trays of honey on their heads are eagerly welcomed, and the peasant's special dainty — fresh cucumbers thickly coated with honey — is indulged in unblessed. Honey is not so plentiful that one can afford to fling away a premature chance!

When the mushroom season came in, the market assumed an aspect of half-subdued brilliancy with the many sombre and high-colored varieties of that fungus. The poorer people indulge in numerous kinds which the rich do not eat, and

they furnish precious sustenance during fasts, when so many viands are forbidden by the Russian Church and by poverty. One of the really odd sights, during the fast of SS. Peter and Paul (the first half of July), was that of people walking along the streets with bunches of pea-vines, from which they were plucking the peas, and eating them, pods and all, quite raw. It seemed a very summary and wasteful way of gathering them. This fashion of eating vegetables raw was imported, along with the liturgy, from the hot lands where the Eastern Church first flourished, and where raw food was suitable. These traditions, and probably also the economy of fuel, cause it to be still persisted in, in a climate to which it is wholly unsuitable. Near Tzárskoe I found one variety of pea growing to the altitude of nearly seven feet, and producing pods seven inches long and three wide. The stalks of the double poppies in the same garden were six and seven feet high, and the flowers were the size of peonies, while the pods of the single poppies were nine inches in circumference.

One of the great festivals of the Russian Church is Whitsunday, the seventh Sunday after Easter; but it is called Trinity Sunday, and the next day is "the Day of Spirits," or Pentecost. On this Pentecost day a curious sight was formerly to be seen in St. Petersburg. Mothers belonging to the merchant class arrayed their marriageable daughters in their best attire; hung about their necks not only all the jewels which formed a part of their dowries, but also, it is said, the silver ladles, forks, and spoons; and took them to the Summer Garden, to be inspected and proposed for by the young men.

But the place where this spectacle can be seen in the most charming way is Tzárskoe Seló. We were favored with superb weather on both the festal days. On Sunday morning every one went to church, as usual. The small church behind the Lyceum, where Púshkin was educated, with its un-Russian spire, ranks as a court church; that in the Old Palace across the way being opened only on special occasions, now that the court is not in residence. Outside, the choir sat under the golden rain of acacia blossoms and the hedge of fragrant lilacs until the last moment, the sunshine throwing into relief their gold-laced black cloth vestments and crimson belts. They were singers from one of the regiments stationed in town, and crimson was the regimental color. The church is accessible to all classes, and it was crowded. As at Easter, every one was clad in white or light colors, even those who were in mourning having donned the bluish-gray which serves them for festive garb. In place of the Easter candle, each held a bouquet of flowers. In the corners of the church stood young birch-trees, with their satin bark and feathery foliage, and boughs of the same decked the walls. There is a law now which forbids this annual destruction of young trees at Pentecost, but the practice continues, and the tradition is that one must shed as many tears for his sins as there are dewdrops on the birch bough which he carries, if he has no flowers. Peasant women in clean cotton gowns elbowed members of the court in silks; fat merchants, with well-greased, odorous hair and boots, in hot, long-skirted blue cloth coats, stood side by side with shabby invalid soldiers or smartly uniformed officers. Tiny peasant children seated themselves on the floor when their little legs refused further service, and imitated diligently all the low reverences and signs of the cross made by their parents. Those of larger growth stood with the preternatural repose and dignity of the adult Russian peasant, and followed the liturgy independently. One little girl of seven, self-possessed and serenely unconscious, slipped through the crowd to the large image of the Virgin near the altar, grasped the breast-high

guard-rail, and kissed the holy picture in the middle of her agile vault. When some members of the imperial family arrived, the crowd pressed together still more closely, to make a narrow passage to the small space reserved for them opposite the choir. After the ever beautiful liturgy, finely expressed special prayers were offered, during which the priest also carried flowers.

Another church service on the following day — a day when public offices are closed and business ceases — completed the religious duties of the festival. In the afternoon the whole town began to flock to the Imperial Park surrounding the Old Palace, people of the upper circles included, — the latter from motives of curiosity, of course. Three bands of the guards furnished music. On the great terrace, shaded by oak-trees hardly beyond the bronze-pink stage of their leafage, played the hussars. Near the breakfast gallery, with its bronze statues of Hercules and Flora, which the common people call "Adam and Eve" (the Ariadne on Naxos, in a neighboring grotto, is popularly believed to be "a girl of seven years, who was bitten by a snake while roaming the Russian primeval forest, and died"), were the cuirassiers. The *stryélki* (sharpshooters) were stationed near the lake, the central point for meetings and promenades during the lovely "white nights;" where boats of every sort, from a sail-boat or a Chinese sampan to an Astrakhan fishing-boat or a snowshoe skiff, are furnished gratis all summer, with a sailor of the guard to row them, if desired. Round and round and round, unweariedly, paced the girls. They were bareheaded and in slippered feet, as usual, but had abandoned the favorite ulster, which too often accompanies extremities thus unclad, to display their gayest gowns. The young men gazed with intense interest. Here and there a young fellow in "European clothes" was to be seen conversing with the more conservative young merchants, who retained the wrinkled boots confining full trousers, the shirt worn outside the trousers, the cloth vest, and the blue cloth long coat of traditional cut.

It was like a scene from the theatre. Across the lake, dotted with boating parties, stretched lawns planted with trees chosen for their variety of foliage, from the silver willow to the darkest evergreens, while the banks were diversified with a boat-house, a terraced grotto, a Turkish kiosk with a bath, bridges, and so on. Of the immense palace which stood so near at hand the graceful breakfast gallery alone was visible, while high above the waving crests of the trees the five cupolas of the palace church, in the shape of imperial crowns, seemed to float in the clear blue sky like golden bubbles. The lawns within the acacia-hedged compartments were dazzling with campanulas, harebells, rose campions, and crimson and yellow columbine, or gleamed with the pale turquoise of forget-me-nots. We had only to enter the adjoining park surrounding the Alexander Palace, built for Alexander I. by his grandmother, Catherine II., to find the Field of the Cloth of Gold realized by acres of tall double Siberian buttercups, as large and as fragrant as yellow roses.

Soldiers of the garrison strolled about quietly, as usual. The pet of the hussars was in great form, and his escort of admiring comrades was larger than ever. They thrust upon him half of their tidbits and sunflower seeds, — what masses of sunflower seeds and handbill cigarettes were consumed that day, not to mention squash seeds, by the more opulent! — and waited eagerly for his dimpled smile as their reward. When the bands were weary, the regimental singers ranged themselves in a circle, and struck up songs of love, of battle, and of mirth, amid the applause and laughter of the crowd. Now and then a soldier would step into the middle of the circle and dance. The slight, agile, square-capped stryélki spun round until their full-plaited

black tunics stood out from their tightly belted waists like the skirts of ballet dancers. The slender, graceful hussars, with their yellow-laced scarlet jackets and tight blue trousers, flitted to and fro like gay birds. The best performer of all was a cuirassier, a big blond fellow, with ruddy cheeks and dazzling teeth. Planting his peakless white cloth cap with its yellow band firmly on his head, he stepped forward, grasping in each hand a serried pyramid of brass bells, which chimed merrily as he squatted, leaped, and executed eccentric steps with his feet, while his arms beat time and his fine voice rolled out the solo of a rollicking ballad, to which the rest of the company furnished the chorus as well as their laughter and delighted applause of his efforts permitted. His tightly fitting dark green trousers, tall boots, and jacket of white cloth trimmed with yellow set off his muscular form to great advantage. A comrade stood by shaking the *buntchúk*, an ornamental combination of brass half-moons, gay horsetails, and bells, — the Turkish staff of command, which is carried as a special privilege by several Russian cavalry regiments. There is nothing that a company of Russians likes better than a spirited performance of their national dances, whether it be high-class Russians at a Russian opera in the Imperial Theatre, or the masses on informal occasions like the present. This soldier, who danced with joy in every fibre, was quite willing to oblige them indefinitely, and seemed to be made of steel springs. He stopped with great reluctance, and that only when his company was ordered peremptorily to march off to barracks at the appointed hour.

How many weddings resulted from that day's dress parade I know not. But I presume the traditional "matchmakers" did their duty, if the young men were sufficiently impressed by the girls' outfits to commission these professional proposers to lay their hearts and hands at the feet of the parents on the following day. They certainly could not have been hopelessly bewitched by any beauty which was on show. The presence of the soldiers, the singing, music, and dancing framed in that exquisite park, combined to create a scene the impression of which is far beyond comparison with that of the same parade in the Summer Garden at St. Petersburg.

This grand terrace of the Old Palace is a favorite resort for mothers and children, especially when the different bands of the guards' regiments stationed in the town furnish music. But not far away, in the less stately, more natural park surrounding the Alexander Palace, the property of the Crown Prince, lies the real paradise of the children of all classes. There is the playground, provided with gymnastic apparatus, laid out at the foot of a picturesque tower, one of the line of signal towers, now mostly demolished, which, before the introduction of the telegraph, flashed news from Warsaw to St. Petersburg in the then phenomenally short space of twenty-four hours. The children's favorite amusement is the "net." Sailors of the guard set up a full-rigged ship's mast, surrounded, about two feet from the ground, by a wide sweep of close-meshed rope netting well tarred. Boys and girls of ambition climb the rigging, swing, and drop into the net. The little ones never weary of dancing about on its yielding surface. A stalwart, gentle giant of a sailor watches over the safety of the merrymakers, and warns, teaches, or helps them, if they wish it.

Their nurses, with pendent bosoms and fat shoulders peeping through the transparent muslin of their chemises, make a bouquet of colors, with their gay *sarafáni*, their many-hued cashmere caps attached to pearl-embroidered, coronet-shaped *kokóshniki*, and terminating in ribbons which descend to their heels, and are outshone in color only by the motley assemblage of beads on their throats.

Here, round the gymnastic apparatus

and the net, one is able for the first time to believe solidly in the existence of Russian children. In town, in the winter, one has doubted it, despite occasional coveys of boys in military greatcoats, book-knapsacks of sealskin strapped to their shoulders to keep their backs straight, and officer-like caps. The summer garb of the lads from the gymnasia and other institutes consists of thin, dark woolen material or of coarse gray linen, made in the blouse or Russian shirt form, which portraits of Count Lyeff Nikolaevitch Tolstóy, the author, have rendered familiar to foreigners. It must not be argued from this fact that Count Tolstóy set the fashion; far from it. It is the ordinary and sensible garment in common use, which he has adopted from others, not they from him. It can be seen on older students any day, even in winter, in the reading-room of the Imperial Public Library in St. Petersburg, on the imperial choir in the Winter Palace as undress uniform for week-day services, and elsewhere.

Some indulgent mothers make silk blouses for their sons, and embroider them with cross-stitch patterns in colored floss, as was the fashion a number of years ago, when a patriotic outburst of sentiment was expressed by the adoption of the "national costume," for house wear, by adults of both sexes. From this period dates also, no doubt, that style of "peasant dress" which can be seen occasionally, in unfashionable summer resorts, on girls not of the highest class by any means, and which the city shops furnish in abundance as genuine to misguided foreigners. Every one is familiar with these fantastic combinations of colored lace insertion with bands of blue cotton worked in high colors, and fashioned into blouses and aprons such as no peasant maid ever wore or beheld.

What strikes one very forcibly about Russian children, when one sees them at play in the parks, is their quiet, self-possessed manners and their lack of boisterousness. If they were inclined to scream, to fling themselves about wildly and be rude, they would assuredly be checked promptly and effectually, since the rights of grown people to peace, respect, and the pursuit of happiness are still recognized in that land. But, from my observation of the same qualities in untutored peasant children, I am inclined to think that Russian children are born more agreeable than Western children; yet they seem to be as cheerful and lively as is necessary, and in no way restricted. Whistling, howling, stamping, and kindred muscular exercises begin just over the Western frontier, and increase in violence as one proceeds westward, until Japan is reached, or possibly the Sandwich Islands, by which time, I am told, one enters the Orient and the realm of peace once more.

What noise we heard in Tzárskoe came from quite another quarter. As we were strolling in the park, one afternoon, we heard sounds of uproarious mirth proceeding from the little island in the private imperial garden, where the Duchess of Edinburgh, in her girlhood, had a pretty Russian cottage, cow-stall, and so forth, with flower and potato beds. She and her brothers were in the habit of planting their pussy willows, received on Palm Sunday, on the bank of the stream, and these, duly labeled, have now grown into a hedge of trees. The screen is not perfect, however, and glimpses of the playground are open to the public across the narrow stream. On this summer afternoon there was a party of royalties on the island, swinging on the giant steps. The giant steps, I must explain, consist of a tall, stout mast firmly planted in the earth, bound with iron at the top, and upholding a thick iron ring to which are attached heavy cables which touch the ground. The game consists of a number of persons seizing hold of these cables, running round the mast until sufficient impetus is acquired, and then swinging

through the air in a circle. The Tzaré-vitch, who had driven over from the great camp at Krásnoe Seló, and whom I had seen in the church of the Old Palace that morning at a special mass, with the angelic imperial choir and the priests from the Winter Palace sent down from Petersburg for the occasion, was now sailing through the air high up toward the apex of the mast. One of his imperial aunts, clad in a fleecy white gown, occupied a similar position on another cable. It was plain that they could not have done their own running to gain impetus, and that the gardeners must have towed them by the ends of the ropes. The other grand dukes and duchesses were managing their own cables in the usual manner. The party included the king and queen of Greece and other royal spectators. What interested me most was to hear them all shrieking and conversing in Russian, with only occasional lapses into French, instead of the reverse.

Although Tzárskoe Seló is not now the royal summer residence, it must not be supposed that there were not plenty of palaces, emperors, queens, courtiers, and the rest presented to our view during the summer, with festivities to match on occasion. But everything is not royal in the vicinity of these summer parks and palaces. For example, just outside of Tzárskoe Seló, on the Petersburg highway, lies a Russian village called Kúzmino, whose inhabitants are as genuine, unmodified peasants as though they lived a hundred miles from any provincial town. Here in the north, where timber is plentiful, cottages are raised from the ground by a half-story, without windows, which serves as a storeroom for carts, sledges, and farming implements. The entrance is through a door beside the large courtyard gate, which rears its heavy frame on the street line, adjoining the house, in Russian fashion. A rough staircase leads to the dwelling-rooms over the shed storeroom. Three tiny windows on the street front, with solid wooden shutters, are the ordinary allowance for light. In Kúzmino, many of the windows had delicate, clean white curtains, and all were filled with blooming plants. A single window, for symmetry, and a carved balcony fill in the sharp gable end of such houses, but open into nothing, and the window is not even glazed. Carved horses' heads, rude but recognizable, tuft the peak, and lacelike wood carving droops from the eaves. The roofs also are of wood.

This was the style of the cottages in Kúzmino. The name of the owner was inscribed on the corner of each house; and there appeared to be but two surnames, at most three, in the whole village. One new but unfinished house seemed to have been built from the ridge-pole downward, instead of in the usual order. There were no doorways or stairs or apertures for communication between the stories, which were two in number. It was an architectural riddle.

As a stroll to the village had consumed an unexpected amount of time, we found ourselves, at the breakfast hour, miles away from our hotel. We instituted a search for milk, and were directed at random, it seemed, until a withered little old peasant, who was evidently given to tippling, enlisted himself as our guide. He took us to the house of a woman who carried milk and cream to town twice a week, and introduced us with a comical flourish.

The family consisted of an old woman, as dried and colorless as a Russian codfish from Archangel, but very clean and active; her son, a big, fresh-colored fellow, with a mop of dark brown curls, well set off by his scarlet cotton blouse; his wife, a slender, red-cheeked brunette, with delicate, pretty features; and their baby girl. They treated us like friends come to make a call; refused to accept money for their cream; begged us to allow them to prepare the samovár, as a favor to them, and send for white rolls,

as they were sure we could not eat their sour black bread; and expressed deep regret that their berries were all gone, as the season was past. They showed us over their house in the prettiest, simplest way, and introduced us to the dark storeroom where their spare clothing and stores of food for the winter, such as salted cucumbers in casks, and other property were packed away; to a narrow slip of a room on the front, where the meals for the family were prepared with remarkably few pots and no pans; to the living-room, with its whitewashed stone-and-mud oven in one corner, for both cooking and heating, a bench running round the walls on three sides, and a clean pine table in the corner of honor, where hung the holy images. They had a fine collection of these images, which were a sign of prosperity as well as of devotion. The existence of another tiny room also bore witness to easy circumstances. In this room they slept; and the baby, who was taking her noonday nap, was exhibited to us by the proud papa. Her cradle consisted of a splint market basket suspended from the ceiling by a stout wire spring, like the spring of a bird-cage, and rocked gently. The baby gazed at us with bright, birdlike eyes and smiled quietly when she woke, as though she had inherited her parents' gentle ways. We believed them when they said that she never cried; we had already discovered that this was the rule with Russian children of all classes.

They were much interested to learn from what country we came. I was prepared to find them unacquainted with the situation of America, after having been asked by an old soldier in the park, "In what district of Russia is America?" and after having been told by an *izvóstchik* that the late Empress had come from my country, since "Germany" meant for him all the world which was not Russia, just as the adjective "German" signifies anything foreign and not wholly approved.

"Is America near Berlin?" asked our peasant hosts.

"Farther than that," I replied.

They laughed, and gave up the riddle after a few more equally wild guesses.

"It is on the other side of the world," I said.

"Then you must be nearer God than we are!" they exclaimed, with a sort of reverence for people who came from the suburbs of heaven.

"Surely," I said, "you do not think that the earth is flat, and that we live on the upper side, and you on the lower?"

But that was precisely what they did think, in their modesty, and, as it seemed a hopeless task to demonstrate to them the sphericity of the globe, I left them in that flattering delusion.

I asked the old woman to explain her holy pictures to me, as I always enjoyed the quaint expressions and elucidations of the peasants, and inquired whether she thought the *ikóna* of the Virgin was the Virgin herself. I had heard it asserted very often by overwise foreigners that this was the idea entertained by all Russians, without regard to class, and especially by the peasants.

"No," she replied: "but it shows the Virgin Mother to me, just as your picture would show you to me when you were on the other side of the world, and remind me of you. Only — how shall I say it? — there is more power in a wonder-working ikóna like this."

She handed me one which depicted the Virgin completely surrounded by a halo of starlike points shaded in red and yellow flames. It is called "the Virgin-of-the-Bush-that-burned-but-was-not-consumed," evidently a reminiscence of Moses. She attached particular value to it because of the aid rendered on the occasion which had demonstrated its "wonder-working" (miraculous) powers. It appeared that a dangerous fire had broken out in the neighborhood, and was rapidly consuming the close-set

wooden village, as such fires generally do without remedy. As the fire had been started by the lightning, on St. Ilyá's Day (St. Elijah's), no earthly power could quench it but the milk from a jet-black cow, which no one chanced to have on hand. Seeing the flames approach, my old woman, Dómna Nikolaevna T., seized the holy image, ran out, and held it facing the conflagration, uttering the proper prayer the while. Immediately a strong wind arose and drove the flames off in a safe direction, and the village was rescued. She had a thanksgiving service celebrated in the church, and placed I know not how many candles to the Virgin's honor, as did the other villagers. Thus they had learned that there was divine power in this ikóna, although it was not, strictly speaking, "wonder-working," since it had not been officially recognized as such by the ecclesiastical authorities.

These people seemed happy and contented with their lot. Not one of them could read or write much, the old woman not at all. They cultivated berries for market as well as carried on the milk business; and when we rose to go, they entreated us to come out on their plot of land and see whether some could not be found. To their grief, only a few small cherries were to be discovered, — it was September, — and these they forced upon us. As we had hurt their feelings by leaving money on the table to pay for the cream, we accepted the cherries by way of compromise. The old woman chatted freely in her garden. She had been a serf, and, in her opinion, things were not much changed for the better, except in one respect. All the people in this village had been crown serfs, it seemed. The lot of the crown serfs was easier in every way than that of the ordinary private serfs, so that the emancipation only put a definite name to the practical freedom which they already enjoyed, and added a few minor privileges, with the ownership of a somewhat larger allotment of land than the serfs of the nobility received. I knew this: she was hardly capable of giving me so complete a summary of their condition. But — it was the usual *but*, I found — they had to work much harder now than before, in order to live. The only real improvement which she could think of, on the inspiration of the moment, was, that a certain irascible crown official, who had had charge of them in the olden days, and whose name she mentioned, who had been in the habit of distributing beatings with a lavish hand whenever the serfs displeased him or obeyed reluctantly, had been obliged to restrain his temper after the emancipation.

"Nowadays, there is no one to order us about like that, or to thrash us," she remarked.

We found our fuddled old peasant guide hanging about for "tea money," when we bade farewell to my friend Dómna, who, with her family, offered us her hand at parting. He was not too thoroughly soaked with "tea" already not to be able to draw the inference that our long stay with the milkwoman indicated pleasure, and he intimated that the introduction fee ought to be in proportion to our enjoyment. We responded so cheerfully to this demand that he immediately discovered the existence of a dozen historical monuments and points of interest in the tiny village, all invented on the spot; and when we dismissed him peremptorily, he took great care to impress his name and the position of his hut on our memories, for future use.

We had already seen the only object of any interest, the large church far away down the mile-long street. We had found a festival mass in progress, as it happened to be one of the noted holidays of the year. As we stood a little to one side, listening to the sweet but unsophisticated chanting of the village lads, who had had no training beyond that given in the village school, a woman approached us with a tiny cof-

fin tucked under one arm. Trestles were brought; she set it down on them, beside us. It was very plain in form, made of the commonest wood, and stained a bright yellow with a kind of thin wash, instead of the vivid pink which seems to be the favorite hue for children's coffins in town. The baby's father removed the lid, which comprised exactly half the depth, the mother smoothed out the draperies, and they took their stand near by. Several strips of the coarsest pink tarlatan were draped across the little waxen brow and along the edges of the coffin. On these lay such poor flowers as the lateness of the season and the poverty of the parents could afford, — small, half-withered or frost-bitten dahlias, poppies, and one stray cornflower. The parents looked gently resigned, patient, sorrowful but tearless, as is the Russian manner. After the liturgy and special prayers for the day, the funeral service was begun; but we went out into the graveyard surrounding the church, and ran the gauntlet of the beggars at the door, — beggars in the midst of poverty, to whom the poor gave their mites with gentle sympathy.

Russian graveyards are not, as a rule, like the sunny, cheerful homes of the dead to which we are accustomed. This one was especially melancholy, with its narrow, tortuous paths, uncared-for plots, and crosses of unpainted wood blackened by the weather. The most elaborate monuments did not rise above tin crosses painted to simulate birch boughs. It was strictly a peasant cemetery, utterly lacking in graves of the higher classes, or even of the well to do.

On its outskirts, where the flat, treeless plain began again, we found a peasant sexton engaged in digging a grave. His conversation was depressing, not because he dwelt unduly upon death and kindred subjects, but because his views of life were so pessimistic. Why, for example, did it enter his brain to warn me that the Finnish women of the neighboring villages, — all the country round about is the old Finnish Ingermannland, — in company with the women of his own village, were in the habit of buying stale eggs at the Tzárskoe Seló shops to mix with their fresh eggs, which they sold in the market, the same with intent to deceive? A stale egg explains itself as promptly and as thoroughly as anything I am acquainted with, not excepting Limburger cheese, and Katiúsha and I had had no severe experiences with the women whom he thus unflatteringly described. He seemed a thoroughly disillusioned man, and we left him at last, with an involuntary burden of misanthropic ideas, though he addressed me persistently as *galúbtchik*, — "dear little dove," literally translated.

If I were to undertake to chronicle the inner life of Tzárskoe, the characteristics of the inhabitants from whom I received favors and kind deeds without number, information, and whatever else they could think of to bestow or I could ask, I should never have done. But there is much that is instructive in all ranks of life to be gathered from a prolonged sojourn in this "Imperial Village," where world-famed palaces have their echoes aroused at seven in the morning by a gentle shepherd like the shepherd of the remotest provincial hamlets, a strapping peasant in a scarlet cotton blouse and blue homespun linen trousers tucked into tall wrinkled boots, and armed with a fish-horn, which he toots at the intersection of the macadamized streets to assemble the village cattle; where the strawberry peddler, recognizable by the red cloth spread over the tray borne upon his head, and the herring vender, and rival ice-cream dealers deafen one with their cries, in true city fashion; where the fire department alarms one by setting fire to the baker's chimneys opposite, and then playing upon them, by way of cleaning them; where Tatars, soldiers, goats, cows, pet herons, rude peasant carts, policemen,

and inhabitants share the middle of the road with the liveried equipages of royalty and courtiers; where the crows and pigeons assert rights equal to those of man, except that they go to roost at eight o'clock on the nightless "white nights;" and where one never knows whether one will encounter the Emperor of all the Russias or a barefooted Finn when one turns a corner.

Isabel F. Hapgood.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

THE sun was shining brightly and the church bells were pealing merrily, as we all walked back through the village from a wedding. The bride had been the playfellow, and then the maid, of the squire's youngest daughter; her father and mother lived in the village; and she had that morning been married to a young carpenter, with whom she was now to share a new home, not many miles away. I imagine that the squire had given the young couple some substantial aid in setting up there; while his daughters had helped to make the new home bright for the future, as well as the old one gay for the wedding day. The squire's youngest daughter and eldest granddaughter had shared the office of bridesmaid with the bride's sister; but I learned with some surprise that there was to be no special merry-making at the Court, as the people in this part of the country call the manor house, while dropping the prefix of "Knighton," "Sutton," or whatever may be the name of the village in which the particular manor court was formerly held. After church we went with the wedding party to the cottage of the father and mother. There we all drank the health of the bride and bridegroom; the squire spoke a few words of hope and of blessing, the ladies kissed the bride, and we walked homeward along the church path and up the avenue. I ventured to break the silence by asking the squire's daughter how it was that her father, who had so many likings for the fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time, did not make the wedding of the daughter of people attached to his family by long services an occasion for old-fashioned festivities of some kind.

"I am sure he is quite right," she replied. "At a wedding at which I was bridesmaid, not very long ago, the bride's father and mother insisted upon having what they called old-fashioned customs. So first we had a long, dreary wedding breakfast, where the wretched bride sat opposite a huge cake, looking the picture of I don't know what, while the clergyman and her father and a number of other people made stupid speeches. Mr. Oldham, the bride's father, lamented that the good old wedding breakfasts, such as that at which we were, were going out of fashion, and that people were now expected, on such occasions, to swallow a biscuit and a cup of coffee, as if they were at a railway station, with only five minutes allowed. I thought the great tedious breakfast horrid, and the new fashion much better."

"But I dare say you had dancing in the evening: and I am sure you liked that."

"I do always delight in dancing," she returned. "Yet even that seemed out of place on that evening; it was so plain that the mother and sisters were thinking of something else than the company, and would have been only too glad to have the house to themselves in quiet. And I could not help feeling for them,

and losing all pleasure in the dancing. But ask my father what he thinks about it all."

Here the young lady walked on "in maiden meditation, fancy free," the rest of the party dispersed, and I found myself alone with the squire at the top of the terrace steps. I said: —

"Your daughter has just been giving me your reasons — or perhaps I should say her own — for not having any merry-making up here after the wedding."

Squire. That is a kind of paternal government or paternal patronage for which I have no liking. The children are grown up and have homes of their own; and we must respect those homes, however humble. There are happy as well as sad times for thoughts and feelings which can be shared only by the two or three nearest to us. Such sympathy as it was possible for us to show to-day we have shown by going to church, and there taking our place in the one great family: to attempt more seems to me a sort of intrusion, and even profanation. We know little, and share less, of the deeper thoughts and feelings of those nearest to us: how can we know or share those of these poor people, divided from us by lines of impassable reserve and reticence? This morning, while I thought of other marriages, past and to come, and of Tennyson's pictures of the bride when first she wears the orange flower and when she returns to her old home again, I considered, too, how certainly these good people were happy in the like thoughts and feelings, though they had never read Tennyson, nor put these thoughts and feelings into words like his. Depend upon it, there is as much and as true romance in the young hearts, and in the old ones, too, in that cottage as in those in this house.

Foster. You say the romance of old hearts, too: then may I believe that you do not think love a mere fading flower, which must soon perish? If you had long ago written such a poem as Coleridge's Love, you would not have prefixed to it, any number of years afterwards, those verses of Petrarch?

Squire. I know the poem well. It is full of that soft beauty of images, emotion, and expression with which Coleridge so often reminds us of Shakespeare and Spenser. But what of Petrarch's verses?

Foster. After the customary classical phrases about the wounds inflicted by Cupid's arrows, he says that age has changed all this; and that when he reads his youthful verses again *mens horret*, he shrinks from the voice and words which sound like those of another, and not his own. I am glad you do not agree with Coleridge on this cynical mocking at his own belief.

Squire. There is another poem of Coleridge's, a charming piece of prose and verse, called The Improvisatore, in which he himself replies to and puts aside that cynical doctrine which you regret. Coleridge's ideals of love, and of life generally, are always high and noble, — no man's higher; but in their realization he fell far short. He had the intellect of a wise man and the conscience of a good man, but a will weak and unstable in the extreme; and great teacher as he was to his generation, and will be to generations yet to come, there was but too much reason for the remorse with which he mourned, but could not in this life redeem, his own shortcomings. He was no doubt sincere when he said,

> "To be beloved is all I need,
> And whom I love, I love indeed;"

but side by side with this is the fact that he could not live with his wife and the mother of his children. We have all more or less reason to know with remorse what it is to be possessed of the evil spirit of contradiction; but the worst form of this possession is that which separates husband and wife from heart and hearth. You cannot wonder that

poor Coleridge one day made the cynical lines of Petrarch his own, and another the words of belief in an undying love in which Beaumont and Fletcher, Burns and Moore, have embodied that faith. In one sense it is true that love is a fading flower; but it is still more true that just as the promises of childhood and youth find their fulfillment in mature age, so the aspirations and hopes of youthful lovers find their fulfillment in the after years of marriage. It is only in a continually expanding and maturing union of husband and wife that the realization is possible of such a love as Charles pictures to Angelina when he says: —

"We 'll live together, like two neighbor vines,
Circling our souls and loves in one another!
We 'll spring together, and we 'll bear one fruit;
One joy shall make us smile, and one grief mourn;
One age go with us, and one hour of death
Shall close our eyes, and one grave make us happy."

Foster. I am glad to hear you say so. But how long the world has taken to accept this faith; how imperfectly does it now practice it, or even believe it! Christ told his disciples that it would be found in the story of the creation of man; it glimmers in the love of Jacob for Rachel; the favorite allegory of the Hebrew prophets of their nation as the bride of Jehovah seeming to show that the ideal had some counterpart in actual life. Homer shows us the love of husband and wife in Hector and Andromache; but in the days of Plato all recognition of a relation between love and marriage seems utterly to have vanished.

Squire. Yes; and how slowly and with what struggles has it been emerging through the ages of the new Christian civilization! Socrates, or Plato for him, dreamed, as you say, of a purely ideal love, with no relation to actual life. The Christian Church tried long and earnestly to purify and carry into a spiritual channel the passion of love, by making Christ or the Virgin Mary, St. Joseph or St. Catherine, or some other of the holy men and women who had been raised to sainthood, the objects of the passionate devotions of monks and nuns. I respect and admire the self-sacrifice and the devotion with which these monks and nuns gave themselves up to this spiritual love; and I cannot doubt that they were helping to lay the foundations for a life more really spiritual, because more in accordance with God's laws of human nature than their own. To some, indeed, it was given to realize their ideals of spiritual love. But they were, and still are, the exceptions.

Foster. Do you think, then, that the poetic ideal of love, such as we have it in the lines you have just quoted from Beaumont and Fletcher, or as it stands in John Anderson, my Jo, is, in truth, identical with the ideal of the Christian Church?

Squire. I often think that in the marriage service which we have heard this morning, and especially in the marriage vows, our English Church reformers have embodied the very ideals of love, in itself and in the married life. The words are homely enough, but there is a pathos, a depth of feeling in them, which cannot be greater. "I, Richard, take thee, Mary, to my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance; and thereto I plight thee my troth." If love be the giving one's self without reserve to another, and receiving the like gift from that other, what words could express such love better than these?

Foster. Not even those of Sir Philip Sidney: —

"My true-love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange for one another given:

I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driven:
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

"His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides:
He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
I cherish his because in me it bides:
My true love hath my heart, and I have his."

Squire. It is of the essence of love, that longing desire to share the joys and the troubles of life with the loved one, and the confident belief that we can so bear the burdens and double the enjoyments of him or her whom we love; and what words can say this better than "for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health"? "To love and to cherish" in all those chances and changes, — the most ardent, most romantic lover cannot promise more; and happy is that man or woman who, at the end of a long married life, can say, though with many tender and even sad regrets, "I have kept my vows"!

Foster. Is it not said that in the old York Manual, in use before the Reformation, along with the vows as they now stand were the words "for fairer for fouler"?

Squire. So Wheatley says. It is just what Moore says in the song beginning,

"Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day."

The meaning is good in the quaint old phrase; but it is not every one who can hear grave thoughts expressed in words of humorous oddity without an incongruous sense of the ridiculous, and therefore our reformers were right to omit them.

Foster. There are two vows or promises which you have not noticed: the woman's vow to obey, and the man's declaration "with my body I thee worship."

Squire. They are the counterparts of one sentiment, that which we call the sentiment of chivalry. You always recognize that sentiment with prompt alacrity. The spontaneous and heartfelt reverence for woman which we call chivalry is not given to all men, not even to all good men; nor do all women seem to feel the need for it strongly, though no doubt all are pleased when such worship is shown them. I suppose it can never be wholly wanting in the love of the young; but with some men it seems transient, and sometimes it degenerates into a foolish gallantry, or, still worse, into that detestable combination of outward respect and inward contempt which Lord Chesterfield held to be the proper attitude of a gentleman. But I know that you are, and will be till death, a true knight among ladies. Then as to the counterpart in the woman's vow of obedience. There are many forms and many degrees of that obedience; and every woman must judge, and every good woman will judge rightly, what these must be in her own case. You may study them all in Shakespeare, in every variety; no two alike, but all very beautiful. I will give you one, that of Portia, in The Merchant of Venice, — Portia, the rich heiress, mistress of herself and her wealth, self-possessed and self-asserting, whom we may suspect of being half conscious of her own intellectual superiority to the worthy and amiable man whom she has chosen to take for her husband, and of whom she makes fun with saucy boldness, while she is getting him and his friend out of a difficulty beyond their wit to cope with. This is how Portia gives herself to Bassanio: —

"You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am; though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better, yet for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myself,
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more rich,
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account; but the full sum of me

Is sum of nothing: which to term in gross,
Is an unlessoned girl, unschool'd, unpractised,
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier then in this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself and what is mine to you and yours
Is now converted. But now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself: and even now, but now,
This house, these servants and this same myself
Are yours, my lord, I give them with this ring,
Which when you part from, lose or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love
And be my vantage to exclaim on you."

The whole scene is, indeed, a perfect picture of true love, — love at once passionate and pure, as modest and as chaste as it is without reserve.

Foster. Portia's words which you have repeated remind me of the words with which the young Roman matron crossed the threshold of her husband's house and her future home, — "Ubi tu Caius, ego Caia."

Squire. Which Wheatley well translates, "Where you are master, I am mistress." There is a proud humility in the words which well becomes the dignity of the Roman matron. And no words could better sum up and describe that most charming among the things of daily life, the wife's unconscious faith and assertion that the home which she shares with her husband is as much and as really her own by right of marriage as it is his by inheritance or by the work of his own hands. It is this twofold life, two beings and two lives in one, which makes a marriage and a home.

Foster. You remind me of the description of the Dauphin and the Lady Blanch in King John: —

"If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete:
If not complete of, say he is not she;
And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not that she is not he:
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such as she;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him."

I should be glad enough to believe heartily in the lastingness of all true love, whether on the authority of Shakespeare or any other. But does not Shakespeare mean Prospero to confess that even the holy love of Ferdinand and Miranda is but such stuff as dreams are made of?

Squire. He charges himself with the petulance of old age while he so speaks. If he had really believed this, could he have said, when he saw how love was awaking in those young hearts,

"So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surprised withal: but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more"?

He could not have rejoiced to lose his daughter, that most dear companion of his old age, for the sake of a dream. I do not pretend that all love, even when it has the signs of being true, is always lasting. It is too often choked, and perishes under the pleasures or the cares of the world. Yet, depend upon it, as you grow older you will see more and more instances and proofs of the reality and the depth of the love of husbands and wives for each other in the most ordinary, commonplace couples. I have heard of marriages where love has died out from some canker of selfishness or worldliness at its heart; but I have oftener seen unexpected proofs of a love stronger than death in all sorts of people in whom I had never before discovered any signs of sentiment or romance. Nor must we forget the many loving couples in whose case love has come after a

marriage which seemed to have had no higher than prudential motives of one kind or another. Love, indeed, must be kept alive by love, — love deep in the heart, yet coursing through the minutest veins, and giving to every power of life a new and double power. Love must show itself living in the great occasions of life, in some supreme moment calling for mutual sympathy in a great joy or grief; it must show itself in all the thousand little daily and hourly thoughtfulnesses, courtesies, and forbearances of common life. These things, the reflection of which we call good manners, the manners of the lady and the gentleman, should have with husband and wife a reality as of sunlight compared with moonlight. They alone can know and share these things in their fullness, and they should be to them as the atmosphere they breathe. I think the author of Obiter Dicta says that husband and wife should take care to have and to keep up a common interest in some subject of reading or action which they can always share together. It is good practical advice. To many it may be unnecessary, and especially to those who have children as the objects of their common love and care. I once heard a noble-minded lady say sadly, "We were very much in love with each other," speaking of the old days of courtship; and she added, "and it might all come back again if only he would show me some love." They were not selfish nor ungenerous, but their life was cold and dreary because they had not learned rightly the arts of wedded love. A wise and prudent reserve in all other affairs of life is so right and needful that there is always danger of its growing up in the one relation in which there should be no reserve; and so it may grow and harden till it becomes an impassable barrier between the hearts that should be one. When Maurice was asked whether we shall know one another in the life to come, he answered, in his favorite Socratic fashion, with the further question, "Do we know one another here?" There is a strange perverseness of our nature by which we recoil from sympathy with ourselves at the very moment at which we are craving for that sympathy, and when to love and to be loved is the very thing we are longing for. I am thinking not of the great occasions and duties of married life, but of its little daily and hourly courtesies and endearments. They tell us that the great oak draws its nourishment and life not more through its main roots than through its countless minute fibres and threads which feed those main roots below and its countless leaves above. "To love and to cherish," — it is this sympathy in giving and receiving of souls that we cherish as well as love the object of our vows. When you marry, as I hope you will, do not forget the advice of an old man.

Foster. You ought to know what you say; and I, as I said just now, am only too willing to believe it. Yet those awful words which we heard this morning haunt me, — "Till death us do part!"

Squire. They are indeed awful; as he knows best who has heard them at the graveside echoed back in the words of another church service, — "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." Cicero's Cato declares that he would not think life worth living if he did not believe that he should meet his lost son again among all the company of heaven, as his words might almost literally be translated. And if this was the faith of a heathen philosopher, much more may it be ours. If one grave is to make the lovers happy, — and Beaumont and Fletcher express a deeply rooted thought and sentiment in many hearts, — it must be because they look beyond that grave. The ballad of John Anderson is perfect in its kind, but I always like to think of it along with its supplement in Lady Nairne's Land o' the Leal. To sleep together at the foot of the hill which the old loving hearts had climbed together

long years before is a pleasant thought, yet surely pleasant only to those who look to share the fast-coming joy of a waking from that sleep to be shared together in that better land.

" For if this earth be ruled by Perfect Love,
Then, after his brief range of blameless days,
The toll of funeral in an Angel ear
Sounds happier than the merriest marriage-bell.
The face of Death is toward the Sun of Life,
His shadow darkens earth: his truer name
Is 'Onward,' no discordance in the roll
And march of that Eternal Harmony
Whereto the worlds beat time, tho' faintly heard
Until the great Hereafter. Mourn in hope! "

We had come into the house as the squire repeated these lines half to himself. Then, going into his own room, he took from a drawer a book, which he opened, and pointed to the following words: —

" When I think how these hands cared for me in sickness and in health, I feel that I shall press them to my heart again; when I see, in memory, those lips which ever spoke in words of wisdom and comfort and tenderest love and trust, and those bright joyous eyes which to the last bended their light on me, I know that I shall most certainly behold that face and hear that voice again, — in the resurrection. It cannot be otherwise. The expression of such spirits, which is indeed their lifelong character stamping itself upon the outward form, can never die. 'There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body,' says St. Paul."

Edward Strachey.

TWO QUATRAINS.

Appealed.

"I HELD thee angel stooped to love of mine:
God pardon thee thou equalest not my thought!"
"Nay, pardon crave thyself, that, where God wrought
Mere human worth, thou dost exact divine!"

Edith M. Thomas.

Whisper.

CLOSE cleaving unto Silence, into sound
She ventures as a timorous child, from land;
Still glancing, at each wary step, around,
Lest suddenly she lose her sister's hand.

John B. Tabb.

ON THE ST. AUGUSTINE ROAD.

One of my first inquiries at Tallahassee was for the easiest way to the woods. The city is built on a hill, with other hills about it. These are mostly under cultivation, and such woods as lay within sight seemed to be pretty far off; and with the mercury at ninety in the shade, long tramps were almost out of the question. "Take the St. Augustine road," said the man to whom I had spoken; and he pointed out its beginning nearly opposite the state Capitol. After breakfast I followed his advice, with results so pleasing that I found myself turning that corner again and again as long as I remained in Tallahassee.

The road goes abruptly downhill to the railway track, first between deep red gulches, and then between rows of negro cabins, each with its garden of rose-bushes, now (early April) in full bloom. The steep sides of the gulches were draped with pendent lantana branches full of purple flowers, or, more beautiful still, with a profusion of fragrant white honeysuckle. On the roadside, between the wheel-track and the gulch, grew brilliant Mexican poppies, with Venus's looking-glass, yellow oxalis, and beds of blackberry vines. The woods of which my informant had spoken lay a little beyond the railway, on the right hand of the road, just as it began another ascent. I entered them at once, and after a semicircular turn through the pleasant paths, amid live oaks, water oaks, red oaks, chestnut oaks, magnolias, beeches, hickories, hornbeams, sweet gums, sweet bays, and long-leaved and short-leaved pines, came out into the road again a quarter of a mile farther up the hill. They were the fairest of woods to stroll in, it seemed to me, with paths enough, and not too many, and good enough, but not too good; that is to say, they were foot-paths, not roads, though afterwards, on a Sunday afternoon, I saw two young fellows riding through them on bicycles. The wood was delightful, also, after my two months in eastern Florida, for lying on a slope, and for having an undergrowth of loose shrubbery instead of a jungle of scrub oak and saw palmetto. Blue jays and crested flycatchers were doing their best to outscream one another, — with the odds in favor of the flycatchers, — and a few smaller birds were singing, especially two or three summer tanagers, as many yellow-throated warblers, and a ruby-crowned kinglet. In one part of the wood, near what I took to be an old city reservoir, I came upon a single white-throated sparrow and a humming-bird, — the latter a strangely uncommon sight in Tallahassee, where, of all the places I have ever seen, it ought to find itself in clover. Here, too, were a pair of Carolina wrens, just now in search of a building-site, and conducting themselves exactly in the manner of bluebirds intent on such business; peeping into every hole that offered itself, and then, after the briefest interchange of opinion, — unfavorable on the female's part, if we may guess, — concluding to look a little farther.

As I struck the road again, a man came along on horseback, and we fell into conversation about the country. "A lovely country," he called it, and I agreed with him. He inquired where I was from, and I mentioned that I had lately been in southern Florida, and found this region a strong contrast. "Yes," he returned; and, pointing to the grass, he remarked upon the richness of the soil. "This yere land would fertilize that," he said, speaking of southern Florida. "I should n't wonder," said I. I meant to be understood as concurring in his opinion, but such a qualified, Yankeefied assent seemed to him no assent at all.

"Oh, it will, it will!" he responded, with all seriousness, as if the point were one about which I must on no account be left unconvinced. He told me that the fine house at which I had looked, a little distance back, through a long vista of trees, was the residence of Captain H., who owned all the land along the road for a good distance. I inquired how far the road was pretty, like this. "For forty miles," he said. That was farther than I was ready to walk, and coming soon to the top of the hill, or, more exactly, of the plateau, I stopped in the shade of a china-tree, and looked at the pleasing prospect. Behind me was a plantation of young pear-trees, and before me, among the hills northward, lay broad, cultivated slopes, dotted here and there with cabins and tall, solitary trees. On the nearer slope, perhaps a sixteenth of a mile away, a negro was ploughing, with a single ox harnessed in some primitive manner, — with pieces of wood, for the most part, as well as I could make out through an opera-glass. The soil offered the least possible hindrance, and both he and the ox seemed to be having a literal "walk-over." Beyond him — a full half-mile away, perhaps — another man was ploughing with a mule; and in another direction a third was doing likewise, with a woman following in his wake. A colored boy of seventeen — I guessed his age at twenty-three — came up the road in a cart, and I stopped him to inquire about the crops and other matters. The land in front of me was planted with cotton, he said; and the men ploughing in the distance were getting ready to plant the same. They hired the land and the cabins of Captain H., paying him so much cotton (not so much an acre, but so much a mule, if I understood him rightly) by way of rent. We talked a long time about one thing and another. He had been south as far as the Indian River country, but was glad to be back again in Tallahassee, where he was born. I asked him about the road, how far it went. "They tell me it goes smack to St. Augustine," he replied; "I ain't tried it." It was an unlikely story, it seemed to me, but I was assured afterward that he was right; that the road actually runs across the country from Tallahassee to St. Augustine, a distance of about two hundred miles. With company of my own choosing, and in cooler weather, I thought I should like to walk its whole length. My young man was in no haste. With the reins (made of rope, after a fashion much followed in Florida) lying on the forward axle of his cart, he seemed to have put himself entirely at my service. He had to the full that peculiar urbanity which I began after a while to look upon as characteristic of Tallahassee negroes, — a gentleness of speech, and a kindly, deferential air, neither forward nor servile, such as sits well on any man, whatever the color of his skin.

In that respect he was like another boy of about his own age, who lived in the cabin directly before us, but whom I did not see till I had been several times over the road. Then he happened to be at work near the edge of the field, and I beckoned him to me. He, too, was serious and manly in his bearing, and showed no disposition to go back to his hoe till I broke off the interview, — as if it were a point of good manners with him to await my pleasure. Yes, the plantation was a good one and easily cultivated, he said, in response to some remark of my own. There were five in the family, and they all worked. "We are all big enough to eat," he added, quite simply. He had never been North, but had lately declined the offer of a gentleman who wished to take him there, — him and "another fellow." He once went to Jacksonville, but could n't stay. "You can get along without your father pretty well, but it 's another thing to do without your mother." He never meant to leave home again as long as his mother lived; which was likely to be for some years, I

thought, if she were still able to do her part in the cotton field. As a general thing, the colored tenants of the cabins made out pretty well, he believed, unless something happened to the crops. As for the old servants of the H. family, they did n't have to work, — they were provided for; Captain H.'s father "left it so in his testimonial." I spoke of the purple martins which were flying back and forth over the field with many cheerful noises, and of the calabashes that hung from a tall pole in one corner of the cabin yard, for their accommodation. On my way South, I told him, I had noticed these dangling long-necked squashes everywhere, and had wondered what they were for. I had found out since that they were the colored man's martin-boxes, and was glad to see the people so fond of the birds. "Yes," he said, "there 's no danger of hawks carrying off the chickens as long as the martins are round."

Twice afterward, as I went up the road, I found him ploughing between the cotton rows; but he was too far away to be accosted without shouting, and I did not feel justified in interrupting him at his work. Back and forth he went through the long furrow after the patient ox, the hens and chickens following. No doubt they thought the work was all for their benefit. Farther away, a man and two women were hoeing. The family deserved to prosper, I said to myself, as I lay under a big magnolia-tree (just beginning to open its large white flowers) and idly enjoyed the scene. And it was just here, by the bye, that I solved an interesting etymological puzzle, to wit, the origin and precise meaning of the word "baygall," — a word which the visitor often hears upon the lips of Florida people. An old hunter in Smyrna, when I questioned him about it, told me that it meant a swampy piece of wood, and took its origin, he had always supposed, from the fact that bay-trees and gall-bushes commonly grew in such places. A Tallahassee gentleman agreed with this explanation, and promised to bring home some gall-berries the next time he came across any, that I might see what they were; but the berries were never forthcoming, and I was none the wiser, till, on one of my last trips up the St. Augustine road, as I stood under the large magnolia just mentioned, a colored man came along, hat in hand, and a bag of grain balanced on his head. "That 's a large magnolia," said I. He assented. "That 's about as large as magnolias ever grow, is n't it?" "No, sir; down in the gall there 's magnolias a heap bigger 'n that." "A gall? What 's that?" "A baygall, sir." "And what 's a baygall?" "A big wood." "And why do you call it a baygall?" He was stumped, it was plain to see. No doubt he would have scratched his head, if that useful organ had been accessible. He hesitated; but it is n't like an uneducated man to confess ignorance. "Cause it 's a desert," he said, "a thick *place*." "Yes, yes," I answered, and he resumed his march.

The road was traveled mostly by negroes. On Sunday afternoons it looked quite like a flower garden, it was so full of bright dresses coming home from church. "Now'days folks git religion so easy!" one young woman said to another, as they passed me. She was a conservative. I did not join the procession, but on other days I talked, first and last, with a good many of the people; from the preacher, who carried a handsome cane and made me a still handsomer bow, down to a serious little fellow of six or seven years, whom I found standing at the foot of the hill, beside a bundle of dead wood. He was carrying it home for the family stove, and had set it down for a minute's rest. I said something about his burden, and as I went on he called after me: "What kind of birds are you hunting for? Ricebirds?" I answered that I

was looking for birds of all sorts. Had he seen any ricebirds lately? Yes, he said; he started a flock the other day up on[1] the hill. "How did they look?" said I. "They is red blackbirds," he returned. This was not the first time I had heard the redwing called the ricebird. But how did the boy know me for a bird-gazer? That was a mystery. It came over me all at once that possibly I had become better known in the community than I had in the least suspected; and then I remembered my field-glass. That, as I could not help being aware, was an object of continual attention. Every day I saw people, old and young, black and white, looking at it with undisguised curiosity. Often they passed audible comments upon it among themselves. "How far can you see through the spyglass?" a bolder spirit would now and then venture to ask; and once, on the railway track out in the pine lands, a barefooted, happy-faced urchin made a guess that was really admirable for its ingenuity. "Looks like you 're goin' over inspectin' the wire," he remarked. On rare occasions, as an act of special grace, I offered such an inquirer a peep through the magic lenses, — an experiment that never failed to elicit exclamations of wonder. Things were so near! And the observer looked comically incredulous, on putting down the glass, to find how suddenly the landscape had slipped away again. More than one colored man wanted to know its price, and expressed a fervent desire to possess one like it; and probably, if I had ever been assaulted and robbed in all my solitary wanderings through the flat-woods and other lonesome places, my "spyglass" rather than my purse — the "lust of the eye" rather than the "pride of life" — would have been to thank.

Here, however, there could be no thought of such a contingency. Here were no vagabonds (one inoffensive Yankee specimen excepted), but hard-working people going into the city or out again, each on his own lawful business. Scarcely one of them, man or woman, but greeted me kindly. One, a white man on horseback, invited, and even urged me, to mount his horse, and let him walk a piece. I must be fatigued, he was sure, — how could I help it? — and he would as soon walk as not. Finding me obstinate, he walked his horse at my side, chatting about the country, the trees, and the crops. He it was who called my particular attention to the abundance of blackberry vines. "Are the berries sweet?" I asked. He smacked his lips. "Sweet as honey, and big as that," measuring off a liberal portion of his thumb. I spoke of them half an hour later to a middle-aged colored man. Yes, he said, the blackberries were plenty enough and sweet enough; but, for his part, he did n't trouble them a great deal. The vines (and he pointed at them, fringing the roadside indefinitely) were great places for rattlesnakes. He liked the berries, but he liked somebody else to pick them. He was awfully afraid of snakes; they were so dangerous. "Yes, sir" (this in answer to an inquiry), "there are plenty of rattlesnakes here clean up to Christmas." I liked him for his frank avowal of cowardice, and still more for his quiet bearing. He remembered the days of slavery, — "before the surrender," as the current Southern phrase is, — and his face beamed when I spoke of my joy in thinking that his people were free, no matter what might befall them. He, too, raised cotton on hired land, and was bringing up his children — there were eight of them, he said — to habits of industry.

My second stroll toward St. Augustine carried me perhaps three miles, — say one sixty-sixth of the entire distance, — and none of my subsequent excursions took me any farther; and having just now commended a negro for

[1] He did not say "upon" any more than Northern white boys do.

his candor, I am moved to acknowledge that, between the sand underfoot and the sun overhead, I found the six miles, which I spent at least four hours in accomplishing, more fatiguing than twice that distance would have been over New Hampshire hills. If I were to settle in that country, I should probably fall into the way of riding more, and walking less. I remember thinking how comfortable a certain ponderous black mammy looked, whom I met on one of these same sunny and sandy tramps. She sat in the very middle of a tipcart, with an old and truly picturesque man's hat on her head (quite in the fashion, feminine readers will notice), driving a one-horned ox with a pair of clothes-line reins. She was traveling slowly, just as I like to travel; and, as I say, I was impressed by her comfortable appearance. Why would not an equipage like that be just the thing for a naturalistic idler?

Not far beyond my halting-place of two days before I came to a Cherokee rosebush, one of the most beautiful of plants, — white, fragrant single roses (*real* roses) set in the midst of the handsomest of glossy green leaves. I was delighted to find it still in flower. A hundred miles farther south I had seen it finishing its season a full month earlier. I stopped, of course, to pluck a blossom. At that moment a female redbird flew out of the bush. Her mate was beside her instantly, and a nameless something in their manner told me they were trying to keep a secret. The nest, built mainly of pine needles and other leaves, was in the middle of the bush, a foot or two from the grass, and contained two bluish or greenish eggs thickly spattered with dark brown. I meant to look into it again (the owners seemed to have no great objection), but somehow missed it every time I passed. From that point, as far as I went, the road was lined with Cherokee roses, — not continuously, but with short intermissions; and from the number of redbirds seen, almost invariably in pairs, I feel safe in saying that the nest I had found was probably one of fifteen or twenty scattered along the wayside. How gloriously the birds sang! It was their day for singing. I was ready to christen the road anew, — Redbird Road.

But the redbirds, many and conspicuous as they were, had no monopoly of the road or of the day. House wrens were equally numerous and equally at home, though they sang more out of sight. Red-eyed chewinks, still far from their native berry pastures, hopped into a bush to cry, "Who 's he?" at the passing of a stranger, in whom, for aught I know, they may have half recognized an old acquaintance. A bunch of quails ran across the road a little in front of me, and in another place fifteen or twenty red-winged blackbirds (not a redwing among them) sat gossiping in a treetop. Elsewhere, even later than this (it was now April 7), I saw flocks, every bird of which wore shoulder-straps, — like the traditional militia company, all officers. *They* did not gossip, of course (it is the male that sports the red), but they made a lively noise.

As for the mocking-birds, they were at the front here, as they were everywhere. During my fortnight in Tallahassee there were never many consecutive five minutes of daylight in which, if I stopped to listen, I could not hear at least one mocker. Oftener two or three were singing at once in as many different directions. And, speaking of them, I must speak also of their more northern cousin. From the day I entered Florida I had been saying that the mocking-bird, save for his occasional mimicking of other birds, sang so exactly like the thrasher that I did not believe I could tell one from the other. Now, however, on this St. Augustine road, I suddenly became aware of a bird singing somewhere in advance, and as I listened again I said aloud, with full persuasion, "There! that 's a thrasher!" There was a something of

difference: a shade of coarseness in the voice, perhaps; a tendency to force the tone, as we say of human singers, — a *something*, at all events; and the longer I hearkened, the more confident I felt that the bird was a thrasher. And so it was, — the first one I had heard in Florida, although I had seen many. Probably the two birds have peculiarities of voice and method that, with longer familiarity on the listener's part, would render them easily distinguishable. On general principles, I must believe that to be true of all birds. But the experience just described is not to be taken as proving that I have any such familiarity. Within a week afterward, while walking along the railway, I came upon a thrasher and a mocking-bird singing side by side; the mocker perched upon a telegraph pole, and the thrasher on the wire, halfway between the mocker and the next pole. They sang and sang, while I stood between them in the cut below and listened; and if my life had depended on my seeing how one song differed from the other, I could not have done it. With my eyes shut, the birds might have changed places, — if they could have done it quickly enough, — and I should have been none the wiser.

As I have said, I followed the road over the nearly level plateau for what I guessed to be about three miles. Then I found myself in a bit of hollow that seemed made for a stopping-place, with a plantation road running off to the right, and a hillside cornfield of many acres on the left. In the field were a few tall dead trees. At the tip of one sat a sparrow hawk, and to the trunk of another clung a red-bellied woodpecker, who, with characteristic foolishness, sat beside his hole calling persistently, and then, as if determined to publish what other birds so carefully conceal, went inside, thrust out his head, and resumed his clatter. Here, too, were a pair of bluebirds, noticeable for their rarity, and for the wonderful color — a shade deeper than is ever seen at the North, I think — of the male's blue coat. In a small thicket in the hollow beside the road were noisy white-eyed vireos, a ruby-crowned kinglet, — a tiny thing that within a month would be singing in Canada, or beyond, — an unseen wood pewee, and (also unseen) a hermit thrush, one of perhaps twenty solitary individuals that I found scattered about the woods in the course of my journeyings. Not one of them sang a note. Probably they did not know that there was a Yankee in Florida who — in some moods, at least — would have given more for a dozen bars of hermit-thrush music than for a day and a night of the mocking-bird's medley. Not that I mean to disparage the great Southern performer; as a vocalist he is so far beyond the hermit thrush as to render a comparison absurd; but what I love is a *singer*, a voice to reach the soul. An old Tallahassee negro hit off the mocking-bird pretty well. I had called his attention to one singing near us. "Yes," he said, "I love to hear 'em. They 's very amusin', very amusin'." My own feeling can hardly be a prejudice, conscious or unconscious, in favor of what has grown dear to me through early and long-continued association. The difference between the music of birds like the mocker, the thrasher, and the catbird and that of birds like the hermit, the veery, and the wood thrush is one of kind, not of degree; and I have heard music of the mocking-bird's kind (the thrasher's, that is to say) as long as I have heard music at all. The question is one of taste, it is true; but it is not a question of familiarity or favoritism. All praise to the mocker and the thrasher! May their tribe increase! But if we are to indulge in comparisons, give me the wood thrush, the hermit, and the veery; with tones that the mocking-bird can never imitate, and a simplicity which the Fates — the wise Fates, who will have variety —

have put forever beyond his appreciation and his reach.

Florida as I saw it (let the qualification be noted) is no more a land of flowers than New England. In some respects, indeed, it is less so. Flowering shrubs and climbers there are in abundance. I rode in the cars through miles on miles of flowering dogwood and pink azalea. Here, on this Tallahassee road, were miles of Cherokee roses, with plenty of the climbing scarlet honeysuckle (beloved of humming-birds, although I saw none here), and nearer the city, as already described, masses of lantana and white honeysuckle. In more than one place pink double roses (vagrants from cultivated grounds, no doubt) offered buds and blooms to all who would have them. The cross-vine (*Bignonia*), less freehanded, hung its showy bells out of reach in the treetops. Thorn bushes of several kinds were in flower (a puzzling lot), and the treelike blueberry (*Vaccinium arboreum*), loaded with its large, flaring white corollas, was a real spectacle of beauty. Here, likewise, I found one tiny crab-apple shrub, with a few blossoms, exquisitely tinted with rose-color, and most exquisitely fragrant. But the New Englander, when he talks of wild flowers, has in his eye something different from these. He is not thinking of any bush, no matter how beautiful, but of trailing arbutus, hepaticas, bloodroot, anemones, saxifrage, violets, dogtooth violets, spring beauties, "cowslips," buttercups, corydalis, columbine, Dutchman's breeches, clintonia, five-finger, and all the rest of that bright and fragrant host which, ever since he can remember, he has seen covering his native hills and valleys with the return of May.

It is not meant, of course, that plants like these are wholly wanting in Florida. I remember an abundance of violets, blue and white, especially in the flatwoods, where also I often found pretty butterworts of two or three sorts. The smaller blue ones took very acceptably the place of hepaticas, and indeed I heard them called by that name. But, as compared with what one sees in New England, such "ground flowers," flowers which it seems perfectly natural to pluck for a nosegay, were very little in evidence. I heard Northern visitors remark the fact again and again. On this pretty road out of Tallahassee — itself a city of flower gardens — I can recall nothing of the kind except half a dozen strawberry blossoms, and the oxalis and specularia before mentioned. Probably the round-leaved houstonia grew here, as it did everywhere, in small scattered patches. If there were violets as well, I can only say I have forgotten them.

Be it added, however, that at the time I did not miss them. In a garden of roses one does not begin by sighing for mignonette and lilies of the valley. Violets or no violets, there was no lack of beauty. The Southern highway surveyor, if such a personage exists, is evidently not consumed by that distressing puritanical passion for "slicking up things" which too often makes of his Northern brother something scarcely better than a public nuisance. At the South you will not find a woman cultivating with pain a few exotics beside the front door, while her husband is mowing and burning the far more attractive wild garden that nature has planted just outside his fence. The St. Augustine road, at any rate, after climbing the hill and getting beyond the wood, runs between natural hedges, — trees, vines, and shrubs carelessly intermingled, — not dense enough to conceal the prospect or shut out the breeze ("straight from the Gulf," as the Tallahassean is careful to inform you), but sufficient to afford much welcome protection from the sun. Here it was good to find the sassafras growing side by side with the persimmon, although when, for old acquaintance' sake, I put a leaf into my mouth I was half glad to fancy it a

thought less savory than some I had tasted in Yankeeland. I took a kind of foolish satisfaction, too, in the obvious fact that certain plants — the sumach and the Virginia creeper, to mention no others — were less at home here than a thousand miles farther north. With the wild-cherry trees, I was obliged to confess, the case was reversed. I had seen larger ones in Massachusetts, perhaps, but none that looked half so clean and thrifty. In truth, their appearance was a puzzle, rum-cherry trees as by all tokens they undoubtedly were, till of a sudden it flashed upon me that there were no caterpillars' nests in them! Then I ceased to wonder at their odd look. It spoke well for my botanical acumen that I had recognized them at all!

Before I had been a week in Tallahassee I found that, without forethought or plan, I had dropped into the habit (and how pleasant it is to think that some good habits *can* be dropped into!) of making the St. Augustine road my after-dinner sauntering-place. The morning was for a walk: to Lake Bradford, perhaps, in search of a mythical ivory-billed woodpecker, or westward on the railway for a few miles, with a view to rare migratory warblers. But in the afternoon I did not walk, — I loitered; and though I still minded the birds and flowers, I for the most part forgot my botany and ornithology. In the cool of the day, then (the phrase is an innocent euphemism), I climbed the hill, and after an hour or two on the plateau strolled back again, facing the sunset through a vista of moss-covered live oaks and sweet gums. Those quiet, incurious hours are among the pleasantest of all my Florida memories. A cuckoo would be cooing, perhaps; or a quail, with cheerful ambiguity, — such as belongs to weather predictions in general, — would be prophesying "more wet" and "no more wet" in alternate breaths; or two or three night hawks would be sweeping back and forth high above the valley; or a marsh hawk would be quartering over the big oatfield. The martins would be cackling in any event, and the kingbirds practicing their aerial mock somersaults; and the mocking-bird would be singing, and the redbird whistling. On the western slope, just below the oatfield, the Northern woman who owned the pretty cottage there (the only one on the road) was sure to be at work among her flowers. A laughing colored boy who did chores for her (without injury to his health, I could warrant) told me that she was a Northerner. But I knew it already; I needed no witness but her beds of petunias. In the valley, as I crossed the railroad track, a loggerhead shrike sat, almost of course, on the telegraph wire in dignified silence; and just beyond, among the cabins, I had my choice of mocking-birds and orchard orioles.

And so, admiring the roses and the pomegranates, the lantanas and the honeysuckles, or chatting with some dusky fellow-pilgrim, I mounted the hill to the city, and likely as not saw before me a red-headed woodpecker sitting on the roof of the State House, calling attention to his patriotic self — in his tri-colored dress — by occasional vigorous tattoos on the tinned ridgepole. I never saw him there without gladness. The legislature had begun its session in an economical mood, — as is more or less the habit of legislatures, I believe, — and was even considering a proposition to reduce the salary and mileage of its members. Under such circumstances, it ought not to have been a matter of surprise, perhaps, that no flag floated from the cupola of the Capitol. The people's money should not be wasted. And possibly I should never have remarked the omission but for a certain curiosity, natural, if not inevitable, on the part of a Northern visitor, as to the real feeling of the South toward the national government. Day after day I had seen a portly gentleman — with an air, or with airs, as the spectator might choose to express it —

going in and out of the State House gate, dressed ostentatiously in a suit of Confederate gray. He had worn nothing else since the war, I was told. But of course the State of Florida was not to be judged by the freak of one man, and he only a member of the "third house." And even when I went into the governor's office, and saw the original "ordinance of secession" hanging in a conspicuous place on the wall, as if it were an heirloom to be proud of, I felt no stirring of sectional animosity, thoroughbred Massachusetts Yankee and old-fashioned abolitionist as I am. A brave people can hardly be expected or desired to forget its history, especially when that history has to do with sacrifices and heroic deeds. But these things, taken together, did no doubt prepare me to look upon it as a happy coincidence when, one morning, I heard the familiar cry of the red-headed woodpecker, for the first time in Florida, and looked up to see him flying the national colors from the ridgepole of the State House. I did not break out with "Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!" I am naturally undemonstrative; but I thought that *Melanerpes erythrocephalus* was a very handsome bird.

Bradford Torrey.

NIBBLINGS AND BROWSINGS.

In a neighboring botanic garden, the other day, I saw a spicebush, with its early gold buds, opening into tiny blossoms, clustered in bunches along the fragrant brown twigs. The mere sight of the bush left a pleasant taste in my mouth. Its smell and flavor both suggest the Orient. Then, too, the appearance of the entire shrub or of a single flowery branch is like a Japanese flower picture. I remember that my grandfather, himself an old pioneer, told me, at the time when he first made me acquainted with the shrub, that in his childhood the pioneers in West Virginia and eastern Ohio said that when the spicewood began to put forth leaves a sharp lookout must be kept for the Indians, or, as he called them, "the redskins," whose approach could from that time on be partly hidden by the increasing foliage, and therefore made more sudden and more dangerous to the white settlers. To my childish mind there seemed something conscious in the silent signal of the woodland sentinels, and the impression then received always revives when I meet this old favorite. I longed to break off a twig from the bush in the well-kept garden, and to nibble at its spice-flavored bark, both for its own sake and for old times' sake; but I doubt if, after all, the delicious flavor which memory recalls would have come back.

Every one whose early life was spent in the country can remember many flavors and tangs with which, in childhood, he became familiar by nibbling at scores of edibles of the woods and pastures that never found their way to any table. We can hardly call them edibles, either, for we did not seek them for real food, but rather as something to be tried, to be tested, and to be enjoyed. Children do not philosophize much, I suppose, but they are quick to see, and, with a sort of savage practicality, like to invent some uses for their finds. For children, as for other animals, one of the most obvious uses to make of growing things is to eat them. If, however, one could revisit the very spot where this or that wild tidbit grew, and could find the very same clusters, branches, roots, or what not, I fear the old relish would not be found; for one could not bring back

youth with its divine glamour, and the external environment is not all. Nevertheless, one still likes these piquant, wilding flavors because one used to like them.

The sassafras, a tree so beautiful at every season, whether with the greenish-yellow little blossoms that in April put forth on the leafless branches, or when clad with the wonderful scarlet and yellow leaves and brilliant fruits of autumn, that I wonder it is not planted more in parks and cultivated grounds, offers twigs clothed in tender bark with a very aromatic flavor. Not only is this delicious green bark chewed both by children and adults, but the young leaves are eaten by children, and the white pith is often removed from the stems, now to bite, sometimes again to play with. Above all, there is the pleasure of getting out unbroken, clean, pliable little pith cylinders of as many inches in length as possible. The use of the bark of sassafras roots for making tea, which farm and village housewives in various parts of the country advise as a healthful drink in early spring, is well known. This ruddy bark of the roots is also a valued ingredient of home-made "bitters," the villainous concoctions still widely used as spring tonics. A good old man, half self-made doctor, half lay preacher, whom I met in western Massachusetts some years ago, and who had doubtless wrought a deal of harm by his well-intentioned dabbling in herb-doctoring, told me that half a lifetime of observation and practice had made him certain that in the spring of the year the human system required "the bitter principle." It apparently mattered little what root, twig, leaf, or fruit supplied it, so long as this quality of bitterness was obtained. The sassafras root is probably added to the proverbial "bitters" for its aromatic quality, and it may be for the pungent astringency that gives an ameliorating tang to these remedial mixtures.

In regions where the black birch grows, its young branchlets and their bark are chewed just as is the sassafras. Then, again, children obtain a more delicate morsel by scraping off the sweet, moist cambium layer found between the inner bark and the wood. By what subtle alchemy of nature have both this species of birch and the bright little checkerberry, plants in no way related, managed to produce from earth, air, and water the essential oil that gives to them a flavor and scent so like each other as to be almost indistinguishable? We find, too, a trace of the same flavor in the dainty white fruit of the exquisitely beautiful creeping snowberry (*Chiogenes hispidula*), a plant of less geographical range than its scarlet-fruited relative, the checkerberry. We have few indigenous plants with more popular names than this last-mentioned member of the heath family, whose shining green leaves and red berries gleam out in early spring, in woods and pastures, from underneath late-melting snows, and are gathered and eaten in various places all the way from Canada to Kentucky. Familiar as the checkerberry or wintergreen of New England, farther north, in New Brunswick and even in parts of Maine, it is popularly known as ivory, and it is the mountain tea of the beautiful hills of southeastern Ohio. The young plants, whose brown-green leaves are especially liked by children, are called in different parts of New England by the various names of youngsters, jinks, pippins, and drunkards.

Alongside of the familiar small fruits, berries for the most part, that are regularly gathered to be served, either raw or cooked, at table, there is a whole world of fruits known to country children, for which they forage and in which they revel. They have, happily, not yet become either too civilized or too busy to have outgrown simple tastes and instincts which take them close to nature, and would seem a universal heritage of mankind, but which, alas, both races and individuals too often barter for a mess

of the huskiest pottage; though, sad enough to tell, even our children in the older settled parts of the country are losing much of the primitive knowledge of woodcraft, and of the natural child's delighted love of gathering and garnering the hundred nameless delicacies of every pasture, woodland, or fence-row. Teaching natural science in our schools can never restore this priceless gift, if once lost, any more than a scientific study of the poetry, the mythology, and the every-day arts of the ancient Greeks, or of the legends of our American Indians, can give the student their intimacy with nature, or change him into a genuine worshiper at the shrine of Pan. The teaching of science can do much, for it can help to open the eyes and hearts of the children whom an unhappy artificial civilization has robbed and blinded; but such teaching, though of the best, can never quite make up for the loss of the traditionary lore that is part of the inheritance of the country-bred child, though he cannot tell you how and when he obtained his initiation into sweet secrets concerning all manner of growing things.

Often neighboring with the checkerberry is the partridge berry, with equal grace creeping about the aromatic pine pastures of New England, or spreading a bit of green carpet in chosen spots in Western woods. Insipid and flavorless as are its pretty scarlet berries, the children seek them, and pronounce them "good to eat." Far less flavor than is demanded by the adult palate satisfies the unexacting requirements of children; at least so it would seem from the comparative tastelessness of various fruits that they universally appear to enjoy. The ground cherries (*Physalis*), queer little globes showing myriads of seeds through their translucent amber coats, are plucked and devoured by the boy, as he straggles through the orchard to fill his basket with apples, or darts here and there as he cuts through some cornfield on his way to the cow pasture. Then the great May apples, which follow the waxen blossoms on the stems of the "parasols" that little girls carry over their dolls, are eagerly watched in their growth, and, despite their sickish odor and taste, gathered with great care at the right time, and hidden in the haymow to ripen. "Eaten by pigs and boys," says Dr. Gray, with quaint cynicism, in the older editions of the Manual of Botany, in his description of the May apple. The hard, acid, wild crab apples, too, are often hidden in the hay to mellow, though it must be that their exquisite fragrance has something to do with their favor among children. This fragrance of the fruit suggests that of the lovely pink blossoms, and he who has never, in a gentle, warm May shower, crouched beneath the low-growing branches of the scraggy wild crab apple trees when they are abloom, and been deluged with the ineffable perfume, has not yet been all the way through Arcady.

Children perhaps, as a rule, take little cognizance of odors, but must unconsciously be more or less influenced by them; for in later years a whiff of some wild perfume recalls more vividly than can aught else happy scenes and experiences of one's early years. As you walk or drive to-day between the tangled thickets that line some picturesque by-road which dreamily winds in and out, up and down, and pause to breathe the subtlest, most evanescent of all sweet odors, that of the wild-grape bloom, are you not at once back on the outskirts of your own old woods, clambering after tendrils and crisp young shoots from the wild vine that draped the fence or made a natural arbor over some little oak, before you entered the mysterious shadows of the great trees to call together the straying cows and drive them home for milking? The dewy fragrance, the soft afterglow in the west, the gathering twilight, the sweet sounds from all the unheeded busy little people of grass and

trees, — what fullness of life did they not all promise to youth and health!

Such hips and haws as deck every English hedgerow, if less abundant in our own country, still are scattered here and there. The wild-rose hips in Nebraska are chewed by the children under the name of rose-balls. Wherever in this incredulous land the fairy's own tree, the whitethorn, dares to grow, it calls the children round about to come and nibble at the high-flavored yellow meat of its scarlet fruit. Nor do they scorn the puckery choke-cherry, or the almost flavorless drupes of the prim little dwarf cornel, known in some of its habitats as bunch-plums, elsewhere as bunch-berries or cracker-berries.

Then there is the multitude of nuts and seeds, and of fruits commonly known as seeds, from the insignificant little morsel attached to its gauzy encircling wing, thousands of which are shaken to earth every spring from the swaying elm branches, to the great kernel within the beautiful brown sculptured peach-stone, which children watch for and gather, each in its season.

Children have a happy facility in naming their flowers and fruits, — sometimes with visible reason, often without. In eastern Massachusetts they call the spikes of fruit of the sweet flag (*Acorus calamus*) critch-crotches, probably from the zigzag lines which mark the division between each member of the spike and its neighbors. But why Boston school children should call the round fruits of the linden monkey-nuts I cannot guess.

With us, the bitter meat of the pignut, the insipid achenia of the sunflower, the mildly sickening pumpkin and squash seeds, retain their hold only on the untamed appetite of the child; but in less civilized regions, as among the Cossacks of the Don, the grown-up young people while away the solitude of their long evenings by eating sunflower and melon seeds, as they sit around or on their great oven-like stoves.

But daintiest of all the multitudes of dainties of pasture, woods, or meadow is the nectar of flowers. The curved spur of the columbine, the delicate trumpet of the honeysuckle, and the slender tubular flowers of the red clover and thistle all yield their treasured drops to young red lips that part for the lilliputian draught. The oppressively sweet locust flowers and the smaller blossoms of the redbud also tempt children as well as the winged creatures to seek their nectar; but the shape of these blossoms makes them less popular than tubular flowers. I remember how, when a child, if I wished an Olympian feast, I sought the purplish flowers of the queer, ungraceful old "matrimony vine," which for some unknown reason obtained so much favor with housewives, who carefully trained it over porch or trellis, or against the side of the house, and yet were always complaining at the litter of the leaves so constantly shed, which they diligently swept away. By squeezing the short tube of a freshly opened flower — the faded buff ones were passed by — a generous sweet drop was secured.

Numberless are the relishes offered by vine and shrub, plant and tree, to the boy or girl foraging afield. Among them are the tender stems of the much-loved sweet-brier, stripped of their bark, or similar shoots of the wild blackberry or raspberry; the refreshing acid leaves of the oxalis and of the little rumex, both generally known to children as sorrel, — though in Pennsylvania I hear they call the oxalis sour grass; beech-buds and young sprouting beech-trees; while they still consist mostly of the thick seed-leaves, the buds both of spruce and of linden trees.

On Cape Ann and in other parts of eastern New England, children eat both the leaves and the young shoots of *Smilax rotundifolia*, which they call biscuit leaf or biscuit plant. Men reared in quiet old Concord tell me how, in boy-

hood, they regaled themselves, in early springtime, with the immature fronds of the great cinnamon fern, which they now remember as delicious. The cambium layer of the white pine affords a delectable mouthful to the children of evergreen woodlands. Where the spice-odored pink azalea, or rhododendron, as the botanists would now have us call it, sweetens pasture or swamp, children eagerly gather and eat the fungoid growths abundant on its foliage. Sometimes these pseudo-fruits are called swamp apples, again sweet-galls.

The dainty pouches or chalices, poised upon their beautifully colored hairlike stalks, which hold the spores of certain mosses, such as the bryums and polytrichums, are harvested under a dozen pretty names by browsing children here and there. No brookside bed of mint, no wayfaring plant of ragged hedge mustard, no glossy-leaved pipsissewa growing in however deep woodland shadows, will be passed unnoticed; and even the keenly biting smartweed is often nipped, half in daring, half to tickle the palate. With the cooling draught of slippery-elm water a fevered patient often quaffs refreshment which the physician wots not of, for every sip recalls glimpses of glad noontimes when, with lithe-limbed school-fellows, he rambled off to the woods to collect strips of the clean, pliant bark with its indescribable fresh odor, which, readily yielding to the jack-knife, could be cut into bits and stored away in pockets for sly chewing in school hours. The "cheeses" of various mallows and the creamy column of united pistil and stamens of the dooryard hollyhocks are other mucilaginous delicacies.

Children show their remote kinship with the ruminants by their fondness for chewing all manner of things, apparently often for the mere sake of chewing, for one cud is dropped when a new one presents itself. Simple-mannered or old-fashioned ladies sometimes keep up a trace of this earlier taste for chewing. In some little white country church one may still catch a breath from the spray of coriander seed or sprig of southernwood or sweet fennel or bergamot in the hand of a pew neighbor. Besides the familiar resins of the spruce and larch, the beautiful translucent gum that frequently exudes from an injury on the trunk of cherry and plum trees is gathered by farmers' children. Country children in the Western States greatly enjoy chewing into a pulp the purple bloom of the thistle. They also chew wheat kernels until a sticky dough is formed. The wheat is generally winnowed out in the palm of the hand, from heads plucked directly from the unreaped grain field; and this without doubt has a sweet flavor not possessed by the riper grain on the barn floor which a boy may grab in threshing-time from the great heap that he is helping to measure and store away.

As numerous as the hidden hoards of the old fairy tales, buried at the foot of some forest tree by beast or elf or troll, and kept for the enchanted prince, are the underground treasures known to the real country boy or girl. From the first turning of the sod by the ploughshare in early spring till the ground is frozen in late autumn, young foragers are stirring the mould with fingers, knife, or improvised wooden trowel, to unearth some treasure trove. There are the sweet cicely roots in the garden, the tiny bulbs of the timothy in the surrounding fields, the wild potatoes, — as children, in some places, call the deeply buried tubers of the spring beauty, — the hot pepper root, *Dentaria*, the little tubers of the nut-grass, *Cyperus*, and even the ill smelling and worse tasting little wild onions, and, in coast regions, the roots of the beloved marsh rosemary. Will any East India preserve ever make your mouth water in older years as did the wild-ginger root-stocks that you dug with your own hands from the black woods loam in early days? Expeditions are planned to go for gin-

seng, sweet flag, goldthread, or Indian turnip. To be sure, all these, and more beside, are somewhat valued as medicines by mother or grandmother, and, when washed and dried, are often added to the store of roots and herbs kept in the attic; but I suspect the real reasons for the enthusiastic searching for them and their like are the love of strolling and the natural passion for digging. Thoreau remarks that agriculture, in its most primitive state, belongs alongside of the venerable arts of hunting and fishing, which, he says, "are as ancient and honorable trades as the sun and moon and winds pursue, coeval with the faculties of man, and invented when these were invented." The very smell of newly upturned soil arouses instincts and impulses that doubtless are heritages from our most primitive ancestors. Is it not the unconscious delight of sniffing in the nameless, revivifying odor of the fresh brown earth that leads children to the fields, to follow the furrows as happily as their companions, the cheerfully talking blackbirds, which come to seize the food providentially thrown up for them by the gliding plough?

Children fortunately often keep enough sweet savagery, so that if turned out of doors they go straight to their own. With little knowledge of names save those of their own coining or the popular ones of their neighborhood, many a time they could lead the scientist to the chosen retreats of rare local plants, and point out nest or lair of shy wild creatures. If anything could justify the common assumption that in childhood we relive the golden age of the race, it is the possibility of this unconscious but profound childish sympathy with Nature's heart.

Fanny D. Bergen.

THE ISOLATION OF LIFE ON PRAIRIE FARMS.

In no civilized country have the cultivators of the soil adapted their home life so badly to the conditions of nature as have the people of our great Northwestern prairies. This is a strong statement, but I am led to the conclusion by ten years of observation in our plains region. The European farmer lives in a village, where considerable social enjoyment is possible. The women gossip at the village well, and visit frequently at one another's houses; the children find playmates close at hand; there is a school, and, if the village be not a very small one, a church. The post wagon, with its uniformed postilion merrily blowing his horn, rattles through the street every day, and makes an event that draws people to the doors and windows. The old men gather of summer evenings to smoke their pipes and talk of the crops; the young men pitch quoits and play ball on the village green. Now and then a detachment of soldiers from some garrison town halts to rest. A peddler makes his rounds. A black-frocked priest tarries to join in the chat of the elder people, and to ask after the health of the children. In a word, something takes place to break the monotony of daily life. The dwellings, if small and meagrely furnished, have thick walls of brick or stone that keep out the summer's heat and the winter's chill.

Now contrast this life of the European peasant, to which there is a joyous side that lightens labor and privation, with the life of a poor settler on a homestead claim in one of the Dakotas or Nebraska. Every homesteader must live upon his claim for five years to perfect his title and get his patent; so that if there were

not the universal American custom of isolated farm life to stand in the way, no farm villages would be possible in the first occupancy of a new region in the West without a change in our land laws. If the country were so thickly settled that every quarter-section of land (160 acres) had a family upon it, each family would be half a mile from any neighbor, supposing the houses to stand in the centre of the farms; and in any case the average distance between them could not be less. But many settlers own 320 acres, and a few have a square mile of land, 640 acres. Then there are school sections, belonging to the State, and not occupied at all, and everywhere you find vacant tracts owned by Eastern speculators or by mortgage companies, to which former settlers have abandoned their claims, going to newer regions, and leaving their debts and their land behind. Thus the average space separating the farmsteads is, in fact, always more than half a mile, and many settlers must go a mile or two to reach a neighbor's house. This condition obtains not on the frontiers alone, but in fairly well peopled agricultural districts.

If there be any region in the world where the natural gregarious instinct of mankind should assert itself, that region is our Northwestern prairies, where a short hot summer is followed by a long cold winter, and where there is little in the aspect of nature to furnish food for thought. On every hand the treeless plain stretches away to the horizon line. In summer, it is checkered with grain fields or carpeted with grass and flowers, and it is inspiring in its color and vastness; but one mile of it is almost exactly like another, save where some watercourse nurtures a fringe of willows and cottonwoods. When the snow covers the ground the prospect is bleak and dispiriting. No brooks babble under icy armor. There is no bird life after the wild geese and ducks have passed on their way south. The silence of death rests on the vast landscape, save when it is swept by cruel winds that search out every chink and cranny of the buildings, and drive through each unguarded aperture the dry, powdery snow. In such a region, you would expect the dwellings to be of substantial construction, but they are not. The new settler is too poor to build of brick or stone. He hauls a few loads of lumber from the nearest railway station, and puts up a frail little house of two, three, or four rooms that looks as though the prairie winds would blow it away. Were it not for the invention of tarred building-paper, the flimsy walls would not keep out the wind and snow. With this paper the walls are sheathed under the weather-boards. The barn is often a nondescript affair of sod walls and straw roof. Lumber is much too dear to be used for dooryard fences, and there is no inclosure about the house. A barbed-wire fence surrounds the barnyard. Rarely are there any trees, for on the prairies trees grow very slowly, and must be nursed with care to get a start. There is a saying that you must first get the Indian out of the soil before a tree will grow at all; which means that some savage quality must be taken from the ground by cultivation.

In this cramped abode, from the windows of which there is nothing more cheerful in sight than the distant houses of other settlers, just as ugly and lonely, and stacks of straw and unthreshed grain, the farmer's family must live. In the summer there is a school for the children, one, two, or three miles away; but in winter the distances across the snow-covered plains are too great for them to travel in severe weather; the schoolhouse is closed, and there is nothing for them to do but to house themselves and long for spring. Each family must live mainly to itself, and life, shut up in the little wooden farmhouses, cannot well be very cheerful. A drive to the nearest town is almost the only diver-

sion. There the farmers and their wives gather in the stores and manage to enjoy a little sociability. The big coal stove gives out a grateful warmth, and there is a pleasant odor of dried codfish, groceries, and ready-made clothing. The women look at the display of thick cloths and garments, and wish the crop had been better, so that they could buy some of the things of which they are badly in need. The men smoke corncob pipes and talk politics. It is a cold drive home across the wind-swept prairies, but at least they have had a glimpse of a little broader and more comfortable life than that of the isolated farm.

There are few social events in the life of these prairie farmers to enliven the monotony of the long winter evenings; no singing-schools, spelling-schools, debating clubs, or church gatherings. Neighborly calls are infrequent, because of the long distances which separate the farmhouses, and because, too, of the lack of homogeneity of the people. They have no common past to talk about. They were strangers to one another when they arrived in this new land, and their work and ways have not thrown them much together. Often the strangeness is intensified by differences of national origin. There are Swedes, Norwegians, Germans, French Canadians, and perhaps even such peculiar people as Finns and Icelanders, among the settlers, and the Americans come from many different States. It is hard to establish any social bond in such a mixed population, yet one and all need social intercourse, as the thing most essential to pleasant living, after food, fuel, shelter, and clothing. An alarming amount of insanity occurs in the new prairie States among farmers and their wives. In proportion to their numbers, the Scandinavian settlers furnish the largest contingent to the asylums. The reason is not far to seek. These people came from cheery little farm villages. Life in the fatherland was hard and toilsome, but it was not lonesome. Think for a moment how great the change must be from the white-walled, red-roofed village on a Norway fiord, with its church and schoolhouse, its fishing-boats on the blue inlet, and its green mountain walls towering aloft to snow fields, to an isolated cabin on a Dakota prairie, and say if it is any wonder that so many Scandinavians lose their mental balance.

There is but one remedy for the dreariness of farm life on the prairies: the isolated farmhouse must be abandoned, and the people must draw together in villages. The peasants of the Russian steppes did this centuries ago, and so did the dwellers on the great Danubian plain. In the older parts of our prairie States, in western Minnesota, eastern Nebraska and Kansas, and the eastern parts of North and South Dakota, titles to homestead claims are now nearly all perfected by the required five years' occupancy of the land. Thus, there is no longer a necessity that the farmers should live upon the particular tracts which they cultivate. They might go out with their teams to till the fields, and return at evening to village homes. It would be entirely feasible to redivide the land in regions where it is all of nearly uniform fertility and value. Let us suppose that the owners of sixteen quarter-section farms, lying in a body and forming four full sections, should agree to remove their homes to the centre of the tract, and run new dividing lines radiating to the outer boundaries. Each settler would still have 160 acres, and no one would live more than a mile from the remotest limit of his farm. The nearer fields could be used for stock, and the distant ones for grain. The homes of the sixteen families would surround a village green, where the schoolhouse would stand. This could be used for church services on Sunday, and for various social purposes on week-day evenings. Such a nucleus of population would, however, soon possess a church in common with other farmers in the neighbor-

hood who might still cling to the old mode of isolated living, and there would probably be a store and a post office. An active social life would soon be developed in such a community. The school would go on winters as well as summers. Friendly attachments would be formed, and mutual helpfulness in farm and household work would soon develop into a habit. There would be nursing in illness, and consolation for those mourning for their dead. If the plains people were thus brought together into hamlets, some home industries might be established that would add to family incomes, or at least save outlay. The economic weakness of farming in the North is the enforced idleness of the farmer and his work animals during the long winter. After threshing and fall ploughing are finished there is nothing to do but to feed the stock. Four or five months are unproductive, and all this time the people and the animals are consuming the fruits of the working season. Even the women are not fully occupied in the care of their little houses and the cooking of the simple meals; for the stockings are no longer knit at home, there is no hum of the spinning-wheel, and the clothing is bought ready-made at the stores. If it were possible to restore to the farm some of the minor handicrafts that were carried on in the country thirty or forty years ago, there would be great gain in comfort, intelligence, and contentment. Now and then, while traveling over the Dakota prairies, I hear of a family that sends to market some kind of delicate cheese, or makes sausages of superior quality that find ready sale in the neighboring towns, or preserves small fruits. These little industries might be much extended if the farmers lived in communities, where extra labor could be had when needed, and where there would be mental attrition to wear off the rust of the winter's indolence and stimulate effort on new lines.

The early French colonists who settled along the shores of the Red River of the North, in Manitoba, divided the land into long, narrow strips running back from the river banks, and thus formed a continuous village many miles long. In this they followed the example of their ancestors who first occupied the shores of the St. Lawrence. It was adherence to this custom, and resistance to the division of the land into checkerboard squares, that brought on the rebellion of Riel and his half-breeds on the Saskatchewan. The Mennonites, who occupy the western side of the Red River just north of the American boundary, live in villages. With the exception of a few peculiar religious communities in Iowa and Kansas, I know of no other instances where farmers have established their homes in compact settlements. In all our prairie towns, however, one finds in winter many farmers' families who have left their houses and stock to the care of hired men, and are living in rooms over stores, or in parts of dwellings rented for temporary occupancy, in order to give their children opportunity for education and to escape the dreary monotony of isolation. The gregarious instinct thus asserts itself, in spite of habit, and of the inherited American idea that a farmer must live upon the land he tills, and must have no near neighbors. This habit will be hard to break, but I believe it must yield some time to the evident advantages of closer association. I have known instances, however, where efforts at more neighborly ways of living have been made on a small scale, and have failed. In the early settlement of Dakota, it sometimes happened that four families, taking each a quarter-section homestead, built their temporary dwellings on the adjacent corners, so as to be near together; but a few years later, when they were able to put up better buildings, they removed to the opposite sides of their claims, giving as a reason that their chickens got mixed up with their neighbors' fowls. In

these instances, I should add, the people were Americans. There is a crusty individuality about the average American farmer, the inheritance of generations of isolated living, that does not take kindly to the familiarities of close association.

I am aware that nothing changes so slowly as the customs of a people. It will take a long time to modify the settled American habit of isolated farmsteads. If it is ever changed, the new system will have to be introduced near the top of the rural social scale, and work down gradually to the masses. A group of farmers of superior intelligence and of rather more than average means must set an example and establish a model farm village; or perhaps this could be done by the owner of one of the so-called bonanza farms, who might subdivide four sections of his land, as I have described, and invite purchasers to build their homes around a central village green; or, still better, he might himself put up the farmhouses and barns, and then offer the farms for sale. The experiment would be widely discussed by the newspapers, and this extensive free advertising could hardly fail to attract as purchasers a class of people with faith in the idea, and possessed of such a sociable, neighborly disposition as would open the way to harmonious living and to considerable practical coöperation in field work and the care of animals. One successful community would soon lead to the formation of others, and the new system would steadily spread.

The plains of the West extend from the Gulf of Mexico to the valley of the Saskatchewan in the British territory. A belt about three hundred miles wide on the eastern side of this vast region receives sufficient rainfall for farming. This belt is the granary of the continent, and even with its present sparse settlement it produces an enormous yearly surplus of wheat and corn. Its cultivators have thus far been engaged in a hard struggle to establish themselves on the soil, procure the necessaries of existence, and pay off their mortgages. They are getting ahead year by year, and in the older settled districts good houses are taking the places of the pioneer shanties, and the towns show thrift and progress. Before long these prairie people will begin to grapple with the problems of a higher civilization. Then it will be found, I believe, that the first great step in advance in the direction of more comfortable living, and of intellectual development and rational social enjoyment, is the abandonment of the lonesome farmhouse, and the establishment of the farm village.

E. V. Smalley.

THE MORAL REVIVAL IN FRANCE.

France has ever been in the dramatic situation of carrying the general ideas which become, at different times, common human property to their extreme conclusions. The intellectual crises through which it passes are thrown into such objective shape, every manifestation of the French spirit is so lucidly projected against the background of things, that the home of classicism, of the Revolution, of Auguste Comte, of Saint-Simonism, is, as it were, a looking-glass, in which other nations, of a genius more relative and less impelled to generalization, may see and study the history of the ideas that mould them.

We of the western world are passing, at this moment, through a phase

of religious reaction. Even while, after thirty years of science, the bonds of orthodox beliefs are being loosened more and more, a stream from the higher intellectual places is setting the other way. Not skepticism, but faith, is the watchword now sounded from those higher places. A certain rigidity in our Anglo-Saxon nature — what Matthew Arnold would call our Hebraism — has prevented us, in America and England, from feeling the full force both of the first movement and of its present countercheck. The continent of Europe has been more sensitive to each influence. A religious, a moral revival is strong in Russia; it inspires certain youthful and still unknown poets of new Germany; it can be traced in the best writers of Italy and Spain. But even as no people have gone further than the French in the application of the conception of life that sprang from the emancipation of reason, and the belief in science as the only revelation, so, with them, the rebound has brought into being conditions more defined, results more practical.

There have been special and national as well as general causes for this. The birth of the so-called Neo-Christian movement in France is commonly dated from 1886, when M. Melchior de Vogüé published his Roman Russe. These studies in the "religion of human suffering" as it had been expounded by the Russian novelists, from Gogol to Tolstóy, and as it was now expounded to his own countrymen, with an ardent sympathy, by M. de Vogüé, are held among French men of letters to have marked a turning-point in the skepticism which had permeated literary France during the Second Empire, and in the fifteen years after 1870. Of course they know, however, that the true turning-point was reached in that same fatal year, 1870. Says M. de Vogüé, speaking of the night of September 1, when the French prisoners were being led down the hills that descend from Bazeilles to Douzy: "Below, the bivouacs of the victors starred with their fires all the valley of the Moselle. From the fields where those hundred thousand men were encamped, and where we thought them heavy with sleep, exhausted by their victory, a mighty voice arose, — one single voice issuing from those hundred thousand throats. It was Luther's choral. The majestic prayer seemed to fill the heavens; it spread over the horizon so far as there were German camp-fires and German men. We heard it far into the night. It thrilled us with its grandeur and beauty. . . . Many of us were young then, and little matured in reflection, yet we recognized at that moment the power which had vanquished us: it was not the superior force of regiments, but that one soul, made up of so many souls, tempered in faith, national and divine, and firmly persuaded that its God marched by its side to victory." After fifteen years of terrible national fatigue and disheartenment, the germ then sown began to bear outward and visible fruit. The men who saw in 1870 that a nation can have no solidarity, no concerted action, no greatness or effectiveness, without faith and patience and submission in its units, are the men who now, in the maturity of their powers, are urging upon the rising generation the acquisition of moral qualities, latterly too much neglected by their compatriots. And the rising generation — all those young men who are completing their higher studies in the schools that cluster about the old Sorbonne — are said to be lending a very docile ear to these teachings. If we are to believe their leaders, — of whom the chief are, perhaps, M. de Vogüé and M. Ernest Lavisse, the historian, — neither the ethical reveries of Renan, nor the positivism of Taine, nor the naturalism of Zola hold or satisfy any longer these youths who will form the France of fifteen or twenty years

hence. They are manifesting a new desire for vital and tangible principle, for character testified in action; an indifference to some of the allurements of pleasure, which, if genuine, must strike one as novel in the French student; and finally, the presence of that socialistic inclination that is the sign of the times.

The soil thus prepared, M. de Vogüé's studies of the Russians, with the passion for humanity, the long endurance, the mute faith, that breathe from their literature, made, very easily, an epoch. People were not accustomed to points of view of this sort in Paris. But they took to them kindly. They have taken to them so kindly, indeed, that, as month after month brings to one's hand some new proof, in historical or literary criticism, and even in novel-writing, of the ideas which the little group of Neo-Christian writers are striving to impress upon their fellow-countrymen; as one realizes that these ideas appeal with a surety of response to a large number of eager young minds at the formative period, one is prompted to ask one's self whether France be not truly on the verge of taking, in the moral and intellectual life, a direction hitherto not generally associated with it in the minds of other nations.

It is possible, to be sure, to exaggerate the importance of this movement; or, rather, its chance of lasting effects. It is possible to find some chauvinism in the patriotic note sounded by some of the writers of the moral revival, too. But this would be an unsympathetic task. It is a fine thing to see a people, still bleeding from the humiliation of defeat, incited by noble words to the cultivation of the difficult virtues that lead to national regeneration. It is a fine thing, for instance, to see those young men of the French colleges told that the new African colonies of France are not only a great source of national hope, but a great opportunity for national sacrifice; that the mother country owes its progeny the duty of a high example in heroism, — the "royal virtue" of "energy cultivated for itself," — in unselfishness, in endurance, in the faith that walks on in spite of not seeing the goal, and the faith that does the right in spite of no formal assurance that there be such a thing. In all the utterances of this little band of choicer contemporary French minds there is something very inspiriting; and the more that the patriotic preoccupation, while it gives impetus and intensity to the higher moral feeling, is, after all, secondary to it. "The best minds of this day perceive that now, as always, and more than always, in the West as in the East, under the tangle of interests in which men of infirm sight detect nothing but questions of politics, there is but one fundamental question, the religious." These words of M. de Vogüé apply directly to his own country now.

This interest in the moral problem shows itself variously in these French literary men. With MM. Jules Lemaître, Paul Bourget, Maurice Barrès, Charles Morice, and at times even with M. Huysmans, it declares itself by an attitude of meditative respect toward religion, dilettante and divorced from all belief in dogma, but admiring and regretfully sympathetic. With MM. de Vogüé, Paul Desjardins, Edouard Rod, Pierre Lasserre, not to mention others, what there may be of literary affectation in their first-mentioned companions is laid aside. These are the true leaders of the moralist movement, the real Neo-Christians; and whatever may be thought of the eventual efficaciousness of their crusade, it would be impossible to mistake the sincerity, the loyalty, the earnestness, with which it is conducted. These writers not only admire, but would desire to revive, the morality of the Christian religion, rigidly to enforce it, to make it the ever-present rule of every-day life, but all this while repudiating its orthodox, dogmatic founda-

tions. There are, finally, a number — a very small number — of writers entirely within the Roman Catholic tradition and faith, who have contributed some invigorating pages to the work of moral regeneration in France. And here one may also speak of M. Ferdinand Brunetière, that austere critic of every aspect of modern life; that strenuous student and supporter of the serious century of Pascal, Bossuet, Massillon, Racine; the man who explicitly, in the name of objective "universal" morality, in the name of the traditional French spirit of clarity, sanity, and taste, protested recently against the erection of a statue to Charles Baudelaire. M. Brunetière probably would not care to be counted among the Neo-Christians and the Neo-Idealists of his time. He seeks no affiliation with his contemporaries. Yet, in spite of himself, he testifies, by the strength and the inflexibleness of his moral convictions, in behalf of the beliefs now informing the mental life of his country.

Whence, then, comes this unanimity of perception and impulse to be detected at almost every centre of intellectual activity at the present hour? We see a revulsion against science; a return to the standard which orders life by things felt, not seen. In part, this is without doubt due to one of the periodic recrudescences of the mystic instinct in human nature. In part, also, — however unreasonably, for science has barely had time for a diagnosis of the social evils, and that diagnosis, in itself, has been of advantage through the more altruistic conception of human nature which it has awakened in us, — in part, also, it may be due to disappointment that the high scientific promises of two or three decades ago should not be reaching a fulfillment as rapid as was claimed for them. But this is not a sufficient explanation of the drift of thought around us. We shall find the explanation in democracy. If spirits sensitive to the currents of the higher atmosphere seem now to wish, with one accord, to lean back against the real, the right Christianity, the Christianity of Christ, is it not that there exists at this moment a lucid perception that modern democracy is the other half of that gospel of humility and neighborly love preached in Galilee nineteen hundred years ago; that the two halves must be united; that the one can but prove to be a seed of disintegration without the close joint action of the other? Jesus, wandering through the land with his little following, said that all men should be equal; but they should be equal loving one another, and each with meekness in his soul. "For eighteen centuries this leaven, the gospel, has been working in the world; and the last revolution which has issued from it is its triumph, the definite sign of its advent." Modern democracy, the last revolution, can only mean confusion, hatred, sordid ugliness, if that which called it into being, lowliness to self, love to others, be withdrawn, shrivel at its source. "In all things," writes M. Leroy-Beaulieu, "we are brought back to this conclusion: there can be nothing efficacious, nothing solid or durable, for our democratic societies, outside of the Christian spirit, outside of the Christian fraternity." A Christian church of some sort — modified, modernized, what you will, but always a Christian church — is alone capable, writes M. Henry Bérenger, "of giving any safe direction to our contemporary democracy."

"When right and power are one," M. Charles Secrétan had said before, "who shall set limits to them? And if it please the omnipotence of the masses to overthrow the barriers which they themselves have prescribed, who shall raise those barriers again? . . . The morality of the greater number is the sole recourse of liberty in a democracy. . . . Political salvation in democracy depends solely on private efforts, on an inward mission."

Here, then, we find that we have left any purely local ground of a moral revival, and are in a stream that belongs to the whole of contemporary life and thought. Everywhere the world wants a new Christianity. But it wants it, and will have it, differently, according to race and need. A Tolstóy attains his by a comparatively simple effort. With him, — with all those obscurer men throughout the various classes of Russian life who think and feel as he does,[1] — the fusion of the modern democratic spirit with the spirit of primitive Christianity is an operation full of *naïveté*, one that goes of itself. This is possible with a people that is very young and very old at the same time. Russia is very young as a nation, and at that imaginative stage when ideas are realized immediately, — seen, as it were, pictorially, as mental images. It is very old in the sense that it still draws its life more directly from the old Aryan stock than almost any other Indo-European branch. Its tongue is closely allied to the Sanskrit elder-sister tongue; its soul is the near kinsman of the vast, vague, dreaming Hindu soul, forever intent upon the problem of life and death. The development of the many Russian sects that, leaving the orthodox Greek Church, are still tormented with the desire *de croire à côté* need be traced to no other origin. A man of what is known as good birth, a man of commanding talents, a man of the world, abandoning the hardly earned fruits of civilization to return to a semi-vegetative existence, in which all curiosity of the sensation and the intellect shall be quelled, and shall give place to a species of spiritual trance, no longer appears a unique manifestation, without affiliation or connection, when we think of him as cousin-german to the Hindu fakir. Tolstóy's life is a phenomenon from the standpoint of Occidental civilization; it is the most natural of manifestations from the standpoint of millions of our brothers in that far Eastern branch of our race. It has not been difficult for him to take one great step backward — beyond the orthodoxy of a Byzantine church which has long been lifeless, beyond rote and practices and dogmas vivified by no later intellectual infusions — straight to that simple religion of the fishermen of Palestine, which, being full of pity and mercy, has "insensibly softened our blood, and made the man of modern times, with his moral and social conceptions, his æsthetics, his politics, the inclination of his mind and heart toward humble things and humble creatures." In taking this step the Russian is only entering into his own. The things which he best loves in Christianity are those in which its Founder more closely approximated to the spiritual divinations of one who was amongst the great fathers of his own race; one who brought the revelation of charity and of moral and social liberty to the Aryan world of the East. It is because of his racial affinity to Buddhism, which likewise was an upheaval of the democratic sentiment displayed against the narrow Brahmanical theocracy, that Count Tolstóy so well penetrates the innermost heart of Christianity.

With the French Neo-Christians matters are more complicated. Between them and primitive Christianity there stands a great church which is not dead, which has for centuries been served by the power and subtlety of philosophers, poets, dialecticians; a church which has Hellenized, Latinized, the early Semitic Christianity, made it what it had to become when it was adopted as the Roman state religion; a marvelous organization, built up with all the Latin sense of form, highly differentiated, yet cohesive,

[1] I have in mind a rich landowner of the province of Orel, Count Paul J., who in 1868 had already divided his estates amongst his peasants; who lived in the fields with them, helped them gather their harvest, etc.

compactly erected on a basis of Greek dogmatization. This Helleno-Latin construction, this organ of a thousand stops, is admirably fitted to satisfy the imaginative reason of a people like the French. The basis of the French nature is Celtic, and the unction of the Roman Catholic Church will always appeal to the Celtic emotions. The superstructure is Græco-Latin, the civilization is Græco-Latin; and the Græco-Latin cannot abidingly adhere to a religion purely spiritual, without definite symbols, without form, without centralization, without visibility. This is why the modern Frenchman, whose soul yearns for the Neo-Christianity, succeeds most often in finding Neo-Catholicism. This is why, when M. de Vogüé meditates upon the democratic direction of modern societies, a natural bent, a Latin bent, leading him to admiration of all mighty organizations, causes him to thrill at the spectacle of the Catholic organization striving to strike new roots in the new soil, to extend its conquests in the new direction; writing encyclicals on the condition of workmen, opening wide the long-closed doors of St. Peter's to bands of pilgrims from "the country where Democracy is queen." This is why he feels that, if it choose to stretch its orthodoxy in certain quarters, to adapt itself to meet the exigencies of modern societies, the chair of St. Peter must maintain itself as the greatest moral leader of the future. This is why that charming writer, M. Edouard Rod, weary with his search for the answer to the enigma of life, finds a profound melancholy allurement in the mere mental picture of a church which remains absolute where everything is relative, which affirms and reaffirms where everything denies, which is as "a calm centre of rest in a vortex of storms." M. Rod is a Swiss, like Amiel, and, though more faintly than Amiel, has likewise an infusion of Calvinism in his blood; but he succumbs to the Catholic fascination, — a fascination of his literary, his æsthetic sense. He too believes, as does Tolstóy, that the only good, the only meaning of life, lie in humility, in meekness, in serviceableness, in the renouncement of intellectual pride; but he will ask, "What more than the Catholic Church insists on these things?" Even M. Paul Desjardins, who announced himself, in the much-discussed pamphlet, Le Devoir Présent (published January, 1892), as taking rather the Protestant view of the Neo-Christianity, dreaming, as its basis, of lay associations, a simple unanimity of spirit, disengaged from dogma and doctrine, — even M. Paul Desjardins does not leave his task without also recommending to his disciples the cultivation of certain spiritual conditions which have always been regarded as the fruit of plenary belief in Roman Catholic dogmas, and not very easily attainable by those outside of the Catholic tradition. When M. Desjardins speaks to us of the "spiritual phenomena" consequent upon the "beatitude of renunciation," the "primacy of humility," the "effects of asceticism," we must feel that he is, as has been declared, not far from Leo XIII. M. Desjardins himself would say, however, "Why not?" Since his dream is of a universal church, to which any and every one can belong, and does belong, who believes in two things, duty and a human destiny, why should not, he would say, all those aids be welcomed which earnest, seeking souls in any quarter have found of service in their religious life? No one could object to the fairness of this. But there is the obstinate fact to oppose to it, that illuminated states of the soul, of the sort precisely which M. Desjardins has in mind, are never possible (to the mass) except where some beautiful spiritual theories, submissively accepted as facts, have long moulded and saturated the religious consciousness. "Religion is a pious exaltation, a *state of the mind*, and therefore subjective," said Schleiermacher. This was

the sentiment that throughout characterized the Catholic revival of the German Romanticists. It is identically the sentiment of M. Desjardins, who feels the religious flame in himself as a "divine gayety," an "*état sublime;*" and who would like all his Compagnons de la Vie Nouvelle to feel it in the same way. But this religious glow must have a beauty, a mellowness, of manifestation; it must not be, let us say, the raw Methodist emotionality. What M. Desjardins wants, without saying so, is precisely the Roman Catholic unction. It is the *nuance* that M. Renan never ceased to love. But when M. Desjardins desires it without desiring its theological foundations, he is, for the multitude, involving himself in a contradiction. M. Rod, without pronouncing himself for or against these theological bases, sees things more philosophically. "A morality," he says, "which is not rooted in declared dogmas is always vacillating." And then those dogmas themselves, — what a force of intellectual attraction they possess for many of these French thinkers, who in the end, as one of them has said, are literary men chiefly, by a hundred fibres of their nature, and, beside, inheritors of a genius logical, analytical, rhetorical, prone always to involuntary admiration for that subtle soldering of morality upon dogma, and dogma upon metaphysics, to which the great minds of the Latin Church have devoted themselves through the centuries!

This Catholic line of French thought, manifesting itself just as the Republic had succeeded in banishing it from public instruction, is very curious. One can trace it, in its successive degradations, from the fine, earnest utterances of these representative writers, through the sensuous spirituality of the poet Paul Verlaine (to our loss so little known in America) and the perverted studies in dæmonism of Huysmans, down to its final vulgarization and debauch in the spirit which has led to the covering of the walls of the last two or three Salons at the Champ de Mars with such representations as that of a modernized Jesus of Nazareth sitting at meat in the house of a fashionable nineteenth-century publican, with a Magdalene in the ball dress of the period prostrate at his feet.

I return to M. Desjardins's Le Devoir Présent, because it is the most definite attempt that has been made to formulate, in France, a general spiritual power which shall be in accord with the metaphysical demands of our time. Two leading ideas detach themselves from M. Desjardins's catechism: the one is a belief in an intellectual priesthood; the other, a belief that all mental gifts and attainments are to be regarded as usufructs, to which the mentally unendowed and physically disinherited have a right. These concepts lay, in their entirety, in the saner notions of Saint-Simon. And indeed, every endeavor made, in the second half of this century, to establish on a practical basis a beginning of the scientific idealism which awaits the race in the future is to be met in the germ in Saint-Simon's philosophical generalizations.

It is true in this case, although M. Desjardins has distinctly asserted that he has no desire to form a spiritual sect after the Saint-Simonian or other manner. He outlines no cult; but he wishes to found in France a lay religious association, a Society of Moral Succor, — somewhat after the fashion of our own Societies of Ethical Culture in America, — which shall have its journals, its lecturers, its writers, and even its seminary; a School of Liberty, in which the youth of the country shall be prepared, "by studying Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, the gospel, St. Augustine, St. Paul, and St. Vincent de Paul," to enter life with the highest moral, and yet the purest practical aims. This is the intellectual priesthood. It must seek to form character in itself and others. If it speculate on the universe, it must only be in so far

as, from the fruits of such speculation, immediate incentives may be forthcoming for the furtherance of right actions.

As to the socialistic side, M. Desjardins would like to see parents subject their sons, when they have left the universities, to a few months' contact with the poorest classes of the population, that they may serve an apprenticeship in the trade of life. He would like this knowledge of hardship and ignorance, thus acquired by participation in the lot of the poor, to be retained by frequent subsequent intercourse with the working classes. He repudiates every form of traditional philanthropy. Intellectual almsgiving — free lectures, free reading-rooms — he discountenances as much as physical almsgiving. Procure work, he says, for the needy; and to a few workmen, more intelligent than their fellows, suggest that they establish a reading-club among themselves, that they hire, at their own expense, a lecturer who will treat before them subjects which it is to their interest to know; for the things of the mind can never have any meaning to these people until they are bought at the cost of personal sacrifice.

Upon those who are morally ill, infirm and perverted of soul, M. Desjardins would impose, through the medium of his Society of Moral Succor, this same saving grace and cure of sacrifice; some direct, immediate task for the aid or the redemption of others. "Right action," he observes, "can alone throw light on mental doubts." And now mark these further words, which connect themselves with the last, and are those that one most respectfully bears away from a perusal of M. Desjardins's little pamphlet: "For faith is, purely and simply, the consciousness in us of our moral progress, gradual as that progress itself, and its recompense. . . . The fact that we cannot formulate our faith, far from weakening our position, is, on the contrary, our principal force. For it would be unmoral that faith should be capable of being formulated and contained in words, so that whoso could read might possess it, and whoso could not read must be deprived of it. Faith is incommunicable, and should be, even as is moral merit, from which it springs." Thus we reach the conviction that the religious sentiment is the result of the moral life, and not the moral life the result of the religious sentiment. This is very pure Tolstóyism; and it is the ground on which all of M. Desjardins's friends in France and Switzerland and Belgium are at one with him, I think, though they may not go the entire distance by his side in other respects.

M. Desjardins's ideal association is to include Catholics, Protestants, Jews, Neo-Kantians, men of all shades of belief; for the basis of accord will be a common one, and there will be no disturbing dogmas to bring about division. It would be interesting to observe how far such an association of lay priests could prosper in France. One cannot be free from the feeling that the friends of M. Desjardins, who with him lead the moral movement, are not in full intellectual sympathy with it. If France escaped the Reformation, it was for reasons inherent in her mental structure. The broadest, most philosophical French minds will always slip through the sectarian net and the driest forms of rationalism, for these presuppose a constant personal preoccupation with problems of right and wrong that leaves time for nothing else. They will always hold that the tradition of nations will have solved these matters better than any individual effort can; and that, the ultimate substance, not the form, being of import, an accepted creed to which one fully subscribes really leaves the philosophic temper more true liberty and leisure to act than would be possible where every hair was split and every detail endlessly discussed.

The place given to Jews and to Jewish thought in the councils of the Neo-

Christians is an interesting and a significant feature of the movement. Perhaps M. Renan's long studies in the history of the Jewish People, the clearness with which he shows the Christian law of love and charity and humility forming, for seven hundred years before the advent of Christianity, in that people, have had an influence on the intellectual perceptions of France. But there are many swift currents of human thought, hitherto divergent, that now flow toward one confluent. It is not always easy to trace their sources or their future. If we were to seek the character common to them all, we should find it again in M. Paul Desjardins's creed, — action ; in that strong spiritual divination of the time, that faith is of the same nature as action, not of the same nature as thought; and that, finally, as says M. Pierre Lasserre, "on the day when reason can clothe it in an exact formula it is very near extinction."

Aline Gorren.

THE TECHNICAL SCHOOL AND THE UNIVERSITY.

In the August number of The Atlantic Professor Shaler has discussed the relations of academic and technical instruction in a way which brings the reader to some startling conclusions. So great are the advantages which a technical school is shown to derive from association with a university, so heavy the liabilities to narrowness and smallness of aim and purpose in the case of an independent school, that those of us who are connected with technical schools not attached to universities find ourselves put upon our defense ; and this, too, under very serious charges. If any large part of Professor Shaler's position can be maintained, we are offenders against the cause of sound education. It is our duty at once to seek the sheltering arms of the nearest university ; or, if there be none near enough to take charge of us, then we ought to disband, and send our students to those who can do better by them. Professor Shaler does, indeed, admit that in a favorable environment a separate school may achieve a partial success ; but he holds that this success is likely to be temporary, and at the best is attained through the sacrifice of important educational interests. In view of such a declaration by the dean of a technical school enjoying the protection and patronage of a great university, it is imperative that those who have to do with detached schools shall speak in their own behalf. The controversy is not of our seeking ; and we must be pardoned if we speak with frankness on all the points at issue.

In the first place, it may not unfairly be said that, if the advantages of a connection with a university are so great, it is inexplicable that the effect of this should not more clearly appear in the history of that school which Professor Shaler mentions as the first of its class to be established, and which, through the whole extent of his article, he refers to in illustration of his principle. Harvard, as he says, has exercised an admirable hospitality towards many true and useful forms of learning. Its scientific department was founded under peculiarly fortunate conditions : a handsome endowment, a noble name, a cultivated community, association with the oldest college in the country, proximity to the richest manufacturing district. All these things seemed to assure success ; yet the Lawrence School graduated twice as many pupils in the first half as it has in the last half of its history. Meanwhile, scores

of technical schools have come into existence, often under circumstances most adverse, and with means painfully limited; have grown in numbers and increased in reputation throughout the general community; and have even come, in spite of prejudice, to command a high degree of respect and esteem from representatives of the old education. Does not this contrast fairly awaken incredulity as to Professor Shaler's argument, if indeed it does not create a strong presumption that he has overlooked some element, or elements, vital to the case?

The strongest instance in apparent corroboration of Professor Shaler's views is that afforded by the Sheffield School of New Haven. Here is a scientific school, giving a large amount of technical instruction, which was founded in connection with a university, and has achieved eminent success. Yet to any one who knows the history of the Sheffield School its experiences are directly in contravention of Professor Shaler's views, and indeed furnish the most important instance which could be cited against his position. Every Yale man knows that the Sheffield School grew up under the total neglect of the corporation of the college, which had nothing to do with the curriculum, and did absolutely nothing as to the selection of the teachers. In the eight and a half years while I was connected with the Sheffield School I but once saw the president of Yale in a meeting of its faculty, and that was by special appointment, with reference to the question whether the students should be required to attend morning prayers. So little had the school, in its early days, been considered by the corporation that when the Battell Chapel was erected, about 1873, no provision was made for giving the Sheffield undergraduates seats in it. Down to the accession of President Dwight the actual governing body was the faculty, under the admirable chairmanship of Professor George J. Brush. The faculty made out the budget, cut down their own salaries whenever that was necessary, apportioned the funds for laboratory and general expenses, and selected the men who were to be appointed to positions which had become vacant or which it was deemed desirable to create. Not a single instance occurred where the choice of a professor was not solely and exclusively the work of the existing faculty. The appointment, in the legal sense, had of course to come from the corporation; but in no case did that body or the president take any initiative in the matter.

It was under conditions like these that the Sheffield Scientific School passed through the years during which its character was being moulded and its scholarly traditions formed. I understand that Dr. Dwight, since his inauguration, has entered deeply into the questions relating to the Sheffield School, and takes an active part in its councils. No more generous and comprehensive mind could be brought to the problems of any institution; and I am far from thinking that, with the traditions of the school already formed, the new régime will not be consistent with continued growth and prosperity; but I am fully convinced that Sheffield owes no small part of its brilliant success to the Cinderella-like abasement and neglect in which its work was begun and continued until the institution had passed from the gristle of youth into the solid bone of manhood.

So much for the Lawrence and Sheffield schools as bearing on the issue which Professor Shaler has raised. Other technical schools have been founded in connection with universities, and some of them have done good work. But I know no reason for attributing to the School of Mines, in Columbia College, a higher character than that borne by the Stevens Institute, a detached school upon the opposite bank of the Hudson; while, against the success attained by Sibley College, of Cornell University, may fairly be set the rolls of the alumni of the

Rensselaer Polytechnic of Troy, the Rose Polytechnic of Terre Haute, and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

But let us leave the comparison of technical schools under the two systems, in order to examine the reasons, in the nature of the case, which are adduced as showing that connection with a university is not merely a favorable and fortunate condition, but a condition essential to the proper development and perfecting of every technical school. Professor Shaler's first plea has relation to the administration. He argues that a competent governing body is of the first importance in the career of any institution of learning; that it is very difficult to obtain a competent body; and that, therefore, when an able and successful administration has been secured for a university, it must needs be of great service to a technical school to come under that rule, and thus be saved from the many possible and even probable disadvantages attendant upon an organization of its own board of trust. What Professor Shaler says regarding the vital importance of a strong but liberal and comprehensive government is true. Yet, when we are considering the question of the government of a technical school, it must be said that there is one element of even more importance than the business ability or intellectual power of its administrators. This is that they shall be deeply interested in the work; that they shall thoroughly believe in technical education; that they shall unaffectedly and profoundly respect the kind of man who is to teach in such a school, and the kind of pupil who is to receive the teaching. Possibly this is one of the elements which Professor Shaler has overlooked. Possibly in this respect there has been some failure among corporations or boards of trust composed of men bred in the old education, and having their standards and ideals of character and of conduct shaped by the influence of classical culture. Possibly this explains the comparative failure of some technical schools connected with universities. Professor Shaler admits that "still, to this day, the tendency has been to regard this department of instruction as something much below the university grade." Until that tendency shall have been completely arrested, and even reversed, may it not be better that this department of instruction shall be under the control and direction of its own devoted friends? For myself, I believe that scientific and technical education always encounters a grave risk when put out to nurse with representatives of classical culture.

Moreover, conceding, as has been done, the difficulty of securing an adequate governing body for any institution of learning, it may yet be said that this difficulty is not insuperable. The Institute of Technology has had among its trustees, to mention none of the living, men like Jacob Bigelow, Erastus B. Bigelow, John D. Philbrick, James B. Francis, George B. Emerson, J. Ingersoll Bowditch, Charles L. Flint, — men fit to take part in the deliberations of senates or of universities, able in business, large of view, and faithful to every trust. If other technical schools, less fortunately situated, have suffered somewhat from the lack of liberal and comprehensive administration, it must be remembered that the same is true of all the smaller colleges of the land. If detached technical schools are to be given up on this account, so must these. Yet who does not believe that, in spite of limited opportunities and means, our smaller colleges have done a truly glorious work for mind and manhood?

The second advantage, or group of advantages, which Professor Shaler attributes to a technical school under the patronage of a university may be said to relate to the students as distinguished from the governing body. The subject is necessarily somewhat vague. I am not sure that I rightly apprehend Professor

Shaler's meaning at all points; but, so far as I can gather his views, he thinks the pupils derive a benefit in each of the following ways: —

First, the student in such a school finds himself, in classes pursuing certain subjects essential to his course, in company with students not intending to adopt technical professions. These subjects may be, for example, chemistry, geology, physics, or mathematics, — subjects which form the groundwork of technical courses, and which may also be pursued by college students as a part of their general training. Professor Shaler regards this association as a source of much advantage, applying to it the term "educative companionship." I confess that, unless it is to be presumed that the non-technical students are the better men or the better scholars, this idea appears to me very far-fetched. The notion that because a young man is going, two or three years hence, to enter a law school, a medical school, or a divinity school, he therefore contributes some special flavor or savor to his class in chemistry or physics or geology or mathematics to-day is carrying the doctrine of final cause to an extreme.

There is only one assumption upon which this plea, conceding the equal merit of the students engaged, can have any validity. That assumption is often made by advocates of the old culture; but I am reluctant to believe that Professor Shaler could possibly adopt it, although he seems to do so when he speaks of "a truly academic atmosphere" as "one in which knowledge and a capacity for inquiry are valued for their own sake, and not measured by their uses in economic employment." The fling at technical studies as less "disinterested" than studies which are pursued without a direct object is one which has often been made in recent educational controversy; but those who use it have not seemed to me to show thereby their own superior liberality of mind. A young man who is faithfully seeking to qualify himself for an honorable and useful career in life may be disinterested in every sense in which that word can be used with approbation. Disinterestedness, in its true meaning, depends, not upon the studies pursued, not upon their immediate usefulness or uselessness, but upon the spirit in which the student enters upon and pursues his work. If there be intellectual honesty, if there be zeal in investigation, if there be delight in discovery, if there be fidelity to the truth as it is discerned, nothing more can be asked by the educator of highest aims. With such a student the useful applications of science distinctly add to the educational value of scientific study, inasmuch as they give a more direct object to his efforts and exertions, and heighten the pleasure he feels at each step of his scholarly progress.

The next advantage under this head which Professor Shaler finds in technical schools under the patronage of universities is in the opportunity afforded to the pupils to mingle some philosophical studies with those which are essential to their professional courses. In this connection it must be confessed that the faculties of many, perhaps of most, technical schools have made a mistake in not providing more so-called liberal studies. I agree fully with Professor Shaler in the opinion that such a union would conduce to ultimate professional success, as well as to the greater happiness of the man and the greater usefulness of the citizen. But the mistake referred to may be fairly attributed to the youth, and also, in some measure, to the poverty, of the technical schools. That it is not in the nature of the case is shown by the curriculum of the Institute of Technology, where literary and philosophical studies extending over three years are required of all candidates for a degree. Of the Sheffield Scientific School, in this respect, it is enough to say that its students have for twenty-five years enjoyed the teaching

of William D. Whitney and Thomas R. Lounsbury.

Another advantage which Professor Shaler discerns as attaching to professional schools under the patronage of universities is not easy of description or definition. It may, perhaps, be expressed by the single word "atmosphere." That there is something in it no one will deny; but the utmost benefit which the students of a technical school can derive from this source may easily be offset, many times over, by disadvantages arising from other sources. The history of Amherst, Dartmouth, and Williams, and of many other American colleges abundantly shows that the best atmosphere for a student is that which he himself brings to college with him in his own energy, fidelity, and scholarly zeal; that the next best atmosphere is that created by learned, laborious, and high-minded teachers; the next best, that created by a body of devoted fellow-students, all intent upon the work of preparation for life. Loafing in academic groves, or browsing around among the varied foliage and herbage of a great university, pleasant as it may be, and well enough in its way, will have little effect upon the making of the man, in comparison with influences more serious, more pervasive, more penetrating.

That the students of technology throughout our country do, as a body, apply themselves to their tasks with wonderful energy and enthusiasm is a fact so familiar that it hardly needs to be adverted to here. The accession of such students to a great university would doubtless do much good to the university; but that the technical school would be better for the association may be questioned, in view of the multitude of distractions which beset ordinary student life, and the frivolity of many of the interests which are there deemed of prime importance. On their part, young men do not greatly care to go to schools where they are not respected equally with the best; where all the praise and all the prizes go to others; where the stained fingers and rough clothes of the laboratory mark them as belonging to a class less distinguished than students of classics or philosophy. Professor Shaler remarks upon "ancient prejudices concerning the humble position of all mechanical employments." Is it quite certain that those prejudices are even yet so far worn out of the public mind that the students and teachers of technology may not feel more at ease by themselves, in schools devoted to their own purposes, than in schools where snobbishness makes odious comparisons, and where fashions are set in respect to student life, conduct, and dress which they have neither the means nor the inclination to imitate?

With much of what Professor Shaler says regarding the desirability of preparing young men for the technical professions more by inculcating principles and inspiring a zeal for investigation and a love of learning, and less by imparting mere information and teaching useful knacks and devices, I heartily concur. Too much cannot be said upon this theme. But the question does not necessarily concern the issue raised by Professor Shaler. More than one detached school has shown the liberality of sentiment, the comprehensiveness of view, and the high moral courage necessary to place and maintain technical education upon a lofty plane.

Francis A. Walker.

STUDIES IN THE CORRESPONDENCE OF PETRARCH.

III.

We often speak as though there were something peculiarly honorable and sacred in a firm friendship between two authors of repute; and yet we surely know that no code of the unwritten law of life is more general in its application than that which ordains that while we may welcome a man's acquaintance on account of what he has done, we make him our friend only for what he is. If Petrarch and Boccaccio had not both been writers in an age when writers were few, they very probably might never have met; and yet it was neither the Rime nor the Decameron which bound them fast together, but the curious compatibility of two very unlike natures, — sympathetic qualities, not similar achievements.

Petrarch himself comprehended perfectly the true theory of human attachments, and states it with force in one of his letters to that friend of many years, the Prior of the SS. Apostoli in Florence: "Virtue is the basis of friendship, and mutual charity all that is needed to preserve it. It is a simple thing; caring nothing for externals, wanting no rouge. And although many unsought pleasures attend it (who indeed can number the comforts and delights that spring from friendship?), yet charity has no need of any such stimulus; it is self-contained, — its own motive and its own reward."

Concerning the life of Petrarch up to the time of his first meeting with Boccaccio, in 1350, we have ample information; that of the younger man seems to elude us at every turn. We know that Boccaccio's family hailed from the little hill town of Certaldo, some thirty miles southwest of Florence; and we know that he was born in 1314, — that is, ten years later than Petrarch, — but whether in Paris, Florence, or Certaldo itself has been much disputed. His father was in straitened circumstances, and had other children to provide for; but he gave his son Giovanni some sound instruction in the principles of grammar and arithmetic, and then bound him out to a merchant, in whose office he spent six idle years. As many more were passed under a distinguished professor of ecclesiastical law, "the result of which was," to borrow Boccaccio's own half-wistful, half-humorous account, "that I neither became a merchant nor did I turn out a canonist. I simply failed to become an eminent poet."

The critical years between twenty and twenty-eight were passed by Giovanni at the learned and merry court of King Robert of Naples, and there, on the 7th of April, 1341, he followed Petrarch's example, and fell in love in church. The object of his adoration, she whom he fancifully named Fiammetta, "dear little flame," was Maria d'Aquino, a natural daughter of the king, and in her honor were composed his earliest works, the Filicopo and Teseide.

It was in February of this same year, 1341, as the reader will remember, that Petrarch had visited Naples in order to undergo an examination by King Robert in person on his qualifications for the laureateship; but if Boccaccio was among the spectators during those three days of searching inquisition, Petrarch knew nothing of it, and he went off to receive his prize at Rome without having made the personal acquaintance of the younger poet.

Boccaccio was in Florence in 1342 and 1343, and there composed his Ameto and Amorosa Visione. Afterwards he seems to have returned to Naples, and to have resumed for a time his old life

there; but the death of his father in 1349 brought him back once more to his native Tuscany. The year 1348 had been the plague year, which first suggested to light-hearted Boccaccio the plan of his Decameron, while it inflicted upon Petrarch such terrible losses; and in the Latin hexameters which the elder poet sent to the younger at about this time, and which were, so far as we know, the first written communication which passed between them, Petrarch showed that he was yet staggering under the onset of manifold calamity: —

"E'en as I write
Crash on my ear, like deafening thunder-peals,
Woes upon woes. How many forms of grief
And dread hath Fate devised! I find it hard
Bravely to bear such losses and such fears.
All that I hear is woeful: now, that one
I love was borne away by black-robed death,
And one fell by the sword; a third is bound
In fetters, and a fourth lies very low;
This one the wild beasts slew, and that one feeds
The greedy fishes in the glassy sea.
I have nor heart of stone nor will of steel,
And I am very sad."

Ten years later we find a reminiscence of the first meeting between Petrarch and Boccaccio, near the end of the laureate's elaborate apology for his neglect and seeming contempt of Dante, — a letter to which we shall have occasion to refer again: —

"Not to speak of a host of delicate attentions and friendly offices with which you have overwhelmed me, there is one in particular which I can never forget. I refer to that time when I was hurrying across mid-Italy during a sharp frost, and you intercepted me, — not by loving thoughts alone, which are, as one may say, the footprints of the soul, but by a rapid journey in your own proper person, so marvelously eager were you for a glimpse of the man whom as yet you had never met. You had sent me in advance a noble poem; and thus it was that you revealed to me, whom you were resolved to love, first the aspect of your soul, and then the expression of your countenance. It was late, and darkness already shutting in, when, after my long exile, I once more set foot in the city of my fathers; and you, by the form of your salutation, so much more tender and reverential than I deserved, seemed to recall the poetic meeting with Anchises of the king of Arcady: —

'Whose heart with youthful zeal was all alight
To hail the man, and clasp right hand in right.'" [1]

When this memorable meeting took place, Petrarch was on his way to Rome to celebrate the jubilee of 1350; and a strange and melancholy visit, apart from the mystic benefit of the religious anniversary, it must have been to him. The Colonna, who had been used hospitably to receive him, were, so to speak, all gone. Battle and pestilence had combined almost to obliterate the name since last the laureate had been the guest of Giovanni di San Vito, seven years before. Since then, too, Cola di Rienzo, whose cause Petrarch had espoused so ardently, had risen and flourished and fallen, and was now a fugitive in Bohemia; while the last stage of the poet's autumnal journey was rendered painful by an accident which he describes in a letter to Boccaccio, written probably while he was still confined to his bed, and picturesquely dated, "Rome, November 2. In the silence of a windless night."

"I had left Bolsena, now a small and insignificant town, but formerly one of the chief places of Etruria, and I was beginning to be impatient for my fifth sight of the holy city." A crowd of sorrowful memories assailed the traveler as he proceeded, and he was trying to draw what comfort he could from the reflection that the motive, at least, of this fifth and perhaps last pilgrimage was more serious and noble than that

[1] Æn. viii. 163, 164.

of his previous visits, since now he was seeking his soul's safety, and then mere earthly pleasure and pride, "when the horse of that holy old abbot whom I mentioned before, and who was riding on my left (a sinister circumstance, indeed, it had like to have been for me!), gave a kick, and struck me upon the knee, where the poples joins the tibia, with such violence that a loud crack as of breaking bones was audible, and all our stragglers hurried up to see what had happened. I was in such agony that it seemed to me at first as if I must stop there; but the aspect of the place was very uninviting, and so, making a virtue of necessity, I kept on, arriving late at night at Viterbo, and on the third day thereafter at Rome."

The Roman doctors thought ill of the injury, and Petrarch thought so ill of the doctors and their treatment that he vowed he would never again permit one to approach him in his professional capacity. Yet the case must, one would think, have been tolerably well managed, since before the end of the year he was back in Florence, having been splendidly received *en route* at his native town of Arezzo. On this occasion he spent several days in Florence, probably in Boccaccio's house, and then left for Padua, where he was to pass the winter.

There, in April, 1351, Boccaccio came to him, bearing a formal invitation from the city of Petrarch's ancestors that he should return and dwell among his own people, together with a promise of the restoration of his father's confiscated estates. The amiable ambassador seems never to have conceived a doubt about the success of his mission; but Petrarch, though he did not decline outright the tardy proposals of "ungrateful Florence," replied ambiguously, and in a strain of chilling irony, that he felt himself "quite unworthy such a signal mark of liberality and piety." So Boccaccio returned crestfallen, and soon got tidings that Petrarch was intending to pass the summer at Vaucluse. "No doubt," he observes, "one misses many of those luxuries in which the city abounds, but one finds certain things of which the city is destitute, and which are specially to my taste, such as ease, freedom, silence, and solitude." He goes on to say that the two chief drawbacks to his Provençal residence he finds to be that it is a long way from Italy, the country of his soul, and much too near that "hell upon earth, the Occidental Babylon." However, he does not intend to stay long, but hopes to be back in the autumn, — "both he and his books," which he now proposes to add to his Italian library. But the kalends of April, 1352, found him still on the banks of the Rhone, whence he wrote as follows to Boccaccio: —

"For fear you should fancy yourself quite forgotten, I have done my best to send you something by this messenger; but whether it be due to the brevity of time, or the paucity of events, or the multitude of cares by which I am more than usually harassed, or to my hope and purpose of soon seeing you again and holding sweet converse with you face to face, I have found, after much beating of my brains (not to attempt any further excuses) nothing worth writing, unless it be the fact that there is nothing to write. I am terribly mixed up with the affairs of 'Babylon,' but it is of no use expatiating upon these. I have already said much concerning them in my letters to other friends, and were I to attempt to go into the matter fully words would fail me. Of my private affairs there is nothing to tell. The one thing certain is that I must die. Seneca may flout me as he once flouted Cicero; all I can say is that I find myself only one unit in a great mass of so-called free men. I am neither well nor ill, alive nor dead, nor shall I ever begin either to live or to thrive until I have found some way out of this labyrinth. This is my one thought and purpose. Farewell, and whatever annoyances you may

be enduring, believe that they are light beside this exile of mine."

Not until 1353 did Petrarch at last return to Italy, where, to the astonishment and somewhat to the scandal of the world, he took up his residence at the court of Giovanni Visconti, archbishop and tyrant of Milan. A good many of his friends reproached him, more or less bitterly, with what looked so like treachery to the cause of Italian independence, and even Boccaccio took leave to remind him, as delicately as might be, how inconsistent this action was with the sentiments Petrarch had expressed in 1351, when he, Boccaccio, had been the bearer of the overtures of Florence, and when, after days spent by Petrarch in sacred studies, and by Boccaccio in copying his friend's works, the two had held high converse together till far into the night.

It must be confessed that Petrarch's defense, when shorn of rhetoric and sifted of evasion, amounts to little more than that he liked the life he led in Milan very much indeed. He found the formidable Visconti clever, considerate, and above all complimentary, and he had, as he tells a friend in Florence, a most delightful installation "at the extreme west end of the city, very near the basilica of Sant' Ambrogio. The situation of the house is as healthful as possible; it stands on the left hand side of the church, commanding in front a view of the lead-covered dome and the two towers of the façade, while the rear windows look over the city walls, across miles of wooded country, to the Alps, which whiten with snow as soon as summer is past."

Petrarch retained this pleasant residence in Milan till 1361, during which time there was certainly a slight coolness between him and Boccaccio, which we cannot help regarding as honorable to the younger poet. Three letters only can be assigned to the years between 1353 and 1359, and these are all from Petrarch, and short. Two are simply to thank Boccaccio for gifts of some of his exquisite manuscript copies of Latin authors, — the one a magnificent volume containing Augustine's complete works, the other consisting of selections from Cicero and Varro. Boccaccio's skill as a copyist was remarkable, and he was always employing his talent in the service of his friends; and in fact, when the regular correspondence between him and Petrarch was resumed, it was apropos of another and very memorable gift of the same kind.

Early in the spring of 1359, Boccaccio had been induced to pay a visit of a few days to his friend in Milan. Generous almost to a fault in his judgment of other poets, and prone, if anything, to exaggerate their achievements while unduly depreciating his own, we may imagine the consternation and perplexity of Boccaccio when he found Petrarch almost entirely ignorant of the Divine Comedy; and, his visit ended, it became a labor of love with him to produce a beautiful copy of the great masterpiece,[1] which he sent to his late host, accompanied by some graceful verses earnestly recommending Dante Alighieri to his notice. Whatever we may think of the prolix communication which he received from Petrarch in reply, the document is too important and instructive not to be quoted at some length.

"Many things in your letter," it rather stiffly begins, "require no answer, seeing that we have so recently discussed them in person; but there are one or two matters which I have noted as demanding my special attention, and which I will proceed briefly to speak of.

[1] Or rather, probably, to complete and embellish one which he had already made, since there would seem hardly to have been time enough between Boccaccio's visit and Petrarch's acknowledgment of his gift for making an entire copy of so long a work. This unique memorial of the three chief writers of the Italian revival is now in the Vatican library.

"In the first place, you excuse yourself with much earnestness for having possibly said too much in praise of our fellow-countryman, that poet who employs the language of the people, though his subject matter is unquestionably noble. And your manner of doing so would seem to imply that I might look upon his renown, or upon that of any other man, as detracting from my own. Thus, you say that all your praise of him would, if rightly considered, only redound to my glory; and you add, by way of further apology for the tribute you have paid him, that it was he who inspired and directed your earliest studies. Your grateful recognition of what you owe him is, of course, a mere matter of justice and gratitude; or, more strictly speaking, of filial piety. For if we owe all [*sic*] to the progenitors of our bodies, and much to the makers of our fortunes, what do we not owe to those who have fathered and fostered our talents? . . .

"The thing which disturbs me most, in your apologetic epistle, is that I should after all be so little known to one who, I thought, understood me thoroughly. Am I not then one to rejoice — nay, to glory — in the praise of illustrious men? Believe me, nothing is further from my nature, no baseness more foreign, than the sentiment of envy. On the contrary, I call God, the Searcher of hearts, to witness that nothing in life has ever been more painful to me than to see deserving men deprived of their due honor and reward. . . . It is those who hate me who have charged me with hating and despising that poet, in order to discredit me with the common herd, to whom he is especially acceptable. . . . For why, in the first place, should I hate a man whom I never saw but once in my life, and that when I was a mere boy? He lived on terms of intimacy with my father and my grandfather, — a younger man than the latter,[1] but older than the former, in company with whom he was banished from Florence, on the occasion of the same civil tumult. A very warm friendship then sprang up between these two victims of a common calamity, as is wont to be the case when there is a similarity of tastes and pursuits as well as of destiny. He, however, endured that exile, to which my father, harassed by many cares, domestic and other, succumbed; and he followed with ever-increasing zeal his original purpose, careless of everything but his fame. Now, this I consider marvelous and beyond all praise, that a man should keep to his chosen path, and never be moved either by poverty or exile, or the taunts and slanders of his compatriots, or his own natural affection for wife and children. . . . You see how odious and even ridiculous is this charge, trumped up by I know not whom, of enmity on my part against one whom I have no motive to hate, but, on the contrary, many to love: such as my father's regard and their common patriotism, and the genius of the man himself, and his style, which is the best possible of its kind, and one which must always and everywhere preserve him from contempt.

"Another count of the indictment against me, and one upon which great stress has been laid, is that I, who have been from my youth up so enthusiastic a collector of books, should never have possessed a copy of *his* works. . . . Well, it is true, but the reason which has been alleged for the omission is not true. I was then trying my powers in his own line; that is to say, I was devoted to the vulgar tongue. I had not yet dreamed of anything more elegant, nor learned to aspire to higher things; but I was very much afraid, youth being so pliable and prone to indiscriminate admiration, that if I became imbued with his or any other man's phraseology I should, consciously or unconsciously, turn out to be a mere imitator. Being somewhat overbold for my years, I resented this notion, and

[1] Dante was, in fact, in his fortieth year when Petrarch was born.

had the confidence or the vanity to think that I had talent enough to form, even in that line, a characteristic style of my own without the help of any mortal. How far I was right others must judge. . . .

"I have perhaps dwelt too long on an affair of minor importance, which ought never to have moved me so much, and I might indeed have found a better employment for this fleeting hour, if your very apologies had not seemed to repeat the common accusation. For it has become, as I said before, the custom of many men to accuse me of hating or despising him whom I have purposely refrained from naming to-day, lest the vulgar crowd, which hears everything and understands nothing, should take up the accusation against me. . . . For what show of plausibility is there in the notion that I could be jealous of one who gave his whole life to a kind of composition which I practiced only in my earliest youth; so that that which was to me a mere first attempt, a pastime, a form of relaxation, became, I will not say his only, but his chief form of expression? How could there possibly, I ask you, be envy, or room even for a suspicion of envy, here? You say, in your enthusiasm, that he could have employed another style had he so pleased. I dare swear he could. I have so high an opinion of his talents that I think he would have excelled in any style he might have chosen, but everybody knows what style he did choose."

There is much more in the same strain, but it becomes painful reading, and perhaps we have had enough of it. There is a subtle danger to our own integrity of judgment, as well as a certain immodesty, in permitting ourselves to dwell too long upon the weaknesses of the great. Petrarch would have been the greatest writer of his century, if that other, whom he here permits himself to patronize, had not been so immeasurably greater than he. Let us not be betrayed into his fault, and flippantly criticise where we are perhaps unable to comprehend. Boccaccio is usually reckoned as much less than Petrarch as Petrarch was certainly less than Dante, but he had one beautiful and inestimable gift, the faculty of reverent appreciation; and we can at least sympathize with the sad and baffled feeling, the sense of dull disappointment, with which he must have folded and put away the laureate's lengthy letter.

In how different a spirit do we find Petrarch writing to Boccaccio, a few months later, October, 1359, of "Virgil, Horace, Livy, and Cicero. These I have read and re-read, not once, but a thousand times; not cursorily, but studiously, intently, bringing to them the best powers of my mind. I tasted in the morning, and digested at night; I quaffed as a boy, to ruminate as an old man. These works have become so familiar to me that they cling not to my memory merely, but to the very marrow of my bones: they have become so identified with my own genius that, even were I never to read them again, they would still be there, rooted in the deepest recesses of my soul."

Nevertheless, he goes on rather finely to say he would not permit himself consciously to borrow from these masters of his; not even to the extent to which they sometimes borrowed from one another. And if Boccaccio or any other friend, he adds, has ever discovered in his writings any overt act of plagiarism, they would do him the utmost service by pointing it out, bravely, frankly, and kindly. "No reproof could be more acceptable to me, save one which should touch the conduct of my life; and I declare myself ready and eager to amend both life and style, and that not merely at the suggestion of my friends, but in obedience to the howls of my rivals, if only I discern some spark of truth amid the darkness of their hate."

Nor was Petrarch invariably absorbed in himself and his own fame.

He could also enter into the difficulties and appreciate the occasional vagaries of his friend, and give him counsels of the most practical common sense. About two years after the date of the last letter, Boccaccio received a visit from a monk of Siena, who succeeded in thoroughly frightening him by a prediction of his imminent death. The letter which the younger poet wrote to the elder upon this occasion has not been preserved, but we gather from the reply it drew forth that he was on the point of obeying the friar's mandate, relinquishing his studies, selling his books and the few other treasures which he possessed, and going into a convent *pour faire son âme*. This impulsive purpose Petrarch opposes briskly and with authority, drawing his arguments from a wide range of authors, both sacred and profane. His final summing up is in this wise: —

"Many, doubtless, have attained the highest degree of sanctity without learning, but learning need never prevent any one from becoming a saint. It is true the apostle Paul was taunted with having been made mad by much learning, but the world has long known how much truth there was in that reproach. Were I to speak my whole mind upon this matter, I should say that the path which leads to virtue by the way of ignorance may be easy, but that it is the chosen route of the sluggish and the cowardly. The goal of all good men is the same, but it is reached by a great variety of roads. One traveler goes faster, and one slower; one moves in shadow, another in light; one stops at a lower level, and one climbs to a greater altitude. Blessed is the journey of them all, but most glorious surely the path which leads through the sunshine and over the heights. . . . But a truce to controversy. . . . If you are indeed firmly resolved to abandon your studies and sell your books, thus parting with the very instruments of culture, I am much obliged to you for having given the preference over all other purchasers to me, who am, as you say, and as I freely own, *so greedy of books*."

And then follows a passage which shows Petrarch in his most amiable and charming light. As for the poverty which Boccaccio pleads, he is not, he says, going to insult him by sending him a list of other illustrious paupers. Whenever he, Petrarch, has offered him anything, Boccaccio has seemed to prefer his own independence and peace of mind to accepting an obligation. All very proper and praiseworthy, no doubt. "But what I do not consider in the least admirable is your haughty disregard of my many friendly invitations. I have not the means of making you rich; if I had, I should do so without further parley. But I have more than enough for the needs of two men who could live together in one house and be of one mind. You will wrong me if you make light of my offer. If you do not trust me, you wrong me yet more deeply. Farewell."

Whatever influence Petrarch's arguments may have had, it is certain that Boccaccio relinquished his purpose of quitting the world; and though he did not consent to live with his friend altogether, he paid him a long visit in Venice in 1363, and, returning to Florence at the end of the summer, was followed almost immediately by a sad and tender letter announcing the death of those two dear friends whom they had always called Lælius[1] and Simonides.[2] He also expresses the keenest anxiety on Boccaccio's own account.

"I wrote you a long letter concerning this twofold misfortune and the woes which are afflicting the entire world" (the plague had reappeared); "and then I did not send it, but kept it by me, not so much through languor and inertia (though these may have had their part)

[1] Lello di Pietro Stefano, a Roman.

[2] Francesco Nelli, Prior of the SS. Apostoli at Florence.

as through the fear of having written in vain to you, as I had done to those two. For to both I had sent very long letters, which arrived before their limbs were cold, and were returned to me in one and the same hour, from places far asunder, with their seals unbroken. I saw at once what ill tidings they brought, and threw them as they were upon the fire, a funeral sacrifice to those dear *manes*. And to tell you the truth, Donato and I have been seized with panic lest the same fate should have overtaken you. We cannot believe that, if you were still in life, you would not have written to relieve the torment of our anxiety. If living, you are indeed inexcusable. But if, as Virgil says, *absumpta salus*, you need no excuse. Happy you, and wretched we who remain to weep for you, if indeed we have any tears left to shed."

Fortunately for himself and for posterity, Boccaccio was enjoying, and long continued to enjoy, excellent health. His friendship with Petrarch had now reached its *mezzo cammin*, and was to grow ever firmer till its close. In 1365, Boccaccio was sent on an embassy from Florence to Pope Urban V. at Avignon. Petrarch, who happened to be occupying his "cisalpine Parnassus" at Pavia, hoped for a visit from the ambassador on his return; but the latter was forced, by press of business, to hurry past, and merely sent a letter of regret on his arrival in Florence.

"You did well," writes Petrarch on the 14th of December, "to visit me by letter, since you could not or would not come in person. From the moment I knew you had crossed the Alps, on your way to the Occidental Babylon, — which is as much worse than the Oriental as it is nearer at hand, — I was in misery until I heard of your return. . . . God be praised, who has brought you safely back. . . . If, however, you had not been in such exceeding haste, it would have been easy for you to make a detour from Genoa to this place. Then you would have seen not only me, whom you can see anywhere, but something which I think you have never seen, — the city on the Ticino which the moderns call Pavia, which the grammarians tell us means 'admirable.' It was a famous residence of the Lombard kings, and had been visited by Augustus Cæsar during the German war, long before their time. . . . You would have seen the city where Augustine found a tomb, and Severinus (Boethius) fit surroundings for the exile of his old age and for his death. Now they sleep in two urns beneath the same roof, along with that King Luitprand who had the remains of Augustine brought hither from Sardinia, — a noble and pious company of truly great men. It seems as though Boethius, the earnest disciple of Augustine, had refused to be severed in death from him whom he resembled in his genius and his works, especially in his treatise on the Trinity. . . . And who would not long to find his last resting-place beside these most enlightened and holy men?"

At the close of this same letter we find Petrarch acknowledging in a somewhat critical spirit a gift from Boccaccio which he had himself solicited: —

"The extracts from Homer[1] which you made for me arrived before I left Venice, and I am deeply indebted to your kindness, but also very sorry for your unnecessary trouble, which I never would have imposed had I known what I now know. The truth is, I had not the slightest desire to know what passes in the Greek inferno; it is quite enough to be familiar with that of the Latins: and God grant that we may know the latter by books and hearsay only, and not by personal experience! I was merely curious to see how Homer, a native of Greece or of Asia, and blind withal, would have described the remote and lonely parts of Italy, — the Æolian Islands,

[1] They were translations into Latin, for Petrarch could not read the original.

Lake Avernus, the Circean promontory. But since you propose to send me, later, the whole of this great work, I may yet find there what I desire. My only anxiety is that you say you will send me the Iliad in full and extracts from the Odyssey, while what I want is in the latter poem."

Unfortunately, only a few of Boccaccio's letters to Petrarch have been preserved. To judge by those we have, they must have been full of charm, bright, graphic, affectionate, — just what one would have expected from a man of his temperament and his gifts. In order to understand the first from which we shall quote, a little explanation will be necessary. On the 10th of July, 1361, Petrarch's son Giovanni, who had been legitimized along with his sister Francesca by Clement VI., but who had caused his father, in a short life, incessant pain and disappointment, died suddenly of the plague. Not long afterward, — possibly, as Fracassetti thinks, in the same year, — Francesca, who appears to have had all the personal graces and filial virtues that her brother lacked, was happily married to Francesco da Brossano, a native of Milan, but settled in Venice. The sweetest of Petrarch's declining days were passed in their home, and his grandfatherly fondness for their children and grief for the one who died in infancy are very touching; while Boccaccio records as follows the gracious impression made upon him by that fair Venetian interior. The letter is addressed to "Francesco Petrarca, Laureate," and dated Florence, June 30. The year is not given; Fracassetti conjectures 1368.

"It was to see you, my illustrious master, that I left Certaldo on the 24th of March, bound for Venice, where you then were; but I was detained at Florence by the continual rains, the persuasions of my friends, and the formidable accounts brought back by those returning from Bologna of the perils of the way, until I learned, to my deep disgust, that you had been recalled to Pavia: whereat I was so disturbed that I was near giving up my whole plan, as I seemed to have the best of reasons for doing. For though there were a good many things in Venice which I wanted to see, I never should have set forth on account of these. But there were certain friends of mine, who had confided to me the management of delicate affairs of their own, whom I was unwilling to disappoint; and also I did have a strong desire to behold those two people to whom you are so extremely and so justly attached, — I mean your Tullia[1] and her Francesco, whom I had never seen at all, whereas most of those whom you have loved in the past are already known to me. And so, the weather having improved, I resumed my journey, and finally arrived, dead tired, at the end thereof. Of my unexpected and most joyful meeting with Francesco on the way I think he himself has told you. When we had exchanged gay and friendly greetings, and I had learned that you were safe and well, as also many other gratifying things about you, I had leisure to consider the stately figure and sweet countenance of the man himself, his refined speech and gentle manners; and I derived amazing pleasure from the sight, and at the very first glance approved your choice. But when did you ever do anything which I did not approve?

"I had to tear myself away from him, however, and at daybreak I boarded my little bark.[2] But the moment I set foot upon the shore of Venice it was as if you yourself had given notice of my coming, for I was surrounded by a concourse of our own fellow-citizens, each one competing for the privilege of being my host in your absence. . . . Had

[1] Francesca.

[2] Francesco, who was starting on a journey, had met Boccaccio upon the mainland.

there been no friend to meet me, I should of course have gone to an inn, for I could not stay in Tullia's house when her husband was away. . . . But so soon as I was a little rested I went to pay my respects, and she, feeling my arrival as she would have done your own, came out to meet me, her cheeks glowing with a charming blush. Her eyes fell when she saw me, but she saluted me prettily, and welcomed me with a most modest and filial embrace. I saw at once how you had prepared her for my coming, and how completely you had trusted me, and I blessed God for your confidence. So, after we had exchanged a few words, we went and sat down in your little garden, where there were several friends present, and where, in the simplest and quietest manner possible, and always preserving the same matronly dignity, she placed at my disposal the house and the books and all your belongings. And while we were talking, who should come out but your — and my — dear little Eletta,[1] with a step sedate beyond her years, yet laughing as she looked at me even before she knew who I was. I snatched her to my arms, not so much gladly as greedily, for she seemed to me, at the first glance, to be the very child whom I had lost.[2] How can I describe it? If you do not believe me, ask William of Ravenna, the physician, or our friend Donato, who both knew her, whether your Eletta be not the very image of mine, — the same features and expression, the same merry eyes, the same gestures and movements and carriage of the little person. Only mine was rather taller, because she was older; she was almost five and a half when I saw her last. Had they spoken the same dialect, they would have used the selfsame words. I could scarcely have told them apart, but that yours has golden, and mine had chestnut hair. Ah me! how many times, when I was fondling and frolicking with your grandchild, the thought of the lost one brought tears to my eyes, which I wiped away hastily, that they might not be seen!"

Later on he recurs to the fine character of Francesco, and to his unstinted hospitality. "And do you know," he says, "that when I was leaving Venice, he, aware of my poverty, which I never deny, took me, late at night, into his own little room, and, without any parade of words, grasped my puny arm in those huge hands of his, and, in spite of all my remonstrances, fairly made me blush for his generosity; then he embraced me and ran away, leaving me aghast at what I had suffered him to do. God grant that some day I may be able to repay him!"

Boccaccio's poverty, like that of many other open-hearted and agreeable men, was plainly constitutional, and only to be palliated for the time being by any material aid. Petrarch himself sometimes offered him a more fanciful order of consolation, as in the following letter, in which he replies to Boccaccio's statement that he had been ill in a lonely place, far away from physicians, whom, however, he could not have afforded to summon, had there been any at hand. It will be seen that the prejudice against the profession which Petrarch had imbibed at Rome during the jubilee year was still in full force.

"I must really congratulate you on your isolation and impecuniosity, which were as serviceable to you in this case as they have often been to other men in spite of themselves; for had you been in easier circumstances you would no doubt have called in a doctor, not to say butcher; and you would have done this, not because you expected him to cure you, but for those conventional reasons which perpetually lead men to risk their lives rather than imperil their credit in the eyes of the world. You never made

[1] Francesca's daughter.

[2] Boccaccio has embalmed the memory of this little girl in his beautiful fourteenth eclogue, where she is called Olimpia.

any secret of your opinion concerning physicians. You say in so many words that they are more apt to diminish the substance than the sufferings of their patients, and to lighten their purses of gold rather than their bodies of evil humors. This is the way I manage. I have had a good many friends, first and last, who were physicians, and of these four are still living, one in Venice, one in Milan, and two in Padua, all of them polite and accomplished men, capital talkers, keen in argument, excessively plausible, — capable, in short, of doing murder in the mildest and most reasonable manner, and then offering the most satisfactory apologies for what they have done. Cicero, Seneca, and Aristotle are forever on their lips, and, what is more remarkable, even Virgil; for whether it be owing to mental weakness or some form of mania, or to mere chance, they know everything better than their own profession. . . . Now, if I fall ill, I welcome them all to my house, but as friends merely, never as physicians; for I am always delighted to see my friends, and I consider it one of the most efficacious means of restoring and preserving health. If they advise anything which appears to me reasonable, I do it, and acknowledge my obligations to them. If their prescriptions do not square with my views, I let them talk, and follow my own counsel. And I have given special orders to my own people that, if I am ever in serious danger, they are not to do to me any of the things which the doctors order, but to let Nature have her way, and the God who created me and has set a limit to my days, which I may not overpass."

Petrarch seems to have had a strong presentiment that this "limit" would coincide with his grand climacteric. There are two letters of his to Boccaccio, written, the one on his sixty-second, the other on his sixty-third birthday; that is to say, when he felt himself to be entering upon the critical year, and when he considered that he had safely passed it. The first is a long and dreamy essay on the theory of the climacteric and the vanity of human life, accompanied by the touching confession of many of his own shortcomings, as well as of the faith which continually rose "triumphant o'er his fears."

"And so," he says, near the close of this letter, "I look upon death as an effect of nature, and find comfort in the hope of a resurrection to life eternal. All the good and wise have agreed with me in the first; some very great men have been without the second, and yet, by the sheer force of their virtue, they have met death so quietly and bravely as to show how possible — nay, how easy — it is to rise above its terrors. How shameful, then, it would be for a Christian, with all the light he has received, to shrink from death! To-day, and in this very hour, I enter upon the year which is falsely called fatal, since it can bring me nothing new, or at least nothing dreadful, if I quit me like a man. . . . For I was born at dawn, in the city of Arezzo, in the year 1304 of this last era, which takes its name and its beginning from Jesus Christ, in whom is my hope; . . . and to-day is Monday, the 20th of July of the year 1366. Count, then, upon your fingers, and you will see that I have fulfilled sixty-two years since I crossed the threshold of this troubled life, and that I am stepping at this moment into the tremendous sixty-third. . . . I have told you my first day: I would gladly tell you my last, if I knew it. But in vain I repeat with David, 'Lord, make me to know mine end.' Wherefore I recommend all my days, and the latest above all, to the King of the Ages."

Petrarch's next birthday, however, found him still alive, and in a cheerful if somewhat less elevated frame of mind. "The year has come round again, dear brother," he begins, "and the sun is once more in Leo, having made a com-

plete turn of the zodiac since I wrote you a letter which may have alarmed you somewhat, though I myself was feeling very calm." He attributes his composure of mind on that critical morning to the good and pious meditations he had been making rather than to his contempt of "astrological babble."

"For I must admit," he proceeds, "that, on a review of what I had observed during my own short life, I had almost persuaded myself that there was some truth in what they say about the seventh and ninth years; that is, that these years do often bring unpleasant changes and unusual misfortunes. But that, as the same authorities pretend, the year sixty-three, which is the multiple of the two, ought for that reason to be twice as malignant as the others, this I never did believe, and still less can I do so now, when, by divine mercy, I have experienced the exact contrary. . . . For the fact of the matter is that, whatever the portentous year may have been or may be to others, to me it has been full of good and pleasant things; and I never remember to have enjoyed more perfect health in all my life."

Tradition (for, strange to say, there is no precise evidence) has it that Petrarch lived exactly to complete his threescore years and ten, and then, on the morning of another 20th of July, was found dead in his library, bowed, as had been his wont in life, over one of his beloved books.

A long break in his correspondence with Boccaccio follows Petrarch's climacteric. If any letters were exchanged between 1367 and 1373, they have not been preserved; but in the latter year Petrarch sent his friend three letters in one packet, or rather two accompanied by the following explanatory note: —

"I thought at first that I would not answer your letter at all,[1] because, although the advice which it contained was practical and friendly, it was entirely averse to my way of thinking. I then took it into my head to write you a long letter on quite another subject, which letter was so full of erasures that I undertook to copy it; whereupon a friend came in, and, pitying my weak condition, — for I am almost always ill in these days, — he offered to relieve me of the labor. But while he was writing I said to myself: 'What will my Giovanni say to this? He will be sure to think that I am ready to write to him on trivial matters, but will not answer him on essential points.' So, without much reflection, but quite on the impulse of the moment, I picked up the pen which I had flung aside, and wrote another letter, not quite as long as the first, but at least a proper answer to yours. Almost two months elapsed before I found any means of sending to you; but now at last here come those two voluminous epistles, accompanied by the present little note, and left quite open, in order to spare the officials along the route the trouble of unsealing them. They are quite welcome to read them, but I trust that, having done so, they will forward them without alteration. They will see that we are not plotting war: and I would that no one else were doing so, and that we might all enjoy that peace which seems banished from our borders! Please to read first the letter in my handwriting, and then the other. I have arranged them in this order. I expect you to say, when you have finished, 'Can this be my friend, the poor, ailing, overworked old man, or is it not some brisk young person of the same name, with nothing in particular to do?' Nay, it is I myself, but I rather wonder at my own energy. Farewell."

One would like to quote in full the eloquent old man's testimony to the blessing of work, in the second letter; his ardent belief in the beneficial effects of study upon the physical health, both

[1] Boccaccio had evidently written entreating Petrarch to remember his age and infirmities, and to slacken a little the ardor of his studies.

as a prophylactic and a cure. The gift of long life, he says, would be to him a curse rather than a blessing, were his years to be passed in idleness. A little further on he takes up the defense of poverty, prefacing his discourse upon this head by a familiar quotation from his beloved Horace:[1] —

> "'A hundred herds of lowing kine,
> Sicilian bred, and chariot fine
> By neighing race horse drawn, are thine;
> And woolens soft thy frame define
> In murex double-dyed.
> But no false Fate 't was gave to me
> Some notes of Grecian melody,
> Of my few acres made me free,
> And the base crowd's malignity
> Well taught me to deride.'

"There is the proper answer to any one who presumes to boast of his perishable riches! I take leave to repeat in this place what I have always said when discussing this matter with my friends. Suppose a man, endowed only with his many virtues, takes service with a prince who shows himself hard and mean, and says to his protégé, 'Do you be content with your virtues, and suffer me to bestow my substantial benefits upon less exemplary men.' The other would then have a perfect right to retort, 'My virtues, if I have any, were no gift of yours. If, therefore, you would be just, you ought simply to consider my merits, and reward me in accordance with these, recognizing that what is in me is Heaven's gift, not yours.' . . . But so may not a man speak to God, the donor of his virtues, the maker of his body and his soul."

Nor can we imagine Petrarch using quite this language with Galeazzo Visconti. He would not have been guilty of such a breach of good manners. Nevertheless, this high-spirited passage undoubtedly affords one more clue to the secret of Petrarch's remarkable, yet upon the whole honorable acceptability to the great and powerful. He outdid all other courtiers by the mere fact of rejecting all the courtier's hackneyed arts. He accepted what princes and potentates had to give him, simply but proudly, as a fair exchange for what they had received from him; and by so doing he preserved his personal dignity, while offering a subtle suggestion that it was for their own sake he adhered to his patrons, and not for what they could give him.

The third letter in the packet was not, as we have seen, in Petrarch's hand, but there could never have been any question about the authorship. It is interesting from the fact that it is one of the very few in the correspondence which refer to Boccaccio's own works.

"There lately fell into my hands — I cannot remember who gave it to me — a book written by you in our mother tongue, and, if I mistake not, while you were still young.[2] I cannot pretend to have read it thoroughly, for the volume is bulky, and written in a free and easy style to catch the popular fancy; whereas my occupations are many and my time is short. . . . So what do you think I did? I ran it over rapidly, noting a point here and there, as a traveler in haste notes the objects along his route. . . . Thus cursorily perused, your book pleased me very much; and though I was occasionally offended by a certain coarseness and freedom of expression, I attributed the fault to your years, to the style and the language you had employed, to the lightness of your theme, and above all to the quality of those whom you addressed. For it is always most important to consider for whom one is writing, and to adapt one's language to the tone of one's readers. . . . As usually happens, however, when one skims

[1] Carm. II. xvi. 33–40.

[2] The stories comprising the Decameron were first collected and given to the world in 1353, when Boccaccio was thirty-nine years old, but some of them were probably written earlier, for we hear of his reading tales of his own to Joanna of Naples in 1344.

a book, I noted more particularly the beginning and the end. In the former I found a description of that horrible pestilence whereby, for an unparalleled warning to the world, our age was crammed with misery and woe; and I was profoundly impressed by the masterly manner in which you had depicted, and the feeling with which you had deplored, that awful scourge of our fatherland. On the other hand, the last story in the book struck me as different from all the rest, and I was so delighted with it that, though distracted by a thousand cares, I committed it to memory, and greatly enjoyed repeating it to myself; resolving also to recite it to my friends, the first time our conversation should turn upon any kindred subject. This, not long after, I actually did; and all who heard me were so fascinated that it occurred to me the tale might prove equally acceptable to those who do not understand our vulgate. . . . So, one day, when I had been racking my brains after my usual fashion till I had exhausted my patience with myself and mankind, I flung my work contemptuously aside, seized a pen, and began to rewrite your story, making sure that you would not dislike having me for a translator. . . . My version having been much admired, and being in great request, to whom but yourself should I dedicate it? — for yours it is. Whether it be improved or injured by its new dress you must judge. It returns whence it came, . . . and if any ask me whether the tale be true, I shall refer them to its proper author, my dear Giovanni."

And then follows Petrarch's refined and somewhat amplified rendering of the oft-told tale of the patient Grizzel. Something is indeed sacrificed of Boccaccio's entirely convincing *naïveté*, but the laureate has added exquisite touches of his own, lovely bits of scenery, and more than one supremely happy epithet. Boccaccio's long-suffering heroine was plainly the old poet's last love. He would like to think that she had once lived, though he candidly owns that he does not expect the matrons of his day to conform to her standard of wifely devotion. The matrons of ours would consider themselves bound by the most sacred obligations to Woman and the World to resist from the first such outrageous pretensions as Gualterio's; and what is indubitably best for Gualterio is probably (though this seems less certain) best for Griseldis as well.

To this Latin translation of the Griseldis Petrarch appends a postscript, in which he takes a fond farewell of Boccaccio as a correspondent.

"I am firmly resolved," he says, "to write no more letters, both because they distract me more than they used from graver studies, and because I know no other way of avoiding the insolence of those miscreants into whose hands they are likely to fall. . . . I determined some time ago that I would write more briefly, in order to save a little of the time which is wearing so fast away; but that resolution proved of no use, and I am now convinced that it is harder for true friends to say little than to be wholly silent. . . . Farewell, then, friends! Farewell, letters!

"Among the Euganean Hills,
June 4, 1373."

There is every reason to suppose that Boccaccio bowed with his usual gentle deference to the austere decision of his aged friend. The consciousness of his own failing health and the near hope of an eternal reunion doubtless helped him to be patient. It seems certain, at all events, that no further written communication passed between them. The latest of Boccaccio's own letters which we possess [1] was written to Francesco da Brossano, in Venice, in reply to one announcing the laureate's death: —

"I received your sad letter, dearest brother, and not recognizing the hand,

[1] Dated "November" only, but probably belonging to the following year, 1374.

I broke the seal and glanced at the signature; but the moment I saw your name I knew what the letter contained, and that it was come to tell me of the happy passage of our renowned father and master, Francis Petrarch, from the earthly Babylon to the heavenly Jerusalem. . . . It came into my mind to go to you, that we might weep together over our common misfortune. . . . But I am another man from him you knew in Venice. I have wasted away and lost my color; my eyes are dim; my knees shake under me, and my hands tremble. There is no more question of the Apennines for me. I have just managed, by the help of friends, to crawl back to the old place at Certaldo, where, weak in body and troubled in soul, I while away my days, unsure of myself, and relying on God alone, who can, if he will, subdue my fever, and give me his healing and his grace. . . .

"But enough of me. When I had read your letter, a great wave of pity swept over me; . . . not, you may be sure, for that best of men, concerning whom I am assured, when I remember his goodness and the fashion of his life, — his prayers, his fasts, his vigils, and his all-pervading piety, — that he has winged a straight flight from the sorrows of this evil world to the presence of the most high Father and the everlasting joy of his Christ. It was myself I compassionated, and other friends of his, — friends abandoned upon this quicksand as in a boat without a rudder, driven ashore by wind and wave. Yet even amid the tumult of my distress I could think of the sharper grief which must be yours and hers, your wife, Tullia, my ever loved and honored sister. . . . You tell me that he closed his eyes in the little village of Arquà, in the Padovan territory, leaving an earnest injunction that he should be laid to his last rest upon that very spot. . . . Ah me! I own my sin, if sin it be! As a Florentine, I grudge so bright an honor to that Arquà who hath it through another's humility, and not by any merit of her own! . . .

"My weakness warns me that I must write no more. I am come to my last prayer, — love me, dear brother, and farewell for long. . . . It has taken me almost three days to write this short letter, which I close at Certaldo on the 3d of November.

Your unworthy
GIOVANNI DA CERTALDO."

Before the end of the next year the friends were reunited; but ere he went Boccaccio had found voice for another and fuller tribute to the master whom he was following so fast: —

"Now, dear my lord, thine is the heavenly height,
That kingdom thine, all souls may hope to share,
Though weight of many sins from earth they bear,
So God's election place them on his right.
Now art thou where the longing for a sight
Of thy sweet Laura drew thee oft, and where
My Fiammetta, who is ever fair,
Sits down by her full in their Maker's light.
With Dante, Cino, and Sennuccio now,
Thou livest secure of peace for evermore,
And knowest all that here we could not know.
Oh, if on earth we loved, in pity bow,
And draw me hence; and sight of her restore
Who kindled in my heart Love's earliest glow!"

Harriet Waters Preston.
Louise Dodge.

SOME LATE ITALIAN BOOKS.

THE new Italy, like every other living land in these days, is full — only too full — of copious writers both in prose and verse. No one of the first rank has yet appeared among them; but neither has there been any such apparition in any other country since the fairest of all recovered her full national consciousness, a generation ago. A good many of these new voices are the voices of women, and this also is a sign of the times; the most distinguished and promising of the young writers of Italian verse being undoubtedly the Lombard poetess, Ada Negri.

Very little is known even in her own country concerning her person and her history, but that little is interesting and affecting. She is very young, scarcely more than twenty. Her birth was as obscure as possible; her childhood was passed in grinding poverty. Her parents (her mother, at least; of the father we hear nothing, and he may have died in Ada's infancy) belonged to the class of day laborers; and when the girl was made mistress of a school at Motta-Visconti, the appointment to this laborious and humble post was great promotion for her. Ada Negri's first poems appeared singly in the newspapers, a good many of them in the Corriere della Sera. It is only during the last year that they have been collected and issued by the Brothers Treves, in Milan, in a tiny sixteenmo, whose title, Fatalità,[1] will perhaps appear less affected and Leopardian to the reader after he has had a taste of their quality. The Italian form of these verses, though ingeniously and irresistibly musical, is not so perfect that they will be greatly wronged in this respect by the attempt to render a few of them into English metre. It is the spirit of them which imports, and to that we have been as faithful as possible.

[1] *Fatalità.* Di ADA NEGRI. Milano: Fratelli Treves.

The introductory stanzas, from which the book takes its name, tell briefly, with no waste of words or metaphor, of the midnight apparition by the bedside of the poor little singer of a dark spectre, regarded at first with uncontrollable fear and aversion, but afterwards accepted bravely as a lifelong companion. The name of the shape was Misfortune, and the burden of her message is all in that proverbial stanza,

"Wer nie sein Brod mit Thränen ass,"

one among the many of which it was given to Longfellow to make an absolutely perfect translation: —

"Who ne'er his bread in sorrow ate,
Who ne'er the mournful midnight hours
Weeping upon his bed has sate,
He knows you not, ye Heavenly Powers."

We turn a couple of pages, and come to Birichino di Strada, or

THE STREET ARAB.

Forever through the mud I see him faring,
Handsome in all his dirt,
The flutter of his ragged little shirt,
His bursting shoes and merry braggart bearing;

Scudding between the cart-wheels o'er the paving,
His raveled hose all shown,
Hitting the dogs' legs with a well-aimed stone,
Thievish, corrupt, the world thus early braving.

I see him in his glee, and fall a-thinking,
Poor little flower o' the thorn,
Of mother in the factory since the morn;
The hut forsaken; father always drinking.

And all my heart is wrung with pain and pity.
"What wilt thou do," I say,
"Unkempt, untaught, going thine own wild way,
Without a guide or helper in the city?

"Now rings the cottage to thy lusty warble,
But in a score years' time
Wilt thou be snatching purses, deft in crime,
Skilled artisan, or skilled to cheat and garble?

"Wilt thou put on the workman's honest blouse,
Or convict's livery?
Turn brave or brutal? Shall I look for thee
In shop, or hospital, or prison-house?"

And lo! I must go down into the gutter,
And strain him to my breast,
In extreme transport of a soul possessed
By ruth and anguish that no words can utter;

And in a sudden burst of kisses, all
His lips, his bosom, smother,
And, sobbing o'er him as he were my brother,
Cry out in broken speech, hysterical:

"I, too, have suffered: I am not above thee;
I, too, a flower o' the thorn,
With mother in the factory since the morn.
I know it all; and oh, I love thee, — love thee!"

Surely the divine passion for poverty has found no keener expression since the days of St. Francis of Assisi. And this leads us to note one singular, yet after all perfectly natural characteristic of much of the new Italian literature: though resolutely and intensely modern in sentiment, it is full of the signs and suggestions of antiquity, — unconscious classicisms of thought and phrase, which plainly come *de race*, and not of studious endeavor. Whoever has had much to do with Italians will have noticed something similar in his daily intercourse with them. Superficially candid, they are essentially mysterious. The heir of an infinite series of old civilizations is perpetually startling and baffling the child of the comparatively new. One comes upon dark gaps in his inner being, opening into half-choked passages, like the underground galleries which may be found connecting remote buildings in so many of the old cities. The Italians have wonderful traditions of construction, and are sought for all over the world as practical builders, but their special genius is for tunneling.

To return to our little Lombard schoolmistress. She is absolutely loyal to her origin, but in her proud manner of embracing her depressed lot there is something essentially patrician. This is how she identifies herself with

THE DEFEATED.

There are hundreds and thousands and millions looming,
A numberless, endless horde;
Their serried tramp like the distant booming
When thunderstorms are toward.

On in the teeth of the north wind ever,
With measured march and slow,
Bareheaded and sackcloth-clad, and fever
In every eye aglow.

Me they were seeking, and they have found me;
Surging as surges the sea,
All gaunt, and gray in the face, around me
They close relentlessly;

Crowd, overpower, submerge, imprison.
I hear their pantings hoarse;
A long-drawn wail in the dark hath risen,
With sighs and curses coarse:

"We come from homes whose hearths are fireless,
From beds that give no peace,
Where slowly, slowly, the frame once tireless
Yields to its long disease.

"From horrible holes and stifling hovels
And dens of thieves we come.
Wide as the world our shadow grovels
With danger fraught and doom.

"For Faith we sometime went a-groping,
And were by Faith betrayed.
For Love we sought, believing, hoping,
And were by Love betrayed.

"But work is life, and toil makes stronger.
'Work only,' we entreated.
Unheard our prayer! We strive no longer.
Pity for the defeated!

"Floods of sunshine around and o'er us,
Golden the light above;
Rings the welkin to one glad chorus
Of labor and of love;

"Steam-fiends fly with a shriek appalling,
Hide in the mountain hollow;
Trumpet of enterprise loudly calling
On brave, strong men to follow.

"Lips unto ardent lips are clinging
With infinite desire;
Generous lives their all are flinging
Into the seething fire.

"But we are impotent! Who then thrust us
On our stepmother earth?
Stifled our heart-throbs? Would but trust us
With anguish and with dearth?

"Where is the foe whose stealthy hate
Failure to us has meted,
Mocking our cry to an eyeless Fate,
'Pity for the defeated'?"

A large majority of the lyrics strike the same sombre note. In place of the frank egotism common to the youthful singer, the application to all the facts of nature and life of the test of individual feeling, we have the sufferings of the race, the dark riddle of the fallen world, laid resolutely to an almost childish heart, as in Popolana, La Macchina Romba, Vegliardo — in Chiesa, and the truly terrible protest of the outraged body in Autopsia, which we have not ventured to touch. But Ada Negri is too thoroughly human and ingenuous not to have other moods. Youth and genius will sometimes revolt against Fatalità. There are reactions toward the joy of life, cries for love, and passing moments of strange exhilaration like that which she has recorded in the poem called

LIGHT.

In the ether serene
A fount is set flowing
Of colors all glowing;
The newly sprung green,
How sparkling, how tender!
Suffusion of splendor
In heaven and earth
Ardent, unveiled, and victorious in mirth.

Beads iridescent
The waters are treading,
White butterflies wedding
With roses; and crescent
To glorious completeness,
The old pagan sweetness
Breathes from each flower;
And they laugh, and they sing of the loves of the hour.

In my soul is reviving
A fountain of hope,
And the rapture and scope
I divine of mere living.
My happy dreams follow
The flight of the swallow
Through sunlighted air.
I 'm the spendthrift of song, and the sun's millionaire!

Here, too, in the curious lilt of the short measure we catch an echo of something exceedingly far off, which we presently capture and identify in one of the fine Resurrection hymns of the Latin Church:

"Plaudite cœli,
Rideat æther,
Summus et imus
Gaudeat orbis!"

The rapture of Luce is inevitably brief. It seems connected with a very simple bit of maidenly experience just hinted at in the next song, Take Me Away, where the key modulates rapidly through the familiar phases of doubt and struggle and renunciation to the wistful minor of

REVISITED.

Poor little home, I am come back again!
Poor little rooms the mother made so gay!
Ah, what wild hopes were whirling in my brain,
How rich my day-dreams, when I went away!
Poor little home, I am come back again!

White is the cover of my baby-bed,
And flowering creepers wave a lullaby;
Some heavenly memory of the Aprils dead
Whispering in their soft sprays continually.
White is the cover of my baby-bed.

And in my heart a slender hope is born,
Responsive to those memories of yore;
A touch of higher faith and finer scorn
Curls the mute lips I thought would smile no more,
And in my heart a slender hope is born.

So, mother, in the stillness, close by thee,
I drop my head, and feel the old caress;

And as I were a child upon thy knee,
My overmastering troubles I confess,
Here, mother, in the stillness, close by thee.

And let us part no more at all, I cry,
Sole comfort of my sorrowful twenty years;
For while I cling to thee, thou knowest why
The ache subsides, the terror disappears.
And let us part no more at all, I cry.

The air about us draws a sigh of peace,
Making the stars throb in the firmament;
And all the sick creation falls on ease,
The petals close, the noisy winds are spent,
The air about us draws a sigh of peace.

Is it fanciful to note again, in the last stanza, a coincidence with the thought of an almost immeasurably remote past? It was Diogenes of Apollonia, one of the earliest of the Greek philosophers, who supported his theory that the universe was one vast living organism by the palpable fact that the stars sparkled when it drew breath!

This shall be the last of our attempted versions. But observe — for it is after all characteristic of the volume — that the tone of Revisited, though sad, is by no means morbid nor entirely pessimistic. It is in this respect that the work of Ada Negri differs most remarkably from that of the lady who writes under the name of Marchesa Colombi, and still more from the heart-rending studies in poverty and pain of the very powerful Neapolitan novelist, Matilde Serao. The All'erta, Sentinella![1] of the latter leaves the reader for the time being in despair not of united Italy only, but of all things in heaven and earth; and the Conquista di Roma,[2] a bitterly ironical title, in which the same strong writer deals directly with some of the burning questions of the hour, is no better. The most confident enthusiast for the new order, as he journeys southward, in the last chapter of the Conquista, with the ruined deputy, San Giorgio, must ask himself whether the dream of a regenerate Italy be not, after all, the most deceitful of chimeras; whether this complex and fickle people, in whom the sympathetic and the cynical, the wildest idealism and the most pitiless realism, are blended in such curious proportions, does indeed contain the material for an army capable of the permanent conquest of Rome.

A wholesome antidote to these melancholy misgivings may be found in Daniele Cortis,[3] by far the cleverest of the novels of Antonio Fogazzaro, and already known to the American reader by an English translation. The political salvation of the peninsula could never have come out of *bella Napoli*. It must have issued from the north, if at all. It was the sense of his personal unfitness for an inevitable leadership that killed Charles Albert; it was the bold acceptance of all its risks and responsibilities which crowned Victor Emmanuel, and has immortalized his great minister. In Daniele Cortis we have the firm answer of the man of the north to the brilliant but hysterical woman of the southern province. The two describe the same difficult and dangerous political situation; and how fairly they both describe it is plain from the virtual identity of their pictures. All the more striking are the widely different conclusions which they draw from the same premises.

"It has not yet been proved," says the man, who professedly adopts the ideal, and follows the precepts of Cavour, "that there is any element here present which need prove fatal to our hopes. Let us work on, therefore, and be of good heart." "I *feel* that this will fail!" cries the impatient woman. "Better desist at once from the agonizing, hopeless endeavor."

In time, one of these will be justified, and one will be confuted. The ques-

[1] *All'erta, Sentinella!* Di Matilde Serao. Milano: Fratelli Treves.

[2] *Conquista di Roma.* Di Matilde Serao. Firenze: Barbéra.

[3] *Daniele Cortis.* Di Antonio Fogazzaro. Torino: F. Casanova.

tion really is whether there are more San Giorgios or Cortises growing up in united Italy. For in Daniele Cortis Fogazzaro has performed the difficult feat of drawing a blameless hero, who is yet never priggish, who does right with a certain matter-of-fact simplicity which enlists all the reader's sympathy, and who is yet always real. Very real, too, is the heroine, Elena di Sta. Giulia, wistful and winning, with the fatal clairvoyance of the modern Italian girl, and the modern girl in general; above all, accurately and pitifully conscious how fictitious is the strength with which the world credits herself, how suddenly and completely her power of moral resistance is likely to fail. Great knowledge of a woman's heart is shown in the scene where Elena, who has taken her self-denying resolve bravely, and begun resolutely to carry it out, finds her courage fail her in one treacherous instant, and helplessly abandons herself and her future to the will of the man she loves. Happily he is a good man, and she is saved.

It would be unfair to tell more in this place of the plot of Daniele Cortis, which is not merely an able political pamphlet, but an admirable story. The minor characters, the two mothers, Elena's uncle, — that testy, lovable *malade imaginaire*, — the senator of the old school and he of the new, are all drawn with a sure hand, and are alive and consistent. Daniele Cortis is a true drama, and shows an enormous advance on the earlier prose works of Fogazzaro, who made his début in verse.

SOME RECENT AMERICAN VERSE.

M. Sully-Prudhomme, writing not long ago of the verse appearing in France, declared his belief that never before have new writers displayed such mastery over the art of verse-making. They know their *métier* through and through, he says, but never has the number of the skillful so far exceeded that of the inspired. If the same observations were to be made upon the new verse appearing in English, on this and the other side of the Atlantic, few readers of the magazines would be disposed to disagree. We say "readers of the magazines," because "magazine poetry" has become something like a byword, and in looking over any new batch of American books of verse one comes upon little that has not first seen the light in magazines.

The particularly noticeable fact in such a group of volumes, put forth as they usually are in the best manner of modern book-makers, is that they present so limited a supply of poems which can in any sense be called inevitable; so few things which after all might not almost as well have been left undone. The hard, homely old saying, that pretty good poetry is like a pretty good egg, comes back to the reader with strange force, and he wishes from the bottom of his heart that some rigid standard of the inevitable might be established. But how? It is not possible to imagine an agreement between writers and readers as to the precise limits of this class of verse. What seems a matter of absolute necessity to the person longing to express himself strikes the reader as not at all indispensable. After all, it is the reader who must exercise his rights and powers of election, and must decide for himself what he is going to do without. Occasionally the problem of elimination is made extremely easy for him, as in the new volume opening with eight pages of

verse on the Sensations of a Bat Awaking by the Amazon. More often he is led on by apparent promise only to find that "man never is, but always to be, blest" with the satisfaction he craves.

If the magazines are to be blamed as the first mediums between the makers of such verse and the public, it must be remembered, on the other hand, that nearly all that is best to-day, in poetry as in fiction, appears first in the periodicals. Moreover, the unflattering remarks just made regarding the new books apply with far more directness to the entire collection of books from which a few are here chosen for special mention than individually to any of those few. Yet, selecting from these best books the best pieces of verse, one must be discouraged, like M. Sully-Prudhomme, at the relation found to exist between skillful and inspired work. Mastery of rhythm, good taste, ingenuity of fancy, subtlety and cultivation of thought, our present writers are displaying in no unplentiful degree, and the resulting sum of their poetic labors is eminently pleasant. One other quality they exhibit in striking measure, and that is cosmopolitanism. Whether assuming a virtue or having it, the larger number of our writers to-day certainly deal, when they will, with foreign scenes as familiarly as if Italy, England, or France had been their life-long home. Whether this is because we are a nation of travelers, or springs from an American quickness in catching the essence of new impressions, the fact is noteworthy and interesting. Add this cosmopolitanism to the other agreeable qualities in the best new books of verse, and though the average patriot might be glad to see a little more that is intrinsically American in our poets, though the critic may steadfastly withhold the meed of greatness, yet both must rejoice that clever men and women amongst us are capable of giving distinct if not dangerously excessive pleasure with their songs.

One of the most thoroughly agreeable of the later books of verse is Mr. H. C. Bunner's Rowen, Second Crop Songs,[1] as he aptly terms the collection. Praise is especially due the book for its freedom from that ambitious quality which takes so many modern singers beyond their depth and chokes their clearness of expression. Simplicity marks the most serious of Mr. Bunner's verses; and if their beauty does not rise upon the heights, their sincerity and genuineness leave one with a hearty liking for the best of them. Pretty as Mr. Bunner's previous Airs from Arcady were, these new verses reach a higher level in that many of them speak from the deeper experiences which have come to the writer with added years. It is not, however, for the confessedly serious performances of Mr. Bunner's Muse that one cares so much as for the work demanding a lighter touch, — work which abounds in that variety of humor defined as "wit plus sympathy." The verses One, Two, Three, for example, recounting the imaginary game of hide-and-seek between the blind old lady and the lame little boy, are full of the spirit which charms alike the contemporaries of the aged heroine and the youthful hero, to say nothing of many people neither so old nor so young. In a vein no less charming are several other songs in which youth and age figure side by side. Mr. Bunner's fancy is in general a stay-at-home, for it is with themes of New York that he is most at ease; not the New York of mere money-getting and "enterprise," but of traditions and the better fullness of life. Like Austin Dobson's, his is an urban Muse; and if man made the town, it is surely this lady who is responsible for some of the pleasantest things about it.

In strong contrast with Mr. Bunner stands Mr. Maurice Thompson, whose Muse, far from being of the town, may

[1] *Rowen, Second Crop Songs.* By H. C. Bunner. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1893.

almost be said to have all outdoors for her province. His verse, possibly because of this fact, is far less equal than Mr. Bunner's. His volume of poems[1] contains a considerably larger portion of the things that might have been omitted without serious loss. The first few poems in the book, for instance, purport to be

> "Songs of a mocking-bird,
> Translated carefully,
> Golden note by golden word;
> Th' original melody
> Imitated phrase by phrase,
> As heard in dewy dawn-lit ways
> Of Freedom's solitudes
> Down by the sea in the springtime woods."

To outmock the mocking-bird, to sing a deeper human meaning into his song, is no light undertaking; and if Mr. Thompson's success has not been uniformly conspicuous, there need be little wonder. One or two short passages are so good that the wonder, for the moment, may be transferred to their existence. It is as the man, not the mocking-bird, in the woods that Mr. Thompson is at his best, — the man skilled in men's sports, especially the ancient, genuine use of bow and shaft. With a zest equal to Miss Jewett's tenderness in writing of the escape of her White Heron, he tells how the arrow brought down the prize for him. Virility is Mr. Thompson's clearest note, and wherever the man is found, close to nature or among the vanquished on the field of battle, he speaks unmistakably forth. There is so true a ring, so hearty a spirit, in the best of Mr. Thompson's verse that one is ready to condone the inequalities of the rest of it.

Though one of Mr. Thompson's longest poems, In Exile, in praise of archery, has the rather unpatriotic refrain,

> "The while I wait for friends to come
> And tell me England calls me home,"

he is as distinctively American as any of the new singers, with the exception of Mr. Eugene Field. The newspapers have made Mr. Field's work very familiar, yet one cannot pass his Second Book of Verse[2] without some mention of its Americanism, so purely of the type that will please those English cousins of ours who are unwilling to believe that any American can speak without the direct aid of his nose. Indeed, there could be no possibility of mistaking Mr. Field's work for anything but that of an American, and one to whom the West is almost as much of the world as he cares to recognize, except in European journeys undertaken for the strictly utilitarian purpose of dispelling dyspepsia and recovering from overwork. Nevertheless, it must be said that there is in Mr. Field's work a robust nonchalance, a broad vein of humor, a perfectly outspoken vulgarity, — if so harsh a word must be used, — which command a certain sort of liking from nearly all classes of readers, and wins a large number of lovers of free and easy verse completely to his side. If, however, he is to be a new Bret Harte, it can only be as his contemporary Chicago composer is the Sullivan of the West. To this composer, indeed, Mr. Field might without unfitness play the rôle of a Gilbert.

Mr. Field's Americanism is touched — more amply, perhaps, than we have suggested — by familiarity with the Old World, but not at all in the degree exhibited by Miss Louise Imogen Guiney in her new book, A Roadside Harp.[3] Slight as this point of kinship is between the two writers, it is the only one which can be said to exist. To any writer so imbued with classicism as Miss Guiney, not only the Old World, but the models and themes of ancient literature, must perforce be a staple of inspiration. The

[1] *Poems.* By Maurice Thompson. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1892.

[2] *Second Book of Verse.* By Eugene Field. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1893.

[3] *A Roadside Harp.* A Book of Verses. By Louise Imogen Guiney. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893. (Advance sheets.)

charm of her work is that all her intimacy with the past of letters has not impaired her own individuality. She sings a song of Greece or Rome or of Elizabethan England in a manner abundantly suggestive of its time, yet alive with the personality of its modern author. Who but a classicist would devote a goodly bit of verse to envy of Lovelace for having written,

> "I could not love thee, dear, so much,
> Loved I not honour more"?

Or, to go back to the truly ancient, who but such an one could have done The Cherry Bough, a lament over Ovid's exile by one of his friends, under a cherry-tree they both had loved? Thus like a very translation from the Latin it ends:

> "Alas! When my young guests have done with singing
> I break it, leaf and fruit, my garden's glory,
> And hold it high among them, and say after:
> 'O my poor Ovid,
>
> 'Years pass, and loves pass too; and yet remember
> For the clear time when we were boys together,
> These tears at home are shed; and with you also
> Your bough is dying.'"

And from old Rome to modern London, of which this new book has twelve striking sonnets, Miss Guiney turns with no loss of firmness and spirit. One thing from the classics, however, she has still to learn, — lucidity. She always has an idea, — which cannot be said of all our singers, — even if she fails sometimes to make it clear to others. A gain in this respect is noticeable in this last collection of her work, and in her next we shall look for a still greater advance. It is not to be expected, nor hoped, that her work will be any less that of a lover of books. If in this very direction she continues to grow, as she is growing also in sympathy with many things more essentially human than paper and printer's ink, it is not too much to predict that her ripened talents will win her a place among the few women who have made enduring contributions to American verse.

A complete edition of the Poems of Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr[1] comes to claim its place among these contributions. The addition of some new verses does not greatly help nor mar the reputation her work has already won with its readers. The best things in the book are among the sonnets, a few of which are very direct and forcible. Miss Edith M. Thomas, too, is so well known to the public that little need be said of her last book, Fair Shadow Land.[2] Like much other verse of our day, Miss Thomas's suffers unduly at times from compression; but sensitive human nature, feminine, finds constant, true expression throughout her book, and some of the poems spring from a fund of fancy more than commonly attractive.

The cosmopolitan vein of our verse crops out again in the two new volumes, Francis Drake, a Tragedy of the Sea,[3] and The Mother and Other Poems,[4] by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, possibly, with the exception of Miss Guiney, the least markedly American of our present singers. The subject of the first volume, a poem in dramatic form, is taken from the career of the great Elizabethan admiral. In selecting the theme of Thomas Doughty's trial and execution, and the farewell supper, after a last communion on St. Julian's Island, with the friends who had condemned him to death, Dr. Mitchell chose one of the most dramatic scenes in history. Though Shakespearean and Bible phrases lend

[1] *Poems.* By Julia C. R. Dorr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1892.

[2] *Fair Shadow Land.* By Edith M. Thomas. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

[3] *Francis Drake.* A Tragedy of the Sea. By S. Weir Mitchell, M. D., LL. D. Harv. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

[4] *The Mother and Other Poems.* By S. Weir Mitchell, M. D., LL. D. Harv. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

their aid to the archaic diction perhaps more often than its effectiveness demands, the poem is so essentially dramatic that one does not insist upon all points of detail, and welcomes a production which, meant for the closet rather than for the stage, may take no mean rank among the plays that are more properly works. The volume beginning with The Mother — a poem, by the way, strangely akin in thought, though not at all in treatment, to William Watson's Destiny of Man — is as a whole less striking. Its showings of the effect of recent holidays upon the writer's mind are, however, all agreeable, and some of the poems of Rome and Venice have no slight beauty of their own.

Italy is the theme, too, of one of the most attractive things in Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson's volume, The Winter Hour and Other Poems.[1] For the sake of hastening the time when a composer shall give music to the following lyric, and for its own sake, we reprint it. Outside Florence, the poet looks

> "from Bellosguardo's goal
> Upon a city with a soul,"

and sings

LOVE IN ITALY.

They halted at the terrace wall:
  Below, the towered city lay;
The valley in the moonlight's thrall
  Was silent in a swoon of May.
As hand to hand spoke one soft word
  Beneath the friendly ilex-tree,
They knew not, of the flame that stirred,
  What part was Love, what Italy.

They knew what makes the moon more bright
  Where Beatrice and Juliet are, —
The sweeter perfume in the night,
  The lovelier starlight in the star;
And more that glowing hour did prove,
  Beneath the sheltering ilex-tree, —
That Italy transfigures Love,
  As Love transfigures Italy.

Music, travel, books, home and the woman's spirit which animates it, are some of the themes of Mr. Johnson's very graceful Winter Hour. For the rest of the book, excepting a few lyrics of the seasons, it must be said that the occasional has too prominent a place, though good taste and ease constantly give the work a value, even if it is not of the highest in the poetic scale.

It would be slighting our accessions of verse during the year past to leave unnoticed Mr. Richard Hovey's Seaward, an Elegy on the Death of Thomas William Parsons.[2] It may be somewhat unfortunate that whenever a poet dies it is thought necessary to serve his memory with a poem framed upon the lofty plan of Adonais and Thyrsis. The result is rarely adequate to the conception. Mr. Hovey has essayed an American threnody, and in some aspects has shown himself equal to the task. The poem contains noble stanzas, full of appreciation of Dr. Parsons's true place among our poets, and fired with the enthusiastic loyalty of a younger friend and admirer. When Mr. Hovey is enticed away into praise of some of his contemporaries, and into other passages which bear no very vital relation to the subject of the elegy, he shows the lack of self-restraint which, in smaller measure, mars some of his separate lines and stanzas. Still better things than the best of Seaward may be expected of him when he has himself more thoroughly in hand.

A word, too, must be said of The Dead Nymph and Other Poems,[3] a posthumous volume by Charles Henry Lüders, a young Pennsylvanian singer. It is only a pledge of what might have been, and the friends and critics of Mr. Lüders thought that to be no mean thing. The little book is full of grace

[1] *The Winter Hour and Other Poems.* By Robert Underwood Johnson. New York: The Century Company. 1892.

[2] *Seaward.* An Elegy on the Death of Thomas William Parsons. By Richard Hovey. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. 1893.

[3] *The Dead Nymph and Other Poems.* By Charles Henry Lüders. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1892.

and pleasant fancy, and, showing rather scanty accomplishment, has its more than common share of promise.

Nearly every poet tells us that sweeter than anything he has yet given the world are his "unsung songs." These must be the poems which one day are to swell the pleasant stream of modern American verse into a stately river. Meanwhile, let us take what joy we may of the stream, and try now and again to remind ourselves, by such glances at the banks as we have just been giving, that perhaps the river is yet to be.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Poetry and the Drama. Poems by Two Brothers. (Macmillan.) The date "1893" and the simple signature "Tennyson" under the preface of a new volume are fresh reminders that the present Baron Tennyson of Aldworth is not the poet; for in sending forth this new edition of an historic little book of verse Lord Tennyson now says: "It is requested that none of the poems in this volume said to be by my father, and consequently signed A. T., be included in any future edition of his works, as my uncle, Frederick Tennyson, cannot be certain of the authorship of every poem, and as the handwriting of the manuscript is not known to be a sure guide." The book, uniform in style with the Macmillan edition of Tiresias, Œnone, and The Foresters, brings the first work of the laureate as nearly as possible into kinship with his last, and will be welcome to collectors of the landmarks of literature. — Later Canadian Poems, edited by J. E. Wetherell. (The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd., Toronto.) A few years ago Mr. Douglas Sladen put forth an Australian anthology, and now the English province nearer our own borders holds out its sheaf of recent song. The poets' pictures with which the book is adorned show that the best Canadian verse to-day is coming from young men. American magazines have made much of it familiar to American readers, and the names of Archibald Lampman, Bliss Carman, and C. G. D. Roberts, to each of whom a goodly share of the book is given, speak for its general character. — Under King Constantine. (Randolph.) The three poems of this anonymous volume are so clearly lineal descendants of the Idylls of the King that comparison between the children and their forefathers is hard to repress. Be it said, however, that the author has chosen three capital stories of the British Court soon after King Arthur's day, and tells them with quiet skill and effect. — Mâlmôrda, a Metrical Romance, by Joseph I. C. Clarke. (Putnams.) An early Irish story of love and bloodshed, told in parts with considerable spirit, even if it is not informed with the breath of poetry. It will be better, however, when writers of narrative poems learn that a blank-verse speech of thirteen pages from one character impedes the movement of the story. — Narcissus and Other Poems, by Walter Malone. (Lippincotts.) — The Echo and the Poet, by William Cushing Bamburgh. (Houghton. Privately printed for the Author.) — Night Etchings, by A. R. G. (Lippincotts.) — Cosmos and Other Poems, by Anna Hubbard Mercur. (Peter Paul & Brother, Buffalo.) — The Decision of the Court, by Brander Matthews. (Harpers.) Patrons of the Theatre of Arts and Letters have seen this little play upon the stage. It has its share of witty speeches, but as a contribution to dramatic literature, appearing as it now does in the Black and White Series, it need hardly be taken more seriously than an expanded joke from Life upon the never-failing subject of divorce. — Adzuma, or The Japanese Wife, by Sir Edwin Arnold. (Scribners.) This play is based, we are told, on a Japanese story. It is the tragic history of a faithful wife entrapped by intrigue, and discovering no way out except by the strategic sacrifice of her life. The action of the play moves straight to a logical end; but the reader finds the verse — and the prose, for that matter — of a confectionery order. One suspects it to be as much like the real

Japanese as Liverpool ware is like Canton china.

Fiction. The World of Chance, by W. D. Howells. (Harpers.) There is a light interplay of seriousness and whimsiness in Mr. Howells's latest story which leaves one in doubt whether it is going to turn out a song or a sermon. The characterization of the young man who makes a pretense at being a hero is singularly delicate ; but although the personality thus built up has its attractions plainly for the other people in the story, its creator has turned him so very inside out that there is almost an indecent exposure of the young man's mind, and people outside of the book may be pardoned if they are a little skeptical of his charms. The heroine is drawn in so faint a light, and with her face so turned away from the spectator, that it seems almost an intrusion to try to know her too well. The story is rendered more shadowy by being about a story, but the book is charged with an unfailing humor. — John Paget, by Sarah Barnwell Eliot. (Henry Holt.) A story of twin brothers : one brought up in the Southern States, the other in the Northern ; one religious, the other an unbeliever ; and both in love with the same young girl. The style is good, but lacks life and vigor ; and while the book is unobjectionable, it does not rise to the level of the best novels. — Susy, a Story of the Plains, by Bret Harte. (Houghton.) Mr. Harte, in this clever novel, is more careful than usual in his characterizations, — more close, that is, to human nature as most see it, — and is, may be, thereby brought to the use of a somewhat more reasonable plot, for the two go together. Certainly the book is throughout in a more natural key, and there are in it many passages of genuine feeling. — Figaro Fiction. (W. J. F. Dailey, Chicago.) A collection of short, very short stories by ten writers in a Chicago journal. They have such virtue as may be in brevity, and in some instances they are the slightest possible incidents, requiring no fuller treatment ; in others they are efforts at extreme condensation. Nearly all of them impress the reader as efforts. The writers have tried their prettiest to produce something striking, but it often happens that the incident is insignificant and the telling is forced. There is little spontaneity in the work, and one is caught by the cleverness rather than by the art of the thing. — Harvard Stories, by Waldron Kentzing Post. (Putnams.) When one finds Hollis Holworthy, Charles Rivers, and Dick Stoughton bound up in a book, the first impulse is to regret the carrying of undergraduate journalism out into the larger world of letters. But this collection of tales about a very genuine group of Harvard undergraduates amply justifies its existence. If the stories are not always told with the highest literary art, — and it would be easy to suggest technical improvements, — they breathe such a hearty spirit of youth, and reflect so frankly the manners, good and bad, of the most amusing, and amused, set at Harvard, that the readers for whom they are meant must thank Mr. Post for what he has done. Indeed, the humorous career of Rattleton, a collegiate Van Bibber, and the pathos of the old Southern graduate's story, In the Early Sixties, will appeal to more readers than those alone who love Cambridge. The book is dedicated to the class of '90, but a much larger body of Harvard men will care for it, and some of them will be made better Harvard men for reading it. — The Odd Women, by George Gissing. (Macmillan.) An exceptionally interesting and forcible, but, as is the author's wont, a peculiarly dreary and depressing book. "Do you know that there are half a million more women than men in this happy country of ours ? So many *odd* women, — no making a pair with them," remarks the first to the second heroine, early in the story. And the former is trying, so far as in her lies, — and she has great capabilities, — to assist in the training of a few of the educated class belonging to this category. The forlorn and futile struggles of certain gently bred and inefficient women are sketched with pitiless realism and undeniable cleverness and insight, as is the pretty Monica's loveless marriage for the sake of a home. But while every separate detail may be accurately given, we think that most readers will feel that as a whole the picture is more or less distorted and untrue. The self-reliant and emancipated women of the tale, who have, it is to be presumed, the writer's approval, are only a little more attractive than their weak sisters. Of course they have thrown off "conventions" and "superstition," but there is also a lack of high or inspiring thinking to accompany their strenuous living, so that the assumed

gain hardly seems to outweigh the loss. The book will attract thoughtful readers, even if it repel them as well, and it will not be left half read. — The Great Chin Episode, by Paul Cushing. (Macmillan.) A story of the detective order, by no means of the first class, but with a certain readable quality, as well as enough ingenuity and liveliness to probably insure its success as a summer novel.

History and Biography. Women of the Valois Court, by Imbert de Saint-Amand. Translated by Elizabeth Gilbert Martin. (Scribners.) The principal figures in the group of women here portrayed are, of course, Marguerite d'Angoulême and Catherine de' Medici. Though one does not expect from M. de Saint-Amand a profound study of women so complex, yet he gives a sufficiently vivid and picturesque presentment of the two queens — so different in character and aspirations — to hold the interest of the large *clientèle* which his later works have gained in this country. He is usually just in his instincts and moderate in tone ; and though, in a work of this kind, the truth can hardly be more than hinted at, he makes no attempt to minimize the unspeakable corruption of the time in church, state, and society, or to withhold an occasional incidental tribute to the courage and constancy of one and another of the great company of the confessors and martyrs of French Puritanism. Though he is inclined to acquit the queen, to whom the Machiavelian policy was literally an inheritance, of the charge of deliberately corrupting her sons, he finds it of little moment whether the gigantic crime for which she was chiefly responsible was one of long or short premeditation, as "there are deeds for which neither excuses nor extenuating circumstances can be pleaded, and certain rehabilitations that can be nothing more than paradoxes." — George William Curtis, by John White Chadwick. (Harpers.) On the 22d of February of every year an address is delivered at the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences upon the character of Washington or "some other benefactor of America." The Black and White Series preserves the address of 1893, in which Mr. Chadwick, with sympathy and understanding, sets forth some of the many ways in which Mr. Curtis served his native land. — The French War and the Revolution, by W. M. Sloane. With Maps. (Scribners.) The second volume in the American History Series. Professor Sloane's task was in some respects simpler than that of his predecessor, Dr. Fisher, who had to bring into orderly show the scattered beginnings of the colonies ; but though he has a more direct narrative to relate, he is equally with Dr. Fisher desirous of deducing the logic of events, and his book is a well-considered study of the problems in civil development which were subjected to the test of war. The successive steps taken in the formation of the nation, and the close connection with European, especially English history, are clearly borne in mind by the writer, who thus communicates them to the reader. — History of Federal Government in Greece and Italy, by Edward A. Freeman. Edited by J. B. Bury. (Macmillan.) This is a reissue of the first volume of the incomplete History of Federal Government, with the addition of a single chapter found in manuscript. The title is made thus to conform to the contents, and the unlucky reference to the end of federal government in North America disappears. The book is not otherwise changed, so that the reader may still be amused by Mr. Freeman's predictions. History may be past politics ; it is questionable prophecy. — Phillips Brooks, by the Rev. Arthur Brooks. (Harpers.) The reprint of a commemorative sermon in which Dr. Brooks presented a sympathetic, discriminating sketch of his eminent brother's character and career. We like especially what he says of his Americanism. The entire treatment encourages one in his hopes for the coming full biography.

Philosophy and Religion. The Interpretation of Nature, by N. S. Shaler. (Houghton.) There is a personal note in this volume, all the more significant for not being obtrusively first personal. That is to say, Professor Shaler lays aside his academic robes, and addresses his readers, as he did the theological students who heard the book when it was in the form of a series of lectures, as one who, having given years to the scientific study of natural forms, and having meanwhile been called on constantly to consider the fundamental laws of human being, now pauses and asks himself what are those deeper relations of man and nature, which may indeed be expressed in

terms of theology, but are not shut up in those terms. As a result, the book is singularly helpful to one who craves a thoughtful view of these relations, and even fuller than the writer's books usually are of cosmological suggestions. — Leaves of Antiquity, translated from the German of Johann Gottfried von Herder by Caroline M. Sawyer. (Universalist Publishing House.) It is to be supposed that these Prose Poems by Herder have never been done into English before. They are his Leaves of the Poetry of Hebrew Tradition, and are held to be the earliest known stories of the human race. Many of them have to do with Bible characters. All of them speak clearly from a time when the world was young, and have the quality, not inherent in folk lore, of interesting other readers than students. — The Æsthetic Element in Morality, and its Place in a Utilitarian Theory of Morals, by Frank Chapman Sharp. (Macmillan.) This might be a thesis for a doctor's degree. It is a study of beauty as exhibited in conduct and character, and an attempt to establish a satisfactory criterion of right and wrong. It is a little singular that, in summing up what he is pleased to call the aid given by religion to virtue, the author should apparently overlook entirely the emotional nature of man ; he sees that religion means faith and hope, but he ignores, apparently, the third great member. — Present Day Theology, a Popular Discussion of Leading Doctrines of the Christian Faith, by Lewis French Stearns. With a Biographical Sketch by George L. Prentiss. (Scribners.) Dr. Stearns was a young man when he died, but the maturity of his mind was noticeable early, and this book marks the healthy growth of a nature which found in theology a congenial theme, and addressed itself to the task of discovering its vital relations rather than of reducing it to an exclusive system. Hence the thought is sane and free, and theology under his hands is a living, growing force. The book makes one regret more than ever the loss to American theological scholarship in the death of its author. — A History of Religions, being a Condensed Statement of the Results of Scientific Research and Philosophical Criticism, by Elizabeth E. Evans. (The Commonwealth Co., New York.) An arid little book, in which the negations of Christianity are presented in the most uninviting form. — Moses or Darwin, by Arnold Dodel. Translated by Frederick W. Dodel. (The Commonwealth Co., New York.) In somewhat violent language the writer seeks to demonstrate the antagonism between the doctrine of evolution and the doctrine of Christianity, with special reference to the relations between school and university. His observations are taken from the meridian of Zurich. The translator applies the results, in an introduction, to the public school system especially in the Northwest. — Miscellanies, Religious and Personal, and Sermons, by Rev. George W. Nichols. (Marigold Printing Co., Bridgeport, Conn.) Dr. Nichols starts off with some rambling reminiscences of men of eminence and some autobiographical notes, and then prints twenty-five sermons of a parochial character.

Criticism. The Making of a Newspaper, edited by Melville Philips. (Putnams.) This book is made up of a collection of papers by "certain representative American journalists," which first appeared as the Journalist Series in Lippincott's Magazine. Their editor calls them typical and trustworthy, and hopes they are readable ; and so they are, for, in the bustling fashion to be expected from such articles, they give as a whole a very clear idea of the energy of body and brain that brings us, every morning, the news of the world. If any of us would see it brought in a somewhat different form, that is another matter. — The Novel, What It Is, by F. Marion Crawford. (Macmillan.) Few men writing to-day can be expected to know better than Mr. Crawford what the novel is. In this little book, reprinted from The Forum, he gives it the two definitions of an "intellectual artistic luxury" and a "pocket-stage," and, as the sum of all his observations, says, "Humanity, the novelist's master, bids him strike only at the heart." The book is full of good things, well said, regarding various tendencies and conditions of the art Mr. Crawford practices. One random remark may well be quoted for the sake of the many readers who are sure to agree with it. "Dialect," says Mr. Crawford, "seems to me to rank with puns, and with puns of a particular local character."

Illustrated Books and Books on Art. Scenes from Every Land. Over Five Hundred Photographic Views, embracing the most

Beautiful and Famous Palaces, Cathedrals, Churches, Monuments, and Statues of the Old World; Feudal Castles, Heathen Temples, and the Classic Ruins of Italy, Egypt, Sinai, and the Holy Land, together with the Masterpieces of Sculpture and Painting in the Art Galleries of Europe. A Photographic Panorama of the World, giving Exquisite Views of Mountain, Lake, River, Forest, and Ocean Scenery in every Country; Instantaneous Photographs of Street Scenes in the Great Cities, and Objects of Natural Curiosity, Artistic Beauty, and Sublimity Everywhere. Designed to take the Place of an Extended Tour of the World. With an Introduction by General Lew. Wallace. Descriptions of every Scene prefaced especially for this Work by a Corps of Talented Writers, among them Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D. D., Hamilton W. Mabie, LL. B., Lit. D., Rev. Washington Gladden, D. D., Charlotte Reeve Conover, and Others. Edited by Thomas Lowell Knox. (Mast, Crowell & Kirkpatrick, Springfield, Ohio.) What remains to be added to this title-page? Little, except that the pictures are for the most part nearly a foot long; that they are half-tone process cuts; that nature, art, and humanity are all on one flat level; and that under each picture is a compact description, with occasional reflections. — The Song of the Ancient People, by Edna Dean Proctor. With Preface and Notes by John Fiske, and Commentary by F. H. Cushing. Illustrated with eleven Aquatints by Julian Scott. (Houghton.) The combination of poetry, science, and art in this volume is a little unusual, but there is an apparent equality of terms. Miss Proctor has taken a suggestion from the facts as related of the Zuñis and Moquis and worked it up into a rhythmic monologue, which begins with spirit, but perhaps necessarily gets lost in a somewhat generalized poetic rendering. Mr. Scott translates the Indian and his surroundings into something which seems to establish a likeness between the West and the East. Mr. Fiske and Mr. Cushing add prose comment which, perhaps unconsciously, serves especially to annex the Indian to the white man's domain in thought and feeling. — The Evolution of Decorative Art, by Henry Balfour. (Macmillan.) In this interesting little essay the author confines himself to tracing the evolution of certain ornaments from their first infantile form at the hands of primitive races to their later æsthetic conclusion. In illustration of his subject he tried the experiment of giving out a very simple design to be copied, that copy to go to a second, and the process to be repeated; with the result that, after thirteen trials, the sketch of a snail crawling over a twig became a bird on a bough. Very like the game of scandal. The book is liberally illustrated, largely from objects in the Pitt Rivers collection at Oxford, of which Mr. Balfour is curator.

Sociology and Finance. First Biennial Report of the State Board of Charities and Corrections to the Governor and Legislative Assembly of the State of Oregon. (F. W. Baltes & Co., Portland, Oregon.) The pictures of jails in this book tell a varied story to the reader: great stone jails incorporated with court buildings; prosperous middle-sized jails; homely, rather cosy little wooden jails, which suggest that the prisoner eats his supper on the doorstep. But behind all these pictures is the earnest inquiry into the best way of looking after the morally sick and dying in that new, cheerful country where one would think it would be very easy to be virtuous. — The Silver Situation in the United States, by F. W. Taussig. (Putnams.) A volume in the Questions of the Day Series. Mr. Taussig has taken advantage of the reissue of his little work to revise it and bring it down to date. It is a careful and moderate discussion, with a distinct confidence in the elastic capacity of a gold standard. — The Light of the Ages. (Published by the Author, Charles Orchardson, Quincy, Ill.) From the signature under an appeal for money, at the end of this book, we infer that it has two authors, to one of whom the volume is dedicated. The title-page is so full that we give it in lieu of comment: The Light of the Ages, recently written by Ancient Immortals, and the Deathblow to Poverty, by the Modern Antediluvian. Crime-Breeding Poverty is a Flag of Distress on the Ship of State. You cannot save the Ship by cutting down the Flag with the Cold Axe of Charity.

Education and Textbooks. Abelard and the Origin and Early History of Universities, by Gabriel Compayré. (Scribners.) A volume in the series of the Great Educators. A brief but fresh presentation of

the subject on its historical rather than biographical side. The author has a humane interest in his theme, and the reader comes pretty close to the actual life in the universities. We wonder if M. Compayré is indebted to his translator for the singular phrase which we have italicized in this sentence, taken from the close of his preface: "I trust, also, that the literary dictionaries of the future, if they should grant me a place in their pages, will have the goodness, when they mention my name, to follow it with this notice: Gabriel Compayré, a French writer, *whose least mediocre work*, translated into English before being printed, was published in America." — Another volume in the same series is Froebel and Education by Self-Activity, by H. Courthope Bowen. (Scribners.) This is a clearly written exposition of Froebel's doctrine by an English teacher and student of teaching, — a more satisfactory interpretation, we venture to think, than the more technical treatises of Froebel's direct disciples. We are not sure that Mr. Bowen meets the practical objections which have been raised to kindergarten methods, that they stimulate the activity of observation rather than the grip of intellectual power, but all that he says of the child's faculty of expression is excellent. — Literary Criticism for Students, edited by Edward T. McLaughlin. (Holt.) The author, an assistant professor of English at Yale, speaks in his introduction of the difficulty with which many minds acquire anything like an appreciation of the real beauty of literature. He has here selected some classic bits of English criticism, which he supplements with notes, — not of the formal, academic sort, but designed to point out the spirit and the broader significance of the passages considered. The idea and the execution are good. The book will lead some young people into the better paths of appreciation, but we suspect that nothing short of a miracle will quicken the apprehension of the class Mr. McLaughlin has already found so difficult of approach.

Sports and Humor. Practical Lawn Tennis, by James Dwight, M. D. (Harpers.) People who know absolutely nothing about tennis can learn but one thing from this book, — that the game is infinitely less easy than it looks. Actual players will find the little volume full of useful and interesting suggestions. They might have been somewhat more effectively arranged, but after all a veteran's counsel is worth more than a book's form to tennis players; and if Dr. Dwight's advice could be generally followed, there is no doubt that better, more "scientific" tennis would be played the country over. — Bon-Mots of Sydney Smith and R. Brinsley Sheridan, edited by Walter Jerrold. (Dent.) If to such a little book as this, adorned with grotesque sketches of the Japanese sort, could be added the remarks Sydney Smith and Sheridan might make upon seeing their random witticisms so preserved, its value would be doubled. We do not attempt to guess what they would say, but cannot help thinking that the reputation of a wit loses, perhaps, as much as it gains by the scraping together of all the words with which he has made people laugh. Yet of course the humor that endures leavens any lump of speeches from England's two greatest wits. In the same series with this volume are two other collections of *mots* by Lamb and Jerrold, Hook and Foote.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

The Academician of Life.

THE author of The Moral Revival in France rightly refers to M. Melchior de Vogüé as the primary apostle of the Neo-Christian movement, and it is worth while to look a little more closely at the personality of a man who is such a figure to-day in French letters. The Vogüé family has lived for centuries in the heart of France, among the volcanic mountains of the Vivarais. Its history goes further back than the crusaders who fought for the tomb of Christ. There is a Melchior always in the family, because of some delightful legend of the Middle Ages which makes the first of the name a descendant of the wise Melchior, one of the

three kings from the East who followed the star of Bethlehem, and offered gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh at the feet of the new-born Saviour.

The present Melchior had no time for dreaming in his youth. He was called to fight for his country in the disastrous war of 1870, and he afterwards had time, in a German prison, to meditate on the irreligious selfishness which was eating out the heart of France. Then he learned to know the inner life of nations in the service of diplomacy. This gave him that striking air of one familiar with the handling of human affairs which makes his writing so acceptable to studious and ambitious youth. But his principal work, as already pointed out, is the revelation to his countrymen of a literature, new and enthusiastic, if fanciful and incomplete, having all the qualities which are so sadly wanting in their own later writers. The gospel which is according to Count Tolstóy, the prelude to faith which is found in Dostoievsky's scenes of pity, may seem but meagre spiritual fare to the devout reader of the New Testament. But they are calculated to reach and arouse ears deaf to the old gospel.

This scion of an old aristocracy, who has received into his veins more than his share of modern democracy, does not limit his work to a mere saying over of the thoughts of others. He would be the first to admit that their thoughts are incomplete and even contradictory. He has tried to work out for himself, and others like him, a philosophy of the life which is around him. He is, morally, in sympathy with the old beliefs ; but he also sees the new difficulties of the world as it is. In this he is like Taine, his master and friend. It is of him, I believe, that his young wife laughingly said, in answer to an inquiry, "He has gone to Rome to ask the Holy Father's leave to be a Protestant." It is probable that Catholic and Protestant alike would find him too preoccupied with what goes before religion. Yet both should be interested in knowing what lessons he has for converting men to be themselves, instead of being simply *la bête humaine.*

More even than Tolstóy he is in sympathy with the virtues of the Christ who suffered that he might save. For the true man is not that product of modern culture whom the sorrows of life find "resigned provided that he has his provender of daily pleasure, having decided to despise men while making of them the best possible use for his own enjoyment." He is rather one of those who are despised by modern culture, some character from his own simple Winter's Tales.

There is the peddler Fédia, old, unlucky, distrusted, who confides his philosophy of life to the one innocent boy who sees something good in him. He has been refused shelter for the night, and the storm is threatening.

"'But if the hurricane of snow should catch you on the road, what would become of you ?'

"The man made his humble grimace, like a frightened hare. 'It 's nothing, *bârine ;* who cares for Uncle Fédia ? He has n't a great place in God's world. If misfortune happens to him, that will not trouble anybody.'"

The story goes on to tell how the old man whose misfortunes would trouble no one fell under suspicion of murder. There is no evidence against him, and he is cleared; but strong circumstantial evidence comes up against a poor woman, who is the mother of helpless children. She is on the point of being condemned. "Sunk to earth, with choking sobs, with her hands and eyes lifted toward the crucifix, she burst out in heart-rending tones : —

"'Saviour Christ, save me ! Lord, have pity on thy servant and her children ! Have pity !'"

All the peasants throw themselves upon their knees in the court room, when, in the midst of solemn silence, Uncle Fédia, with humble and timid mien, comes forward and takes his place before the judges. He recalls to them that a tar-pot found beside the murdered man was evidently from his own merchandise ; it must be he who is the guilty one. The judges are persuaded, the people are more than ever convinced that the disreputable old man deserved all their suspicions, and he is condemned to the mines of Siberia.

As the officers drag him away, the little boy, who has watched him closely, slips a few coins into his hand. "'Farewell, poor Uncle Fédia !'

"He murmured, 'Thank you, bârine ! It is nothing; my misfortune will not trouble anybody.'"

Six years later, the miller, who had bought the tar-pot from the peddler, confessed with his dying breath that he was the real murderer. "Of the peddler he said, 'He was a soul of the good God: he must have had pity on the widow and her children; he must have given himself up to save them.'"

All the search made in Siberia could not find Uncle Fédia. He had died from exposure in one of the mines.

"When they learned in the village the failure of the steps we had taken, the widow brought a basket of eggs to the priest, begging him to celebrate a service for the repose of the soul of poor Uncle Fédia. We all went to the church. I never prayed with so full a heart; for the first time I understood well the meaning of the verse which the celebrant read in the gospel of the day: *As thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I also sent them.* I understood, seeing again before my eyes the humble figure of Uncle Fédia, trembling in his foxskin cape, in the midst of the judgment hall, scorned of the people."

Notwithstanding the case of conscience involved in this little story, it is essentially Christian, — far more so than the tales of Tolstóy. And its author has not that unpractical mysticism which prevents the Russian writer from becoming an effectual teacher of youth. He sees the providential education of the world even in such evils as war. Here suffering is not the great evil, but only immorality and degradation. This argument we must give in his own words:

"You ask me my opinion on the possible success of the Universal Congress of Peace. I believe with Darwin that violent struggle is a law of the nature which rules all creatures; I believe with Joseph de Maistre that it is a divine law, — two different fashions of naming the same thing. If, by an impossibility, a fragment of human society — let us say all the civilized West — should succeed in suspending the effect of this law, races more governed by instinct would take it on themselves to apply it against us: these races would prove that nature is right against human reason; they would succeed, because the certainty of peace (I do not say *peace;* I say *the absolute certainty of peace*) before fifty years would engender a corruption and a decadence more destructive of man than the worst of wars.

"I consider that we must do for war, which is the criminal law of humanity, that which we ought to do for all our criminal laws: we should soften them by making their application as rare as possible; we should tend with all our efforts to making them useless. But the whole experience of history teaches us that you cannot suppress them so long as there remain on earth two men, and bread, money, and a woman between them.

"I shall be very happy if the Congress puts me in the wrong; I doubt if it will do as much for history, nature, God."

This lack of sentimentality in a writer full of the highest Christian feeling is not the least sign of a movement which returns toward Christianity. The Christian argument against the Utopias of socialism and other anarchy, moral or political, has always been drawn from human nature, call it depraved or what you will; and its remedy for evil has also been drawn from the divine principle of sacrifice.

Adrift in a Hammock. — I have seen from summer waters the pine grove where I daily swing a hammock. So seen, the recessed shade appears like a true cavern cut into the substance of the sky. The straight gray shafts of the trees that stand at its entrance take the guise of natural pillars, upon which, according to the whim of aerial architecture, rests, now a roof of lapis lazuli tint, now the sober canopy of lessening mist.

Without the trouble of raising sail or plying oar, I may go asea; yielding to the pleasures concentrated in that word fatal to all utilitarian result, — drift! Here I shall rock at ease, lulled to memory, quit of forethought. I shall but barely recall what the Natural Historian has told me about the stern character of the pine-tree which bears the weight of my netted boat: how, if the central shaft, which figures as a sort of "star-y pointing" steering mast, be lopped away, the tree never rests until it has with long effort raised a lateral branch to fill the vacant post. I shall quickly lose the suggested analogy, — that in this respect the pine-tree has its human fellow in a certain order of centred, sincere, unswervable nature, to whom, befall whatever pain, the guiding motive of the life is but the more firmly stablished.

My hammock is swung between two

stanch, many-wintered pines, tressed along the stem with floating green-gray mosses, and crowned, far above me, with whispering feathery branches. It rocks gently from side to side, as the wind takes it; and it has also a buoyant motion, wavelike, up and down, in the greater swells that affect simultaneously the elated shafts of the trees which Neptune chose for his own, and which support my frail bark. Looking out past green shrouds and cordage, I have glimpses of bluest sea, — fragmentary, perspectiveless glimpses that suggest bits of the shell of a robin's egg dropping down through the branches. Also, through the interstices of trunk and foliage, I see the summer-day clouds moving about the horizon, like white-vestured ministrants in some holy place performing their lustral rites, or

> "priestlike task
> Of pure ablution round earth's human shores."

The voices of many and various grove-haunting birds come to my ear, — among these the oriole's, a sweet, thrilling, but scarce perfected flute-note. I try to enter into his mood, his views of life. He, too, affects the hammock, but chooses the elm, and not the pine, for his roof-tree. His criticism, turned upon my nest, would doubtless be, that I did not weave it myself, that it is swung too low, and that it does not serve me for rainy days as well as for fair.

So far I have merely been coasting, hugging the shore of earth, as it were. Let me swing farther out to sea, ploughing some "road of the bold" away towards the starboard. The ship Argo, as followed in the pages of my beloved mythology, and reconstructed in my childhood's dreams, sailed no liquid sea, encountered no troublous Symplegades, but, swanlike, steered right on through the great deep of the air, with sublimed white sails for wings! So, having closed my eyes, let me voyage, alternately rising and sinking with the motion of the wind waves, until it shall seem possible to land on some silvery stellar coast, — some friendly region of the Martian seaboard, where they will not be wholly strangers who shall run down to greet the strange craft and its idle supercargo.

"The Dim Winds." — Philosophers have discoursed of it, poets have sung it, artists have shown it, — the gift of second sight. I do not mean the thick-crowding fancies which beset the wizard in Lochiel's Warning, the unhallowed perceivings professed by modern witchcraft, nor the miracles of theosophy, but that second sight which brings far things near, which paints upon the inner eye a picture whose vividness of tint outrivals all reality; being illumined by

> "The light that never was, on sea or land."

Fairy lore has no greater fascination in store, after having placed us upon the enchanted carpet, and whisked us away to realms unknown. Even faith has its own resources in this sort, as when Cardinal Newman, by way of argument, tells us of the wonders seen and enjoyed by himself, an untraveled John Bull, sojourning or wayfaring in lands we read of, but may never visit. There is a yet more modest form of second sight, of which nor poet nor painter nor purveyor of fairy lore makes mention, but which is, nevertheless, measurably among the delights within reach of all, however faith and imagination may fail us on their own fields of vision. Especially have the privileges of this form of second sight been extended since one of our scientists, desiring to popularize his beloved studies, published a series of suggestive articles entitled Astronomy through an Opera Glass.

While I am dusting my binocular, and preparing a stand on which to adjust and balance the somewhat heavy implement, I fall to considering what a wonderful thing is a spyglass. Those who marvel at the extraordinary results reached by electricity are largely impressed by the dramatic, not to say theatrical nature of those performances. From the days of Franklin's kite to the last achievement of the trolley system, the evolution of this power has been rapid, and in many instances, indeed, sensational. Shortly after the first announcement of the successful use of the telegraph wire, there appeared in a Richmond newspaper the following colloquy: "'Canst thou speak by the lightnings?' — *Job.* 'Yes, sirree!' — *Professor Morse.*" Which was simply a popular way of expressing the popular wonder at a remarkable phenomenon. The artificial production of rain, which we must consider a costly experiment, in view of the fact that it was first learned in the stern school of battle, is wonderful enough in itself; though, as in many so-called inventions,

it is but a mere imitation of nature. But the evolution of the telescope or the spyglass has been marked by a singular conservatism, and has been so gradual as to suggest its analogy in some of the slow processes of geological formation, rather than a resemblance to any of the theatrical achievements of man; and not yet has this instrument flattered our human interest by revealing anything even in Mars which should invest that planet with the least shadow of proof of human inhabitation.

With such thoughts, on a fair summer day, I lay my glass upon the stand and sweep the horizon. But a change has come over all within the field of vision. The haze which hung suspended between me and those enchanted islands of the main has assumed a more fragmentary character, and has become a composite of many-shaped and ragged clouds, all drifting in the direction indicated by the prevailing wind. There are little loops between these clouds, through which clearer glimpses of the landscape may be obtained; and at certain points the fleecy curtain is so lifted as to show the horizon, — a line marking the meeting of the light blue of the sky and the dark blue of the sea. How strange that this line should be irregular, and that, at this distance, the tumbling of the waves should be most distinctly visible! I remember that, out at sea for the first time, just before going beyond sight of land, the impression was as if we were in a bowl gradually settling towards the centre whereon our gallant ship seemed to stand. Lingering remnants of land, not yet passed from vision, marred the symmetry of this appearance, and suggested that the bowl had been carelessly mended, while still in all directions there was the steady upheaval of the waves, which in calmest weather is by sailors called the "breathing" of the sea. From my seaside balcony, the waves, which are almost always present, form, in the perspective, a wrinkled roughness of surface, which has not escaped the poet, and which is lighted up by a glint of intensified sunshine; for the reflection of the sea seems to have added to the intensity of the sun.

Little by little, the hoarse haze — for hoarse it seems, in the ever-recurring analogies between sight and sound — floats away and disappears altogether, when an increased roughening of the watery surface denotes a change of wind. Ha! now I understand what the sailors meant when they spoke of the "cat's-paws" that heralded the wished-for breeze! Now the islands on which my glass is turned shine distinctly through many miles of distance; and cottage and field and rock and stunted tree stand forth gladly to announce dry land beyond those miles of ocean. All trace of mist has finally vanished, — faded into almost preternatural clearness. Watching carefully for any changes in sea or sky or land beyond this glittering field of waters, there floats upon my vision a crystalline consciousness of *air!* I certainly can see it, flowing with that shimmering incertitude of small currents which imparts to the leaves their quivering motion, — flowing, flowing steadily to the south, like a vast sea of purest liquid, setting toward the equator. The strange part of it is the wonderful translucence. It is not like that tremulous gas which arrests the sight over a heated morass or a furnace. The effect I observe can scarcely be due to heat, for the north wind blows coolingly. I notice in the eddying currents a varying irregularity characteristic of fluid in motion; and for a moment, at least, I feel certain that what I had supposed to be the viewless air, but now behold, is nothing more nor less than "the dim winds" which were trod by Shelley's fairy! Science tells us we are immersed in the aerial ocean to the depth of some forty-five miles, but the flood which I can see must be illimitable and beyond plummet reach. It almost seems strange that we should live, move, and have our being under the tumultuous tide, now as distinctly visible as the sea itself!

After enjoying this vision and the paradoxical reflections it evokes, the spyglass is withdrawn; and I gaze wistfully over the blue field so lately informed with the magic of art and the dreamland of science. I look again. All is as usual. That flowing translucent sea has faded to utter invisibility. No cloud or feathery mist affords pretext for the thought of ocular delusion; and were it not that the stern arbitrament of Science decides these things for herself, I should still hold to my belief that I have seen the air with my natural eyes, aided by a twelve-lens glass. At any rate, I have as good warrant for my belief as had the

South Sea Islander for his when he averred that he had shot at the wind in the guise of an old man, and had seen it disappear in a cleft of the rocks!

Self-Plagiarism. — Dr. Holmes tells a charming story of how, having once made a bright impromptu to a lady whose guest he was, on a lecturing tour, he, to his great consternation, caught himself repeating it to the same person at the same place and on a like visit, long afterwards. He had never thought of the remark since he first uttered it, till, through some occult trick of association, the identical words slipped again from his lips; but he records his conviction that the lady undoubtedly supposed him to be in the perennial habit of getting off the saying wherever he went.

I have always been grateful to the Autocrat for this confession, because it enabled me to receive as true the well-known Joe Miller of the gentleman who asked his servant, as they rode over a bridge, "John, do you like eggs?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. A year after, coming to the same spot, the master simply said, "How?" and instantly received the answer, "Poached, sir." This ancient chestnut became to me no longer a preposterous invention, but a profound illustration of the principle of recurrent ideas.

Self-plagiarism is of two sorts, the deliberate and the accidental. The former is like the familiar features in some of the old painters, who when they got a good thing clung to it, and when they considered that they did a thing well could not feel that they could do it too frequently. Witness for this the white horse of Wouverman, the satin robe of Gerard Terburg, the haunting face of his wife which looks out of Andrea del Sarto's canvases.

So it can hardly be by accident that two horsemen trot into so many opening chapters of Mr. G. P. R. James. This name, by the way, suggests (digressively) the distinction a friend of mine is wont to use. He is not a youthful friend, but is able to remember as far back as the days when we read Darnley and Morley Ernstein, as well as the later times when we took delight in Daisy Miller and other international episodes. We asked him how one could speak of our two authors without implying a comparison. Should it be as James the First and James the Second? "By no means," was the reply. "James the First (of England) was a consummate idiot, and James the Second an obstinate ass, and I would not wish to link even in a moment's thought the names of these regal dunces with my beloved authors. No, I distinguish by emphasis. I say 'James *the* novelist, and James the *novelist.*'" "And which is which?" we his admiring hearers asked. "Ah, that is precisely what I leave you to find out."

Commending this to my reader's sagacity, I return to my southdowns. No one can forget that Lord Macaulay's schoolboy was flung at many heads on whom he pronounced the sentence of inexcusable and egregious blundering. In fact, all style is more or less akin to self-plagiarism. It is the repetition of familiar terms by which the reader comes to feel the author's originality and individual lines of expression. Macaulay has a favorite trick of comparison of which one could give a dozen instances. The formula of it is that Smith is as much superior to Brown as Brown is to Jones. Carlyle's mannerisms crop up in every page. Thackeray is never tired of illustrating by images and metaphors drawn from the stage.

There is another form of this where the writer recasts his earlier work. One instance is Charlotte Brontë's revision of the Professor in Villette. Another is Tennyson's Lady of Shalott and Elaine. Bulwer amplified an earlier sketch into the powerful story of Zanoni. Thackeray made several shots at the burlesque story of Richard Cœur de Lion before he struck the bull's eye in Rebecca and Rowena. I suppose The Origin of Epping Hunt is known to but few of his admirers, but it is unquestionably the germ of the clever continuation of Ivanhoe. He having failed also to win the queen's cup by his farce of the Wolf and the Lamb, changed, in yachting parlance, his cutter into a schooner, and made much better sailing in Lovel the Widower.

But the unconscious repetition of self is of course the proper theme of this paper. The author who is simply an author is less exposed to this peril, for the reason that he seldom forgets the children of his brain. On the other hand, men who do much of their work for special occasions, who compose sermons, make speeches in

debate, lecture, write leaders for a daily journal, and who often have to get up their matter when by no means in training, can hardly help the occasional repetition of what they have said. The makers of after-dinner speeches and the tellers of post-prandial stories are, it is said, obliged to keep a sort of ledger, in which their *bon mots* are duly entered, with dates and names. No memory can stand the strain of recalling when and where a story has been told, if one is in the habit of firing the convivial rocket whenever the demand for fireworks is made.

Indeed, it is possible for a man to forget his own brilliancies. Some one quoted to Crabbe a passage of his on old age. "Ha! very good!" exclaimed the bard. "Whose is it?" This is the more remarkable since the six lines in question are quite vigorous enough to stay in the memory even of a casual reader. Had it been any other than George Crabbe, the guileless and revered clergyman of the Church of England, one would have called this affectation, instead of crediting it to the score of a psychological curiosity.

The real source, however, of self-plagiarism is that the author remembers the thing said, but not who said it. This can hardly come from want, but rather is the sign of excess, of mental wealth. Fox and Pitt might well be excused for not remembering all that they had spoken in the debates of the House of Commons, but "Single-Speech Hamilton" could hardly have forgotten his first and last display of oratory. It is said Sir Walter Scott did not recognize one of his own songs as he heard it sung; but the disguise of music to one who was no musician may have been enough to account for this.

There is still another element which enters into the case. The author remembers the thing said, forgets who said it, but likes it well enough on its own merits to adopt it. This is the voice of nature crying out to the long-lost child while ignorant of its parentage. This does happen in the working of what is called (most unphilosophically) absent-mindedness. It was Lord Ward, I think, — at any rate it was an English nobleman who was given to talking to himself, — of whom it was told that he once rode up to London in his chariot in that sort of self-communing, and ended by inviting himself to dinner, as the pleasantest fellow he had met with in the whole season. There was here, not absence of mind, but clearly mind enough for two. Like Alice in Wonderland, we all do something of this in dreams, but we quickly learn in our waking hours that we shall pass for being beside ourselves, and so the trick which solitary children almost always develop is brought to an end.

The point I make is, then, that it is not objectionable, under certain circumstances, to repeat one's self. This must not be the babble of childhood which comes from the activity of a brain that has not yet laid in an adequate store of material, but sings out of sheer inability to keep still. Nor is it to arise from the self-conceit of youth holding all its utterances for oracles. Still less should it proceed from the hardened egotism of middle age, which, having passed the pupil stage of life, is incapable of aught beyond its "little hoard of maxims" and its formulas of enlightened ignorance. Least of all may it be meaningless and servile prattle of the breaking mind, which forgets the phrase it has spoken but a moment agone, and saddens us with its importunate iteration.

It must spring from exuberance of strength, from the flush of life and the desire of doing so masterful as to shut out egotism which has

> "Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd in music out of sight."

Love language is self-plagiarism, the countless conjugatings of the verb "amo," which weary not the wooer to speak nor the wooed to hear, so long as the sense of self is absorbed in the presence of the beloved. When that begins to pall, it is a sure sign that Damon or Phyllis, or both, are resuming the consciousness of their own personality.

It is the effacement of egotism which lies at the root of all true and noble work, but in most of the great achievements of earth that effacement is by no means incompatible with the intensest feeling of personality. "My lord," said the great commoner in the crisis of Britain's fate, "I believe that I can save this country, and that no one else can." This is true because the highest sacrifice is the most voluntary; the most perfect valor is where the peril to be dared is most plainly perceived. Hence it is generally impossible for the man who

most entirely forgets himself in his work to forget that it is his work. It is in the rare case where the work is of a sort to possess the man utterly with the delight of doing that he ceases to remember what he has done. And since most human work is imperfect, and the better it is the more the true worker is aware of the imperfection, the less likely is he to forget himself in replica of his art or copies of his literary performances.

Nevertheless there is a danger, and since this paper is written under the sense of deserved critical correction, permit me to suggest a remedy which the legislature of the republic of letters will kindly consider, if it please.

The Bank of England has an inflexible rule that no note of its making shall ever be reissued. If a customer changes his mind on receiving his notes, and passes them back to be replaced by coin, the bank paper which has barely left the teller's hands, and has not gone out of his sight, is consigned to inexorable cremation. Let a like law govern the world of letters and art. Whatever ceases from circulation must die. No reissuing of thoughts and fancies shall be permissible.

How this law is to be enacted and enforced concerns the critics who have *not* failed in literature and art, and they, of course, will discover and decide.

Nantucket Quakers in France.

— The story of An Island Plant, in The Atlantic for May and June, reminds me of the curious concatenation of circumstances which brought Nantucket Quakers before the French National Assembly, to be addressed by Mirabeau.

Battered between hammer and anvil during the War of Independence, Nantucket fishermen found themselves, at the peace, shut out of British markets as foreigners. Some of them made overtures for immigration, first to England, where they encountered procrastination or refusal, and then to France. François Coffyn, a native of Dunkirk and an English interpreter, was anxious that they should settle in that port. They stipulated for exemption from import duties, a bounty on their sperm oil, the command of their own whalers, and liberty of conscience. Shubael Gardner, who had been a prisoner in London, conducted the negotiations, and in February, 1785, he went back to Nantucket, where Rotch convened the selectmen at Sherburne to consider Coffyn's offer. Coffyn raised the £1800 required for the expenses of the emigration, and Rotch, landing with his brother at Dunkirk on the 28th of April, proceeded to Paris to conclude the arrangement. Three oil-laden whalers — the Canton, Captain Whippey, the United States, Captain Thaddeus Coffin (a namesake, but of course no relation to François Coffyn), and the Mary, Captain Moore — shortly afterwards reached Dunkirk.

But, meanwhile, English intrigues, according to the Dunkirk historian, Derode, had made the French government change its mind, while, on the other hand, the London courts had raised the embargo on Nantucket oil, and the English authorities wished to reopen the negotiations for immigration. The fishermen, however, with Quaker probity, rejected these overtures as coming too late. Gardner, with his wife and daughter, accordingly sailed for Dunkirk, accompanied by six boats, and a refugee family from England followed.

The naval rope factory was assigned to the immigrants, until cottages and factories could be erected for them on the Isle Jeanty, and some lodged with the townspeople. In 1789, the three above-named whalers sailed from Dunkirk for Brazilian waters, and twelve others followed. A series of hitches, however, occurred. The French government refused to pay the promised bounty of fifty francs per ton, and England, obtaining a reduction of import duties, undersold the Nantucket settlers in the French market. The Revolution, with its civic oath and military service, brought further complications, so that on the 10th of February, 1791, three Quakers, their hats on their heads, appeared before the National Assembly. Their names were J. Marsillac, W. Rotch, and B. Rotch. Marsillac was a doctor, a graduate of Montpellier, who, a little later on, published a Life of Penn, and also a treatise on gout. How and when he had become a Quaker does not appear; but Languedoc then contained, as Nîmes still does, a few French Quakers, and these had apparently fraternized with the Nantucket immigrants. Of Marsillac there is no trace after 1792, but a Paris jeweler of that name, a native of Lyons, guillotined in 1794, may have been a kinsman. We can

fancy the half-puzzled, half-amused look of the Assembly and the galleries when one of the three hatted men, doubtless Marsillac, asked permission to read a memorial. After mentioning the Nantucket immigrants, and affirming the existence of Quakers in several towns and villages of Languedoc, the memorial explained the Quaker objection to oaths and to bearing arms ; it cited Pennsylvania in proof of the feasibility of these principles, and it pleaded for the toleration accorded in England and the United States.

Mirabeau, who was then president of the Assembly, made a characteristic reply. He expressed a hope that regenerated France would become a second Pennsylvania. He promised the fullest religious toleration, and raised no difficulty as to oaths ; but as to non-resistance, while admiring it as a grand philosophic principle, he suggested that self-defense was sometimes a duty, that liberty could not be won nor preserved except by force, and that colonists could not allow their wives and children to be slaughtered by savages. "If one of us," he added, "meets a Quaker, he will say to him, 'Brother, if thou hast a right to be free, thou hast a right to prevent thyself from being enslaved. Inasmuch as thou lovest thy fellow-man, do not allow him to be butchered by tyrants. It would be tantamount to killing him thyself. Dost thou desire peace? Remember that weakness is what causes war. General resistance implies universal peace.'"

The memorial was referred to the Constitutional Committee, and the deputation was invited to "the honors of the sitting ;" that is to say, to seats on the floor.

In September, 1791, the Assembly confirmed the engagements originally entered into, and invited a further immigration. Forty whalers are said to have sailed from Dunkirk in that year, the crews being half French. When war broke out with England, ninety fishermen asked permission to fly the American flag ; but this, of course, could not have been recognized by the English, and the fishery necessarily collapsed. On the 26th of October, 1793, another Dunkirk deputation waited on the Convention to complain that the English wives of some of them had been arrested by the municipality under the decree for the detention of British subjects, and the Convention ordered their release. On the 15th of September, 1795, a hatted Quaker, perhaps Marsillac, perhaps Rotch, was observed in the gallery of the Council of Elders, and one member would have had him ejected, but the Council left him unmolested.

Spasmodic attempts to revive the whale fishery were made during the short Peace of Amiens, and again in 1815, 1830, and 1836, but were fruitless. The present generation, however, has witnessed a revival, and there are now 100 or 120 boats, with 1500 sailors. But the Nantucket Quakers, with their (to French ears) outlandish Christian names, — Levi, Benjamin, Eliezer, Samuel, Laban, Shubael, — must either have quitted the town or have left no male issue, for I detect no trace of them in the Dunkirk directory.

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THE MAN FROM AIDONE.

I.

Along the road which leads up the mountain to Castrogiovanni, the men were returning from the day's work in the fields. The tramp of weary feet and the voices talking made a dull sound, like the noise of a forest before a storm. It was Saturday, so that Felice Mendola, the herder of horses in the meadow below Aggira, was coming to pass the holiday at his father's house. But contrary to his custom, he did not announce himself by a song before he could be seen at the turn of the road.

"What 's the matter with Felice, that he does n't give us the voice?" said the father, master Calogero, who sat in the doorway smoking a pipe.

The mother, comare Nunziata, could not say; and the daughter, Caterina, who was dishing the minestra, let fall the wooden spoon, and ran along the road to meet her brother.

"What is the matter with you, little brother, that you don't sing this evening?"

"And what should it be? Nothing."

But in the house Felice remained with a clouded face, talked little and ate less; and after supper he went out, and stood with his shoulders against the hay-rick, his hands thrust into his trousers pockets, staring at the ground.

"See, mamma," said Caterina, "to me it seems that Felice may have certain thoughts in his head. Perhaps he would like to talk to you about a marriage."

"Eh, these girls! Always marriage and marriage. Instead, take up those crumbs of Heaven's mercy from the floor, so that at least the hens may eat them. If not, before issuing from purgatory, bless you, you will have to pick them all up with your eyelashes. Give them to me here in my hand, that I may carry them to the coop."

With the pretext of the bread crumbs, Nunziata went out to find her son, who stood there making a great show of ill humor.

"And you, Felice, tell your mamma what is the matter with you."

"And what should it be? Nothing, I tell you, nothing."

"Who knows? There 's Caterina who says that you must be thinking about a bride."

"That is true. She has hit the mark. It is this way: until I can know that comare Agata Borello's Marina will have me, I cannot give myself peace. Rather, this blessed evening I 'll go to find Marina."

"Was ever seen such a mad boy! Oh, why will you be in such a haste? Wait until I go there first for propriety."

"Will you go there for me, mamma?"

"Surely. Monday morning, if the Lord sends us the day, I 'll go to borrow the weaving-comb from comare Agata. Give yourself peace about it, my little son, and come into the house, for your father will be glad to talk with you."

Felice straightened those stout arms and legs of his that leaned inert against

the hay-rick, and smiled, showing his teeth, white and square like kernels of unripe maize. All that melancholy, all that ill humor, which meant, according to the custom of Sicilian lads, "Mamma, go speak to the mamma of my girl," was suddenly past, like a cloud from over a meadow. Felice followed his mother to the house, and seated himself on the door-step beside his father. Caterina came near him.

"Look, little brother, I made you a cake this morning, while I waited for the oven to heat for the bread, which santa Zita sent to us well baked, crust and crumb. And then I forgot to put the cake before you at supper."

Felice, who had fasted that evening, in order to make the figure of a despairing lover, now ate his cake willingly. "Thank you, little sister," said he. As he broke the cake, he talked with the father, who had filled the clay pipe again. Washing the dishes, indoors, the two women exchanged certain glances.

"Who is it, and who is n't it, mamma?" whispered Caterina.

"'T is comare Agata's Marina. Monday, I told Felice, I will go to borrow the weaving-comb."

"Are you pleased, mamma?"

"And why not? If Felice is content, content am I. Comare Agata has brought up Marina as she ought. That girl does n't wear the mantellina halfway to the back of the head, or stretch her neck out of the window to look at those who pass by."

"You know that with Marina I made a little-finger friendship, so that we are true comari between ourselves. I would willingly call her sister-in-law."

Between master Calogero and his son nothing was said about any marriage. They talked of the weather that promised well for the fields, where the grain was already rather tall and of a fine green color; and about the horses of master Turi Lucernini, of which Felice was herder. At the end of the week, provided there were no horse or colt ill, — a thing which rarely happened with those beautiful robust animals, — Felice could leave them in care of Pietro, the boy, and come home to pass Sunday, have his clothes mended, and put a provision of bread and onions in his bag.

"Do you know, daddy, I 'm almost inclined to quit the life of a herder. Down there I feel myself too lonely, and I 'm growing dumb as a beast. One can talk to the horses, it is true; they understand you just like Christians. They look at you with kind eyes, and nod 'Yes, yes,' with their heads, and they rub against you with their noses, as if they would say, 'A pity that we have n't speech.' But, all the same, speech they have not, poor beasts! I run beside them all day; and at night I sleep under the stars, with my head on the shoulder of the roan, that fine three-year colt of la Baia. And I take the frost and the heat there as Heaven sends them, for I 'm all one with the horses; for me, they are like so many persons of my own town. And they are all good. There is none that bites or fires off kicks. I love them like so many brothers, — I love them. But here 's the trouble: to wander so over the plains and the hills, how shall I do in order to become a little instructed, so as not to remain a simpleton? Of learning I have n't any, except the A B C book of san Francesco di Paola which was thrust into my swaddling-clothes the day that I was born."

"And if so much has been enough for me, it might serve also for you, one would say. But do as you will, for a good lad you have been always."

"Next week, perhaps, I will talk with master Turi, to take leave and get my pay. And if I can bargain for the roan colt, then I will buy me a cart and be a carrier. On the road to Caltanisetta there is always enough to do."

"Do what you think best, my son. I don't oppose it."

Now, even into the head of daddy Calogero, who thought over things slowly, as cattle chew the cud, there entered the idea that, since Felice complained of feeling lonely, and wished to change his trade, the young fellow might be thinking of marriage.

The father said as much, in the night, to his wife. But she did not wish her husband to squeeze those grapes before they were ripe, talking about the affair that was not yet settled, among his cronies in the piazza Sunday afternoon. So she answered him: —

"'T is twenty-nine years, my old man, since you have talked about brides. You are turning silly again, as in the days when you used to wait for me beside the font of holy water at the church door. If our son were troubled with love, do you believe that he could snore up there in the loft, like the blessed pig of sant' Antonio? It must have been some annoyance about the horses, or some displeasure with Pietro." She pushed her husband in the ribs with her elbow. "You have more notions in your head than there are holes in a sieve. Holy night and the saints watch you, Calò."

Sunday morning, Marina came into the church with her mother and the little sister Rosaria. Marina appeared to compare Felice like a ray of the sun that made everything into gold. She was tall and graceful as a palm-tree, and walked as if she were a princess. When Felice hastened to offer her the holy water, the drops on her fingers sparkled like diamonds.

"Come to-morrow," he said in his heart, "my mother goes to ask for you, beauty!" He stayed in the church until mass was over. He would not have been surprised if padre Serafino, walking up and down the platform as he preached the sermon, had addressed praises to comare Marina. For she looked like the blessed santa Matilde, whose day it was, descended from heaven on purpose. All must admire Marina, even the dogs that strayed into the church. Don Neddu Longo, the sacristan, did his best, however, to drive the dogs out, *passicani, passicani;* pushing them with his stick, but quietly, in order not to make confusion among the devout.

The beautiful March sun was shining to make the grain grow. For it is not true that the sun lives like a lord, with his hands on his belt doing nothing. In the afternoon the men of Castrogiovanni met as usual in the piazza. Daddy Calogero had found compare Gianpaolo Burgio and uncle Mommu Bricca the carpenter, and mastro Neddu Longo. They sat together on the steps, and delivered their opinions. Comare Nunziata, when she met mistress Agata and her daughters, was bursting with the wish to say four words in favor of her son. But things ought to be done in order; and one does not borrow weaving-combs on Sunday.

"'T is a long time that I have not seen you, comare Agata," she said. "Indeed, I have the intention to come to visit you to-morrow."

"And you will be welcome, comare Nunziata."

But Caterina, who had not so many scruples, asked Marina, "Are there blossoms on the carnation plant on your window-sill?"

"There is a bud that already shows a red streak."

"Make it bloom before my brother comes home the next time, I counsel you, *cumaredda.*"

For these girls had vowed themselves comari, when they were children: each had pulled out a hair of her head, and with these hairs twisted together in their hands they had hooked their little fingers, and swung their arms in cadence. "Fly away, hair, into the sea, we are comari, comari are we," they had sung, as little girls do, in order to establish a friendship.

At those words about the carnation Marina turned scarlet, so much so that

the flower could hardly have outdone her. Rosaria, Marina's little sister, who had not yet begun to think about lovers, opened her eyes wide, for she saw no point to the discourse.

Meanwhile, Felice, not to lose time, had begun to ingratiate himself with master Peppi Crocco, the carrier, who, it was said, was going to America, and therefore would sell his cart.

"Master Peppi, if I come before dawn to disturb you about the cart, it is because I must be early with the horses."

"Sunday it is; but I will say that I would sell my cart to you rather than to another, for you are the son of a respected father. And also, I would let you have the harness at a low price, if we should come to terms."

Now, on a day that is not a holiday, few compliments are made when people bargain. But it is always a pleasure to hear words of esteem to one's address; and Felice already saw himself on that cart, with a load of wine or grain, driving the roan along the Caltanisetta road. When, later, he joined his family to go to the house, Caterina pulled his sleeve.

"Comare Agata did not appear at all displeased when mamma spoke of visiting her to-morrow; and also I did not fail to speak a little word in the ear of Marina," she told him.

"You are a good little sister," he said, thrusting aside the pig of comare Santa Burgio, that had planted itself on the stones of the narrow lane, as if it would have people walk in the mire.

Now that the ground was broken, so to say, there was no longer any reason to be silent before daddy Calogero. He certainly had a right to know it when they intended to bring a daughter-in-law into his house.

"Do you know, Calò," said his wife, "that to-morrow I go to borrow the weaving-comb of comare Agata Borello?"

"And how much dowry does she give her daughter?"

"What do I know about it? If we come to agreement, comare Agata will send me the estimate in writing; and she is not a woman to wish to make a poor figure when she marries her girl."

"That is true. Listen, Felice. You may tell master Turi to give you the wages all in money; because for the roan colt I will pay, myself, and make you a present of him. But bargain carefully, for if that horse is well trained it is because you have taught him; and you must make master Turi observe as much, when the price is talked about."

"If I can have Marina and the roan, I shall feel myself equal to more than Charlemagne!"

"And don't boast; otherwise you will draw envies on yourself."

Now that the mother would speak for him, Felice could hope everything. While the morning star was still in the sky, he went to master Crocco, and made the bargain for the cart and harness. Then, singing fit to split his throat, he went down the mountain, and followed the road toward Aggira.

Far off he recognized Pietro, and called him: "Ohè, Pietro! How are the horses?"

"Well they are."

And even before Pietro's voice he heard the neigh of some horses that expected him. "That is Baia, and that is the dapple-gray; and that, like music, is my roan!"

As Felice came near, the horses ran toward him, galloping in circles, with their manes to the wind. The old Baia, the mare that wore the bell, mother of many colts, stood still and waited for him. The roan trotted near, and rubbed his muzzle against the shoulders of Felice.

"Here I am back again, my fine Riuzzu!"

And the horse answered him in the trilling whinny that seems like the speech of one of those towns where they talk a sort of Greek, but you understand

that they mean well by you all the same.

Riuzzu — that had rightly his name, for indeed he appeared a prince among horses — returned to nibble clover. The others stood eating, or lay on the thick grass. The mares had their young colts beside them.

"If you were to have the care of the horses, Pietro, would you treat them like the gentry that they are, never throwing stones or shouting at them without manners?"

"What is come into your mind, master Felice? Do you think to go away from here?"

"If it is the will of Heaven."

II.

Meanwhile, after daddy Calogero was gone into the fields, mamma Nunziata betook herself to the tavern of comare Agata Borello. There was a fresh bush over the door, which stood open to invite customers. Nunziata knocked, *tuppi, tuppi.*

"Who is there?" cried comare Agata within. Then she opened the door.

"Oh, good-day, comare Nunziata."

"Thank the Lord," she responded, entering.

The hostess brought forward the best chair.

"Accommodate yourself, comare."

"If I come so early to inconvenience you, mistress Agata, it is because I would ask the favor that you lend me a weaving-comb, like this, either of *sidici* (sixteen) or of *nove* (nine). And I don't conceal from you that the former would suit me best."

"Run, Marina!" said comare Agata. "It seems to me that the fowls cackle as if a weasel were near the coop. And you, Rosaria, go to the cellar to bring a pitcher of wine, of that good sort, that mistress Nunziata may moisten her mouth."

The girls sent off, comare Agata looked her visitor in the face. "I go to get the comb of sidici for you, comare."

Of course, the more or less teeth of the weaving-comb that she did not need mattered nothing to comare Nunziata. But to hear from the mouth of Marina's mother a fine "si" instead of an ugly "no" made her as content as if she herself were the accepted bridegroom. Instead of going at once to seek the weaving-comb, mistress Agata went down to find Rosaria among the casks. "You stay here and do a little cleaning. Or else go out and search for eggs. I have to talk of affairs with comare Nunziata Mendola."

"And what affairs, mamma?"

"That you don't come into; and if you stick your nose in, I 'll call the black babau to come to take you," answered the mother in the best humor.

Rosaria narrowed her eyes, remembering the evening before, when Caterina had said that foolishness about the carnations. It seemed to her that she understood something. "Mistress Nunziata is come about a marriage for my sister," she said within herself.

To Marina there was no need to say anything. She comprehended very well, and would not show herself until comare Nunziata should be gone away; for she was a well-educated girl. Meanwhile, comare Agata took the weaving-comb, the first that came under her hand, without heeding the number of its teeth, and carried it into the room where comare Nunziata awaited her. The latter, like a good housewife, had looked around her. Everything was well kept. The linen on the table was woven without ugly knots, and clean enough to be a pleasure to see, even to the angel that passes, when the tablecloth is spread, to put the mercies of Heaven upon it.

"One sees that in your house the art of weaving is known, comare Agata."

"My daughter Marina it is who does so well."

"And because you have taught her."

"She is only eighteen, and already she has spun and woven a chest full of linen and woolen cloth."

"So that she is not unprovided, if there should arrive the husband to her liking."

"Oh, for that there 's time. I am not sorry to keep her yet like a carnation-flower at my window."

"But of those that are always at the window, comare Agata, your daughter is not. As I have observed to my son Felice, that girl is at the loom in the house, and with her nose inside the mantellina in the street."

"That is just, comare. And your son, what is he doing?"

"He is gone back this morning to the pastures. But he has told his father that he means to buy a horse and cart, to be a carrier on the Caltanisetta road. He is a good boy, who has never given us displeasures. Now, when he shall have the cart he will be a serious man, and he could take a wife."

Now they were coming to the point. Comare Agata Borello nodded, to show that she understood.

"I confess that to every girl I would n't say, Welcome, daughter-in-law! But if Marina" —

"You do her honor, comare Nunziata."

"Also Calogero would be disposed to love her like a daughter of his own."

"He has a great heart, like a mountain, has compare Calogero."

"So say I, who am his woman these twenty-eight years. And for disposition, Felice is all his father, good as bread."

"Also my Marina, I don't say it for the sake of talking, is mild so that she lets herself be guided, until now by the mother, as in future by the husband. If that is the will of Heaven."

At this point, Rosaria entered with a pitcher of wine and poured a glass for comare Nunziata, who, after the due compliments, took leave, and went home quite content.

When Marina went with her jar to get water at the fountain, there were already comare Nunziata's Caterina, and Sabedda and Arcangela Burgio, and master Neddu Longo's daughters, Grazia and Peppa, all chattering together like sparrows on a threshing-floor.

"I will help you to fill your jar, Marina," said Caterina joyously.

"And you do me a favor, cumaredda."

As they filled the jar, Caterina spoke in the ear of Marina. "My brother wishes to marry you."

"Me? Compare Felice wants me? But I 'm brown and ugly, you know."

She said it with feigned surprise and loud enough for the others to hear.

"But you are beautiful as a princess," Felice's sister told her.

"Pepper is black, but is worth so much gold," added Arcangela Burgio.

"The night is dark, but it wears the moon and the stars." This fine compliment was from master Neddu's Grazia.

"'T is really the will of Heaven," said Sabedda. "Do you remember, Marina, a year ago, when your mamma put your garter under the dust of the road, fate willed that he who passed there first was master Turi Lucernini. A sign that also your bridegroom would be a herder of horses. It was written above that you were to marry compare Felice Mendola."

And the girls made her so many fine speeches that Marina believed certainly that the will of Heaven was that she should marry compare Felice. Upon this she was quite in accord with Providence. Also, she had heard songs under the window at night and had recognized the beautiful voice of Felice, with whom she had so many times alternated verses on the threshing-floor, or of winter evenings in the barns. So what comare Caterina said did not come as news to her.

"What have I to say to my brother from you, Marina?"

"You will tell him that I thank him for so much esteem." And, with the jar of water on her head, Marina went home and Caterina accompanied her.

Now that those two were gone away, the other girls redoubled the chatter, so that it seemed like sparrows when they come to a quarrel over a choice morsel. Says the proverb: Who is born is beautiful, who weds is good, who dies is holy. But it is also true that when a girl is newly courted or betrothed, the others say things of all colors about her and about the lad. A little for envy, on the part of those who have n't seen even the shadow of a lover for themselves; a little for curiosity; and also because in talk, vinegar has more taste than honey. And they commiserate the young man who, it appears, has made a poor choice. Although, it is true, no other girl would have had him, not even were he made of gold.

"Oh, what sort of a trade has compare Felice, that he thinks to marry? He will have to leave his wife alone in the house, while he stays away with the horses until Saturday evening."

"But have n't you heard, Sabedda, how he has bought the cart and harness of master Crocco, who goes to America? And his father, Caterina says, will give him the horse, that he may be carrier on the Caltanisetta road."

"And who knows if he will do a good business? A new trade is always a risk. To sell figs to-day and pottery to-morrow, there 's a chance to lose by it. For me, I prefer certainties."

"And it appears that you have them," murmured Grazia Longo with malice. For in fact, comare Sabedda was the eldest of master Burgio's children, and was getting a little mouldy, according to those girls.

"I would like to know whether compare Felice leaves master Turi of his own will, or whether he was dismissed. And why should master Turi send him away? Certainly Felice would be good with the horses."

"Good, yes. Even too much so. But he might have a little more wit; it seems as if don Serafino, baptizing him, had taken too scant a pinch of salt."

So they rent the garments of the neighbor, as is the saying; yet truly those girls wished no harm to anybody. Talk and talk — by way of not letting their tongues rust.

The betrothal of Felice Mendola with comare Agata Borello's Marina was soon known. Everybody, even the mammas who would not have been sorry to send the list of their own daughters' dowry to the house of master Calogero, spoke well of the young pair. And little by little the spites of the girls changed into that curious worship which they pay to one who is soon to be a wife.

The next Saturday evening, compare Felice sang with full lungs as he came up the mountain. He was in the best humor, and did not disdain the supper that his mother and sister put on the table. Daddy Calogero had, in course of the week, made an errand to Aggira about some lupines that he wished to sell to master Turi. He told Felice that mistress Agata Borello was content as Easter day to have him for son-in-law, and it only remained for him to talk to the girl. Then the father and son together had bargained with master Turi for the roan. The horse-owner said that Felice must stay with the animals until after the fair of Castrogiovanni, for he himself was old and Pietro was but a boy. Felice would be needed to lead the horses up the mountain, in midst of that crowd of beasts and carts and carriages and people, so noisy that it would appear like the end of the world!

Therefore Felice agreed to herd the horses until after the fair in May, to lead the string to be sold, and bring back those that should remain after the three days of the sale were ended.

"I have thought, daddy, that Lorenzo Burgio might take my place, and so I told master Lucernini. To-morrow, in the piazza, I will talk about it with Lorenzo. If he will, I can readily tell him the disposition of the different horses: the gray, that is wild until he is sure that you are his friend; the little bay mare, that nips the others and then squeals as if she were hurt; old Baia, who tells you beforehand by her ways when there is to be wind or rain; the black, gentle as a lamb, but if you give him the word he flies like an eagle. They are all good, those horses. But the best is my Riuzzu!"

After supper, Felice went to the tavern of comare Agata. There at a table were some men that he knew, eating sausages and macaroni. As he entered, they called him.

"Ohè, compare Felice! Sit at table to eat a mouthful with us." For they wished to congratulate him.

"Thanks, so many. Excuse me this time, for I have already eaten at home. I come on a message from my mother to comare Agata."

So, for manners, they said no more and contented themselves with drinking the health of compare Felice. He, standing near, drank a little glass and thanked the friends. Then he went into the kitchen where comare Agata was toasting sausages. The daughters were beside her. He saluted them, in midst of the smoke and hiss of the frying-pan.

"Blessed are they who see you, compare Felice. Now, let us hope, you will no longer make yourself so wished for. I have heard from your mother that you are leaving master Turi."

"It is true."

"Here, Rosaria, take these sausages to the table. For Lorenzo Burgio and company have an appetite!" Rosaria carried away the platter.

Marina, quite red, stood twisting the corner of her apron; while Felice, from the other side of the room, turned certain sweet glances upon her through the unctuous smoke.

"'T is very warm here," he stammered, partly because he felt so, to be near to the oven and near to Marina, and also because he wished to say something in order not to appear awkward.

"Go, you others that have n't this job of the sausages, to seat yourselves in the doorway. At least one can breathe there," said mistress Agata.

This was a sign of very great favor to Felice, and so he esteemed it. The young people went to sit on the threshold, each pressing against a side of the doorway, withdrawing from one another for shyness. Marina spoke first: —

"If Heaven please, compare Felice, this year your father will have a fine crop of grain. And also the vineyards will do well, as was seen in the rainbow of last evening."

"That is true. In the *arcobaleno* there was much of yellow and of red. Little of green, however — which is a bad sign for the olives."

"It must have been really by miracle that Noah made the beasts ascend, two by two, upon that ark! Because to look at it now, it seems as if not even a goat could climb it, more than upon a cupola."

"You say well, comare Marina."

"Shall you have many horses to bring to the fair?"

"A fine string of them, between horses and colts. But the best, Riuzzu the roan, has been bought by my father, who has made me the gift of him. So, with the cart of master Crocco, I can earn enough, in case" —

Felice, quite red, feared to have said too much. Marina — who while they were talking about Noah's ark, which now and then appears in the skies to rejoice Christians after the rain, and about the horses, had remained stiff against the doorway — now made herself a little more comfortable without minding that her shoulder approached that of compare Felice. The mamma, every now and

then, gave a glance with the tail of the eye at the lovers.

However awkward Felice might be, he was able to perceive that Marina did not take it amiss, that "in case" of his. So he took courage and went on: —

"If I have thought best to change my trade, comare Marina, it is in order to plant a beautiful palm-tree at the door of my father's house, to call a dove to alight upon his roof."

Felice was all in a perspiration with this fine speech. So it is that love can make, for once, a poet of a peasant, who before was dumb like his beasts.

"If you will do me the honor to marry me, comare Marina, I will carry you in my hands like the banner of a saint. And rough as I am, I will do my best to make you content."

Between the ornate phrases that belonged to the occasion and the sober words which came from the heart, Marina let herself be persuaded.

"Oh, why do you want me? I 'm ugly, as I made your sister observe when she brought me your compliments, compare Felice."

"You are beautiful, so that you appear like the morning-star. And I want you, comare Marina."

"What will your mother say to it?"

"You know very well that she came willingly for the weaving-comb. You will do her a pleasure if you take me. Also to my father and to Caterina, your comare of the little-finger. Look, I love you so much, so much, Marina! And to me will you not say a little word?"

Marina gave him a smiling look which was worth a hundred words. Compare Felice, against his duty, let off a great kiss upon her cheek, the sound of which was smothered by the sputter of the sausages, and therefore did not reach the ears of comare Agata. Other customers were arriving, some men from Catania, and mistress Agata and Rosaria must make themselves into four to prepare the supper.

"And why don't you make Marina give us a hand, mamma?"

"Oh, have n't you a crumb of brain? There 's compare Felice discoursing with her."

"He might talk with her another time."

"Would you like to eat wedding sugar-plums, — yes or no? So it is; one must speak clearly to you, Rosaria. Compare Felice will marry Marina."

"Yes, I would willingly eat sugar-plums," said little Rosaria quite gravely. And she went into the next room, carrying a dish of lasagne to the table.

Now it was for mistress Agata to cause the estimate of the dowry to be made; and if this should content the parents of Felice, as indeed she could not doubt, the betrothal would be made before the eyes of people, and the young pair could be married after the wheat harvest. For 't is unlucky to wed in May; and then there would be the fair of Castrogiovanni, to which customers come from all Sicily, from Calabria, from Naples, from Rome, and from places still more distant. Afterward, they must stand ready from day to day to cut the wheat; for, says the proverb, In May, sharpen the scythe. So mistress Agata told the neighbors, who took it as an invitation, that on the next Thursday the dowry would be appraised.

There came donna Maria Alimena, the dressmaker, who was an expert and knew the just value of every thread. There came don Egidio Russo, the notary, long and lean as a cane of the vineyard, with his bag of papers, to write the list as donna Maria would prompt him. All the women and girls of the neighborhood were at the tavern; not one was missing. They came for curiosity to see all that linen and woolen, the gowns stretched across the room, the sheets and pillowcases and towels and tablecloths and chemises, folded in piles of four and four, upon comare Agata's bed. The walnut-wood chest of drawers,

the chairs and table, the dishes and pans, were set in order. The women crowded about, feeling the quality of the linen, examining the furniture, everybody saying her say. The girls were certain that they too, one day, would have an outfit which should make this of comare Marina appear a poor thing. Donna Maria Alimena was quite glorious: she had power to appraise everything, and there was no appeal, as if she were a pope. She ran back and forth, speaking in the ear of don Egidio, who wrote just as she dictated, so much for this and for that, on a large sheet of paper with the initials of the Holy Family written at the top, while the women strained their ears, but without avail, to hear some of those ciphers. Don Egidio wrote deliberately, now and then passing the nib of the pen over the edge of his thumbnail, because the ink was thick. But what a beautiful caligraphy — whoever had instruction enough to read it!

Marina stood at one side of the room, modest, with her eyes cast down, as if she wished to appear without interest in the matter. The girls, now that certainly none of them could marry compare Felice Mendola, — as if they would! — seemed to enjoy her good fortune. The mammas said various kind things to comare Agata and also to Marina, so that her cheeks became red as embers. Now donna Maria Alimena had estimated everything, down to the last skein of yarn.

"An outfit, mistress Agata, that is a pleasure to appraise. It can't be said that your daughter goes empty-handed to the husband."

And don Egidio Russo wiped the pen on the side of his black trousers, and replaced the papers in his bag. Then he consigned the estimate to mistress Agata. "There has been something to write, we may say. I wish good fortune to the happy pair."

He accepted the glass of wine that was offered to him. Then he went away on the horse that had awaited him, tied to a fig-tree near the door.

As soon as the notary was gone, the women, who had spoken softly from respect for him, began to buzz like bees. They surrounded donna Maria Alimena, who told of a visit lately made by her to Catania, where, in a shop, she had seen some gowns that came from Paris of France. "Certain fashions, however, that, on her conscience, she could n't recommend to Christians." But even the devout showed much curiosity to learn how those gowns were cut.

"Low-necked, so that they appeared fit only for puppets, not to offend the ears of these girls by naming worse," said donna Maria.

Comare Santa Burgio crossed herself, to hear about such things; although truly donna Maria Alimena was a judicious person, who spoke with due reserve. After the dressmaker was gone to her own house, the women who remained at the tavern, all in the vein of talking, told the seven wonders about their poultry, their pigs, their husbands, their spinning and weaving. Each had a story to outrank the others. Finally, one saw by the shadow on the mountain that it was near to Ave Maria, so that she must run home, not to let her man lack a dish of hot minestra; for, poor fellow, he worked enough for ten men, and some refreshment, Heaven knew, he needed. Also another felt the kettle upon her mind. A neighbor, a poor housekeeper, who was n't ashamed to bake on Thursday that it was, instead of Saturday as is the custom, remembered that she had left the bread in the oven. Santa Zita send that it was n't reduced to a cinder!

The women departed, and comare Agata was left alone with her daughters, content as a general after a victory.

The estimate of the dowry having been sent to the parents of Felice, they got it read to them by the apothecary, who told them that they were making an excellent affair. On the next Satur-

day evening, Felice, with relatives and friends, came to the tavern of mistress Agata for the betrothal. He brought the gold ring and the ribbon of a beautiful dark red. His mother parted the hair of Marina and combed it, braiding in the ribbon. They ate raisins and nuts, and drank to the bride and the bridegroom. Marina gave a silk handkerchief to Lorenzo Burgio and to those other fellows who were friends of Felice. They said that they were his men, and would respect his rights when he should be away at the pastures of Aggira.

There, in the hours while he watched the horses, it seemed to him a thousand years before he could leave the service of master Turi and return to Castrogiovanni, where, every day, he would be able to see Marina. Saturdays, however, he always came home; and, after supper, riding Riuzzu, in order to make a fine show of himself, he went to visit his bride. But it was always Rosaria who first said, "There comes compare Felice." And when Marina, a little vexed, would ask, "And how do you know it?" Rosaria answered, "I can distinguish the sound of Riuzzu's hoofs." For between the little sister and the horse was established a great friendship.

Now, unluckily, Felice could no longer find beautiful words as in that evening when certainly some saint must have loosened his tongue. Instead, he talked with Marina about the room that they would have in his father's house, and of the trade on the Caltanisetta road that would bring twice as much as herding horses. Or she told him of the new piece of cloth that she had begun to weave. They had come to facts; but even facts appeared to them beautiful. Meanwhile the mamma sat near, knitting, but she took care not to hear with the ear which was turned toward the lovers. Rosaria would take her scissors and go out to cut handfuls of grass for the good roan, that followed her like a lamb. Also Marina wished well to the horse; sometimes she caressed his neck and spoke to him with her soft voice. But the girl at sight of whom Riuzzu whinnied for joy was Rosaria.

III.

Now, along the roads of Castrogiovanni, vast droves of cattle and sheep and goats and pigs were coming to the fair, amid clouds of dust, under the sun of May. The herders rode on horses or mules, or went on foot, back and forth beside the beasts. There were great armies of donkeys that took to running, with their necks stretched out, braying as if the wolves were after them. Flocks of sheep came, crowding their sides against each other, the lambs doing their best not to be left behind their mothers. Herds of cattle came tossing their horns and trampling, some sullen, some pushing each other for play. Here a beautiful heifer loitered, turning her slow eyes to right and left, while the bell on her neck tinkled. Peasants, men and women, guided a donkey cart loaded with poultry, cackling and fluttering, or with fruit and vegetables. Some poor fellows had a single sheep, or one ass, or sole pig to sell. A swineherd and his boy passed with a great drove of pigs, which ran squealing this way and that, so that there was needed the hand of sant' Antonio himself to keep them together. Companies of beautiful horses were seen, deep-chested, with delicate heads and clean limbs. Of these none were better than the horses of master Turi Lucernini, with their shining coats and hoofs that seemed to scorn the earth as they trod it. Felice rode the fine black, Mureddu, which was all decked with tassels and ribbons, flame-red against the skin that was the color of coal.

Also Pietro was on horseback, in the saddle of a gray mare; whose sister that resembled her, dapple for dapple, ran beside. The horses distrusted the cattle,

that bellowed and raised the dust, like rude beasts as they are, and the herders had to reassure them. "O my beauty! O son of a golden mare! Be tranquil, for I 'll avert the danger from you! Quiet, O skin of spun silk!" And they ran them in, sometimes throwing pebbles not bigger than a bean to urge them. "O hoofs of silver! O legs of the four winds! My fine little horse, *cavadduzzu beddu!*"

So, at last, they reached the tableland a little to the south of Castrogiovanni. Now there was wanted the justice of King Solomon to divide the land so everybody could have a place. The noise of all those feet and voices of men and beasts was fit to stun people. The herdsmen rode about at full gallop to choose their places, dashing through droves of animals, so that it was by miracle that no harm was done.

"With permission, I take a place for my goats near your horses, master herder."

As he was spoken to, compare Felice turned to look at the man who stood beside him. This one was tall and dark, so that he appeared like a Turk, and had great black eyes which put one in awe of him. Certainly he had *omertà*, and would make justice for himself without recourse to anybody. He had crisp black hair, and a smile that was like a ray of the sun from a heavy cloud.

"At the service of your excellency," replied Felice.

"I call myself Antonio Morreale, from Aidone; and I am a renter of the landowner, don Cosimo Mascarelli."

"My name is Felice Mendola, and I am a herder of the horses of master Turi Lucernini, of Aggira."

So they exchanged names, and herded their animals near each other. Felice took care to leave room enough for master Antonio. The latter had already seen how beautiful was the black horse, that had not a single white hair, and whose tail touched the ground.

"Master Felice, if we can come to terms, it appears to me that that horse suits my case."

"And why not, master Antonio?"

Now these words were so much air and no more, because, as is known, at the fair of Castrogiovanni, the first day they look, the second they talk, and the third they buy. But every time that Antonio Morreale looked at that horse he said, "You 're to my taste." And soon Mureddu took to wishing him well, so much so that he rubbed his muzzle against Antonio's jacket as if to say, "I should be glad if you would buy me, since destiny wills that I quit master Felice."

Also, in the town, everything was active. At the inn of comare Agata there was so much to be done, that mistress Nunziata Mendola and her daughter Caterina were come to give a hand, as if they were already relatives. Comare Santa Burgio was obliged to help her husband and Lorenzo in the wine-shop, but she sent her girls, Sabedda and Arcangela, dressed in their holiday clothes, to be useful to comare Agata in the kitchen or at the tables. Days beforehand, they had prepared the various mercies of Heaven. The fire of the oven was never out, except when at night they veiled it with ashes. There were kneading-trays full of lasagne, and loaves piled up like the stones of a well, and cakes with nuts and honey and raisins mixed with fine flour, to please the gentry. Master Crocco, who would not go away down there to America without enjoying one more fair, had brought such loads of wine to comare Agata that nobody need go with a dry mouth, provided one had a few soldi to pay for a glass. After the fair, master Crocco would leave his cart in the stable of daddy Calogero. There it would be painted, and stand ready for Felice when he could leave the horses of master Turi.

The town was changed, so that it did

not seem real. Booths everywhere, with fruit and cloth and kettles and knives and trinkets, the sellers crying their goods. People shouted and bargained in tongues not only of Sicily, but also of the peninsula, of which you could not understand a blessed word, so that they were obliged often to talk with gestures, which everybody comprehends. The women, who usually made themselves heard from windows and doorways across the streets and at a distance, — for the town was so quiet that you could not crack a nut without letting it be known in the next parish, — now put their heads together and raised their voices if they wanted to hear the news. Uncle Burgio, at the door of the wine-shop, observed everything : —

" Were ever seen so many foreigners ! What manners, what clothes, Heaven save us ! They must spend the eyes out of their heads, to wear such broadcloth. How handsome that Calabrian baron, with his wide hat of gray felt, and his tall boots, making his horse caracole to get himself looked at by the pretty girls at the door of comare Agata's tavern ! Did you observe that old man from the plain of Catania ? That one has property as far as the eye can reach, grainfields and olives and vines. Last year, a townsman of his told me that one of his barns burst with the crop, and the peasants crawled among the ruins to take out the grain, while he and the overseers rode about, with pistols in their belts, so that not even a woman should rob him of an apronful of it. Only the doves and the sparrows got some, lifting their heads to thank the Lord for the mouthful."

At the tavern, comare Agata was full of business. " Run my girls, more customers are coming ! For there is no time, these days, to stand and chatter. There comes compare Felice Mendola, with another ! Go to serve them, Sabedda."

But Sabedda feigned not to hear, and kept on wiping with a cloth a table where the glasses had left wet rings and little pools. " That 's your affair, Marina," said Arcangela, " go you, rather."

Not to appear whimsical, Marina went forward. " Good day, Marina," said Felice. " Here is master Antonio Morreale from Aidone, who has his goats near my horses, that will do me the favor to eat something ! "

Master Antonio looked at her with eyes that said, " I would like to eat you, that resemble a beautiful peach," and at that ardent glance of his, Marina was quite confused.

" Signora Marina, if you do us the honor to pour the wine, it will seem like that which the king drinks ! "

And he, so tall and powerful, had an air of such humility and spoke so gently that Marina hardly knew how to answer, and was in awe of him.

Once, as she set before him a dish, he pressed her hand slightly with the pretext of helping her with that heavy platter. She was angry a little with him, who was so bold ; and a little also with Felice, so stupid that he did not perceive anything. Caterina passed by, with bottles in her hands, and stopped to tell her brother about the hen that had hatched a brood of chickens, and the pig that had taken on flesh as if he knew that he was to help forward the payment of the cart and harness. Meanwhile, Antonio Morreale talked with Marina, saying things that were not out of the common, only with glances which seemed to her like a mirror that showed her beauty to herself.

He had a tongue that dropped honey and oil, that man from Aidone ! He made her compliments and jests, showing her always respect as if to a lady. He told her about Girgenti, where he once worked in the sulphur-mines, and of a voyage as far as Tunis. He had seen Rome and the holy places, and Naples and Palermo. Master Antonio was better than a story-teller of the piazza.

Then Marina gave a glance at Felice

to see if he were displeased. Caterina had gone away to serve some Calabrians, who sat at table with their black cloaks in a heap on the floor by their side, and Felice was listening with a serene brow to the discourse of master Antonio. The meal finished, Felice went to pay for both. But mistress Agata would take nothing for what he had eaten, only for the other.

"We shall see, Felice, whether one has to pay at the table of his mother-in-law!" And she laughed good-humoredly as she counted the change in her hand.

"It has been told me, mistress Marina, that you are to marry Felice Mendola," said the man from Aidone.

"If it is the will of Heaven."

"I wish you happiness and kiss your hands."

Then Antonio Morreale went to rejoin Felice at the door; and Marina saw them go away together toward the field of the animals.

"How handsome that Christian is," said Arcangela Burgio, with her hands on Marina's shoulders. "He looked like the image of san Cristoforo!"

"To me, he looked more like a Moor," replied Marina, a little annoyed, she did not know why.

"Ohè, girls!" cried comare Agata from the kitchen, "take these eggs from the pan, quick."

Among his horses, Felice was content and tranquil as if he had been on the sunny pasture below Aggira, with no noise to be heard except the rustling of the leaves or the gurgling of the brook.

He had seen Marina beautiful and admired in her mother's house, in company with his own mother and sister, busy with homely cares — as one day, please the Lord, he would see her when she should have become his wife. It appeared to him to have before his eyes her smooth wrists and the little thumb in the bowl of minestra as she had set it before him upon the table.

While Antonio Morreale was thinking, "That girl would do for me, just like the black horse. The horse I 'll buy from that simpleton of a Felice. And by this blessed day, I 'll rob him of the bride! At least, between us two she shall make her choice. However, it will need more than the three days of the fair to conclude that bargain."

Master Turi Lucernini came riding his favorite bay horse, a brother to Riuzzu the roan. He praised Felice for the excellent appearance of the horses. He also said that in case Felice judged best to lower the price of some of them, he should do so.

"But neither shall I be discontent if you bring back the pair of grays and also the black. For poor is he that has nothing to sell after the fair, says the proverb."

To which Felice answered that one Antonio Morreale from Aidone was bargaining for that horse. "So much the better that Mureddu already seems to be fond of him."

Now that Felice was with the horses, Pietro could go about in his turn to see a little of the fair: the snake-charmers, and the men that told fortunes with canaries on a hand-organ, and the booths of sweetmeats, and the pretty girls. But at the girls he scarcely dared look, for he was shyer than a colt before it has felt the bit and bridle, and he avoided the petticoats.

Daddy Calogero came to the field, and neighbor Gianandrea Burgio, for now that the crowd was around the herds of animals, the latter had not so many customers at the wine-shop. With them was uncle Mommu Bricca, who shook his head and swore that oxen were not what they were in his young days, when they had the heart to drag a mountain, they had! Daddy Calogero said that the weather would be fair; there might be showers, just enough to lay the dust, but no more. Uncle Mommu told his story of a waterspout that he once saw; if he had n't run with his

scythe to meet it and cut it across, there would have been great damage. Then, upon questions from daddy Calogero, who never failed to prompt him at this point, he said that the "dragoness" was first like a woman, that rose up from the ground a great way off, and as she approached changed into a black cloud like a column — from wind and bad weather sant' Antonio deliver us!

"Talk, talk," muttered neighbor Burgio.

Then they began to examine the horses, felt them all over, and gave their opinions. And when they discuss horses, people never come to an end.

The second day of the fair was like the first. It was necessary to stay near one's herd to haggle over the prices with the buyers, — "What do you give," and "What do you take," losing time over every penny more or less. At noon, Felice accompanied Antonio Morreale to the tavern and they dined there together. But this time Antonio would absolutely pay with his own money for what he had, because in his heart he thought, "I will not eat the bread of Felice, now that I intend to pay court to mistress Marina who is promised to him. That way would stain my honor."

And as they walked back together to their herds, Antonio said to Felice, —

"Master Felice, it will not displease you if I take the most beautiful creature that you have?"

"Rather, since Mureddu has to be sold, I am pleased that you will be his master. What matters to me is that the horse likes you already and that you will be kind to him. Therefore I am glad of it."

And Antonio said within himself, "That answer must do also as regards Marina. Surely I will be kind to her, and I believe that she likes me a little, already." With such reasonings he put his conscience to sleep, and soon came to believe that he had warned Felice, loyally.

In the afternoon, without saying a word to the horse-herders, Antonio went back to the tavern and had occasion to exchange a few phrases with Marina. All that he said, Sabedda Burgio, standing beside them, could hear; it was nothing particular.

But at night, when everything was silent, Marina tossed and stretched herself on her bed, because her bones ached with the fatigues of the day. And with closed eyes it seemed to her she saw that dark face of the man from Aidone, and heard the voice that had said to her words which were little and yet sounded like so much. Finally, having recommended to the Madonna Felice and herself, and their families, she fell asleep.

The last day of the fair, business became serious. People talked of prices; the sellers pretended less and the buyers offered more. Antonio did not wish to lose the purchase of Mureddu. He wanted the horse; and also, not to take it from Felice would have seemed to him an ill augury for that other wish that he had at heart. Therefore, early in the morning he bought the black. Other customers came, and Felice sold all his horses at his own figures; and those were not too great, because, as the proverb says, A horse for which you ask too high will lose his luck, go lame or die. When he had no more to sell, and the money was tied up in a leather bag, he sought master Turi and handed the bag to him.

"Now that I have finished with the horses, I 'll run to find my girl," said Felice, jumping for joy.

Antonio Morreale, bargaining with a man from Licodia about the goats, was stretching the price all that he could without making his customer have a fly on his nose, as the saying is, for the Licodians are quarrelsome. He saw Felice going toward the tavern of comare Agata.

"Go with the saints," he sneered. "Once for you and once for me! You 're

a simpleton, and don't know how to make yourself loved by a beautiful girl. Marina shall marry me, in the face of you and your saint!"

And because of these thoughts which sent the blood to his head, Antonio let himself be cheated out of several lire in the bargain with that man from Licodia.

Meanwhile, Felice had an air of such content, that it was a pleasure to see him. He went through the streets singing until he reached the tavern. Marina came to the door to throw away some onion-parings in a pan of dirty water, so that she nearly splashed him.

"Look out there, my little girl! Don't soak me, you know!"

Marina did not know why, but now that the dark man from Aidone frequented the tavern of mistress Agata, she felt a need to see Felice, even more than usual.

"You have eyes like the little bay filly that, at twilight, shies if the leaves stir in the bushes. What 's the matter Marina?"

"Nothing, nothing indeed. I 'm rather tired. This fair is no joke, here in mamma's tavern."

"Listen; I shall tell your mamma to let you stay idle for a half-hour, for I want to talk with you."

And so he did. Marina had, as it were, a fear in her heart, and could not have given herself a reason for it. Sometimes it appeared to her that she had done a little wrong to Felice; but to think of it, the idea vanished. It must be weariness that suggested these ideas to her.

Felice, for his part, had no such whims, and gradually, as he talked, those slight fears of Marina's melted away like the clouds which rest among the streets of Castrogiovanni, high upon the mountain, then move and finally pass off into the air. When the grain should have been threshed and stored, after the festival of the Madonna del Carmine, the beautiful Queen of Castrogiovanni — then with her blessing Felice would marry Marina.

As they sat there on a log in the door-yard, Antonio Morreale went by, on Mureddu.

"I salute you, signora Marina. I have sold my goats and am going home. We shall see each other one of these days, master Felice; I hope you 'll come to find me, since from Aggira 't is not very far to Aidone." And he rode away, strong and dark, so that he appeared like a Moorish king on the back of that fine black horse.

"Good-evening," said Marina to him; and Felice saluted him. "May your saint accompany you."

The day after, the town appeared stripped of everything, dispeopled. On the tableland not a blade of grass remained; the beasts had eaten it all, and trampled the earth so that the loosened soil blew in dust in every wind. Scraps of paper, broken halters, fragments of wood, rinds of lemons and oranges, shreds of cloth, wisps of hay, — all the ugly and sordid leavings of the fair strewed the bare field. Nobody sang any longer; all were weary and silent, amid the melancholy of the deserted town. The only pleasure now was to count the money taken during the three days.

Elisabeth Cavazza.

THE UNDERTIME OF THE YEAR.

A CONTINUED CALENDAR.

THE Year Book goes on to say. . . . Long before any calendared announcement of the turn of summer tide, we have unmistakable monitions that the season is growing old. Autumn lies close upon our border, even while the summer goldenrod sways its sceptre over the fields, and from time to time makes incursions into a realm nominally not his own. Waking about dawn, I heard the wind singing at my window an old tune remembered from the other side of the year. Many a disloyal bright leaf I found the same day in the midst of the summer woods. I know that the season is growing old by the fact that a full-plumed dandelion head now strikes me as an anachronism. The middle flowers of the ironweed cymes already show their crimson-purple. It is yet August by the almanac, but already the aster has risen as the floral evening-star of the year. I have just discovered the beauty of the vervain flower; it shows above the grass and sedge in moist pastures, like a thin waving flame of some chemical that burns changeably blue and violet. The large blue lobelia blooms by the water's edge, and seems to strive to lend a complemental foil to the prevailing yellow bloom of the season in its ripening age. I observe that pokeweed loves to come up to comfort the spot where a tree lately stood, just as white clover smooths the cicatrix left by a fire.

If it were required to typify August, I would suggest the month be likened to an oriental merchant, dealer in all manner of incense and perfume. In these still warm nights, the wandering merchant has traffic with woody slashings and thickets where grow blackberry brambles, fireweed and milkweed, and wild lettuce. Coming straight from these, and gathering a tithe from poppied and lilied gardens, such as the country still loves to cultivate, the merchant brings to town a sachet of rural sweetnesses potent to wake delicious memories. August might be portrayed as swinging a censer in which are burning fragrant leaves and blossoms. Furthermore, the month might be characterized as the Month of Butterflies; for it is at this point in the season that the most splendid specimens of the butterfly tribe make their appearance. The white and yellow rovers are everywhere present, — the butterfly commonalty. Here and there is seen a creature of such brilliant dyes, texture so exquisite, as to suggest that it could scarcely have had an earthly origin. What spirit clothes itself in the jetty darkness of night, relieved only by the patch of bright daytime azure at the base of its wings? One with colors of fire or of sunset I saw, hovering about the dusty sidewalk in a sort of fatuous fascination; I could have caught it easily, so absorbed was the foolish insect. Another, vivid as an autumn leaf and as helpless a voyager, was seen floating down the stream. A butterfly might be said to be a winged scroll of mystic picture-writing. There is one point of likeness to the bird: a butterfly has plumage, but all of down or feathery dust instead of true feathers.

With the white and yellow butterflies, everywhere flickering in this still sunshiny world, go their botanic counterparts, the white thistle-balls, luminous, slowly drifting, like some kind of large diurnal firefly "with white fire laden." These rise at the least whisper of the air from many a sleepy, oblivious field mistily brushed over with thistle-down

soft and fine as the wool of the lambs in spring born in the rough pasture. . . .

As if anticipating the deciduous time and fashion of the leaves, certain myriads of the insect world shed the corporeal habit that was theirs. So was it with the legionary "Canada soldiers," as our Lake-dwellers term the gauzy troops that the wind blows from the water-side, and that in due time leave their old tenements drifting about the beach sands, or even clinging to window pane and casement of the near houses. Voiceless, noiseless, they came and went; but if they had possessed a voice, their chorus might have run somewhat as follows, —

Room for our myrmidons,
Heirs of a day —
We the ephemerids
Claim our brief sway,
As from the summer wave
Spring we away!
Art thou our birth-fellow, —
Heir of a day?

There on the margin sand,
Lighter than snow,
See how our former selves
Fluttering go;
What we once tenanted
No more we know!
Art thou our changeling-mate,
Dost thou not so?

Air is our heritage,
Our realm is Now;
Joy of the far future
Fates disallow;
When comes the evening,
Stricken we bow, —
We the ephemerids; —
Where goest thou?

. . . . . .

As we sat on the beach in the faint light of the early morning, for living sounds we had the dreamful long-drawn note "pee-a-wee," and the cry of "witches here! witches here!" from the Maryland yellowthroat. There were also some orchestral tunings from the frogs, — sounds like those produced by sonorous strings, as of the bassviol, picked with leisurely distinctness. The land was dim and dark as yet. The little waves as they fell on the shore seemed to make a shadow, the only variation in tint from the uniform delicate grayness of sky and water. Both were of the same solution of ethereal pearl. The water looked as though it might have oozed slowly out of some skyey fountain; indeed, there was one point in the outline of the Lake where so interblended were the two elements as to suggest that therethrough had been poured the misty expanse before us.

All day some spirit of utter peace has walked the waters, leaving, to witness of its passing, smooth grayish pathways stretching east and west. The Lake at last became another sky, and whatever sailed thereon an inter-celestial voyager. This undersky reminded us of the real heaven as seen sometimes in spring, — glimpses of blue between long, horizontal mist-gray clouds. The gently breaking wave, with its fluted border, almost seemed to belong to the shore rather than to the outlying water. On a hot day, with no other show of foam than this crisp, waved line following the margin of the sand, one might fancy that the Lake boiled and bubbled at its confines, just as when some boiling liquid washes against the heated sides of the vessel that contains it. In the dazzling afternoon sunshine, the wave as it runs along the sand seems like a long, keen, tapering knife-blade on which the light leaps and flashes fitfully. Or, it is suggested that a rocket, glittering-white in its deflagration, is shot horizontally through the water.

A white boat skimming over the smooth water made itself beautiful in our eyes. With its softly dipping oars of the same color, it looked as might some rare specimen of aquatic flower, chaliced and lily-shaped. The two dipping oars appeared like mobile filaments instinctively thrust out from the heart of the floating blossom.

Absolutely still water — that of a slow stream or glassy pool — sometimes

presents to the eye the appearance of having two surfaces: first, the actual surface, defined by the ruffling stir of insects or the slight breathing of the air, — this, duly horizontal; then, as through the transparent medium of the actual surface, appears another plane which is perpendicular, opaque, etched with the inverted image of the bank or margin. This pictured under surface, with its vertically smoothed shadows of reeds, trees, and remoter landscape, by a very light touch of imagination becomes a watered silk curtain or fine flowing tapestry, let fall straight downward from the water's edge into an airy room in nether space.

CRYSTALS IN CLAY.

Our hills no lustrous ore conceal,
No diamond beds our rivers lave,
And never yet did diver steal
Aught precious from the Lake's blue wave.

Yet, searcher by the crumbling shore,
Thou hast divined (and made thy prize)
What the rough argil held in store,
And hid so well from other eyes, —

Crystals as lucent as the spars
Wrought by the spirit of the cold,
Forging beneath the lamping stars
Shapes wonderful and manifold!

The ruins of a leafy frieze,
That elfin mansionry once decked,
Lie unregarded here — yet these
Betray a master architect.

To thee alone these banks of clay,
Herbless, and cracked with summer drought,
Of their sole treasure make display, —
Crystals, to match thy crystal thought!

Yet can thine utmost lore divine
How long earth's hidden streams were tasked,
To gather here these fragments fine,
Thou findest in the clay enmasked?

. . . . . .

With the pronounced turning of the year towards autumn, how tremulous and palpitant is the quality of all the sounds in nature, — the flute-stop of the vast organ. The goldfinches now take up their sweet, broken, pensive twitterings as they alight for seeds upon the drooping head of that bleak saint who wears an aureole, — the sunflower. The young birds, with wide open mouths and fluttering wings, beg to be fed by their parents; and the whole brood, young and old, converse in a language which, among birds, may represent the Italian, for they lisp, with soft but plaintive persistence, "chee vee! chee vee!" from morning until night. Incessantly, at night, the tree-crickets impart to the air an aspen-like quivering (if sound could be seen). One of these insects, from some coign of vantage in my room, has nightly lent a measured accompaniment to my dreams; at least this was the last sound heard before sleep intervened. Its muses never nod, its song never tires. Fleshless and bloodless as Anacreon's grasshopper (like ivory tinted by a moonbeam, in its pallid array), it has not found the day long enough to tell its happiness in, but it must consume the night, too. How many times in the twenty-four hours does it bring together those dry, rosined wings? How many of its trim, monosyllabic notes does it thus utter? Under the tone sound, I hear a labored, mechanical rasp which at a little distance would not be noticeable. After a week of unwearied nocturnes, it has at last "hung up the fiddle and the bow," and yielded to inevitable fate; and last night I heard only the remoter chorusing of its surviving fellows, indistinctly but pleasingly borne to the ear, like the music of some very long-gone time, — tune mainly forgotten.

. . . . . .

The jugglery of honey-making! The sweet merchant takes not alone what the flowers pay in consideration for the bee's pollen-scattering service, but wherever any fruit with dulcet juices has been broached, as a grape dropped from the cluster and bleeding unfermented wine, and wherever the provident housekeeper converts the fruits of the season into jelly or preserves, there hums the bee,

a shrewd economist; as though the season had not been long enough, nor nature flush enough with nectareous supplies in the flowers she has furnished, but that picking and stealing in all these surreptitious ways should be needful! How does the honey taste which is made from such contraband material? All suffers a bee change into something rich and strange.

A farmer tells me that his bees, having a field of buckwheat convenient to the hive, work there continually during the morning hours until about eleven o'clock, after which time, for the rest of the day, the flowery field is deserted by the industrious company. Has this desertion anything to do with the failing of the honey supply? Apparently the nectar springs become exhausted after a certain period, and the bees must wait until they again flow. Other questions occur: Whether the dew has any agency in the matter, — the honey failing to be secreted as the dew dries? Whether flowers secrete more nectar than they would if not continually drained by the bees? Whether, in the course of a season, the balance has been kept, supply regulated by demand, the depletions being made good by a honey-secreting instinct in the flower?

. . . . . .

Marcescent, — a term used in botanical descriptions to designate the habit some flowers have of withering and clinging to the stem; in contradistinction to the flowers that wither and fall. How often is the flower of human life marcescent, tenacious of its old estate when the blooming-time is past. Better, how much, to wither and fall than to wither and cling! Wise are they who, marking the deciduous turn of the season, softly shed the desires and exactions suitable to youth, but not to the waning year; remembering that

> "Quiet coves
> The soul has in its autumn."

Some one complained in my hearing the other day, "I hate to be alone." To which the reply was, "But you are never alone when you think." "But I hate to think," pursued the repining one. I could but sympathize, — could but feel the touch of nature implied in this protest. Now, the soul of the artist, of the mechanician in Fancy's wonder-world, often enough finds it purgatory to be alone. "Thoughts for company," at the best, are indifferent convivials, and commend themselves most when they most revivify some passage we have had with our talking, laughing, mourning, tragic-humorous kind. It requires more than mere thrasonic egotism to resolve to withdraw from social delights, and to announce, with the old Elizabethan, —

> "Leave me, there 's something come into my thought
> That must and shall be sung high and aloof!"

Yet how necessary is a measure of solitude to the ideal workman. Plutarch speaks of a tenth muse called Tacita, which is but to hint that much silence goes, of necessity, before the speech we qualify as "golden." This Tacita had, perhaps, her own temple inviolable and inaccessible to the unshrived and uninitiated.

> The recreant saw, and hastened through the wood.
> Cool ivies roofed it, and deep trees around it stood;
> Wide open lay the door, — a space of light
> Through which still-breathing incense winged its flight.
> Thence music flowed, — such full, commingled sound
> It seemed all music there its fountain found.
> The recreant heard, and thirsted toward that well;
> Across his path was laid a sudden spell!
> And then, the temple's hidden choir began austere:
> "Spirit unruled, unquiet, come not near!
> Here, where Song dwells and has her constant seat,
> Came never any save true pilgrim feet;
> But thou dost bring the turmoil of the crowd,
> Thorn-sharp regrets and mid-world echoes loud.

Long must thou tarry in this sacred wood,
Long feed upon sweet solitary food,
Long listen to thy teachers, and be mute:
Then shalt thou be as is the docile flute,
And, blown upon by the supernal Breath,
Shalt sing of Life and Love and Time and Death."

. . . . . .

In these shimmering, sun-and-mist enchanted mornings, I see illustrated the old myth of Apollo the quoit-player. I do not see Hyacinth, the youth beloved and slain by an inadvertent cast, but I do see the quoits, — innumerable shining disks vibrating in air; glancing gold or silver as the breeze and sun dispose them. Looking again, I see that the orb-weaving spider has been at work, hanging countless webs among the bushes; but the threads which attach them to branch or twig are invisible. I do not remember when, before, I have seen such perfect and durable specimens of Arachne's craftsmanship. The eye grows half giddy examining closely the concentric lines of such a web: the pattern seems capable of being pursued to an indefinite extent, until its misty screen shall cover the earth and sky. When such a subtile piece of mechanism becomes tattered and raveled, it then acquires some such value to the eye as a choice bit of old lace might have when its threads become too tender to allow of handling. As for those webs which are commonly spread upon grass and stubble, as they are lifted slightly by the wind, undulating gently with its motion, — I see in them bits of woven stuff, as it might appear floating from the loom, before suffering the shears.

If there is not, there might be, a vesper-spider. Walking at dusk between the trees, one continually takes across the face and hands the silken, clinging webs of the spider whose task appears to begin at evening, about dew-fall. Any path, however public and traveled, is thus declared barred and abandoned, and, feeling the stress of these soft filaments, it is easy to believe one's self walking through enchanted ground. I draw a fairy ban upon me unawares, yet am not an unwilling nor a displeased captive. My thoughts, correspondingly, are sent under a sort of silken thralldom, — the delicate bondage of the mystery of the evening twilight!

. . . . . .

This afternoon the wind arose, and, judging by the appearance of the clouds, a caravan of storms swept through the heavens, though here there were but light showers. Awhile before sunset, the world put on a spring-in-autumn aspect not unusual to this stage of the season. The low sun came out in sudden splendor and touched the wet grass and leaves with diamond magnificence, which the wind, as though fain to demonstrate that these seeming gems were no real brilliants, blew about and scattered widely. A little congeries of these flashing raindrops, collected in one place amidst the grass, hinted that thus might Lamia have looked, sunning her jewels and awaiting the transforming touch of Hermes' wand.

. . . . . .

Our occasional mountain in the west was seen to-night; a long slope of bluish-gray cloud, reaching from uttermost south to farthest north, wonderfully lengthening out the perspective between those two points. The mountain was not fixed; but so slow was its upward movement that the eye was bejuggled by its apparent steadfastness. Its top was delicately acuminate, and the faint shading and lighting were such as belong to the true mountain.

There is already an autumnal presence in the clouds, a sombre oceanic grandeur in the long purple waves of evening cloud lying along the east, and for a moment smitten with sunset-red. They have for a background an aerial field of faint rose color, bounded on the horizon side by waves of pale windy green.

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AN AUTUMN SUNRISE.

The autumn sun, mounting through morning haze,
Looks forth with haggard face all shorn of rays;
So still the air, so wan the light, it seems
Some harvest moon belated, wrapped in dreams.

The first severe frost of the season. The first morning in which the early riser could see his breath,

"Like pious incense from a censer old,"

ascend into the air, and, by that unconscious act, feel himself, for the moment, vowed to a kind of lofty quietism and acquiescence. I mark in my calendar of seasonal changes this date as the Morning of Visible Breath. I might have known also, when I set out on my walk, that I should hear, as I did hear, the haunting, far-up cry of a single killdeer flying over the town. That solitary flight serves both as an autumnal and a vernal signal, since, invariably, each autumn and spring I record the incident. . . .

The season is nearing its second childhood, bland and idle. It persuades one that to let the time carelessly slip through one's fingers is, after all, no serious neglect of opportunity. "I 've done with thrift," says yonder sunshiny field covered with gossamer; "how is it with you?" There is less thistledown afloat since the rain. The pappus has been glued down to the stalk, as it were, and it takes this plumage some time to dry out and become buoyant again. I notice the dry fragrance of the asters along the angles of the rail-fence, — a fragrance suggesting the flavor of brown honey, or that here might be obtained vast supplies of the meal which enters into the making of bee-bread. Already there begins to be some silverrod among the goldenrod: the pluming of the seed starts at the top of the spike, thus corresponding with the order which the flower observed in blooming, — from the top downward.

I see, still, many meadow-larks, and the grass-finch flits ahead, after his usual fashion, along the rail-fence, leaving as we come up. Those two white tail-feathers look like clerical quills or pens thrust hastily through the plumage, as is the clerical wont to lodge them behind the ear and beneath the hair. Or, perhaps, they are merely ornamental, — a sort of insignia denoting sparrow high caste.

Wherever I look across the pasture, I see a rusty olive back or a red breast. True to robin custom, these birds grow social as the sun lowers. They scatter small notes of affability, pipings of confidence and compliment. I hear the wet clapping of wings. There is a diminutive, clear little lake formed by the recent rain in a dimple of the pasture Two robins are bathing therein; a third waits his turn, hops near, then retreats, as though the splashing of the others were somewhat too vigorous for his liking; else he requires more room for his ablutions. The bathers fling a fine spray around them as they shake out their wings and trip away, — small body and soul refreshed. Call this time in the season The Little Summer of Robin Redbreast.

I find the delicate faces of the daisy fleabane dwindled to a fourth of their usual size; one might almost have taken them for a pretty starwort or chickweed. The dwarfing of flowers as the season grows old (just as in climbing a mountain, and perhaps for the same reason of cooler temperature) is worth noting. Perhaps one could acquire the trick of telling the exact age of the season, to a day, by mere inspection of the flowers in this scale of decreasing magnitude.

The sun sinks so rapidly at last that the watcher has an impression he is glad to go; as if he looked upon felicity far below the round of the earth, and hastened thither. An etherealized evening, when the sun, shining through a transient gap in the clouds, lends an effect

rather of moonlight, in the white, flickering, half-mournful, half-humorous play of beam and shaft. It is a wistful radiance as of Day's final leave-taking, — as though there were to be no more tomorrows, since the fire of heaven is flickering out before the gaze of mortals. Such a day, with such a closing, in memory wears the nimbus, and is reckoned among the galaxy of the blessed. . . .

AN AUTUMN SUNSET.

What wildfire runs about the stooping sheaves,
Climbs up the hill and dips in fervid bath
The tender promise of the aftermath,
And fans to redder flame the frost-bright leaves
On forest bough and path?

What liquid amber overlays the stream,
And paints the quick, dark swallows, as they dart
Through windless heaven, gathering to depart,
And gilds the web and floating motes that seem
A crowd in airy mart?

What flame has lit a lamp in window-panes
That westward look, and poured such glamour down
Upon the roofs and gables of the town,
That now they stand in pomp of Moorish fanes
And towers of old renown?

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The distant woods at last take on the regalia of autumn, and begin to stand much nearer in the perspective, by virtue of their warmer coloring. Close at hand, the leaves crackle and rustle under the wind, as though a crisping fire, instead of the season's long, slow heat, were "doing them brown."

Is the color of water somewhat changed from its summertime tinting? A little bluer in the shadows, I fancy it has become. How like a continuous flock, with twinkling, even-paced feet, the ripples draw around that bend of the bank, like a flock of sheep coming through a little pass or defile. And who drives this silver-footed flock, carefully "shepherding her bright fountains"? The voice of the water takes the tone of lulling tranquillity in which the autumn steeps our acquiescent senses; and sound and sight are colored by the same soothing medium.

It is a day on the sunny south side of October, reviving insect life and its pleasures. White and yellow butterflies rove along the grass, and grasshoppers and crickets slip through its warm dry blades with a summer leisureliness. A large fly rippled past just now, humming its recollections of midsummer; the tune might have been that of the old song,

"Joys that we 've tasted
May sometimes return."

Ruthless disturber of the peace was I! A mullein looked so warm and comfortable, I thought it would be pleasant to feel a leaf in my hand, so stooped and plucked one. Out flew a bumblebee, who, it seems, had the same opinion as to the mullein leaf's softness and warmth, for he was curled up in its bed of velvet, probably for a quiet afternoon doze; certainly, there was no flower to tempt him there.

In the next field the corn-shocks stand in stately ranks, with the vagrant vines of the pumpkin interspersed. One big golden globe has slipped its agricultural moorings, and gone to lead an aquatic life in the pool. The pumpkin, with its festoon of vine, makes a graceful and native looking water-plant, intimating that there is, or should be, some paludal branch of the gourd family. Into the pool the stone-crops wade, making a fleck of rich ochre color in that quarter. The bitternut tree, just behind me, from time to time drops a nut, to signify, apparently, that its hamadryad is friendly, and that by this repeated gentle sound she would remind me of her presence. . . .

Philosophy permits and encourages us to extract pleasure from little things, but not pain. We are to taste vividly all the delights that Nature affords in the humblest detail of a landscape, in the sight of bird, or flower, or leaf; to have a keen sense of all small acts of graciousness and kindness on the part of our

fellow-creatures, while we are to let pass all discomforts and discourtesies from whatever source. In this case, it is a good rule which does not work both ways. The rule is based upon the principle that we are bound by all lawful means to quiet, reassure, and enrich the soul, and to avoid, as much as possible, anything that would fret or lacerate the tender inmate and ruler. The indwelling good genius says, circumspectly and out of experience, "*These* little things shall be for my gain and happiness, therefore, I give them welcome; these *other* little things, which are ill, I will prevent from doing me harm by closing my doors against them, nor will I parley long enough with them even to take the impression of their inauspicious faces." It is only in the brave Gallic land of youth that we can afford to be as "sad as night from very wantonness." One would better learn by heart the exorcising and objurgatory strains of L'Allegro, to use whenever approached by emissaries from the realm of "low spirits," missioned to steal vigor and courage from one's thoughts.

When I but lightly deemed of Life,
(Ah, youth when I but dreamed of Life!)
I questioned all, in sophist pride,
And much affirmed — still more denied!
Then Melancholy was my mate,
With whom I sat above the gate,
And drove away who sought to bring
Forgetful balm to Fortune's sting, —
Contemned the wiser kind and gay,
And gloomed apart on holiday.

Now I so deeply deem of Life,
(Forbid to know the scheme of Life!),
I dare not, for heart-heaviness,
Mine unregarded questions press;
Nor sit I now above the gate
With her who was my bosom-mate.
Instead, the portal throwing wide,
I bid come in from every side
All who in kindly simple way,
Whene'er Fate wills, keep holiday.

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In October the *leaves* bloom. As the light wind plucks them from the bough, fast strewing the yards and streets, the children stoop to gather the brightest as they might gather flowers in the fields or woods.

The day being sober-colored, the trees have a good foil upon which to display their rich foliage. Three small maples, in a row yonder, have arranged, apparently, an exhibition of mutual advantage to their contrasting colors; the first is a warm yellow, the next, mahogany, and the third a nameless shade of crimson. The red oak on the hillside wears a splendid parti-colored suit of green and maroon. I notice that the red color comes on the margins of the leaf first, and that the veins and midrib are last to take such tinting. The light green leaves of a young and thrifty grapevine have judiciously scattered themselves over a groundwork of scarlet Virginia creeper. These effects seem as though studied by an invisible colorist and designer, to give pleasure to whatever eye may care to note them.

As we came through the woods in the late afternoon, the light that fell between the trunks and the thinning branches was like the wavering illumination from a torch or a lamp, falling in flecks and bars through an open door. The sacred worshipful stillness of the oak and beech woods is not to be forgotten. I thought to hear at last the breath and pulse of Nature's self, where no other motion or sound was. But all was in abeyance, held by the mystic trance or retirement of the hour. The rich umber and rosewood colors of that autumnal forest, in the mellow light and still air gave the semblance of a carven frieze, whose background was the depths of the woods themselves. The browns of the foliage and the purple of the evening air seemed about to be blended in fine solution.

With the odor that comes from the fallen leaves is borne the impression that if I should search among them I might find maple-nuts, so individualized is this

tree among its neighbors, so savorily pungent and pervading the fragrance of its autumnal breath. Its foliage strews thickly the road, hiding the wheel traces. The streets seem like sylvan lanes, which no secular travel has ever profaned, and there appears no good reason why the houses should face in one direction rather than in the other. So, once in the year, at least, Nature takes possession of the town, and makes its ways a gentle wilderness. At night the children burn the leaves along the street side. As I watch the swiftly consuming heap, the leaves show like scraps of fire, glow for a moment in their original outlines, and then wither into ashes. The flame strikes me as particularly clear and beautiful, — a precious fuel worthy to burn as incense in the last honors paid to the ripe year. This glow of the maple leaves in burning might be reckoned as only a last flash in the progressive series of autumnal coloring; as though they burned spontaneously and not through the application of fire. The smoke blues the twilight, and lends the obscurity of some vespertine religious rite.

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From moon to moon, most faithfully is the tally of the year and its changes kept, to those who mark the record on the page of night. From the light of the summer moon, so mellow, refined, and fancy-stirring flows the fabric of much romance dear to the poets. At any time under those enchanted beams might Cynthia have been looked for to stoop from the orb and lift Endymion into the heavens. Up comes the September full moon, red-faced, flushed with the feasting and the wine of the season. A glow precedes her in the smoky east, a hint of dull carmine, — the dark flush of a swarthy cheek; — for the moon, as well as the sun, would have us recognize the dawn. On the burning leafage of October the moon sprinkles "cool patience;" throws the deep reds into indistinguishable shadow and transforms the orange and yellow of other foliage into a pale illuminating light, making the trees thus tinted stand forth in dim and misty beauty, — the sainthood or apotheosis of a tree. The first full moon of the unleafed year pours its flooding light upon places surprised to find themselves revealed once more to the gaze of heaven. We seem, looking forth upon the full tide of this splendor, to be dwelling in the inside of a silver sphere; so does the moon's light wrap us around with the shining sky filled with her presence. Sometimes the heavens flecked with white clouds, great and small, glittering wonderfully, present the same appearance as the "spotty orb" herself, only that we see the concave instead of the convex of the sphere. The language of the moon to the earth might be, "Lend me your shadow, and I will lend you my light. Be dark and humbly ignorant, and I will throw divine illumination in upon you!"

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O Year, that dreamest of thy morning-time,
The heavens humor thee with cloudless blue,
And earth sends up the grass blade, soft and new,
To bring thee back the pleasings of thy prime.
Ah, gentle pity! now the barbëd rime
That all night long the elfin archers threw,
Is wept away in quick repentant dew,
That to its native sky makes haste to climb.
Oh listen, listen! for the rapturous air
Tells thee the bluebird hope of spring yet stays,
And for thy sake the redbreast still delays.
When, beckoned to the south, they onward fare,
From thy stript realm what message shall they bear
To summer kingdoms crowned with equal nights and days?

It is spring-in-autumn — one of the masking or equivocal days of Autumn. It might be either April or November. The foliage of the woods, now scant and of a wan reddish hue; that of the apple-trees, the sallow green appearing in early spring; to this, add the formless pale-tinted clouds, the fitful play of wind and showers, and phantom gleams

of the sun, — and the April likeness is complete. The few remaining leaves on the peach-trees, blown by the wind all in one direction, look like so many crescents cut out of gold-foil. The willows that line the banks of the creek at this distance appear to have a yellow-green haze thrown over their brown stems, as though the spring had awakened a thought of new leafage. To still farther add to the ambiguous look of the landscape and the season, the farm lands show, here a checker of russet, in the fallow or the stubble field, there a checker of green, where the autumn wheat comes on apace.

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The king of Thule in the night came down
And laid a stealthy siege to field and town;
In ashes gray the Autumn's flame expired;
The Indian Summer to his lodge retired,
Or else in snow-shoes skimmed along the waste,
While whistling winds the dead-leaf covies chased.

The morning came in with the "white glove." Not that delicate snowflake which suggests shredded lamb's wool, not stars and wheels from the heavens of arabesque, but large, crude kernels, like rice, or some other cereal, well swollen and ready for the table; small snowballs such as perhaps the sky-elves love to toss. This snow came in showers rustling, — a sound as dry as the fitful stirrings of the crisp leaves, the upper surfaces of which are powdered, making them look as though smitten by a cold, white light. This first snow affects one as a touch of cruelty. One shivers both physically and in the imagination, and feels an exaggerated sympathy with nature, with the trees and plants in their transitional state, not yet, as it seems wholly reconciled to the approaching rigor of winter.

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When the sun shines, we discover that November is not less graced than other months of the later summer and autumn. The sky is ample, and reaches around us visibly, the trees having taken down their embroidered screens; and the leaves are still sunny along the ground. They follow all the little creases and ridges of a hillside, the lines of color which they thus produce suggesting that the hillside is alive with a circulation of amber-colored veins. Many a tree, having softly and leisurely disrobed, stands amid a mat of cloth-of-gold or a rug of blended oriental colors. Where the bright leaves have fallen into the water, they lie on the bed of the stream and send forth a sheen such as plates of gold or thin laminæ of precious gems might yield, cut in the shapes of leaves and rendered more brilliant by a watery bath.

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I was in error. The woods and the fields are resigned. "Let come what will" (they now say to me), "we are ready. We have our comforts deeper than the frost can pry, and the storms can never blow in so far as that our hearts shall grow faint, or our musing spirits wake to repining." I wish to understand further the nature of their content, that I may, if possible, share it, for it seems, indeed, not indifference, not a benumbing of vitality, but the impulse of an intenser life drawing back towards its sources.

"Shed no tear, oh, shed no tear,
The flower will bloom another year;
Weep no more, oh, weep no more,
Young buds sleep at the root's white core."

Edith M. Thomas.

THE ISTHMUS AND SEA POWER.

For more than four hundred years the mind of man has been possessed with a great idea, which, although by its wide diffusion and prophetic nature resembling one of those fundamental instincts whose very existence points to a necessary fulfillment, first quickened into life in the thought of Christopher Columbus. To him the vision, dimly seen through the scanty and inaccurate knowledge of his age, imaged a close and facile communication, by means of the sea, that great bond of nations, between two ancient and diverse civilizations, which centred, the one around the Mediterranean, the birthplace of European commerce, refinement, and culture, the other upon the shores of that distant Eastern Ocean which lapped the dominions of the Great Khan, and held upon its breast the rich island of Zipangu. Hitherto, an envious waste of land, entailing years of toilsome and hazardous journey, had barred them asunder. A rare traveler might now and again penetrate from one to the other, but it was impossible to maintain by land the constant exchange of influence and benefit which, though on a contracted scale, had constituted the advantage and promoted the development of the Mediterranean peoples. The microcosm of the land-girt sea then only typified that future greater family of nations, which one by one have since been bound into a common tie of interest by the broad enfolding ocean, that severs only to knit them more closely together. So with a seer's eye, albeit as in a glass darkly, saw Columbus, and was persuaded, and embraced the assurance. As the bold adventurer, walking by faith and not by sight, launched his tiny squadron upon its voyage, making the first step in the great progress which was to be, and still is not completed, he little dreamed that the mere incident of stumbling upon an unknown region that lay across his route should be with posterity his chief title to fame, obscuring the true glory of his grand conception, as well as delaying its fulfillment to a far distant future.

The story of his actual achievement is sufficiently known to all readers, and need not here be repeated. Amid the many disappointments and humiliations which succeeded the brief triumphant blaze of his first return, and clouded the latter years of his life, Columbus was spared the pang of realizing that the problem was for the time insoluble. Like many a prophet before him, he knew not what, nor what manner of time, the spirit that was in him foretold, and died the happier for his ignorance. The certainty that a wilderness, peopled by savages and semi-barbarians, had been added to the known world, would have been a poor awakening from the golden dreams of beneficent glory as well as of profit which had so long beckoned him on. That the western land he had discovered interposed a barrier to the further progress of ships towards his longed-for goal, as inexorable as the mountain ranges and vast steppes of Asia, was mercifully concealed from his eyes; and the elusive "secret of the strait" through which he to the last hoped to pass, though tantalizing in its constant evasion, kept in tension the springs of hope and moral energy which might have succumbed under the knowledge of the truth.

It fell to the great discoverer, in his last voyage, to approach the continent, and examine its shores along the region where the true secret of the strait lay hidden, — where, if ever, it shall pass from a dream to a reality, by the hand of man. In the autumn of 1502, after many trials and misadventures, Columbus, having skirted the south side of

Cuba, reached the north coast of Honduras. There was little reason, except in his own unaccountable conviction, for continuing thence in one direction rather than in the other; but by some process of thought, he had convinced himself that the sought-for strait lay to the south rather than to the north. He therefore turned to the eastward, though the wind was contrary, and, after a hard buffet against it, doubled Cape Gracias á Dios, which still retains its expressive name, significant of his relief at finding that the trend of the beach at last permitted him to follow his desired course with a fair wind. During the next two months he searched the entire coast line as far as Porto Bello, discovering and examining several openings in the land which have since been of historical importance, among others the mouth of the San Juan River and the Chiriqui Lagoon, one of whose principal divisions still recalls his visit in its name, Almirante Bay, the Admiral's Bay. A little beyond, to the eastward of Porto Bello, he came to a point already known to the Spaniards, having been reached from Trinidad. The explorer thus acquired the certainty that from the latter island to Yucatan there was no break in the obdurate shore which barred his access to Asia.

Every possible site for an interoceanic canal lies within the strip of land thus visited by Columbus shortly before his death in 1504. How narrow the insurmountable obstacle, and how tantalizing in the apparent facilities for piercing it extended by the formation of the land, were not known until ten years later, when Balboa, led on by the reports of the natives, reached the eminence whence he, first among Europeans, saw the South Sea, — a name long and vaguely applied to the Pacific, because of the direction in which it lay from its discoverer. During these early years, the history of the region we now know as Central America was one of constant strife among the various Spanish leaders, encouraged rather than stifled by the jealous home government; but it was also one of unbroken and venturesome exploration, a healthier manifestation of the same restless and daring energy that provoked their internal collisions. In January, 1522, one Gil Gonzalez started from Panama northward on the Pacific side, with a few frail barks, and in March discovered Lake Nicaragua, which has its name from the cacique, Nicaragua, or Nicarao, whose town stood upon its shores. Five years later, another adventurer took his vessel to pieces on the coast, transported it thus to the lake, and made the circuit of the latter; discovering its outlet, the San Juan, just a quarter of a century after Columbus had visited the mouth of the river.

The conquest of Peru, and the gradual extension of Spanish domination and settlements in Central America and along the shores of the Pacific, soon bestowed upon the Isthmus an importance, vividly suggestive of its rise into political prominence consequent upon the acquisition of California by the United States, and upon the spread of the latter along the Pacific coast. The length and severity of the voyage round Cape Horn, then as now, impelled men to desire some shorter and less arduous route; and, inconvenient as the land transport was, with its repeated lading and unlading, before the days of steam, it presented the better alternative as to some extent it still does. So the Isthmus and its adjoining regions became a great centre of commerce, a point where many highways converged and whence they parted; where the East and the West met in intercourse, sometimes friendly, more often hostile. Thus was partially, though most incompletely, realized the vision of Columbus; and thus, after many fluctuations, and despite the immense expansion of these latter days, partial and incomplete, his great conception still remains. The secret of the strait is still the problem and the reproach of mankind.

By whatever causes produced, where such a centre of commerce exists, there always will be found a point of general interest to mankind, — to all, at least, of those peoples who, whether directly commercial or not, share in the wide-spreading benefits and inconveniences arising from the fluctuations of trade. But enterprising commercial countries are not content to be mere passive recipients of these diverse influences. By the very characteristics which make them what they are, they are led perforce to desire, and to aim at, control of these decisive regions; for their tenure, like the key of a military position, exerts a vital effect upon the course of trade, and so upon the struggle not only for bare existence, but for that increase of wealth, of prosperity, and of general consideration which affect both the happiness and the dignity of nations. Consequently, in every age, according to its particular temperament and circumstances, there will be found manifested this desire for control; sometimes latent in an attitude of simple watchfulness; sometimes starting into vivid action under the impulse of national jealousies, and issuing in diplomatic rivalries or hostile encounter.

Such, accordingly, has been the history of the Central American Isthmus since the time when it became recognized as the natural centre, towards which, if not thwarted by adverse influences, the current of intercourse between East and West must inevitably tend. Here the direction of least resistance was clearly indicated by nature; and a concurrence of circumstances, partly inherent in the general character of the region, partly adventitious or accidental, contributed at an early date, and until very recently, to emphasize and enlarge the importance consequent upon the geographical situation and physical conformation of this narrow barrier between two great seas. For centuries the West India Islands, circling the Caribbean, and guarding the exterior approaches to the Isthmus, continued to be the greatest single source of tropical products, which had become increasingly necessary to the civilized nations of Europe. In them, and in that portion of the continent which extended on either side of the Isthmus, known under the vague appellation of the Spanish Main, Great Britain, during her desperate strife with the first Napoleon, a strife for very existence, found the chief support of the commercial strength and credit that alone carried her to the triumphant end. The Isthmus and the Caribbean were vital elements in determining the issue of that stern conflict. For centuries, also, the treasures of Mexico and Peru, upon which depended the vigorous action of the great though decadent military kingdom of Spain, flowed towards and accumulated around the Isthmus, where they were reinforced by the tribute of the Philippine Islands, and whence they took their way in the lumbering galleons for the ports of the Peninsula. Where factors of such decisive influence in European politics were at stake, it was inevitable that the rival nations, in peace as well as in open war, should carry their ambitions to the scene; and the unceasing struggle for the mastery would fluctuate with the control of the waters, which, as in all maritime regions, must depend mainly upon naval preponderance, but also in part upon possession of those determining positions, of whose tenure Napoleon said that "war is a business of positions." Among these the Isthmus was chief.

The wild enterprises and bloody cruelties of the early buccaneers were therefore not merely a brutal exhibition of unpitying greed, indicative of the scum of nations as yet barely emerging from barbarism. They were this, doubtless, but they were something more. In the march of events, these early marauders played the same part, in relation to what was to succeed them, as the rude, unscrupulous, lawless adventurers

who precede the ruthless march of civilized man, who swarm over the border, occupy the outposts, and by their excesses stain the fair fame of the race whose pioneers they are. But, while thus libels upon and reproaches to the main body, they nevertheless belong to it, share its essential character, and foretell its inevitable course. Like drift-wood swept forward on the crest of a torrent, they betoken the approaching flood. So with the celebrated freebooters of the Spanish Main. Of the same general type, — though varying greatly in individual characteristics, in breadth of view, and even in elevation of purpose, — their piratical careers not only evidenced the local wealth of the scene of their exploits, but attested the commercial and strategic importance of the position upon which in fact that wealth depended. The carcass was there, and the eagles as well as the vultures, the far-sighted as well as the mere carrion birds of prey, were gathering round it. "The spoil of Granada," said one of these mercenary chieftains, two centuries ago, "I count as naught beside the knowledge of the great Lake Nicaragua, and of the route between the Northern and Southern seas which depends upon it."

As time passed, the struggle for the mastery inevitably resulted, by a kind of natural selection, in the growing predominance of that island people in whom commercial enterprise and political instinct were so happily blended. The very lawlessness of the period favored the extension of their power and influence; for it removed from the free play of a nation's innate powers the fetters which are imposed by our present elaborate framework of precedents, constitutions, and international law. Admirably adapted as these are to the conservation and regular working of a political system, they are nevertheless, however wise, essentially artificial, and hence are ill adapted to a transition state, — to a period in which order is evolving out of chaos, where the result is durable exactly in proportion to the freedom with which the natural forces are allowed to act, and to reach their own equilibrium without extraneous interference. Nor are such periods confined to the early days of mere lawlessness. They recur whenever a crisis is reached in the career of a nation; when old traditions, accepted maxims, or written constitutions have been outgrown, in whole or in part; when the time has come for a people to recognize that the limits imposed upon its expansion, by the political wisdom of its forefathers, have ceased to be applicable to its own changed conditions and those of the world. The question then raised is not whether the constitution, as written, shall be respected. It is how to reach modifications in the constitution — and that betimes — so that the genius and awakened intelligence of the people may be free to act, without violating that respect for its fundamental law upon which national stability ultimately depends. It is a curious feature of our current journalism that it is clear-sighted and prompt to see the unfortunate trammels in which certain of our religious bodies are held, by the cast-iron tenets imposed upon them by a past generation, while at the same time political tenets, similarly ancient, and imposed with a like ignorance of a future which is our present, are freely invoked to forbid this nation from extending its power and necessary enterprise into and beyond the seas, to which on every side it has now attained.

During the critical centuries when Great Britain was passing through that protracted phase of her history in which, from one of the least among states, she became, through the power of the sea, the very keystone and foundation upon which rested the commercial — for a time even the political — fabric of Europe, the free action of her statesmen and people was clogged by no uneasy sense that the national genius was in

conflict with artificial, self-imposed restrictions. She plunged into the brawl of nations that followed the discovery of a new world, of an unoccupied if not unclaimed inheritance, with a vigor and an initiative which gained ever-accelerated momentum and power as the years rolled by. Far and wide, in every sea, through every clime, her seamen and her colonists spread; but while their political genius and traditions enabled them, in regions adapted to the physical well-being of the race, to found self-governing colonies which have developed into one of the greatest of free states, they did not find, and have never found, that the possession of and rule over barbarous, or semi-civilized, or inert tropical communities were inconsistent with the maintenance of political liberty in the mother country. The sturdy vigor of the broad principle of freedom in the national life is sufficiently attested by centuries of steady growth, that surest evidence of robust vitality. But, while conforming in the long run to the dictates of natural justice, no feeble scrupulosity impeded the nation's advance to power, by which alone its mission and the law of its being could be fulfilled. No artificial fetters were forged to cramp the action of the state, nor was it drugged with political narcotics to dwarf its growth.

In the region here immediately under consideration, Great Britain entered the contest under conditions of serious disadvantage. The glorious burst of maritime and colonial enterprise which marked the reign of Elizabeth, and the dawn of a new era when the country recognized the sphere of its true greatness, was confronted by the full power of Spain, as yet outwardly unshaken, in actual tenure of the most important positions in the Caribbean and the Spanish Main, and claiming the right to exclude all others from that quarter of the world. How brilliantly this claim was resisted is well known; yet, had they been then in fashion, there might have been urged, to turn England from the path which has made her what she is, the same arguments that are now so freely used to deter our own country from even accepting such advantages as are ready to drop into her lap. If it be true that Great Britain's maritime policy is now to some extent imposed by the present necessities of the little group of islands which form the nucleus of her strength, it is not true that any such necessities first impelled her to claim her share of influence in the world, her part in the great drama of nations. Not for such reasons did she launch out upon the career which is perhaps the noblest yet run by any people. It could then have been said to her, as it is now said to us, "Why go beyond your own borders? Within them you have what suffices for your needs and those of your population. There are manifold abuses within to be corrected, manifold miseries to be relieved. Let the outside world take care of itself. Defend yourself, if attacked; being, however, always careful to postpone preparation to the extreme limit of imprudence. 'Sphere of influence,' 'part in the world,' 'national prestige,' — there are no such things; or if there be, they are not worth fighting for." What England would have been, had she so reasoned, is matter for speculation; that the world would have been poorer may be confidently affirmed.

As the strength of Spain waned apace during the first half of the seventeenth century, the external efforts of Great Britain also slackened through the rise of internal troubles, which culminated in the Great Rebellion, and absorbed for the time all the energies of the people. The momentum acquired under Drake, Raleigh, and their associates was lost, and an occasion, opportune through the exhaustion of the great enemy, Spain, passed unimproved. But, though thus temporarily checked, the national tendency remained, and quickly resumed its sway when Cromwell's mighty hand had

composed the disorders of the Commonwealth. His clear-sighted statesmanship, as well as the immediate necessities of his internal policy, dictated the strenuous assertion by sea of Great Britain's claim not only to external respect, which he rigorously exacted, but also to her due share in influencing the world outside her borders. The nation quickly responded to his proud appeal, and received anew the impulse upon the road to sea power which has never since been relaxed. To him were due the measures — not, perhaps, economically the wisest, judged by modern lights, but more than justified by the conditions of his times — which drew into English hands the carrying trade of the world. The glories of the English navy as an organized force date also from his short rule; and it was he who, in 1655, laid a firm basis for the development of the country's sea power in the Caribbean, by the conquest of Jamaica, from a military standpoint the most decisive of all single positions in that sea for the control of the Isthmus. It is true that the successful attempt upon this island resulted from the failure of the leaders to accomplish Cromwell's more immediate purpose of reducing San Domingo, — that in so far the particular fortunate issue was of the nature of an accident; but this fact serves only to illustrate more emphatically that, when a general line of policy, whether military or political, is correctly chosen upon sound principles, incidental misfortunes or disappointments do not frustrate the conception. The sagacious, far-seeing motive which prompted Cromwell's movement against the West Indian possessions of Spain was to contest the latter's claim to the monopoly of that wealthy region; and he looked upon British extension in the islands as simply a stepping-stone to control upon the adjacent continent. It is a singular commentary upon the blindness of historians to the true secret of Great Britain's rise among the nations, and of the eminent position she has so long held, that writers so far removed from each other in time and characteristics as Hume and the late J. R. Green should detect in this far-reaching effort of the Protector only the dulled vision of "a conservative and unspeculative temper misled by the strength of religious enthusiasm." "A statesman of wise political genius," according to them, would have fastened his eyes rather upon the growing power of France, "and discerned the beginning of that great struggle for supremacy" which was fought out under Louis XIV. But to do so would have been only to repeat, by anticipation, the fatal error of that great monarch, which forever forfeited for France the control of the seas, in which the surest prosperity of nations is to be found; a mistake, also, far more ruinous to the island kingdom than it was to her continental rival, bitter though the fruits thereof have been to the latter. Hallam, with clearer insight, says: "When Cromwell declared against Spain, and attacked her West Indian possessions, there was little pretense, certainly, of justice, but not by any means, as I conceive, the impolicy sometimes charged against him. So auspicious was his star that the very failure of that expedition obtained a more advantageous possession for England than all the triumphs of her former kings." Most true; but because his star was dispatched in the right direction to look for fortune, — by sea, not by land.

The great aim of the Protector was checked by his untimely death, which perhaps also definitely frustrated a fulfillment, in the actual possession of the Isthmus, that in his strong hands might have been feasible. His idea, however, remained prominent among the purposes of the English people, as distinguished from their rulers; and in it, as has before been said, is to be recognized the significance of the exploits of the buccaneers, during the period of external debility which characterized the reigns of

the second Charles and James. With William of Orange the government again placed itself at the head of the national aspirations, as their natural leader; and the irregular operations of the freebooters were merged in a settled national policy. This, although for a moment diverted from its course by temporary exigencies, was clearly formulated in the avowed objects with which, in 1702, the great Dutchman entered upon the War of the Spanish Succession, the last great act of his political life. From the Peace of Utrecht, that closed this war in 1713, the same design was pursued with ever-increasing intensity, but with steady success, and with it was gradually associated the idea of controlling also the communication between the two oceans by way of the Isthmus. Of this, the best known instance, because of its connection with the great name of Nelson, was the effort made by him, in conjunction with a land force, in 1780, when still a simple captain, to take possession of the course of the San Juan, and so of the interoceanic route through Lake Nicaragua. The attempt ended disastrously, owing partly to the climate, and partly to the strong series of works, numbering no less than twelve, which the Spaniards, duly sensible of the importance of the position, had constructed between the lake and the mouth of the river.

Difficulties such as were encountered by Nelson withstood Great Britain's advance throughout this region. While neither blind nor indifferent to the advantages conferred by actual possession, through which she had elsewhere so abundantly profited, the prior and long-established occupation by Spain prevented her obtaining by such means the control she ardently coveted, and in great measure really exercised. The ascendency which made her, and still makes her, the dominant factor in the political system of the West Indies and the Isthmus resulted from her sea power, understood in its broadest sense. She was the great trader, source of supplies, and medium of intercourse between the various colonies themselves, and from them to the outer world; while the capital and shipping employed in this traffic were protected by a powerful navy, which, except on very rare occasions, was fully competent to its work. Thus, while unable to utilize and direct the resources of the region, as she could have done had it been her own property, she secured the fruitful use and reaped the profit of such commercial transactions as were possible under the inert and narrow rule of the Spaniards. The fact is instructive, for the conditions to-day are substantially the same as those of a century ago. Possession still vests in states and races which have not yet attained the faculty of developing by themselves the advantages conferred by nature; and control will still abide with those whose ships, whose capital, whose traders support the industrial system of the region, provided these are backed by a naval force adequate to the demands of the military situation, rightly understood. To any foreign state, control at the Central American Isthmus means naval control, naval predominance, to which tenure of the land is at best but a convenient incident.

Such, in brief, was the general tendency of events until the time when the Spanish colonial empire began to break up, in 1808–10, and the industrial system of the West India islands to succumb under the approaching abolition of slavery. The concurrence of these two decisive incidents, and the confusion which ensued in the political and economical conditions, rapidly reduced the Isthmus and its approaches to an insignificance from which the islands have not yet recovered. The Isthmus is partially restored. Its importance, however, depends upon causes more permanent, in the natural order of things, than does that of the islands, which, under existing circumstances, and under any circumstances that can as yet be fore-

seen, derive their consequence chiefly from the effect which may from them be exerted upon the tenure of the Isthmus. Hence, the latter, after a period of comparative obscurity, again emerged into notice as a vital political factor, when the spread of the United States to the Pacific raised the question of rapid and secure communication between our two great seaboards. The Mexican War, the acquisition of California, the discovery of gold, and the mad rush to the diggings which followed, hastened, but by no means originated, the necessity for a settlement of the intricate problems involved, in which the United States, from its positions on the two seas, has the predominant interest. But, though predominant, ours is not the sole interest; though less vital, those of other foreign states are great and consequential; and, accordingly, no settlement can be considered to constitute an equilibrium, much less a finality, which does not at once effect our preponderating influence, and also insure the natural rights of other peoples. So far as the logical distinction between commercial and political will hold, it may be said that our interest is both commercial and political, that of other states almost wholly commercial.

The same national characteristics that of old made Great Britain the chief contestant in all questions of maritime importance — with the Dutch in the Mediterranean, with France in the East Indies, and with Spain in the West — have made her also the exponent of foreign opposition to our own asserted interest in the Isthmus. The policy initiated by Cromwell, of systematic aggression in the Caribbean, and of naval expansion and organization, has resulted in a combination of naval force with naval positions unequaled, though not wholly unrivaled, in that sea. And since, as the great sea-carrier, Great Britain has a preponderating natural interest in every new route open to commerce, it is inevitable that she should jealously scrutinize every proposition for the modification of existing arrangements, conscious as she is of power to assert her claims, in case the question should be submitted to the last appeal.

Nevertheless, although from the nature of the occupations which constitute the welfare of her people, as well as from the characteristics of her power, Great Britain seemingly has the larger immediate stake in a prospective inter-oceanic canal, it has been on her part tacitly recognized, as on our side openly asserted, that the bearing of all questions of Isthmian transit upon our national progress, safety, and honor is more direct and more urgent than upon hers. That she has so felt is plain from the manner in which she has yielded before our tenacious remonstrances, in cases where the control of the Isthmus was evidently the object of her action, — as in the matters of the tenure of the Bay Islands, and of the protectorate of the Mosquito Coast. Our superior interest appears also from the nature of the conditions which will result from the construction of a canal. So far as these changes are purely commercial, they will operate to some extent to the disadvantage of Great Britain; because the result will be to bring our Atlantic seaboard, the frontier of a rival manufacturing and commercial state, much nearer to the Pacific than it now is, and nearer to many points of that ocean than is England. To make a rough general statement, easily grasped by a reader without the map before him, Liverpool and New York are at present about equidistant, by water, from all points on the west coast of America, from Valparaiso to British Columbia. This is due to the fact that, to go through the Straits of Magellan, vessels from both ports must pass near Cape St. Roque, on the east coast of Brazil, which is nearly the same distance from each. If the Nicaragua Canal existed, the line on the Pacific equidistant from the two cities named

would pass, roughly, by Yokohama, Shanghae, Hong Kong, and Melbourne, or along the coasts of Japan, China, and eastern Australia, — Liverpool, in this case, using the Suez Canal, and New York that of Nicaragua. In short, the line of equidistance would be shifted from the eastern shore of the Pacific to its western coast, and all points of that ocean east of Japan, China, and Australia, for example, the Hawaiian Islands, would be nearer to New York than to Liverpool.

A recent British writer calculates that about one eighth of the existing trade of the British Islands would be unfavorably affected by the competition thus introduced. But this result, though a matter of national concern, is political only in so far as commercial prosperity or adversity modifies a nation's current history; that is, indirectly. The principal questions affecting the integrity or security of the British Empire are not seriously involved, for almost all of its component parts lie within the regions whose mutual bond of union and shortest line of approach are the Suez Canal. Nowhere has Great Britain so little territory at stake, nowhere has she such scanty possessions, as in the eastern Pacific, upon whose relations to the world at large, and to ourselves in particular, the Nicaragua Canal will exert the greatest influence.

The chief political result of the Nicaragua Canal will be to bring our Pacific coast nearer, not only to our Atlantic seaboard, but also to the great navies of Europe. Therefore, while the commercial gain, through an uninterrupted water carriage, will be large, and is clearly indicated by the acrimony with which a leading journal, apparently in the interest of the great transcontinental roads, has lately maintained the singular assertion that water transit is obsolete as compared with land carriage, it is still true that the canal will present an element of much weakness from the military point of view. Except to those optimists whose faith in the regeneration of human nature is so robust as to reject war as an impossible contingency, this consideration must occasion serious thought concerning the policy to be adopted by the United States.

The subject, so far, has given rise only to diplomatic arrangement and discussion, within which it is permissible to hope it may always be confined; but the misunderstandings and protracted disputes that followed the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, and the dissatisfaction with the existing status that still obtains among many of our people, give warning that our steps, as a nation, should be governed by some settled notions, too universally held to be set aside by a mere change of administration or caprice of popular will. Reasonable discussion, which tends, either by its truth or its evident errors, to clarify and crystallize public opinion on so important a matter, can never be amiss.

This question, from an abstract, speculative phase of the Monroe Doctrine, took on the concrete and somewhat urgent form of security for our trans-isthmian routes against foreign interference towards the middle of this century, when the attempt to settle it was made by the oft-mentioned Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, signed April 19, 1850. Great Britain was then found to be in possession, actual or constructive, of certain continental positions and of some outlying islands which would contribute not only to military control, but to that kind of political interference which experience has shown to be the natural consequence of the proximity of a strong power to a weak one. These positions depended upon, indeed their tenure originated in, the possession of Jamaica, thus justifying Cromwell's forecast. Of them, the Belize, a strip of coast two hundred miles long, on the Bay of Honduras, immediately south of Yucatan, was so far from the Isthmus proper, and so little likely to affect the canal question, that the American nego-

tiator was satisfied to allow its tenure to pass unquestioned, neither admitting nor denying anything as to the rights of England thereto. Its first occupation had been by British freebooters, who "squatted" there a very few years after Jamaica fell. They went to cut log-wood, succeeded in holding their ground against the efforts of Spain to dislodge them, and their right to occupancy and to fell timber was afterwards allowed by treaty. Since the signature of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, this "settlement," as it was styled in that instrument, has become a British "possession," by a convention with Guatemala contracted in 1859. Later, in 1862, the quondam "settlement" and recent "possession" was, by royal commission, erected into a full colony, subordinate to the government of Jamaica. Guatemala being a Central American state, this constituted a distinct advance of British dominion in Central America, contrary to the terms of our treaty.

A more important claim of Great Britain was to the protectorate of the Mosquito Coast, — a strip understood by her to extend from Cape Gracias á Dios south to the San Juan River. In its origin, this asserted right differed little from similar transactions between civilized man and savages, in all times and all places. In 1687, thirty years after the island was acquired, a chief of the aborigines there settled was carried to Jamaica, received some paltry presents, and accepted British protection. While Spanish control lasted, a certain amount of squabbling and fighting went on between the two nations; but when the questions arose between England and the United States, the latter refused to acquiesce in the so-called protectorate, which rested, in her opinion, upon no sufficient legal ground as against the prior right of Spain, that was held to have passed to Nicaragua when the latter achieved its independence. The Mosquito Coast was too close to the expected canal for its tenure to be considered a matter of indifference. Similar ground was taken with regard to the Bay Islands, Ruatan and others, stretching along the south side of the Bay of Honduras, near the coast of the republic of that name, and so uniting, under the control of the great naval power, the Belize to the Mosquito Coast. The United States maintained that these islands, then occupied by Great Britain, belonged in full right to Honduras.

Under these *de facto* conditions of British occupation, the United States negotiator, in his eagerness to obtain the recession of the disputed points to the Spanish-American republics, seems to have paid too little regard to future bearings of the subject. Men's minds were also dominated then, as they are now, notwithstanding the intervening experience of nearly half a century, by the maxims delivered as a tradition by the founders of the republic, who deprecated annexations of territory abroad. The upshot was that, in consideration of Great Britain's withdrawal from Mosquitia and the Bay Islands, to which, by our contention, she had no right, and therefore really yielded nothing but a dispute, we bound ourselves, as did she, without term, to acquire no territory in Central America, and to guarantee the neutrality not only of the contemplated canal, but of any other that might be constructed. A special article, the eighth, was incorporated in the treaty to this effect, stating expressly that the wish of the two governments was "not only to accomplish a particular object, but to establish a general principle."

Considerable delay ensued in the restoration of the islands and of the Mosquito Coast to Honduras and Nicaragua, — a delay attended with prolonged discussion and serious misunderstanding between the United States and Great Britain. The latter claimed that, by the wording of the treaty, she had debarred herself only from future acquisitions of

territory in Central America; whereas our government asserted, and persistently instructed its agents, that its understanding had been that an entire abandonment of all possession, present and future, was secured by the agreement. It is difficult, in reading the first article, not to feel that, although the practice was perhaps somewhat sharp, the wording can sustain the British position quite as well as the more ingenuous confidence of the United States negotiator; an observation interesting chiefly as showing the eagerness on the one side, whose contention was the weaker in all save right, and the wariness on the other, upon whom present possession and naval power conferred a marked advantage in making a bargain. By 1860, however, the restorations had been made, and the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty has since remained the international agreement, defining our relations to Great Britain on the Isthmus.

Of the subsequent wrangling over this unfortunate treaty, if so invidious a term may be applied to the dignified utterances of diplomacy, it is unnecessary to give a detailed account. Our own country cannot but regret and resent any formal stipulations which fetter its primacy of influence and control on the American continent and in American seas; and the concessions of principle over-eagerly made in 1850, in order to gain compensating advantages which our weakness could not otherwise extort, must needs cause us to chafe now, when we are potentially, though, it must sorrowfully be confessed, not actually, stronger by double than we were then. The interest of Great Britain still lies, as it then lay, in the maintenance of the treaty. So long as the United States jealously resents all foreign interference in the Isthmus, and at the same time takes no steps to formulate a policy or develop a strength that can give shape and force to her own pretensions, just so long will the absolute control over any probable contingency of the future rest with Great Britain, by virtue of her naval positions, her naval power, and her omnipresent capital.

A recent unofficial British estimate of the British policy at the Isthmus, as summarized in the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, may here have interest: "In the United States was recognized a coming formidable rival to British trade. In the face of the estimated disadvantage to European trade in general, and that of Great Britain in particular, to be looked for from a Central American canal, British statesmen, finding their last attempt to control the most feasible route (by Nicaragua) abortive, accomplished the next best object in the interest of British trade. They cast the onus of building the canal on the people who would reap the greatest advantage from it, and who were bound to keep every one else out, but were at the same time very unlikely to undertake such a gigantic enterprise outside their own undeveloped territories for many a long year; while at the same time they skillfully handicapped that country in favor of British sea power by entering into a joint guarantee to respect its neutrality when built. This secured postponement of construction indefinitely, and yet forfeited no substantial advantage necessary to establish effective naval control in the interests of British carrying trade."

Whether this passage truly represents the deliberate purpose of successive British governments may be doubtful, but it is an accurate enough estimate of the substantial result, as long as our policy continues to be to talk loud and to do nothing, — to keep others out, while refusing ourselves to go in. We neutralize effectually enough, doubtless; for we neutralize ourselves, while leaving other powers to act efficiently, whenever it becomes worth while.

In a state like our own, national policy means public conviction; else it is but as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. But public conviction is a very

different thing from popular impression, differing by all that separates a rational process, resulting in manly resolve, from a weakly sentiment that finds occasional hysterical utterance. The Monroe Doctrine, as popularly apprehended and endorsed, is a rather nebulous generality, which has condensed about the Isthmus into a faint point of more defined luminosity. To those who will regard, it is the harbinger of the day, incompletely seen in the vision of the great discoverer, when the East and the West shall be brought into closer communion by the realization of the strait that baffled his eager search. But, with the strait, time has introduced a factor of which he could not dream, — a great nation midway between the West he knew and the East he sought, spanning the continent he unwittingly found, itself both East and West in one. To such a state, which in itself sums up the two conditions of Columbus's problem; to which the control of the strait is a necessity, if not of existence, at least of its full development and of its national security, who can deny the right to predominate in influence over a region so vital to it? None can deny save its own people; and they do it, — not in words, perhaps, but in act. For let it not be forgotten that failure to act at an opportune moment is action as real as, though less creditable than, the most strenuous positive effort.

Action, however, to be consistent and well proportioned, must depend upon well-settled conviction; and conviction, if it is to be reasonable, and find expression in a sound and continuous national policy, must result from a careful consideration of present conditions in the light of past experiences. Here, unquestionably, strong differences of opinion will at first be manifested, both as to the true significance of the lessons of the past, and the manner of applying them to the present. Such differences need not cause regret. Their appearance is a sign of attention aroused; and, when discussion has become general and animated, we may hope to see the gradual emergence of a sound and operative public sentiment. What is to be deprecated and feared is indolent drifting, in willful blindness to the approaching moment when action must be taken; careless delay to remove fetters, if such there be in the constitution or in traditional prejudice, which may prevent our seizing opportunity when it occurs. Whatever be the particular merits of the pending Hawaiian question, it can scarcely be denied that its discussion has revealed the existence, real or fancied, of such clogs upon our action, and of a painful disposition to consider each such occurrence as a merely isolated event, instead of being, as it is, a warning that the time has come when we must make up our minds upon a broad issue of national policy. That there should be two opinions is not bad, but it is very bad to halt long between them.

There is one opinion, — which it is needless to say the writer does not share, — that, because many years have gone by without armed collision with a great power, the teaching of the past is that none such can occur; and that, in fact, the weaker we are in organized military strength, the more easy it is for our opponents to yield our points. Closely associated with this view is the obstinate rejection of any political action which implicitly involves the projection of our physical power, if needed, beyond the waters that gird our shores. Because our reasonable, natural — it might almost be called moral — claim to preponderant influence at the Isthmus has heretofore compelled respect, though reluctantly conceded, it is assumed that no circumstances can give rise to a persistent denial of it.

It appears to the writer — and to many others with whom he agrees, though without claim to represent them — that the true state of the case is more nearly as follows: Since our nation came into

being, a century ago, with the exception of a brief agitation about the year 1850, — due to special causes, which, though suggestive, were not adequate, and summarized as to results in the paralyzing Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, — the importance of the Central American Isthmus has been merely potential and dormant. But, while thus temporarily obscured, its intrinsic conditions of position and conformation bestow upon it a consequence in relation to the rest of the world which is inalienable, and therefore, to become operative, only awaits those changes in external conditions that must come in the fullness of time. The indications of such changes are already sufficiently visible to challenge attention. The rapid peopling of our territory entails at least two. The growth of the Pacific States enhances the commercial and political importance of the Pacific Ocean to the world at large, and to ourselves in particular; while the productive energies of the country, and its advent to the three seas, impel it necessarily to seek access and outlet by them to the regions beyond. Under such conditions, perhaps not yet come, but plainly coming, the consequence of an artificial waterway that shall enable the Atlantic coast to compete with Europe, on equal terms as to distance, for the markets of eastern Asia, and shall shorten by two thirds the sea-route from New York to San Francisco, and by one half that to Valparaiso, is too evident for insistence.

In these conditions, not in European necessities, is to be found the assurance that the canal will be built. Not to ourselves only, however, though to ourselves chiefly, will it be a matter of interest when completed. Many causes will combine to retain in the line of the Suez Canal the commerce of Europe with the East; but to the American shores of the Pacific the Isthmian canal will afford a much shorter and easier access for a trade already of noteworthy proportions. A weighty consideration also is involved in the effect upon British navigation of a war which should endanger its use of the Suez Canal. The power of Great Britain to control the long route from Gibraltar to the Red Sea is seriously doubted by a large and thoughtful body of her statesmen and seamen, who favor dependence, in war, upon that by the Cape of Good Hope. By Nicaragua, however, would be shorter than by the Cape to many parts of the East; and the Caribbean is much more easily safeguarded against distant European states than the line through the Mediterranean, which passes close by their ports.

Under this increased importance of the Isthmus, we cannot safely anticipate for the future the cheap acquiescence which, under very different circumstances, has in the past been yielded to our demands. Already it is notorious that European powers are betraying symptoms of increased sensitiveness as to the importance of Caribbean positions, and strengthening their grip upon those they now hold. Moral considerations undoubtedly count for more than they did, and nations are more reluctant to enter into war; but still, the policy of states is determined by the balance of advantages, and it behooves us to know what our policy is to be, and what advantages are needed to turn in our favor the scale of negotiations and the general current of events.

If the decision of the nation, following one school of thought, is that the weaker we are the more likely we are to have our way, there is little to be said. Drifting is perhaps as good a mode as another to reach that desirable goal. If, on the other hand, we determine that our interest and dignity require that our rights should depend upon the will of no other state, but upon our own power to enforce them, we must gird ourselves to admit that freedom of interoceanic transit depends upon predominance in a maritime region — the Caribbean Sea — through which pass all the approaches to the

Isthmus. Control of a maritime region is insured primarily by a navy; secondarily, by positions, suitably chosen and spaced one from the other, upon which as bases the navy rests, and from which it can exert its strength. At present the positions of the Caribbean are occupied by foreign powers, nor may we, however disposed to acquisition, obtain them by means other than righteous; but a distinct advance will have been made when public opinion is convinced that we need them, and should not exert our utmost ingenuity to dodge them when flung at our head. If the Constitution really imposes difficulties, it provides also a way by which the people, if convinced, can remove its obstructions. A protest, however, may be entered against a construction of the Constitution which is liberal, by embracing all it can be constrained to imply, and then immediately becomes strict in imposing these ingeniously contrived fetters.

Meanwhile, no moral obligation forbids developing our navy upon lines and proportions adequate to the work it may be called upon to do. Here again the crippling force is a public impression, which limits our potential strength to the necessities of an imperfectly realized situation. A navy "for defense only" is a popular catchword. When, if ever, people recognize that we have three seaboards, that the communication by water of one of them with the other two will in a not remote future depend upon a strategic position hundreds of miles distant from our nearest port, at the mouth of the Mississippi, they will also see that the word "defense," already too narrowly understood, has its application at points far away from our own coast.

That the organization of military strength implies provocation to war is a fallacy, which the experience of each succeeding year is now refuting. The immense armaments of Europe are onerous; but, nevertheless, by the mutual respect and caution they enforce, they present a cheap alternative, certainly in misery, probably in money, to the frequent devastating wars which preceded the era of general military preparation. Our own impunity has resulted, not from our weakness, but from the unimportance to our rivals of the points in dispute, compared with their more immediate interests at home. With the changes consequent upon the canal, this indifference will diminish. We also shall be entangled in the affairs of the great family of nations, and shall have to accept the attendant burdens. Fortunately, as regards other states, we are an island power, and can find our best precedents in the history of the people to whom the sea has been a nursing mother.

A. T. Mahan.

AFTER — THE DELUGE.

The sombre tints of Grayhead were slightly suffused by a pink light sifting from the west through the clear air. The yachts in the harbor lay idly beneath the mellow influences of the passing of the summer day, — idly as only sailboats can lie, a bit of loose sail or cordage now and then flapping inconsistently in a breath of wind, which seemed to come out of the west for no other purpose, and to retire into the east afterward, its whole duty done. On board, men were moving about, hanging lanterns, making taut here, setting free there, all with an air of utter peace and repose such as is found only on placid waterways beneath a setting sun. Occasionally an oar dipped in the still water,

a hint of action, modified, softened, into repose. Along one of the quaint streets of the irregular town, winding where it wound, climbing where it climbed, hurried an angular figure, that of a woman of about fifty, whose tense expression suggested an unrest at variance with the keen calmness of that of the other faces about the streets and doorways. Not that it was feverish in its intensity; rather, it was an expression of resolution, undeviating and persistent, but not sure of sympathy or support.

"They 've gone down yonder, t'other side of the wharf, Mis' Pember," said a middle-aged sea captain, whose interest in his kind had not been obliterated by the forced loneliness of northern voyages.

The woman paused, and glanced doubtfully down one of the byways that led between small, weather-beaten houses and around disconcerting abutments to the water, and then forward, straight along the way she had been traveling, which led out of the town.

"I 'd rather fixed on their going down Point-ways this evening," she said.

"Well, they ain't," rejoined Captain Phippeny, with that absence of mere rhetoric characteristic of people whose solid work is done otherwise than by speech.

Mrs. Pember nodded, at once in acknowledgment and farewell, and, turning about, followed the path he had indicated, her gait acquiring a certain precipitancy as she went down the rough, stony slope. At the foot of the descent she paused again, and looked to the right and left. Captain Phippeny was watching her from his vantage ground above. His figure was one unmistakably of the seaboard. His trousers were of a singular cut, probably after a pattern evolved in all its originality by Mrs. Phippeny, her active imagination working towards practical effect. In addition, he wore a yellow flannel shirt ribbed with purple, which would hopelessly have jaundiced a roseleaf complexion, but which, having exhausted its malignancy without producing any particular effect, ended by gently harmonizing with the captain's sandy hair, reddish beard, and tanned skin. His mouth was like a badly made buttonhole, which gaped a little when he smiled. He had a nose like a parrot's beak, and his eyes were blue, kindly and wise in their straightforwardness. When he would render his costume absolutely *de rigueur*, he wore a leathern jacket with manifold pockets, from one to another of which trailed a gold watch-chain with a dangling horseshoe charm.

"I wonder the old woman don't take a dog with her and trace 'em out, she spends so much time on the hunt," he said to himself. "I declare for 't, it 's a sing'lar thing the way she everlastin' does get onto them 'prentices. That 's all they be, — just 'prentices; ain't old enough to talk about settin' sail by themselves."

His quid of tobacco again resumed its claim to his undivided attention, and he leaned back against the fence and waited as idly as the drooping sails for a breath of something stirring. By and by it appeared in the shape of another old sailor, between whom and himself there was the likeness of two peas, save for a slight discrepancy of feature useful for purposes of identification.

"You told her where they 'd gone, I reckon," he remarked, with a slight chuckle, as he too leaned up against the fence and looked out over the harbor.

"Yes, I did," replied Captain Phippeny. "I did n't have no call to tell her a lie."

"Kinder hard on the young-uns," observed the new-comer.

"They ain't ever anythin' as hard on the young-uns as on the old-uns," asserted Captain Phippeny, "because — well, because they 're *young*, I guess. That 's Chivy's yacht that came in just at sundown, ain't it?"

"Yare. They say she 's seen dirty weather since she was here last."

"Has? Well, you can't stay in har-

bor allers, and git your livin' at the same time. She 's got toler'ble good men to handle her."

There was a pause. The soft twilight was battening down the hatches of the day, to drop into the parlance of the locality.

"Well, I do suppose old Pember war n't an easy shipmate, blow or no blow," observed Captain Smart. He was a small, keen-eyed, quickly-moving old man, seasoned with salt.

"I reckon he war n't. And she thinks she can keep that girl of hers out of the same kind of discipline that she had to take, — that 's the truth of it."

"Cur'ous, ain't it?" ruminated Captain Smart; "a woman 's bound to take it one way or 'nother; there seems to be more sorts of belayin' pins to knock 'em over with than they, any on 'em, kinder cal'late on at first."

"So there be," assented Captain Phippeny.

Near the water, with its fading, rose-colored reflections, not so far from the anchored vessels but they might, had they chosen, have spoken across to those on board, the monotonous, austere, and yet vaguely soft gray of the old town rising behind them against the melting sky, sat Mellony Pember and Ira Baldwin.

"If you 'd only make up your mind, Mellony," urged the young man.

"I can't, Ira; don't ask me." The young girl's face, which was delicate in outline, was troubled, and the sensitive curves of her lips trembled. The faded blue of her dress harmonized with the soft tones of the scene; her hat lay beside her, an uncurled, articulated ostrich feather standing up in it like an exclamation point of brilliant red.

The young man pulled his hat over his eyes and looked over to the nearest boat. Mellony glanced at him timidly.

"You see, I 'm all she 's got," she said.

"I ain't goin' to take you away from her, unless you want to go," he replied, without looking at her.

"She thinks I 'll be happier if I don't — if I don't marry."

"Happier!" — he paused in scorn, — "and she badgerin' you all the time if you take a walk with me, and watchin' us as if we were thieves! You ain't happy now, are you?"

"No." Mellony's eyes filled, and a sigh caught and became almost a sob.

"Well, I wish she 'd give me a try at makin' you happy, that 's all." His would-be sulkiness softened into a tender sense of injury. Mellony twisted her hands together, and looked over beyond the vessels to the long narrow neck of land with its clustering houses, beyond which again, unseen, were booming the waves of the Atlantic.

"Oh, if I only knew what to do!" she exclaimed, — "if I only knew what to do!"

"I 'll tell you what to do, Mellony," he began.

"There 's ma now," she interrupted.

Ira turned quickly and looked over his shoulder. Across the uneven ground, straight towards them came the figure of Mrs. Pember. The tenseness of her expression had further yielded to resolution, which had in turn taken on a stolidity which declared itself unassailable. No one of the three spoke as she seated herself on a bit of timber near them, and, folding her hands, waited with the immobility and the apparent impartiality of Fate itself. At last Mellony spoke, for of the three she was the most acutely sensitive to the situation, and the least capable of enduring it silently.

"Which way did you come, ma?" she asked.

"I come down Rosaly's Lane," Mrs. Pember answered. "I met Cap'n Phippeny, and he told me you was down here."

"I 'm obligated to Cap'n Phippeny," observed Ira bitterly.

"I dono as he 's partickler to have you," remarked Mrs. Pember imperturbably.

There was another silence. Mrs. Pember's voice had a marked sweetness when she spoke to her daughter which it lost entirely when she addressed her daughter's companion, but always it was penetrated by the timbre of a certain inflexibility.

The shadows grew deeper on the water, the glowworms of lanterns glimmered more sharply, and the softness of the night grew more palpable.

"I guess I may as well go back, ma," said Mellony, rising.

"I was wondering when you cal'lated on going," remarked her mother, as she rose too, more slowly and stiffly, and straightened her decent black bonnet.

"I suppose you was afraid Mellony would n't get back safe without you came after her," broke out Ira.

"I guess I can look after Mellony better than anybody else can, and I count on doing it, and doing it right along," she replied.

"Come, ma," said Mellony impatiently; but she waited a moment and let her mother pass her, while she looked back at Ira, who stood, angry and helpless, kicking at the rusted timbers.

"Are you coming, too, Ira?" she asked in a low voice.

"No," he exclaimed, "I ain't coming! I don't want to go along back with your mother and you, as if we were n't old enough to be out by ourselves. I might as well be handcuffed, and so might you! If you 'll come round with me the way we came, and let her go the way she came, I 'll go with you fast enough!"

Mellony's eyes grew wet again, as she looked from him to her mother, and again at him. Mrs. Pember had paused, also, and stood a little in advance of them. Her stolidity showed no anxiety; she was too sure of the result.

"No," — Mellony's lips framed the words with an accustomed but grievous patience, — "I can't to-night, Ira; I must go with ma."

"It 's to-night that 'll be the last chance there 'll be, maybe," he muttered, as he flung himself off in the other direction.

The two women walked together up the rough ascent, and turned into Rosaly's Lane. Mellony walked wearily, her eyes down; the red feather, in its uncurled, unlovely assertiveness, looking more like the oriflamme of a forlorn hope than ever. But Mrs. Pember held herself erect, and as if she were obliged carefully to repress what might have been the signs of an ill-judged triumph.

Ira prolonged his walk beyond the limits of the little gray town, goaded by the irritating pricks of resentment. He would bear it no longer, he told himself. Mellony could take him or leave him. He would be a laughing-stock not another week, not another day. If Mellony would not assert herself against her tyrannical old mother, he would go away and leave her! And then he paused, as he had paused so often in the flood of his anger, faced by the realization that this was just what Mrs. Pember wanted, just what would satisfy her, what she had been waiting for, — that he should go away and leave Mellony alone. It was an exasperating dilemma, his abdication and her triumph, or his uncertainty and her anxiety.

Mellony and her mother passed Captain Phippeny and Captain Smart, who still stood talking in the summer evening, the fence continuing to supply all the support their stalwart frames needed in this their hour of ease. Captain Smart nudged Captain Phippeny as the two figures turned the corner of Rosaly's Lane.

"So you found 'em, Mis' Pember," remarked Captain Phippeny. He spoke to the mother, but he looked, not without sympathy, at the daughter.

"Yes, I found 'em."

"You reckoned on fetchin' only one of 'em home, I take it," said Captain Smart.

"I ain't responsible but for one of 'em," replied Mrs. Pember with some grimness, but with her eyes averted from Mellony's crimsoning face.

"Come, ma," said Mellony again, and they passed on.

"Mis' Pember is a likely enough lookin' woman herself," observed Captain Smart; "it 's kind of cur'ous she should be so set agen marryin' just *as* marryin'."

"'T is so," assented Captain Phippeny thoughtfully, looking after the two women.

Without speaking, Mellony and her mother entered the little house where they lived, and the young girl sank down in the stiff, high-backed rocker, with its thin calico-covered cushion tied with red braid, that stood by the window. Outside, the summer night buzzed and hummed, and breathed sweet odors. Mrs. Pember moved about the room, slightly altering its arrangements, now and then looking at her daughter half furtively, as if waiting for her to speak; but Mellony's head was not turned from the open window, and she was utterly silent. At last this immobility had a sympathetic effect upon her, and she seated herself not far from her daughter, her hands, with their prominent knuckles and shrunken flesh, folded in unaccustomed idleness, and waited while in the room dusk grew to dark. To Mellony the hour was filled with suggestions that emphasized and defined her misery. In her not turbulent or passionate nature, the acme of its capacity for emotional suffering had been reached. Hitherto this suffering had been of the perplexed, patient, submissive kind; tonight, the beauty of the softly descending gloom, the gentle freedom of the placid harbor, the revolt of her usually yielding lover, deepened it into something more acute.

"Mellony," said her mother, with a touch of that timidity which appeared only in her speech with her daughter, "did you count on going over to the Neck, to-morrow, as you promised?"

"I 'll never count on doing anything again," said Mellony, in a voice she tried to make cold and even, but which vibrated notwithstanding, — "never so long as I live. I 'll never think, or plan, or — or speak, if I can help it — of what I mean to do. I 'll never do anything but just work and shut my eyes and — and live, if I 've got to!" Her voice broke, and she turned her head away from the open window and looked straight before her into the shadowed room. Her mother moved uneasily, and her knotted hands grasped the arms of the stiff chair in which she sat.

"Mellony," she said again, "you 've no call to talk so."

"I 've no call to talk at all. I 've no place anywhere. I 'm not anybody. I have n't any life of my own." The keen brutality of the thoughtlessness of youth, and its ignoring of all claims but those of its own happiness, came oddly from the lips of yielding Mellony. Mrs. Pember quivered under it.

"You know you 're my girl, Mellony," she answered gently. "You 're all I 've got."

"Yes," the other answered indifferently, "that 's all I am, — Mellony Pember, Mrs. Pember's girl, — just that."

"Ain't that enough? Ain't that something to be — all I plan for and work for? Ain't that enough for a girl to be?"

Mellony turned her eyes from emptiness, and fixed them upon her mother's face, dimly outlined in the vagueness.

"Is that all you 've been," she asked, "just somebody's daughter?"

It was as if a heavy weight fell from her lips and settled upon her mother's heart. There was a silence. Mellony's eyes, though she could not see them, seemed to Mrs. Pember to demand an answer in an imperative fashion unlike their usual mildness.

"It 's because I have n't been — it 's because I 'd save you from what I have been that I — do as I do. You know that," she said.

"I don't want to be saved," rejoined the other, quickly and sharply.

The older woman was faced by a situation she had never dreamed of, a de-

mand to be allowed to suffer! The guardian had not expected this from her carefully shielded charge.

"I want you to have a happy life," she added.

"A happy life!" flashed the girl. "And you are keeping me from any life at all! That's what I want, — life, my own life, not what anybody else gives me of theirs. Why should I be happier than other people? Why should n't I have what they have, even if it 's bad now and then? Don't save me in spite of myself! Nobody likes to be saved in spite of themselves!"

It was a long speech for Mellony. A large moon had risen, and from the low horizon sent golden shafts of light almost into the room; it was as if the placidity of the night were suddenly penetrated by something more glowing. Mellony stood looking down at her mother, like a judge. Mrs. Pember gazed at her steadily.

"I 'm going to save you, Mellony," she said, her indomitable will making her voice harsher than it had been, "whether you want to be saved or not. I 'm not going to have you marry, and be sworn at and cuffed." Mellony moved to protest, but her strength was futility beside her mother's at a time like this. "I 'm not going to have you slave and grub, and get blows for your pains. I 'm going to follow you about and set wherever you be, whenever you go off with Ira Baldwin, if that 'll stop it; and if that won't, I 'll try some other way, — I know other ways. I 'm not going to have you marry! I 'm going to have you stay along with me!"

With a slight gesture of despair, Mellony turned away. The flash had burned itself out. The stronger nature had reasserted itself. Silently, feeling her helplessness, frightened at her own rebellion now that it was over, she went out of the room to her own smaller one, and closed the door.

Mrs. Pember sat silent in her turn, reviewing her daughter's resentment, but the matter admitted no modifications in her mind; her duty was clear, and her determination had been taken long ago. Neither did she fear anything like persistent opposition; she knew her daughter's submissive nature well.

Brought up in a country village, an earnest and somewhat apprehensive member of the church, Mrs. Pember had married the captain early in life, under what she had since grown to consider a systematic illusion conceived and maintained by the Evil One, but which was, perhaps, more logically due to the disconcerting good looks and decorously restrained impetuosity of Captain Pember himself. Possibly he had been the victim of an illusion, too, not believing that such austerity of principle could exist with such bright eyes and red cheeks as charmed him in the country girl. At least he never hesitated subsequently, not only to imply, but to state baldly, a sense of the existence of injury. Captain Phippeny was one of those sailors whom the change of scene, the wide knowledge of men and of things, the hardships and dangers of a sea life, broaden and render tolerant and somewhat wise. Pember had been brutalized by these same things.

The inhabitants of Grayhead were distinguished by the breadth and suggestiveness of their profanity, and Captain Pember had been a past master of the accomplishment. Praise from Sir Hubert Stanley could have been no more discriminating than the local acknowledgment of his proficiency in this line. No wonder Mrs. Pember looked back at the ten years of her married life with a shudder. With the rigid training of her somewhat dogmatic communion still potent, she listened in a horrified expectancy, rather actual than figurative, for the heavens to strike or the earth to swallow up her nonchalant husband. Nor was this all. The weakness for grog, unfortunately supposed to be inherent in a nautical existence, was carried by Captain Pember to an extent inconsiderate even in the eyes

of a seafaring public; and when, under its genial influence, he knocked his wife down and tormented Mellony, the opinion of this same public declared itself on the side of the victims with a unanimity which is not always to be counted upon in such cases. In fact, her married life had, as it were, formalized many hitherto somewhat vague details of Mrs. Pember's conceptions of the place of future punishment; and when her husband died in an appropriate and indecorous fashion as the result of a brawl, he continued to mitigate the relief of the event by leaving in his wife's heart a haunting fear, begotten of New England conscientiousness, that perhaps she ought not to be so unmistakably glad of it. It was thus that, with Mellony's growth from childhood to womanhood, the burning regret for her former unmarried state, whose difficulties had been mainly theological, had become a no less burning resolve that her child should never suffer as she had suffered, but should be guarded from matrimony as from death. That she failed to distinguish between individuals, that she failed to see that young Baldwin was destitute of those traits which her sharpened vision would now have detected in Pember's youth, was both the fault of her perceptive qualities and the fruit of her impregnable resolve. She had been hurt by Mellony's rebellion, but not influenced by so much as a hair's breadth.

Early one morning, two or three days later, Mrs. Pember, lying awake waiting for the light to grow brighter that she might begin her day, heard a slight sound outside, of a certain incisiveness out of proportion to its volume. With an idleness that visited her only at early daybreak, she wondered what it was. It was repeated, and this time, moved by an insistent curiosity blended with the recognition of its probable cause, she rose and looked out of the window which was close to the head of her bed. A little pier was a stone's throw from the house on that side, at which were moored several boats belonging to the fishermen about. It was as she thought: a stooping figure, dim and hazy in the morning fog which blurred the nearest outlines and veiled the more distant, was untying one of the boats, and had slipped the oars into the rowlocks.

"Going fishing early," she said to herself. "I wonder which of 'em it is. They are all alike in this light."

Then she stood and looked out upon the morning world. It would soon be sunrise. Meanwhile, the earth was silent, save for the soft rippling of the untired waves that scarcely rose and fell in this sheltered harbor; the land had been at rest through the short night, but they had climbed and lapsed again steadily through its hours; the paling stars would soon have faded into the haze. The expectation of the creature waited for the manifestation.

Softly the boat floated away from its moorings. It seemed propelled without effort, so quietly it slipped through the water. In the bottom lay the sail and the nets, a shadowy mass; the boat itself was little more than a shadow, as it glided on into the thicker fog which received and enveloped it, as into an unknown vague future which concealed and yet held promises and welcome.

Mrs. Pember glanced at the clock. It was very early, but to go back to bed was hardly worth while. The sun was already beginning to glint through the fog. She dressed, and passing softly the door of the room where Mellony slept — rather fitfully of late — began to make the fire.

The morning broadened and blazed into the day, and the whole town was making ready for its breakfast. Mellony was later than usual, — her mother did not hear her moving about, even; but she was unwilling to disturb her; she would wait awhile longer before calling her. At last, however, the conviction of the immorality of late rising could no longer be ignored, and she turned the knob of Mellony's door and stepped into the room.

She had been mistaken in supposing that Mellony was asleep; the girl must have risen early and slipped out, for the room was empty, and Mrs. Pember paused, surprised that she had not heard her go. It must have been while she was getting kindling wood in the yard that Mellony had left by the street door. And what could she have wanted so early in the village? — for to the village she must have gone; she was nowhere about the little place, whose flatness dropped, treeless, to the shore. Her mother went again to the kitchen, and glanced up and down the waterside. There was no one on the little wooden pier, and the boats swung gently by its side, their own among them, so Mellony had not gone out in that. Yes, she must have gone to the village, and Mrs. Pember opened the front door and scanned the wandering little street. It was almost empty; the early morning activity of the place was in other directions.

With the vague uneasiness that unaccustomed and unexplained absence always produces, but with no actual apprehension, Mrs. Pember went back to her work. Mellony had certain mild whims of her own, but it was surprising that she should have left her room in disorder, the bed unmade; that was not like her studious neatness. With a certain grimness Mrs. Pember ate her breakfast alone. Of course no harm had come to Mellony, but where was she? Unacknowledged, the shadow of Ira Baldwin fell across her wonder. Had Mellony cared so much for him that her disappointment had driven her to something wild and fatal? She did not ask the question, but her lips grew white and stiff at the faintest suggestion of it. Several times she went to the door, meaning to go out and up the street to look for her daughter, but each time something withheld her. Instead, with that determination that distinguished her, she busied herself with trifling duties. It was quite nine o'clock when she saw Captain Phippeny coming up the street. She stood still and watched him approach. His gait was more rolling than ever, as he came slowly towards her, and he glanced furtively ahead at her house, and then dropped his eyes and pretended not to have seen her. She grew impatient to have him reach her, but she only pressed her lips together and stood the more rigidly still. At last he stood in front of her doorstone, his hat in his hand. The yellow shirt and the leathern jacket were more succinctly audacious than ever, but doubt and irresolution in every turn of his blue eyes and line of his weather-beaten face had taken the place of the tolerant kindliness.

"It 's a warm mornin', Mis' Pember," he observed, more disconcerted than ever by her unsmiling alertness.

"You came a good ways to tell me that, Captain Phippeny."

"Yes, I did. Leastways I did n't," he responded. "I come to tell you about — about Mellony."

"What about Mellony, Captain Phippeny?" she demanded, pale but uncompromising. "What have you got to tell me about Mellony Pember?" she reiterated as he paused.

"Not Mellony Pember," gasped the captain, a three-cornered smile trying to make headway against his embarrassment as he recalled the ancient tale of breaking the news to the Widow Smith; "Mellony Baldwin."

"Mellony Baldwin!" repeated Mrs. Pember stonily, not yet fully comprehending.

The captain grew more and more nervous.

"Yes," he proceeded, with the haste of despair, "yes, Mis' Pember, you see Mellony — Mellony 's married."

"Mellony married!" Strangely enough she had not thought of that. She grasped the doorpost for support.

"Yes, she up and married him," went on the captain more blithely. "I hardly thought it of Mellony," he added in

not unpleasurable reflection, "nor yet of Ira."

"Nor I either." Mrs. Pember's lips moved with difficulty. Mellony married! The structure reared with tears and prayers, the structure of Mellony's happiness, seemed to crumble before her eyes.

"And I was to give you this," and from the lining of his hat the captain drew forth a folded paper.

"Then you knew about it?" said Mrs. Pember, in a flash of cold wrath.

"No, no, I did n't. My daughter's boy brought this to me, and I was to tell you they was married. And why they set the job on to me the Lord He only knows!" and Captain Phippeny wiped his heated forehead with feeling; "but that 's all *I* know."

Slowly, her fingers trembling, she unfolded the note.

"I have married Ira, mother," she read. "He took me away in a boat early this morning. It was the only way. I will come back when you want me. If I am to be unhappy, I 'd rather be unhappy this way. I can't be unhappy your way any longer. I 'm sorry to go against you, mother; but it 's my life, after all, not yours. MELLONY."

As Mrs. Pember's hands fell to her side and the note slipped from her fingers, the daily tragedy of her married life seemed to pass before her eyes. She saw Captain Pember reel into the house, she shuddered at his blasphemy, she felt the sting of the first blow he had given her, she cowered as he roughly shook Mellony's little frame by her childish arm.

"She 'd better be dead!" she murmured. "I wish she was dead."

Captain Phippeny pulled himself together. "No, she had n't, — no, you don't, Mis' Pember," he declared stoutly. "You 're making a mistake. You don't want to see Mellony dead any more 'n I do. She 's only got married, when all 's said and done, and there 's a sight of folks gets married and none the worse for it. Ira Baldwin ain't any great shakes, — I dono as he is; he 's kinder light complected and soft spoken, — but he ain't a born fool, and that 's a good deal, Mis' Pember." He paused impressively, but she did not speak. "And he ain't goin' to beat Mellony, either; he ain't that sort. I guess Mellony could tackle him, if it came to that, anyhow. I tell you, Mis' Pember, there 's one thing you don't take no reckonin' on, — there 's a difference in husbands, there 's a ter'ble difference in 'em!" Mrs. Pember looked at him vaguely. Why did he go on talking? Mellony was married. "Mellony 's got one kind, and you — well," he went on, with cautious delicacy, "somehow you got another. I tell you it 's husbands as makes the difference to a woman when it comes to marryin'."

Mrs. Pember stooped, picked up the note, turned and walked into the living-room and sat down. She looked about her with that sense of unreality that visits us at times. There was the chair in which Mellony sat the night of her rebellious outbreak, — Mellony, her daughter, her married daughter. Other women talked about their "married daughters" easily enough, and she had pitied them; now she would have to talk so, too. She felt unutterably lonely. Her household, like her hope, was shattered. She looked up and saw that Captain Phippeny had followed her in and was standing before her, turning his hat in his brown, tattooed hands.

"Mis' Pember," he said, "I thought mebbe, now Mellony was married, you 'd be thinkin' of matrimony yourself agen." As Mrs. Pember gazed at him dumbly, it seemed as if she must all at once have become another person. Matrimony had suddenly become domesticated, as it were. Her eyes traveled over the horseshoe charm and the long gold chain as she listened, and from pocket to pocket. "And so I wanted to say that I 'd like to have you think of me if you was mak-

in' out the papers for another v'yage. The first mate I sailed with, she says to me when she died, 'You 've been a good husband, Phippeny,' says she. I would n't say anythin' to you, I would n't take the resk, if she had n't said that to me, Mis' Pember, and I 'm tellin' it to you now because there 's such a difference; and I feel kinder encouraged by it to ask you to try me. I 'd like to have you marry me, Mis' Pember."

It was a long speech, and the captain was near to suffocation when it was finished, but he watched her with anxious keenness as he waited for her to reply. The stern lines of her mouth relaxed slowly. A brilliant red geranium in the window glowed in the sunlight which had just reached it. The world was not all dark. The room seemed less lonely with the captain in it, as she glanced around it a second time. She scanned his face: the buttonhole of a mouth had a kindly twist; he did not look in the least like handsome Dick Pember. Mellony had married, and her world was in fragments, and something must come after.

"I never heard as you were n't a good husband to Mis' Phippeny," she said calmly, "and I dono as anybody 'll make any objection if I marry you, Captain Phippeny."

Annie Eliot.

THE TILDEN TRUST, AND WHY IT FAILED.

THE supposed purpose of the late Samuel J. Tilden to establish by his last will a free library and reading-room in the city of New York, through the agency of what was termed the "Tilden Trust," and the lamentable failure of that purpose are still fresh in public recollection. The failure of the Tilden Trust has been emphasized by the recent judgment of the Supreme Court of the State of Illinois, rendered on the 19th of June last, affirming the validity of the will of Mr. John Crerar, late of Chicago, devoting a sum of money, estimated at about three millions of dollars, to the founding of a free public library in that city. Why should the charitable purpose of the one testator be defeated, while that of the other is sustained? Why should the courts of New York pronounce the Tilden Trust a failure, while the courts of Illinois declare the John Crerar Library to be an assured fact? Why, under the same general system of jurisprudence prevailing in these two great States, should it be a task of such apparent difficulty to create a valid trust for charity in New York, while it is a matter of comparative ease to accomplish the same result in Illinois? The answer is not difficult to the professional reader, and it is believed that a comparison of the two cases, eliminating all technicalities, will afford an easy solution of these questions to the layman.

Mr. Tilden died in August, 1886, leaving his last will, dated in April, 1884. His only surviving heirs were a sister, two nephews, and four nieces. After creating, by his will, various trusts for the benefit of specific persons named, he devised the entire remainder of his property to trustees, to be held by them during the lives of a niece and grandniece, and to be applied to the purposes named in the will. By the thirty-fifth paragraph of the will he requested his trustees to obtain from the legislature, as speedily as possible, an act of incorporation of an institution to be known as the Tilden Trust, with capacity to establish and maintain a free public library and reading-room in the city of New

York, and to promote such scientific and educational objects as his trustees might designate. In case the Tilden Trust should be incorporated during the life of the survivor of the two nieces named, he authorized his trustees to organize the corporation, and to convey to its use the residue of his estate not specifically disposed of by the will, "or so much thereof as they deem expedient." He then directed that, in case the Tilden Trust should not be so incorporated, "or if, for any cause or reason, my said executors and trustees shall deem it inexpedient to convey the said rest, residue and remainder, or any part thereof, or to apply the same or any part thereof to said institution, I authorize my said executors and trustees to apply the rest, residue and remainder of my property, real and personal, after making good the said special trusts herein directed to be constituted, or such portion thereof as they may not deem it expedient to apply to its use, to such charitable, educational, and scientific purposes as in the judgment of my said executors and trustees will render the said rest, residue, and remainder of my property most widely and substantially beneficial to the interests of mankind."

The trustees named in the will actually procured the incorporation of the Tilden Trust, and conveyed to it the residue of Mr. Tilden's estate for the purpose of giving effect to the presumed intention of the testator. At the suit of one of the nephews and heirs at law this provision of the will was defeated, and, by the judgment of the court of last resort of the State of New York, was declared to be invalid.

In a vigorous article which appeared in the Harvard Law Review of March 15, 1892, written by Professor J. B. Ames of the Cambridge Law School, the writer ascribes the miscarriage of the Tilden Trust to a combination of two causes, the one legislative, the other judicial. The legislative cause he finds in the fact that the English law of charitable trusts has been abolished in New York by statute, and trusts for charity are there put upon the same footing as private trusts, except that property may be given directly to corporations which are authorized to receive and permanently hold bequests for specific charitable purposes. The other, and what he terms the judicial cause, is found in previous decisions of the courts of New York, unnecessary to be here repeated, by which the courts were fettered and hampered in their construction of the Tilden will, being unable to depart from these precedents. And the writer expresses his own conviction that, had the Tilden case arisen in England, or in any of the United States except New York, Michigan, Minnesota, Maryland, Virginia, and West Virginia, the trust for the library would have been sustained.

Whatever may be said as to the justice of the criticism of Professor Ames, another and fatal objection to the validity of the Tilden Trust existed, and upon this objection the judgment of the New York Court of Appeals, in setting aside the trust, was largely based. This objection may perhaps be best expressed in the statement that it nowhere clearly appears in the will that the testator intended to found a free library and reading-room in the city of New York. The extract from the will above quoted indicates a noticeable lack of precision on the part of the testator, first, as to the amount of his bounty which should be devoted to the purposes of the library, and, second, as to whether he desired, in any event, to found such a library. And while, as is said by the court in the final opinion in the Tilden case, at the threshold of every suit for the construction of a will lies the rule that the court must so construe it as to give effect to the intention of the testator, the courts have never gone so far as themselves to make a new will, or to apply any portion of the estate for a purpose which

was not specifically and unmistakably authorized by the testator himself.

The uncertainty upon the part of Mr. Tilden as to the amount of his estate which should be devoted to the library, and, indeed, as to whether he desired, in any event, to establish a library will be more apparent by again referring to the language of his will. He directs his trustees, after procuring the incorporation of the Tilden Trust, to convey to the corporation the residue of his estate not specifically disposed of, or so much thereof as they may deem expedient. Here is an absolute and uncontrolled discretion upon the part of the trustees to devote so much or so little of the residue to the purposes of the library as they may see fit. Whether the entire residue of the estate or a mere fraction thereof should ever be applied for the purposes of a library was a question which Mr. Tilden himself did not attempt to determine. In other words, as to the amount of his benefaction thus hypothetically devoted to the library, he may be said to have made no will, but to have left the amount to the discretion of his trustees. This objection alone would doubtless have been fatal to the Tilden Trust under the laws prevailing in any English-speaking country, since it is a rule of universal application in all such countries that, to create a valid trust for charity, there must be a grant or donation, either of a specific sum or of a sum which may be rendered specific and certain by some process fixed by the instrument creating the trust.

But the want of precision as to the amount which should be devoted to the library is perhaps less striking than the uncertainty as to whether any library should ever be called into being. After leaving the amount of the benefaction thus undetermined, the testator proceeds to declare that, if, for any reason, his trustees shall deem it inexpedient to convey any part of the residue of his estate to the Tilden Trust, they are authorized to apply such residue to such charitable, educational, and scientific purposes as in their judgment may be most beneficial to the interests of mankind. Uncertainty as to the amount of the donation is thus emphasized by additional uncertainty as to the object of the gift; confusion is thus worse confounded, and it becomes a legal impossibility to determine what may have been the actual intention of the testator.

Nor is this uncertainty, both as to the purpose and as to the amount of the donation, relieved by what may be termed the general charitable purpose of Mr. Tilden, or by his apparent desire that the residue of his estate should be devoted to purposes which, in the judgment of his trustees, should be "most widely and substantially beneficial to the interests of mankind." However commendable in the abstract such a purpose may appear, it is too nebulous and undefined to be enforced by the action of the courts. It was for Mr. Tilden to determine what purposes would result in the most lasting and substantial benefit to posterity, and having failed so to determine, to his own lack of precision, rather than to any defect in the existing law, must be attributed the failure of his bounty in this regard.

It was, however, strongly urged in argument that the elements of uncertainty here discussed had been eliminated from the case by the action of the trustees in procuring the incorporation of the Tilden Trust, and in conveying to the corporation the residue of the estate. And it was insisted that, having thus passed the point of uncertainty, the trust for the library might be sustained and its provisions might be enforced in accordance with the intention of the testator as thus supplemented and defined by the action of his trustees. The answer of the court to this contention was a very simple and natural one. It was, in brief, that the validity of the will was to be determined as of the date of Mr. Tilden's death,

and was in no manner dependent upon the subsequent action of his trustees. If at the time of his death the Tilden Trust was valid, the rights of the heirs were subject to the trust; if invalid, the heirs immediately inherited that portion of the estate, and no subsequent action of the trustees could disinherit them.

Stripped of the technical language in which wills are usually couched, that branch of the will under consideration may be summarized substantially, as was done by Mr. Justice Brown in the opinion of the New York Court of Appeals, by assuming that Mr. Tilden said to his trustees, I desire to devote my estate to charitable, educational, and scientific purposes. I have not worked out the details, but, since the laws of New York require this to be done through a corporation, I request you to cause an institution to be incorporated as the Tilden Trust, with capacity to maintain a free library and reading-room in the city of New York, and such other educational and scientific purposes as you shall designate. If you think proper, you may convey to this corporation so much or so little of the residue of my estate as you may determine. If you do not think this course desirable, you may apply the residue to such charitable, educational, and scientific purposes as will, in your judgment, most widely and substantially benefit mankind. So far, therefore, from attempting to establish, by his will, a free library and reading-room, or any other specific and definite trust for charity, Mr. Tilden remitted to his trustees, in the exercise of their uncontrolled discretion, the selection of the charity, as well as the determination of the extent of his bounty which should be devoted to such charity when thus selected. As to the portion of his estate thus tentatively devoted to charity, he made no will, but attempted to delegate the entire subject to the action of his trustees. Their will, not his, was to be the rule of action. The result cannot be better summarized than in the language of Mr. Justice Brown, delivering the opinion of the majority of the New York Court of Appeals, who says: —

"As the selection of the objects of the trust was delegated absolutely to the trustees, there is no person or corporation who could demand any part of the estate, or maintain an action to compel the trustees to execute the power in their favor. This is the fatal defect in the will. The will of the trustees is made controlling, and not the will of the testator. As was said by the learned presiding justice of the General Term, 'the radical vice of the entire provision seems to have arisen from the testator's unwillingness to confer any enforceable rights upon any qualified person or body.'"

It is true that a vigorous dissenting opinion was filed by three of the seven judges who sat in final judgment upon the Tilden will. It is true also that the judgment of the court, based upon this bare majority of four out of seven learned judges, has been freely criticised both by lawyers and by laymen. Perhaps the most common form of criticism was that which was generally voiced in the public press at the time in asserting the difficulty of creating valid trusts for charity, and in lamenting the grasping tendency of covetous heirs in seeking to recover a portion of the bounty of their ancestor, which he may have intended to devote to public benefactions. Yet it is believed that the general verdict of the legal profession has been and will continue to be that the Tilden Trust was properly defeated by reason of the vacillation, uncertainty, and lack of precision of Mr. Tilden himself.

If now we turn to the case of the Crerar will, we shall have little difficulty in determining why Chicago is to have one more great public library, while New York is to have one less than was supposed upon the publication of Mr. Tilden's will.

John Crerar, by birth a Scotchman,

and formerly a resident of the city of New York, died in Chicago, October 19, 1889, at the age of sixty-two. He had for many years prior to his death been a successful merchant of Chicago, and had accumulated a fortune of several million dollars. He was never married, and left no surviving kin of nearer degree than first cousins. By his will, consisting of fifty-two separate paragraphs, he devised his entire estate to Norman Williams and Huntington W. Jackson as executors and trustees, with power to sell and dispose of his estate, to convert it into cash, and to hold the proceeds subject to the trusts of the will. By thirty-eight separate paragraphs he gave sums of money aggregating about $800,000 in special legacies to cousins on the mother's side, to family and personal friends, and to various charities, public and private, including among such legacies $100,000 for the "erection of a colossal statue of Abraham Lincoln," and other large sums to hospitals, churches and mission schools. He then directed his trustees to set apart so much of his estate as they might deem necessary, the income from which should be applied in payment of costs and expenses of administering the will and its trusts, including compensation to his trustees for their services, the surplus income from this fund to be yearly devoted to the purposes set forth in the fiftieth clause of his will, and when, in the judgment of his trustees, it should be proper, the entire principal sum thus segregated should be devoted to the same purposes.

By the fiftieth clause of his will, Mr. Crerar expressed his recognition of the fact that the greater part of his fortune had been accumulated in Chicago, where he had resided since 1862, and acknowledged with gratitude the kindness which had always been extended to him by his friends and acquaintances in Chicago. He therefore gave all the residue of his estate for the erection, maintenance, and endowment of a free public library, to be called "The John Crerar Library," and to be located in the city of Chicago, a preference being given to the south division of the city, inasmuch as the Newberry Library was to be located in the north division. He directed his trustees to procure an act of incorporation to carry out the purposes of the bequest, and designated the first board of directors of such corporation. He then added the following general directions as to the library trust: —

"I desire the building to be tasteful, substantial, and fire-proof, and that a sufficient fund be reserved over and above the cost of its construction to provide, maintain, and support a library for all time. I desire the books and periodicals selected with a view to create and sustain a healthy moral and Christian sentiment in the community, and that all nastiness and immorality be excluded. I do not mean by this that there shall not be anything but hymn-books and sermons, but I mean that dirty French novels and all skeptical trash and works of questionable moral tone shall never be found in this library. I want its atmosphere that of Christian refinement, and its aim and object the building up of character, and I rest content that the friends I have named will carry out my wishes in these particulars."

He appears to have been ignorant of the existence of any cousins on the father's side, the will making no provision for such cousins. Shortly after Mr. Crerar's death, legal proceedings were instituted by several first cousins on the father's side, residing in Scotland and in Canada, to set aside eight different clauses of the will, including that for the creation of the public library.

Various objections to the library trust were pressed by counsel for the contesting heirs, which need not be here discussed. One objection was urged with much force, and upon substantially the same grounds as in the case of the Til-

den Trust, namely, that the amount devoted by the will to the purposes of the library was uncertain and impossible of ascertainment, and that the library clause was therefore void. It was insisted that because the testator had set aside an indefinite and uncertain portion of his estate, the amount of which should rest wholly in the discretion of his trustees, to meet the expenses of administering the trust, including their own compensation, they might devote so much or so little of the estate to these purposes as they should see fit, and thus in effect defeat the library trust or leave nothing for its endowment. Had this objection been well founded in point of fact, the bequest to the library would doubtless have failed, since it is an indispensable element of a valid trust for charity that the sum devoted to the charitable purpose must be either definitely ascertained and determined by the testator, or that he must prescribe some standard by which the amount may be determined. The Supreme Court of Illinois, however, in sustaining the will, held that the setting aside of this fund to meet the expenses of the trust was a proper detail of administration within the control of the testator; that in any event such expenses were a prior charge upon the entire estate and must be paid as such; that the trustees had no arbitrary discretion as to the amount of the fund to be thus set apart for expenses, or as to their own compensation; that the courts would correct any abuse in the exercise of their discretion in this regard; that these expenses were necessary to the administration of the charity itself, and that the entire residue of the estate, including the fund thus temporarily set aside for expenses, was devoted to the library trust. The court affirm with no uncertain sound the doctrine long prevailing in England and in this country, that the charitable purpose indicated by the testator is the substance, while the ways and means which he may have provided for carrying out his intention are mere matters of detail; that it is the wise policy of the law to uphold charitable bequests, and that if all machinery provided by the testator for giving effect to his charitable purpose shall fail, the courts will still execute the trust in the spirit of the donor. The conclusion reached by the court is compressed in the closing words of the opinion as follows: —

"No greater wrong could be done the giver of this magnificent bequest than to defeat his clearly expressed wish, that the greater part of his estate, amply sufficient for the purpose, should be expended in the erection, creation, maintenance, and endowment of a free public library in a great city, to bear his name, because, forsooth, in an effort to direct the means of carrying out the purposes of that bequest he may have misconceived the practicability of some of those means, or failed to prescribe with exactness when and how those means should be put into operation."

The vital point which distinguishes the will of Mr. Tilden from that of Mr. Crerar sufficiently appears from the language here quoted. Indeed, a mere comparison of the library clauses in the two wills sufficiently indicates this point of difference, without the aid of judicial interpretation. Mr. Crerar clearly expressed his wish that the residue of his estate should be expended in the erection, creation, maintenance and endowment of a free public library. Mr. Tilden expressed no such intention. The former desired a library and nothing else, and directed that the entire residue of his estate should be devoted to this purpose. The latter was uncertain, first as to the amount which should be devoted to a possible library, if his trustees should decide to apply any of his estate to that purpose, and second, as to whether, indeed, he desired in any event to found a library. The attempt of Mr. Crerar to create a library is expressed

with precision and certainty; that of Mr. Tilden with doubt and hesitation. The former proceeded directly to give expression to his charitable intention in clear and unmistakable language, while the latter doubted, hesitated, and finally left all to the uncontrolled discretion of his trustees. In brief, Mr. Crerar himself made a will, devoting the entire residuum of his estate to the founding of a great trust for charity. Mr. Tilden made no such will, but merely sought to transmit his testamentary intention to his trustees, to be by them defined and executed.

Even this brief and imperfect review of these two *causes célèbres* may serve to emphasize the injustice of the criticism which was so freely made upon the courts of New York after the failure of the Tilden Trust, that they were inclined upon technical grounds to defeat the clearly expressed intention of testators regarding trusts for charity. And while it is true that the legislation of New York upon this subject shows a wide divergence from the general current of legislation both in England and in America, it is believed that the courts of that State have been inclined to go quite as far toward sustaining trusts for charity, when clearly expressed, as have those of other States. Upon this point Mr. Justice Rapallo, delivering the opinion of the New York Court of Appeals in Holland *v.* Alcock, 108 N. Y. 312, decided in 1888, clearly shows that the change of legislation in New York in abolishing the English system of charitable trusts has led to no loss or diminution of charity in that State. Upon the contrary, he asserts that New York has substituted a policy which offers the widest field for enlightened benefactions, and he points with pride to the great number of charitable institutions throughout the State of New York. He adds: —

"It is not certain that any political state or society in the world offers a better system of law for the encouragement of property limitations in favor of religion and learning, for the relief of the poor, the care of the insane, of the sick, and the maimed, and the relief of the destitute, than our system of creating organized bodies by the legislative power and endowing them with the legal capacity to hold property which a private person or a private corporation has to receive and hold transfers of property."

Nor need the failure of the Tilden Trust cause any apprehension upon the part of benevolently disposed testators lest their purpose to devote any portion of their estates to trusts for charity should miscarry. No testamentary bequests are more jealously guarded or more strictly enforced by the courts in the spirit of the testator than are those for charity. Let it only clearly appear that the testator directs that some portion of his estate, either definitely ascertained, or susceptible of definite ascertainment, is unmistakably devoted to a public benefaction as distinguished from a private trust, and the courts of all countries in which the English system of jurisprudence prevails are prompt to give effect to such intention. That the Tilden will failed in this regard is the fault, not of the courts by which it was construed, but rather of the testator who failed to give proper expression to his possible intention. It has been generally understood among the legal profession that this will was drawn by Mr. Tilden himself, and that it was possibly submitted for approval to the late Mr. Charles O'Conor. Be this as it may, the failure of the Tilden Trust has added one more to the list of eminent judges and lawyers, including Lord St. Leonards and Mr. O'Conor himself, who have failed to draw their own wills in such manner as to successfully withstand attack by their heirs at law and next of kin.

James L. High.

TWO MODERN CLASSICISTS IN MUSIC.

IN TWO PARTS. PART ONE.

"QUOT homines, tot sententiæ" is a saw the application of which might well be extended beyond its current limits. It is not only upon our opinions that we cannot escape setting at least a faint stamp of our own individuality, — though this impress may often seem obliterated by our modes of expressing them, — but our understanding, our perceptions, our very seeing and hearing are indefeasibly and inveterately our own. Language is at best a makeshift by which we seek to impart to others an approximate notion of our meaning; but, use it as we may, there is always room for doubt as to whether we have really made ourselves understood. That which we call a word is but the shadow of our thought; it may mean this to us, but that to another. Written language, unaided as it is by the plastic imagery of gesture and the innuendo of emphasis, is an especially rough tool; we write a word, and every reader makes of it what he can — lucky for us if he have the honesty not to make of it what he please! The idea-conveying force of the word will be what it means to him, not what it means to us. If we would be distinctly understood, we must beat about the bush and explain ourselves; our word, left to itself, will have as many meanings as there are men who read it.

But, to quit generalities and come down to a definite point, how many different meanings in as many minds has not this one word "classicism"! *Classic*, *classicism*, *classicist*, have grown to be very vague terms. To those who look for the meaning of a word in its etymology they are impregnated with a flavor of the academy, they reek with associations with the categorical imperative, the "thou shalt" and "thou shalt not" of the schools. To others they convey an idea of authority based on a survival after long sifting and a gradual recognition of what is fine, worthy, and, as the Germans say, *mustergiltig*. To others, again, they imply merely something old, that was doubtless admirable once, but has had its day like other dogs, and should by rights be obsolete now. And who shall say that any of these interpretations is wholly without warrant? What we call a "classic" has become so in virtue of being recognized as fine and worthy by successive generations, and should be looked upon as a model in its way, as far as it goes; being a model, it naturally has been held up as such by the schools, and departure from its scheme has been deprecated, with more or less reason. Again, as it is of necessity old, inspired by the afflatus of a time when the conditions of life, thought, and even emotion were different from ours, when men had other ideals than ours, is there not unavoidably an element of obsolescence in it? May we not assume that its mature growth, like all mature growth, has brought with it the potentiality of decay? All these meanings of "classic" and "classicism" have truth in them; it is only by holding too fast by one, to the exclusion of the others, that we run the risk of error.

Yet, although these interpretations of the word "classicism" are all more or less true, they are still too general and vague for my present purpose. If I have dwelt on them at all, it was to ward off at the outset any prejudice, any foregone conclusion, in the mind of my readers, — either in the way of partisanship or opposition, *pro* or *con*, — by showing that no single one of

them covers the whole ground ; and that, consequently, so soon as we hold fast by the special truth contained or implied in one, discarding that implied in the others, we thereby place our chosen truth as it were *in vacuo*, thus inviting error to flow in and surround it. I would address myself here neither to the enthusiasm of the so-called classicist, nor to the militant scorn of the modern come-outer ; I would as far as possible paint a faithful picture of something that has been and the true significance of which seems to me of lasting importance.

To my present purpose neither the authority, the *Mustergiltigkeit* ("model-worthiness"), nor the age and possible obsolescence of musical classicism is of any consequence whatever ; I wish to look at the subject from a totally different point of view. I would specify what the true gist, the quintessence in the last analysis, of musical classicism was in its heyday, apart from all definitions, with all that was merely external and unessential eliminated. What I speak of is an æsthetic point of view which history shows us was the dominant one during the periods in which the great masterpieces were written which are by common consent called classic to-day. And, in examining this point of view, I trust far less to the evidence furnished by anything of the didactic sort written or read during the periods to which I refer than to the internal evidence of the masterworks themselves.

If it be true of any art that its real essence is the expression of emotion, this is doubly true of the art of music. And it may be well to state here that in all epochs in the history of music which have since been rated as classic — the great Italian period of strict vocal counterpoint, from the immediate forerunners of Palestrina, the two Gabrielis, and Orlando Lasso down to such decadents as Orazio Benevoli (a period extending from early in the sixteenth century to near the close of the seventeenth) ; the great "Neapolitan" period of opera and oratorio writing, from Alessandro Scarlatti down to Pergolesi and Sarti ; and the great German period, from Sebastian Bach and Handel down to Beethoven — the art of music was unhesitatingly looked upon as distinctly an independent art. The idea that music was an art immediately dependent on poetry was that of the ancient Greeks ; it cropped up again for a while under the Florentine Music Reform of the early part of the seventeenth century, and has since made its reappearance with Richard Wagner ; but it had absolutely nothing to do with any period or school generally or properly known as classic. In all classic epochs the art of music was regarded as an art by itself, following its own course of development, and subject to its own inherent laws. This was one part of the classic point of view ; it was axiomatic. But, based on this axiom, the true quintessence of the classic point of view was this : that in music — as in the other fine arts — the expression of emotion must be realized through perfect beauty of form and a finely and stoutly organized construction. The recognition of the indispensableness of this, so to speak, "architectural" side of music was the most distinctive and characteristic mark of the classical point of view ; as I have said, it is the very quintessence of classicism.

It is in this sense, and in this sense alone, that I shall use the words *classic*, *classicism* and *classicist* in the present article. In contradistinction to classicism, I would take musical "romanticism" to imply the aim to express emotion in music by more or less picturesque and suggestive means, by the imitation or suggestion of natural (extra-musical) modes of expression, in short by any means in the power of the art not necessarily connected with beauty of form and stoutness or symmetry of organic structure. By this I do not mean

that the modes of expression peculiarly characteristic of musical romanticism are necessarily inimical to or discrepant with beauty of form or stoutness and symmetry of organism; the two circles of connotation of "classicism" and "romanticism" may intersect, and a certain domain be common to both; the two elements may pull together toward one and the same artistic goal. But, for the sake of clearness, I here limit the meaning of each of the two terms to that which is distinctively characteristic, and hence essential, in it. I take classicism to imply the endeavor to express emotion musically through beauty of form and stoutness and symmetry of organic construction; romanticism, the endeavor to express emotion by other musical means, for the present no matter what.

The last great classic master in music, universally recognized as such, was Felix Mendelssohn. It is true that he was more famous in his own day, and is to a great extent so still, as a romanticist than as a classicist; indeed he was both. But he was distinctly a classicist *jusqu'au bout des ongles;* strongly romantic as his native bent was, and full rein as he gave it for his time, he never indulged it at the expense of his classicism. With all his imaginative romanticism, he was and remains the last world-famous classic composer, so far. His classicism and romanticism went hand in hand and were, like Sebastian Bach's, in perfect equilibrium. Robert Schumann cannot compare with him in this respect; with Schumann the romantic side preponderated over the classic. Even if we admit that his artistic aims may have been as classic in spirit as Mendelssohn's, — which a careful study of his works gives some reason for believing, — the accident of lacking early training made him far less in condition to compass them than Mendelssohn, whose technical musical education was phenomenally thorough. Perfection of musical form was something that Schumann always had to struggle for; with Mendelssohn it was a second nature.

But if Mendelssohn was the last universally recognized great musical classicist, there were two men, younger than he and less widely famous, whose lives were intimately associated with musical life in Boston, whose memory is green in the hearts of many of us, and in whom the spirit of the truest classicism still breathed in as perfect purity as in Mendelssohn himself: Robert Franz and Otto Dresel. They were stanch and life-long friends; their agreement on musical subjects was as complete as their friendship; they both worked together toward the same end, though they lived long apart; neither of the two gave anything to the world without its passing through the ordeal of the other's criticism; they died within two years of each other. It is well to speak of them together.

In both of these men was to be found, in its highest perfection, what I will call, for lack of a better name, the sense for musical beauty; the keenest sense for beauty of expression, beauty of form, proportion, and color. And, so strong was this sense in them, so imperative in its demands, that neither of them could be content unless the whole of his sense for beauty was satisfied. Beauty of form alone was not enough for them; truth and poignancy of expression, divorced from beauty of form, left them with the feeling that something indispensable was lacking; beauty of detail — in melody, harmony, or modulation — left them cold, unless there were also coherency of development and symmetry of design. Without beauty of color (a beautiful quality of tone) their delight in music was sorely marred. For them music must fulfill all the demands a complete and spherical æsthetic sense could make upon it. I must own that I was rather surprised to find in Dresel — whom I knew personally and

intimately, for with Franz I had only two or three years' intercourse by letter — so keen a delight in musical color, to find him make such severe demands upon music in this respect. In Boston he had the name of being rather "grim" in his tastes, and I knew his sense for form was so keen and fastidious that I thought it likely enough his demands upon beauty of clang-tint might be less exorbitant. But no: a disagreeable voice, a dry-toned pianoforte, a poor violin, unbeautiful orchestration, offended his ear as unpardonably as it could that of the veriest color-epicure in music; Paderewski himself could not surpass him in fineness of musical color-sense. And speaking of the great Polish pianist (whom, by the way, he never heard) reminds me of something I heard Dresel say one day, in talking of pianoforte playing: —

"I have heard almost all the great pianists; but of the whole lot I can think of only two whom I should call really remarkable for beauty of touch: Thalberg and Rubinstein."

"How about Gottschalk?" I suggested.

"Ah! yes, I had forgotten him; he certainly belongs with the other two; his tone on the pianoforte was phenomenally fine!"

In a similar way I was somewhat surprised at first at the high value he set upon emotional expressiveness in music, especially upon the expression of individual emotion, upon the emotional personality and temperament of a composer. To be sure, these surprises came at a time when I knew him far less well than I did afterwards, near the beginning of our musical friendship, when I still had to take him largely for what his reputation with music-lovers in general painted him to be — something of a "dry" musical formalist. Yet even after I had become better acquainted with the emotional, romantic side of his nature, there were certain points in him that I still failed to understand; points which seemed to me not to harmonize well with the rest of him. Indeed, to his death, I could never explain the to me extraordinarily cool attitude he assumed toward Gluck's operas and the works of the older Italian contrapuntists, Palestrina, the Naninis, and others of that school. The Gluck matter, to be sure, did not trouble me overmuch; but, as for Palestrina and his contemporaries, it seemed to me to border on the illogical for an ardent Bach and Handel worshiper like Dresel to ignore this older music, which was really one of the main foundations of the great Germans' art. I never could get him to talk long enough on the subject, which evidently did not interest him in the least, to give me any clue to his inexplicable feelings in the matter. It was only after his death that Franz, to whom I had written on the subject, suggested an explanation that made me begin to see clearly into it. In a letter dated October 31, 1890, Franz answered my questions as follows: —

"The questions you ask are not easy to answer. But I would remark before all things that it can not be required of a musician to bring an equal interest to bear upon *all* art-phenomena, a requirement which is no doubt a *conditio sine qua non* for the historian, not for the musician, for a lifetime would hardly suffice for the intensive study of them. Friend Dresel was, to be sure, guilty of many a harshness in his judgments, which unfortunately led superficial people to charge him with one-sided narrowness. I myself have not fared better! I never had any talk with Dresel about his attitude toward Gluck and the old Italian school, so I am in no condition to give you any information about his aversion. Yet I can very well imagine that he did not sympathize with the frequent over-estimates of Gluck's artistic expression. The somewhat cold objectiveness to which the subjects he

treated forced this master could not possibly be sympathetic to so subjectively disposed an individual as Dresel unquestionably was — his cool sympathy is only thus to be explained. He seems to have assumed a similar, perhaps a harsher, attitude toward the old Italian school. In it the personal element withdraws almost wholly into the background, and is overwhelmed by the demands of the Catholic Church, which, as you know, does not consider the individual of any account. The expression of the masters of this school thus became so typical that one has some difficulty in distinguishing between, for example, the grand works of Palestrina. It was Protestantism that first loosed musicians' tongues; for in it the personal element, in contradistinction to the typical, gets its rights. The musical culmination of the liberated spirits is to be discerned in Bach and Handel — in both of them does the 'Ego' celebrate its most brilliant triumphs. Nowadays we are told to fall back solely upon ourselves, a fact which has already led to a subjectivism that makes one's flesh creep. In my opinion the individual element should subordinate itself to the universal, in which the artistic spirit of the noblest sort attains to self-consciousness; and here it finds its limit. He who disregards this limit will sooner or later come to grief. The great crowd that rule the roast to-day should naturally be sharply distinguished from this 'universal;' for them everything is sensual pleasure, and they have no inkling of a *katharsis* in which, and in which alone, the true blessings of art are realized. After the crowd was emancipated, even in its relations to music, . . . then began the downfall, about which only blindness can have any doubts.

"These cursory remarks to a certain extent explain Dresel's attitude. His negative judgment on Gluck and the old Italian school is but the outcome of a passionately mobile inner nature, for which, in neither case, does the blood pulsate quickly enough, and one that could not possibly come to an understanding with the false objectiveness of our doctrinarians. Dresel's opposition to the Neo-Germanic school, too, has its interesting side. Its intolerance of all barriers (*ihre Schrankenlosigkeit*) was necessarily antipathetic to his measure-loving nature; in which matter he may perhaps now and then have overshot the mark."

I quote this merely to show that Dresel was very far from being the "dry formalist" in music that many thought him. In truth, the romantic side of his nature was as fully developed as that in any of the musical "new lights" of to-day; only with him it went hand in hand with, and was counterpoised by, an equally well-developed spirit of classicism. And what was true of Dresel in this respect was quite as true of Franz; in many of his long musical talks with me, the former continually quoted Franz, not as authority, but to show that he himself was not alone in his views.

What separates the classicism, the sense for beauty of musical form and proportion, of Franz and Dresel from that of almost all "classicists" to-day, — and the spirit of musical classicism, if possibly obsolescent, is by no means quite so dead yet as some persons would have us believe, — what made them, in a sense, the last of the Mohicans of a now bygone period, is more a difference in kind than in degree. I do not think it any exaggeration to say that their perfect purity, chasteness, and nice discrimination of specifically musical sense are now a thing of the past. Our musical instincts nowadays run in other channels; we follow other ideals, and are not only willing, but eager, to sacrifice things to them that our fathers would not have consented to forego. For the absolute fineness and delicacy of musical sense of Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Cherubini, and Mendelssohn, we have no doubt substituted something else;

we can stand things — ay, and take delight in them, too — that would have set their teeth on edge; we can find a certain ideal coherency, of mood, poetic or dramatic purpose, or emotional expression, in things that would doubtless have struck them as utterly chaotic. I am not even prepared to deny that our modern musical sense may have, or may be developing into acquiring, a somewhat larger scope than theirs; but that it has not the perfect fineness of fibre of theirs I am sure. I am not criticising either them or us; I am merely stating what seems to me an undeniable fact. No doubt there are many musicians, especially of the older generation, now alive (albeit fewer than is generally supposed) who have enough of this old fineness and purity of musical sense left to know what it is; but those of them in whom it still has sufficient vitality for them to make its complete satisfaction a *sine qua non* of musical enjoyment must be exceedingly few and far between. Franz and Dresel were the last prominent figures in that goodly company of musical purists; with their death the old fineness of musical sense became virtually extinct. And if I call them purists, I do so hesitatingly, and because I can think of no better term. In the invidious sense, they were really not purists at all; for they did not throw greater stress upon purity of form and style than upon other elements in the art. Nothing was farther from their nature than æsthetic dandyism; only for them purity of form and style was a *sine qua non*.

Of the two, Franz alone was a creator. Dresel, to be sure, composed to a certain extent, and what he wrote was often surpassingly fine; but in him the spirit of self-criticism was stronger than the creative impulse. After publishing a few things, a pianoforte trio and some smaller pieces, when still a young man, he kept countless songs in his portfolio, waiting for the time when his own musical sense should have sufficiently matured for him to trust it implicitly; he would give nothing to the public that he might be sorry for or ashamed of later. He had a horror of letting anything callow go on record; he was not content with satisfying his ideal for the time being, but must wait until he could be sure of satisfying his perfected and firmly grounded ideal. And the maturing process in him went on almost indefinitely; it seemed as if it would never end; until at last, shortly before his death, he did publish one small book of songs — songs written years before, which had survived decades of cumulative self-criticism, and which he was at last willing to father as something worth doing. The wonderful beauty of these songs might make one lament that Dresel kept them back so long, instead of giving them to the world at once, and making them the point of departure for flights into other and loftier regions of composition, did one not recognize the fact that, where genius is truly creative, the creative instinct is ever stronger than that of self-criticism, and has in itself a certain inborn fearlessness that prompts it to compose, and give to the world without regard for consequences. The man of genuine creative genius can not help flooding the world with his creations. He may not, and probably does not, satisfy his own highest ideal; but that matters little to him: he has done his best for the nonce, and can not wait to work over it longer; he must give it to the world for what it is worth, and try to do better next time. That Dresel had not creative genius of this sort seems evident enough; and we should be thankful for the beauty of the few songs he did persuade himself to publish rather than regret that he did not publish more. Upon the whole, there is no such thing, nor was there ever such a thing, as an unborn master-work; for it is, and ever has been, the prime characteristic of the embryo of a masterpiece

that it will and must be born; it struggles uncontrollably toward birth, and nothing under heaven, save fell death alone, can prevent its being born. There is no more futile lamenting on earth than that over the great things this or that man did not do. Devout thankfulness for the little and insignificant things men have not done is infinitely wiser; for it is profoundly true — though the truth thereof is too often overlooked or misappreciated — that in art, as in other matters, the world really wants nothing but masterpieces. All else it is well able to do without.

Franz, on the other hand, distinctly was a creative genius; and, like all true geniuses, as distinguished from men of mere talents, he was a man of progress. He carried the German *Lied* to its highest known pitch of perfection. Uniting the purely lyric element one finds in such splendor in Schubert with the wondrously subtile and mobile expressiveness of every varying shade of emotion that characterized Schumann, fusing these two elements so that their union was absolutely — one might say, by a not too daring figure, "chemically" — complete, Franz gave the finishing master touch to the plastic form of the *Lied*. Franz's songs are as truly lyrics, in the most exact sense of the word, as Schubert's; at the same time, they are to the full as emotionally expressive, as picturesquely and poetically suggestive, as vivid pieces of tone-painting, as Schumann's. And, more than this, he has given them the most stoutly organized, pure, and concise form known in song-writing. Of what Schubert and Schumann did before him Franz brought the natural and logical completion; he crowned the edifice.

In thus comparing Franz with Schubert and Schumann as a song-writer, I have intentionally left his own personal individuality out of consideration; I have spoken only of his continuing and completing their work in establishing and perfecting the form of the German *Lied*. But, apart from this, his own genius had the finest, the most unique aroma; it was as individual as that of any man who ever wrote. Indeed, after looking through all modern art, one finds Franz to stand utterly alone and companionless in one high respect; to find a parallel to the spirit that breathes through his songs, one must go back to the old Elizabethan love poetry; nothing else in our own day has their peculiar aroma. Franz's songs have just that unforced felicity of cadence and expression, that wholesome out-of-door freshness, that refinement without priggishness, warmth without feverishness, above all that native reverence for purity and beauty, that we find in the English love poems of Elizabeth's day. No lover can be too passionate to sing them, no maid too pure to hear them.

Their "vocality," to coin a vile word to fit an abominably abused thing, has often been called in question; indeed, Franz's songs are by no means always written according to the rules of the Italian *bel canto*, and it has long been the fashion to consider songs that do not obey these rules as pieces of bad vocal writing. But this objection is really foolish. Because even the finest and best developed vocal technique of great Italian singers is not fully equal to conquering certain technical difficulties in Franz's songs, there is no more reason to call them essentially unvocal and badly written for the voice than there would be for saying that Chopin's nocturnes and preludes are pieces of bad pianoforte writing because, say, Moscheles or Hummel could not have played them. The only difference is, that the peculiar technique needed to play Chopin has been very fully developed in pianists to-day, whereas the peculiar vocal technique requisite to sing Franz has been only very sparingly developed in singers. And as for *bel canto*, the Franz songs differ diametrically from much of the

vocal music written to-day in that they are but seldom declamatory in character, but almost always are purely lyrical; they have a *bel canto* of their own, — not the Italian, but another, — and imperatively demand that it shall be done full justice. The vocal technique required by Franz's songs still remains to a great extent a problem that singers will have to solve for themselves; some few have already solved it, but mastery over it has by no means become general as yet. I myself, *moi qui vous parle*, have heard Franz's songs sung as purely, as smoothly, sustainedly, and with as perfect emission of tone as I ever have "Casta diva" or "Una furtiva lagrima" by the best Italians. But I admit that it has not been often!

It has been regretted that Franz, as an original creator, confined himself so exclusively to the *Lied*, instead of spreading a wider wing in flight through larger musical domains. His technical equipment was probably more thorough than that of any other composer of his day. Perhaps he felt the short song to be his most congenial sphere, and had no inner spurrings to attempt larger things. But one may suspect there was something else that kept him from trying the larger forms of vocal composition or any form whatever of instrumental writing. And I am led to guess that this something else may have acted quite as effectually upon Dresel as upon him, preventing him from overstepping the limits of the song, and discouraging Dresel almost wholly from doing original work in any field. To explain what this something, this mysterious influence, was, let me quote again from Franz's letters.

In a letter dated November 23, 1890, after beginning thus: —

"I am very glad that you agree with my explanation of Dresel's attitude. If you lay strong stress upon these points of view in your intended article,[1] many a misunderstanding about our friend will be cured thereby.

"You are quite right in calling Liszt's composing in the archaic style *reflective*, for every imitation drags after itself the loss of naïveté, and thus leaves the domain of all true artistic creation. The Berlin matadors, ——, ——, ——, etc., labor under the same deficit."

He goes on, in reply to some expostulations of mine with the exceedingly black view he had taken of the future of the art of music, as follows: —

"So you really believe that the individualism of our day, tearing down all barriers as it is, is but a process of fermentation, the precipitate of which must lead to a clarification promotive of art! If you mean the complete negation thereof, then I agree with you; but if you think a new era of artistic productiveness possible as the result of this clarification, then our views go far asunder. Every development has, like everything in the world, its beginning and its end; the development of the organism of art like the rest. Now, you have only to look at the historical progress of Music to descry in it an uninterrupted chain of perfectionments and retrograde movements. To be sure, instances of disorganization occur, but their place is immediately taken by more vital forms in other domains. Vocal as well as instrumental music has gone through this process; neither of them could ever rise above a culminating point that was always followed by a rapid decadence. Church music lived to have this fate during and after the period of Bach and Handel; then the opera before and after 'Mozart,' whose name I especially emphasize because his genius possessed the highest faculty of dramatic art: 'to create *figures* of flesh and blood;'[2] farther on the epic forms, which cul-

[1] An article I never wrote, by the way.

[2] This was in allusion to an article of mine in Scribner's Magazine, on Wagner's Heroes and Heroines, in which I had spoken of Wagner's having "created figures of flesh and blood."

minated in Beethoven; and finally, we have arrived again at the beginning of all art, at the lyric, which seems likewise to have exhausted its springs to the very bottom, in achieving a fusion of poetry and music which can hardly be carried to a higher pitch of intimacy."

In another letter, dated May 5, 1892, he says: —

"As I know you from your letters as an optimist incarnate, who even *per tot discrimina rerum* believes in a beautiful future, I will only remark that our art has been, in its noblest results and for divers centuries, its own object, and that it may at last be high time to take in hand the education of humankind, its higher mission. Trash will, of course, be excluded thereby, and what is genuine will come into its rights."

These are but hints; but they tend to show that Franz was fully persuaded that all forms of composition had been virtually worked out, and nothing new was to be done in them; the field of original creation in music was closed, or fast closing, except to those adventurous modern spirits to whom pure individualism in expression was acceptable as a worthy aim in art. At any rate, as he himself could not accept the modern idea, the field of original musical creation was effectively closed for him, save in that one still perfectible form, the song. Yet it is easy to see by what he actually did that this beautiful, but narrowly circumscribed, form of composition did not seem to him to give a man of creative genius sufficient scope to make it worth his while to devote his whole life-work to it. Indeed, if we look through the history of music, we can find no single instance of a man of really high creative genius — even among those to whom we owe the perfection of very small musical forms — devoting himself exclusively to them. Take, for instance, Schubert, to whom we owe the establishment of the *Lied*-form; probably his most perfect and absolutely original work was done in that form; but he was not content to apply his genius to it alone, he also worked in the larger fields of the symphony, the sonata, concerted chamber music, church music, and the opera. Take Schumann, who brought the short fugitive pianoforte-piece to such perfection and may even be said to have created the *genre*, — for what Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven had done before him in this line was little more than a hint that something great remained to be done in it, and Mendelssohn's Songs without Words were rather superficially than essentially a new development, being in reality little or nothing more than the application of the *Lied*-form to pianoforte writing; [1] — even Schumann could not confine himself to the short *morceau de genre* for pianoforte, but exploited nearly all the largest and highest domains of composition. Chopin himself, who, barring a few songs and a piece or two of concerted chamber music, was exclusively a pianoforte composer, was not content to confine his genius within the limits of the mazurka, the waltz, the nocturne, nor the short free prelude, but must needs apply himself also to the sonata, the concerto, the scherzo, and the longer ballade; and though Chopin brought the nocturne, the mazurka, and the short prelude to a pitch of perfection never equaled before nor since, and his most characteristic work was done in these small forms, he still was not satisfied with limiting himself to them alone. And it would have been strange indeed if a man of Franz's genius had been content to immure himself in the restricted domain of song writing. Yet, as we have seen, he considered other fields of original creative work virtually closed to him. What he did do is well known; and why he did it is at least hinted at in the

[1] Saint-Saëns well said that "where Mendelssohn has given us the loveliest musical water-color sketches, Schumann has cut veritable cameos."

sentences, "It may at last be high time to take in hand the education of humankind, its (music's) higher mission. Trash will, of course, be excluded thereby, and what is genuine will come into its rights."

There was one high field left for the musician of genius, even of creative genius, a field in which the great Mozart himself had done pioneer work, in which Mendelssohn had labored, but which had otherwise been left to men of mere talent and insufficient ability. This was the filling-out of the incomplete scores of Bach, Handel, and other great masters of their day. Here was work in the very highest field still remaining to be done! Nothing could contribute more to the higher musical "education of humankind" than the popularization of Bach and Handel; and by worthily filling out the vacant gaps in their monumental scores, what was "genuine" would be enabled to "come into its rights." I remember Dresel once saying that he considered the completion of Bach's and Handel's scores the highest task now left for musicians to accomplish. One need have little doubt that this feeling, coupled with and in part springing from the conviction that all fields for purely original musical creation were virtually worked out and closed, was what impelled both Franz and Dresel to devote the better part of their lives to the work they did on Bach and Handel.

I have but small inclination to examine or criticise this conviction here. I personally cannot agree with it; I even find it difficult to imagine it; as Franz said, I still believe in a beautiful future, that the present barrier-spurning spirit of ultra-individualism, with all the chaotic and monstrous phenomena to which it has given birth, is really but a transitory "process of fermentation, the precipitate of which must lead to a clarification promotive of art." And I have perfect faith that the clarification will come in due time. Even the history of music — although it proves the contrary to Franz — only strengthens my faith, if it in any way needed strengthening. An almost precisely similar "instance of disorganization (*Verwilderung*)" is to be found in the Florentine Music Reform of the seventeenth century; there, too, was a temporary reign of barrier-breaking individualism, an utter subversion of all that was "typical" and "universal." Ask the classicists, the acknowledged great masters, of that day what they thought of Caccini, Peri, and Monteverde, with their *stile rappresentativo* and their establishment of the music-drama, and whether they could see anything in the movement, or in the music that resulted from it, but sheer chaos regained? There was a "process of fermentation" with a vengeance! But the precipitate came, and with it the clarification; music could not remain forever in the amorphous state into which the Florentines had thrown it, for that which has in itself the potency and power of organism tends irrepressibly to develop itself organically. Nay, one may even say with absolute truth that the particular ferment that raised all this Florentine row-de-dow contained the fructifying vital principle that made it possible for Bach and Handel to be born from Palestrina, the Gabrielis, and Orlando Lasso. History has but to repeat itself, and the "clarification" we now look for may come!

But, though one need not agree with the view of the present and future condition of the art of music taken by Franz and Dresel, a conviction so thorough, honest, and unflinchingly lived up to as theirs cannot but command the most reverent respect. No matter whether their feeling and arguments convinced you or not, they were every inch true men, men of genuine genius, powerful brains, and wide culture; in short they were men who abundantly deserved to be listened to. No men that ever

lived were less fit subjects for mere pooh-poohing. And, when we consider what the results of this artistic conviction of theirs have been, we must find that the world has little cause to be otherwise than profoundly thankful that they were what they were and thought as they did. What they did for the incomplete scores of Bach and Handel is unquestionably to be counted among the things the world really wants, and hence cannot do without, as true master-work.

The violent controversy between the small Franz party and the far larger "historical" party about the *Bearbeitungsfrage*, the question of filling out the gaps left by the old composers in their scores, is one which I need not go into at great length; many of the arguments on both sides are so inseparably interwoven with musical technicalities as to make their rehearsal out of place here.[1]

But it will be none the less interesting to hear Franz himself talk about it a little; not a few passages in his letters to me give a fine picture of the man himself, of the sturdy fighter for his own principles, unshaken in his faith, if somewhat embittered and turned to causticity by hard usage; these passages also throw light upon the only element in the controversy which I shall permit myself to take up in this article. In a letter dated August 6, 1889, he writes, in reply to some remarks of mine on the general attitude of musical criticism in this country: —

"With us, too, does criticism hold fast with convulsive grip by mere externals in judging of the question of additional accompaniments, and cannot get beyond the idea of instrumental retouching. Of the spiritual vitality, the *afflatus divinus*, that everywhere pervades Bach's and Handel's compositions, and to which the complementary additions must in some measure correspond, the gentlemen have no inkling, and have therefore nothing to say on the main point. But this in no wise prevents their incessantly trotting out their *bornées* opinions and looking down with envy upon endeavors that are beyond their miserable powers of comprehension. You are right, too, in saying that the boundless vanity of professional singers bears a substantial part of the blame for the current misapprehensions about Bach's and Handel's airs. These gentry never care for the thing itself, but only for their own personal success. As vocal music since Mozart has its centre of gravity in the *cantilena*, people think they may apply this to compositions of earlier periods also, which are almost without exception written polyphonically — whereby the remaining web of voices comes off badly enough. But we will not let ourselves be led astray by this crazy company and its adherents, but will now as heretofore let the honor be to Truth; it will carry off the palm in the end, in spite of all."

Again, in a letter dated October 8 of the same year, he writes: —

"That the Communications about Bach's Magnificat [1] do not dissatisfy you rejoices me greatly. The most valuable part of them is probably the side-remarks on the ideal contents (*Gehalt*) of the master's works. If you could occasionally communicate some of these to your fellow-countrymen, you would compel my thanks. I read with astonishment in your letter that the magazines published in America refuse to accept the least word about Sebastian Bach. So there are queer people everywhere — not only here in this country! Bach has a future, like Shakespeare; he but honors himself who acts on this point of view.

[1] I have already treated this subject at some length in an article on Additional Accompaniments to Bach's and Handel's Scores, in the Atlantic Monthly for September, 1878, to which I would beg to refer the reader curious in the matter.

[1] Mittheilungen über J. S. Bach's Magnificat, von Robert Franz, Halle, 1863.

"You are very right in saying that between the artistic perception and the historico-philological recognition of a fact there yawns a chasm that is hardly to be bridged over. Those who hold to the latter cannot even conceive how the historical must always be sublimated in the artistic. In his pamphlet, Robert Franz in his Additional Accompaniments to Old Vocal Works, J. Schäffer, after quoting a few sentences from my Open Letter,[1] goes on to say: 'How surprisingly exact is the agreement of these sentences with Mattheson's and Heinichen's directions! How deeply is the historian here thrown into the shade by the practical (*ausübenden*) artist! The former, albeit in possession of all historically established facts, remains still blind to them; the latter, perhaps without any sort of suspicion of what stands written in the old books, achieves, through practical experiments and the divining faculty of genius, results which alone prove to be vouched for by history!' Why, it is axiomatic that every working-out of an old composition must penetrate the secret of its style, and so must be historically right. Bach's and Handel's sketches do not endure our modern expression, but must be completed in the forms of the day when they were written. But to this end one need not plough through the musty old books; one has but to question his own artistic conscience. He who does not comprehend that is a blockhead!

"The German historical party think to have an easy job with me by denouncing me to the public as a mere song-scribbler (*Bänkelsänger*), who dares to lay profane hands on Bach and Handel. The fools naturally do not know that my musical developments rest on the basis of polyphonic forms of expression, for they are much too high and mighty to look into such small wares. Luckily, the gentlemen's stupid experiments facilitate our pointing out their sins against those masters. That they were in no condition to refute us has contributed much to swell their wrath. However, many enemies, much honor!"

Again, under date of July 14, 1890, he writes: —

"I willingly believe you that the true essence of Bach's music, mystical depth combined with mathematical strictness, was not comprehended by —— in ——, and was shorn over the same comb with common wares. But is it any better in this respect here in this country? How low musical taste has sunk with us may be proved to you by this: that the young director of a famous conservatory dared to proclaim that Mendelssohn's Songs without Words were 'sheer thoosy-moosy feeling,' and a noted young German author had the impudence to call Schubert's songs 'hand-organ sentimentality.' These are the consequences of modern realism! What our 'strong-minded' folk cannot grasp with their fists is cast without further ado into the rubbish-bin! Whither in the world are we steering?

"Half a year ago the musical works of Frederick the Great were published by the firm of Breitkopf & Härtel, by order of Emperor William I., and under the chief supervision of the academic music-historian ——. All the sonatas are written for flute with figured *continuo*, and therefore necessitate a working-out of the accompaniment. Old Fritz's music is in the main capital, and contains *Sicilianos* such as Handel could not have written more soulfully; in face of such genuine beauty the accompaniment should naturally show no falling-off. But now there has appeared in No. 17 of the Hamburger Signale an article which simply annihilates ——'s edition and proves the bungling character of the working-out by examples in notes — it

[1] Offener Brief an Eduard Hanslick über Bearbeitungen älterer Tonwerke, namentlich Bach'scher und Händel'scher Vocalmusik, von Robert Franz, Leipzig, 1871.

swarms with fifths and octaves. The affair makes all the more painful an impression that our young Emperor has presented an *exemplaire de luxe* of his ancestor's compositions to Jules Simon in Paris, where *messieurs les Français* can convince themselves what sort of spirits are cocks of the walk now in musical Germany. The high-school clique, with the renowned —— at their head, are naturally in sheer despair, and have reason enough therefor."

Under date of August 16, 1890, he goes on : —

"The great —— has tried to justify himself in a reply that runs over with futilities. According to his assertion, the accompaniment is the most indifferent matter in the world, which any one is at liberty to treat as he happens to please; he may make changes at will without thereby injuring the substance of the composition in any way — in short, the scribble is an *oratio pro domo* pronounced by a thoroughly impotent man upon himself. If you will give a glance at my additional accompaniments, you will hardly look upon this domain as of secondary importance. To write in the style of the old masters, which is here absolutely necessary for the sake of unity, is not one of the tasks you can carelessly shake out of your sleeve. Neither does —— make any bones of the fact that in those days men of Bach's and Handel's stamp sat accompanying at the *cembalo* or organ; they did not write out the accompaniment, and must therefore be content with what we botch together in all haste, this way to-day and to-morrow that. Of course with such a dogma music can be raised out of her hinges — God help our children and grandchildren!"

The letter dated May 5, 1892, from which I have already quoted (page 496), begins : —

"Your letter contains little that is cheering about the condition of music to-day. Communications of the sort in no wise surprise me, however, for, since the principles have been suspended that ruled artistic expression from Palestrina to Beethoven, phenomena like those you describe must necessarily make their appearance. Up to Beethoven and his épigones people held fast by the idea that melody, harmony, and rhythm were the fundamental elements of music; the neo-Germanic school has radically destroyed these and set up in their stead the absolute freedom of the personal element. Men like Berlioz, Liszt, and Wagner could to a certain extent compensate for this by the weight of their personality; but the army of those who have followed in their footsteps, not being able to throw such a weight into the scale, have necessarily, in face of this intolerance of all barriers, ushered in universal chaos."

This was elicited by some accounts I had given him of new works of the latest French school that I had heard in Paris, where I had been spending the winter and spring of 1890–91. Later in the same letter he goes on to say as follows: —

"The experiment of having the dear public sing, too, in the chorals of the Matthew-Passion [1] must have turned out badly enough, for, in his harmonization of them, Bach thought only of an *ideal* congregation. What can have come, for example, of the choral, 'Was mein Gott will, gescheh' allzeit,' especially at the place 'und züchtiget mit Maassen?' How much people hang on externalities in the rendering of Bach's and Handel's works has been proved by the fight the

[1] This experiment turned out not to be quite so thorough-going as I had supposed before the performance, when I wrote to Franz about it. In some of the performances of the Passion-Music given by the Handel and Haydn Society in Boston, the audience was invited to join in singing the melody of some of the chorals — not of all, as I had supposed. Of their singing the harmony there had never been any question whatever.

London philisterium billed against me about my Messiah score. Even —— —— did not dive to the heart of the question of additional accompaniments, the restoration of the musical style of the complementary parts, but had only to do with things that lie wholly outside that domain. And yet it is of the highest importance in this matter whether one knows how to write in the style and spirit of the old masters, or not. People ought to thank Heaven that the solution of this difficult problem has been striven after by me in decently fitting forms! I never should have undertaken such work, had it been a question of nothing more than instrumentation, which the first town-piper that came along could have carried out effectively.

"I have just received your article in the Contemporary Review,[1] but must once more lament my being too little a master of the English language to edify myself therewith as it deserves. I shall send it to Dr. Prieger,[2] who will communicate to me the staple of its contents. I am much pleased that you took in the two quotations from my Communications, for they contain the quintessence of what is needful for the understanding of Bach's art. But when Herr —— talks about polyphonic style and what hangs together therewith, then I am sick outright! He who hears in Bach's world-famous motet, 'Singet dem Herrn ein neues Lied,' nothing but scales running up and down should not let his tongue coquet with the old master's name and expression. On his visit to Leipzig, Mozart had the *voice-parts* — there was no score — laid before him, and cried out enchanted, 'Here at least one can learn something from a man!' How sharply this modesty contrasts with ——'s impudent condemnation!"

I said that I would take up only one point in the controversy between Franz and the German historical party about the additional-accompaniments question: this is the utter misapprehension of Franz's point of view by his opponents. This misapprehension has been so complete, so obstinate, that one is at moments tempted to think there could be nothing but partisan ill-will behind it. Yet I have found it in so many people who were not especially interested in the controversy, who could not possibly have any partisan prejudice in the matter, and were rather inclined to sympathize with Franz than otherwise, — not so much for what he really did as for what they thought he had done, — that it seems to me there is ground for believing the anti-Franzites to be not entirely dishonest. Indeed, it was very noteworthy that the author of one of the exceedingly few obituary notices on Franz that appeared in German newspapers shortly after his death, and of the most glowingly enthusiastic one, too, evidently shared this misapprehension with his most embittered opponents. What this misapprehension is may be seen plainly enough from the passage in the letters just quoted, where Franz says, "With us, too, does criticism hold fast with convulsive grip by mere *externals* in judging of the question of additional accompaniments, and cannot get beyond the idea of *instrumental retouching*." Even the author of the admiring obituary notice I have just mentioned speaks of his "amplifying the monumental scores of Bach and Handel *to satisfy the greater demands for sonority* made by the *modern ear*." Such a statement, coming from an "admirer," was fit to make the good Franz turn in his grave!

Here is not the place to go into the merits of the case; I will merely emphasize the fact that, whereas Franz —

[1] On Johann Sebastian Bach.

[2] Erich Prieger, who published a few years ago a very able pamphlet abundantly proving the spuriousness of the St. Luke-Passion, attributed to Bach by Dr. Philipp Spitta and others before him, and recently published by Breitkopf & Härtel in Leipzig.

and with him Dresel — threw the whole weight of his arguments upon the real gist of the question, upon the *musical style* in which the additional accompaniments should be written, the historical party almost without exception dodged this issue and laid the whole stress upon what instrument, or instruments, the additional accompaniments should be written for. Franz knew as well as anybody that Bach and Handel used to fill out the vacant places they had left in their scores with improvised accompaniments on the organ or clavichord; remember the passage in his letters where he says that "in those days men of Bach's and Handel's stamp sat accompanying at the *cembalo* or organ;" and, if he preferred to write his additional accompaniments for orchestral instruments, instead of for the organ or pianoforte (the modern representative of the clavichord, or cembalo), it was for reasons amply satisfactory to himself. But note this: he announced again and again that if conductors of choral societies did not agree with him in preferring orchestral instruments, but preferred the organ or pianoforte, he was perfectly willing to have them transcribe his additional accompaniments for one or the other of these instruments, so long as they preserved the musical outlines of *what* he had written; that the question of instruments was in his mind one of utterly secondary importance. In one case [1] he even did this work of transcription himself, writing and publishing, beside his orchestral amplification of the score, a separate organ-accompaniment, to be used in connection with Bach's original parts and without his own orchestral additions. But, pay what deference he might to other people's preference for the organ or clavichord, announce as emphatically as he pleased that he was willing to have his orchestral parts played on either of these instruments, and that the *musical style* in which his additional parts were written was all he deemed of essential importance, he but spoke to deaf ears; his opponents refused to see anything in his work but additional instrumentation, orchestral retouching, of the sort Sir Michael Costa permitted himself when he added trombones, bass-tuba, and big drum and cymbals to the *already complete* score of Mozart's Don Giovanni. Ils ne sortaient pas de là!

The reason for this persistent misunderstanding of Franz's principle — apart from partisan obstinacy — was doubtless that hinted at by Franz when he said, "Between the artistic perception and the historico-philological recognition of a fact there yawns a chasm that is hardly to be bridged over." Franz's arguments were all based on his own highly cultivated artistic perceptions, upon ideas; those of his opponents, on mere historical data. And the latter could not see that their historical data, the accuracy of which Franz never for a moment called in question, had really nothing to do with what he was talking about. Not being men of musical genius and the keen, profound insight into the genius of others that comes therewith, they could in no wise comprehend either the fineness or the trustworthiness of Franz's perceptions; they were unable to see that, with all their historical and biographical researches, they had sounded the mighty heads of Bach and Handel only wig-deep at best, and that Franz, with his artist's intuition and sympathy, had penetrated not only their mighty brains but down to their very heart of heart. So all Franz might say about his principles was but Greek to them; they could no more understand him than a Tierra del Fuegian can understand the subjunctive mood. Again, it is not difficult to see why the arguments of the historical party should have had far more influence upon outsiders in general than those advanced

[1] In his edition of the cantata: "Sie werden aus Saba Alle kommen."

by Franz; the "historical" arguments were all more or less on the principle that "figures cannot lie" — they were based on facts, and the public mind is peculiarly open to facts. But Franz's arguments, being based on perceptions and ideas, were of a far more subtile and illusive sort; they were by no means so palpable to popular apprehension. Naturally most music-lovers did not take the trouble to examine into the question very closely; if they cared to look into the matter at all, they did so cursorily, as one would skim over a newspaper. It was perfectly natural for people in this state of mind, when they found that there were two opposing parties, and that one of them based its arguments on uncontroverted facts, to believe that this party must be right.

William F. Apthorp.

TONE-SYMBOLS.

I.

Arpeggios.

Bee-flights from bloom to bloom beguiled along
Till darkness sends the hour of honeyed rest;
Bird-flights from spray to spray about the nest
In a tumultuous ecstasy of song;
Cloud-soarings from the bosom of the sea
To snowy peaks and moonlit vastnesses;
Star-showers sprinkling space's wilderness:
Are these not symbols of Humanity?
The creatures of caprice and dim desire,
We strive to soar when scarce we know to climb,
And lose not nor advance, but fruitlessly
Wing little flights, till, in an hour sublime
And unforeseen, we strike with pulse of fire
Some primal note of our life-melody.

II.

Harmonics.

Up from the rim of this transcendent night
Sweepeth the silent moon, full-orbed and free.
Turn not thy gaze therefrom, yet wilt thou see
Side-gleams of vapors sown with rainbow-light;
Of leaves that twinkle in a dalliance bright
With evening zephyrs; of the silvery mere
Where ripples sparkle, speed and disappear.
The frame that Nature forms for every sight
Is portion of her picture, as, in sound,
Each note partakes of subtle sister-tones.

Adjudge that virtue flawless; circling round
See sombre shades of selfishness and pride.
Wholly condemn this sin, and through thy groans
Some angel voice rejoices at thy side.

III.

Octaves.

Melodious messages our Shakespeare sang
In the old time came to me yesterday,
But not from heights Olympian; they sprang
Out of the common mire and the play
Of sunny childhood in a sunless den, —
Less lofty, but as potent now as then.
With hearts elate we summon the high gods
By their shrill pæans to applaud our deeds;
They sound an answer suited to our needs,
Tuned deeper than the rapture that we miss, —
Not sky-born strains, but psalms that rise from sods.
The same refrain — true souls, ye know it well! —
Is hymned in altitudes of heavenly bliss,
And hurled in hate from the profounds of hell.

IV.

Fifths. I.

Great hopes that grow and languish; great despairs
That blot out suns, yet on the verge of night
Unveil the stars; high instincts, humble prayers
That out of darkness yearn unto the light;
Lost loves that clasp their agony — to know
A solace in the glory Love has been;
And bottomless desires all aglow
With the unconscious majesty of Sin, —
All things that lead away from common sight
Into the vast abyss above, below,
And make, beyond our ken, for weal or woe,
Sound open fifths to-day, but on the morrow
Eternity reveals the thirds within
Sublime with major joy or minor sorrow.

V.

Fifths. II.

How wonderful the tonal mystery
That fifths, so long as they at rest abide

Or move in divers ways, not side by side,
Do wake an elemental harmony
Serene and simple and profound; but bent
On the same progress, all grows discontent,
All chaos, where sweet concord was before!
Souls that I love, we are not otherwise:
Should each of us his proper path explore,
Bold to perform the best that in him lies,
True to himself in thought and word and deed,
Life were a pæan. But to choose our lot
By the blind guidance of another's creed
Makes God's fair world a discord and a blot.

VI.

Undertones.

From the far sea a haunting cadence falls
Through boom of breakers hissing into spray
And thunderous swirl around dank chasm walls,
More peaceful, yet more masterful, than they.
And in the wood a quiet note is heard, —
Not where the leaves hold breezy whisperings,
Or faintly pipes the newly-fledgëd bird
'Mid slumberous stir of hidden insect-wings;
The spirit of the place hath accents clear
That ring through all the babel pure and true.
And so with Man. Who, silent and sublime
Moves through this din of multitudes, may hear
Under the words we say, the deeds we do,
Our life-notes swell the symphony of Time!

John Hall Ingham.

HIS VANISHED STAR.

VII.

As they went, the deputy sheriff's manner was little characterized by an official decorum. He seemed rather some bold roisterer who himself might have had ample cause to dread the law that he was sworn to administer. The rough humor of his sallies affected Espey as an incongruous sort of fun, taken in connection with his interpretation of their errand, and his recollection of the keen, sinister thin face, with its piercing dark eyes, and its sharp hooked nose, and the straight, menacing eyebrows meeting above it. He had this mental vision distinctly before his contemplation, as it had impressed him in the flicker of Mrs. Larrabee's tallow dip, instead of the undistinguishable equestrian shadow that in the black night pressed close to his horse's flank, and now and again laid a sinewy hand upon his arm. For the officer, in a spirit of mock confidence,

was detailing, much to that worthy's discomfort, the spectral fears of his friend from "the t'other e-end of the county," a professed ghost-seer, and making an elaborate pretense of sharing them. Now and again, with a sepulchral voice and an agitated manner, he would conjure Espey to say if he saw nothing flickering, waving white, in some open stretch of the road that lay vacant and vaguely glimmering in the starlight before them. Then, hardly waiting for an answer, he would burst into a whoop of derisive laughter, startling the solemn silence of the night-bound mountain wilderness, and rousing strange echoes of weird mirth from rock and ravine. More than once the uncanny tumult of these wild, insensate cries moved the staid comrades of the deputy sheriff to remonstrance.

In the distance and the night and their repetitiousness, the sounds seemed curiously unrelated to those that had evoked them.

"That ain't no rocks a-answerin' back," said the man from the Gap. "I b'lieve somebody is a-hollerin' at ye."

The officer turned alertly in his saddle to look back over his shoulder. "That would n't s'prise me none," said the capable deputy, whose large experience would seem to furnish precedent for any given phenomenon. "I knowed a man out our way, — mighty loud talker and a toler'ble active cusser, — whilst callin' hawgs, hed n't tuk no special notice o' the rocks answerin', till one day whenst he war 'dad-burnin'' an' 'all-firin' ' round till the very shoats looked blue. He stopped ter take breath, an' he hearn a voice, powerful coarse, out'n the woods jes' yellin' like sin, 'Fire-burn!' 'Fire-burn!' an' he knowed that minit who 't war. An' in course he jes' hed n't no mo' interes' in nuthin', an' jes' dwindled away."

He paused abruptly.

"But — but — who war it ez said 'Fire-burn' with a coarse voice?" breathlessly demanded the believer in spectral manifestations.

"Why, Satan, to be sure, ye fool," replied the deputy. "I useter hear him myself a-callin' in the woods, 'Fire-burn!' whenst Ad Peters would git ter cussin' his hawgs! Jes' so" — He lifted his voice in a wild, fantastic cadence, and throughout the long stretches of the mountain fastnesses the words, as of some demented incendiary, echoed and re-echoed, varied presently with mocking cries of unpleasant falsetto laughter, set astir when the officer's gravity failed.

The patience of his friend had given way. "Look-a-hyar, 'Dolphus Ross," he broke out angrily, "this hyar ain't no way ter go ter apperhend criminals, a-hollerin' like a plumb catamount through the woods."

"I don't want ter s'prise nuthin'," said the crafty deputy sheriff, "that is nuthin' unyearthly, on its yerrands what no mortial knows about, an' mebbe git s'prised myself plumb down ter the doors o' the pit. Ye know them ez sees harnts either draps down dead or loses thar minds, one. They 'low now'days ez all the crazies kem so from seein' sperits. An' ye know yerse'f, an off'cer of the law needs brains."

"Ef ye don't know yer bizness no better 'n that, I be goin' ter l'arn it ter ye. Ye 'pear mo' like a jay-hawker 'n a off'cer o' the law," retorted the other tartly.

But not even with this rude touch upon the sensitive nerves of official pride could he control the elusive and slippery deputy. "That 's a fac', Pearce. But the truth is, I be all-fired 'feared in these hyar lonesome places, whar humans air seldom an' few, o' seein' suthin' or hearin' suthin' what no mortial eyes or ears air expected ter see an' hear. So I like ter hear the sound o' my own voice, — let 'em know I 'm a-comin'. Even with two or three men with me, it 's so darned fur an' lonesome! I 'pear less like a harnt myself, an' less apt ter meet up with one, ef I make my-

self sorter lively. I'm a mighty quiet cuss in town. I'm a — What 's — what 's that ? " he broke off sharply.

He drew rein suddenly, throwing his horse back upon the haunches. The two men behind him, coming forward at the swift pace he had set, collided heavily with the obstacle thus furnished them, a reckless proceeding here on the narrow rocky road, on the verge above the abysses of the valley on one side, and with the inaccessible heights of the mountain rising sheerly on the other. They stood between heaven and earth, on this craggy beetling promontory, with the pulsating white stars above and the dark depths of the gorge below. His sight becoming more accustomed to the night, Espey could distinguish through the clear darkness the fringed branches of a pine-tree clinging to the heights above and waving against the instarred sky, and below a vague moving whiteness which he knew to be the involutions of the mist in the valley. He too had drawn up his horse, slightly in advance of the others, and was looking forward in keen expectation of developments.

" What 's what ? " he demanded of the deputy, who was managing his rearing horse with considerable skill.

" Something white — beckoning," gasped the officer of the law.

Espey, with all the ignorant superstitions of his class, felt his blood run cold. Nevertheless he sought to reassure himself and his comrades.

" Jes' these elder-flowers, mebbe," he said, breaking off a great bough from a bush rooted in a crevice of the crag, and so profusely blooming that the black night itself could hardly nullify its whitely gleaming graces. He received full in his face the cool spray of the dew and the sweet breath of the flower, all unheeding, for the officer again protested in a loud, broken voice : —

" Beckoning — beckoning — Oh, my friends, somebody in this crowd is a sinner; somebody hev done wrong! An' he may be a saint in the church-house, or leastwise familiar with the mourner's bench, — an' he may escape jedge an' jury, — an' he may cheat hemp, — but in the dead o' the night an' in the lonely paths o' yearth he 'll be betrayed by a v'ice, or he 'll see a beckonin' " —

" Oh, shucks ! " interrupted the believer in " harnts." " I 'm a-goin' back ter Mis' Lar'bee's." He was essaying to wheel his horse on the narrow ledge. " 'T ain't my bizness ter go 'long with ye, ter apperhend crim'nals in the middle o' the night. Ef ye can't take 'em in the daytime, go 'thout 'em, I say."

" Some truth in that. I wisht I could jine ye," said the deputy. " But my jewty lies ahead. I be bound ter go on ; an' I reckon it can't be so fur from Tems's now, — air it, frien' ? " he asked, turning to Espey.

With a sinking heart, Espey replied that it was not very far, and the wonder as to what lay before him in the unknown scenes to which he sped in such haste reasserted itself in his mind, as the deputy rode briskly up alongside once more.

It required, perchance, only a moment's reflection on the inexpressible loneliness of the miles of mountain woods, that must of necessity intervene before the shelter of Mrs. Larrabee's house could be reached, to change the design of the deserter from the little party. The beat of his horse's hoofs annotated his continued presence, and it was soon made even more indisputable by his raucous voice again lifted in remonstrance.

" Ye mus' see, now, 'Dolphus, ez n'ise an' ribeldry an' gamesomeness don't purvent ye from viewin' sech ez ye air intended ter view. Sech goin's-on ain't lawful fur citizens, much less of'cers o' the law."

" Ye ain't gone back, then ? " commented 'Dolphus over his shoulder.

There was no answer to this, and after a pause the facetious deputy went on : —

"*I* ain't fur hollerin' an' rampagin' an' sech. *I* be a mighty quiet cuss in town, like I said, — a mighty quiet cuss indeed. The old man," he alluded thus to the high sheriff, "he sez ter me sometimes, 'I dunno, 'Dolphus, whether ye air in yer skin or no. Ye jes' 'pear ter be settin' thar, 'sleep or dead.' Wunst he tole me ez I war n't mo' lively 'n jes' a suit o' clothes hangin' outside the store door, an' a suit would cost less 'n my pay ez a dep'ty. I tried ter brace up arter that."

He had braced up considerably from the quiescent state he described if the sudden yell that he emitted might be received as evidence of his more stalwart condition. The sharp exclamations of surprise from the rest of the party afforded him intense delight, which was not mitigated by a blood-curdling shriek, as it were in response, set up by a catamount on the opposite heights, so close at hand by the direct line across the spaces above the valley through the air, despite the intervening miles of trackless mountain desert below, that they could hear the creature snarl before it lifted its thin, keen, inarticulate voice shrilling again into the black night.

There was no definite remonstrance, for he forestalled their outbreak, beyond a few words, by declaring tumultuously that he saw it again, — something a-waving, a-beckoning.

"No use talking!" he exclaimed. "The guilty sinner is 'mongst us, an' hyar he be!"

He leaned out of his saddle and passed one arm around Espey, pinioning the young fellow's right arm to his side. Espey, startled beyond control, despite his expectation of this contingency, with which, however, hope and suspense had juggled painfully, detected with sharpened senses the dull clanking of handcuffs. He hardly knew how it came there, he had no definite intention of resisting arrest, but a pistol was in the hand over which the rude wristlets dangled; a jet of red light that showed the dark-eyed, laughing, grimacing face near to his own, the whizzing of a bullet so close between the officer's side and arm that the blazing powder singed and burned his "store clothes," an abrupt sharp report, and once more the night, rent by the sound, clamored with echoes.

From the dense darkness the officer's voice, with a changed tone, a sharp note of surprise, was crying, "Look out! Look out!"

The other men were stunned with amazement. They had only a vague sense of struggling mounted figures which the darkness did not suffer them to descry. And suddenly a second swift funnel-shaped glare for an instant invaded the gloom, — it came from the officer's pistol this time, — a second clamorous report rang amongst the rocks. The frightful, almost human scream of a wounded horse, a wild plunging on the side of the rocky bridle-path, and Espey and the yellow roan disappeared over the verge of the cliff. The three men standing in the road, hearing with sickening horror the dull thud far below, might judge of the terrors of the fall by the time elapsing before the sound reached their ears.

VIII.

The household at the Tems cabin had been keeping late hours that night. Except for a certain reserve of cogitation, which at times held him silent with a burning thought in his eye, his superficially moving lips framing unspoken words, and occasionally a keen, sarcastic smile irradiating his features with the light of some satiric expectation, Captain Lucy had resumed his wonted aspect and mental attitude and the habits of his simple existence.

"Ye fetch yer book out'n yer pocket," he said imperatively to Jasper Larrabee earlier in the evening, when the young

man had joined them on the porch. "The gals ain't goin' ter run away, — leastwise 'thout cornsider'ble mo' incour-age*mint* 'n they hev hed. They 'll keep! Ye jes' sot awhile by that thar taller dip in thar an' read yer book, an' I 'll listen out hyar."

The penalties of the acquisition of knowledge, from the days of the Garden of Eden to those of the hero of the horn-book, have not been few. They fell somewhat heavily on Jasper Larrabee, debarred the fresh air, heavy with perfumed dew; the vicinage of dank vines; the glimmer of the firefly in the bosky gloom; the scintillating stars in the sky above the massive mountains; the sweet, low voices of the two girls, silenced now; and the trivial chatter so dear to the heart of youth. The room, with the low red glow of the embers, was warm to-night; the tallow dip melted and sputtered and cast a wan, melancholy, ineffective radiance into the dusky spaces, rendering the aspect of the familiar furnishings strange and spare and dull, instead of all ruddily a-flicker with the dancing firelight in which he was accustomed to see them. Even the dogs had deserted the hearthstone, and went in and out with lolling tongues, and hot, sleepy eyes, and an inattentive manner. Moths and strange winged fire-worshipers unknown to his observation would fly in from the cool darkness without, circle swiftly about the white jet of the candle, and now and then, with a sudden dart, would fall, shriveled cinders but for the convulsive throes of lingering life, on the page of the volume.

He wondered sometimes, as he droned on and on, if Adelicia were listening, or if Julia could see him from where she sat. From the lighted spaces he could not distinguish their shadowy figures, albeit Captain Lucy, close at hand and with the red glow of his pipe, was plain enough. Sometimes Larrabee felt the vague sense of her gaze fixed upon his clear-cut face, all ethereal, illumined by the soft pallid white light within against the brown shadows. He was unaware of any valid embellishment of his aspect from the pensive gleam, the irradiated square of the window, the ascetic gravity of his expression, intent and pondering on the longer words, which it was his pride that he need not pause to spell. On the contrary, he was often conscious of cutting a sorry figure when Captain Lucy, with the rigor of a most rational reason and all the fervid insistence of a personal interest, would plunge at him, and require him to recant, to spell out syllable by syllable some questioned dogma, and at last, with all the nonchalance of a sophisticated theologian, take refuge in the equivalent of a plea of mistranslation.

"Ye can't haffen read, boy!" he would exclaim roughly. "Ye don't read ekal ter what ye hev done. Keep on goin' back'ards, an' ye 'll git thar arter a while. 'Agree with thine adversary!' My stars! ef ye war wuth a grain o' gunpowder, ye could see ez that air obleeged ter be '*Dis*-agree with thine adversary.' It stands ter reason! '*Dis*-agree' with him, early and often, else the dad-burned critter will git up the insurance ter disagree with you-uns. I know thine adversary! Been 'quainted with him this many a year! Read on, read on, Jasper; git shet o' thine adversary."

Thus it was that, with the shadowy, snarling, intent old face vaguely visible in the dusk, just at his elbow, outside the window, ready to spring forward at the first intimation of an unacceptable doctrine; with the sense of responsibility for all the biblical dogmas irreconcilable with Captain Lucy's tenets and the tenor of his way; with the spectacle of glamour, lure, catastrophe, and death furnished by the unrestrainable moths, Jasper Larrabee found his preëminence of learning a comfortless pinnacle, and even the wonted sweet solaces of complacence in his superiority were denied him. He was forced to appear before the eyes of his

lady love as an ignorant pretender, of ridiculous and inadequate assumptions, — and that by a man who could not read his own name, — humiliated and browbeaten; for how dared he answer Captain Lucy? More than once he wished himself back at the Lost Time mine, where he knew Espey thought him to be, and where Lorenzo Taft needed him. The work, unpalatable as he often found it, would be welcome indeed, and his untutored, unquestioning, often inattentive audience there a happy exchange from Captain Lucy in the character of polemic. He made some effort to shift the subject, to turn from the preceptive and doctrinal pages upon which he had chanced to fall to the chronicle of events in the nature of historical detail, as less liable to elicit Captain Lucy's contradictory faculties. It availed him naught. Captain Lucy's interest was fairly roused, and he imperatively negatived the proposition. The guest felt, still later, that it was not hospitality in its truest sense which so flatly declined to heed the suggestion of departure. And thus constrained, he read on, so conscious of the shadowy face at his elbow that he seemed to see it, with the light of excitement in the wide blue eyes, the alertness in every line, the lips intently parted, the glow of the pipe dying out as it was supported motionless by his hand.

"Hey!" shrieked out Captain Lucy suddenly, as if he had been poignantly pinched. "Ef he takes yer coat, gin him yer cloak! Jasper, ye air demented! Ye ain't 'quainted with the dadburned ravelings out o' the alphabit, let alone the weft of it! My sakes!" in an outraged falsetto, "ye tell me that 's sat up ez Christian doctrine in the Book! Take yer coat, gin yer cloak! Whar 's the man ez hev done it! Trot him out! Great Moses an' Aaron! I 'd like ter look at him! Take yer cornerstone an' monimint o' boundary, an' gin him yer line an' yer lan'! — ha! ha! ha! Let him take yer rock known ez Big Hollow Boulder, an' gin him yer corner-stone! — ha! ha!"

Luther rose precipitately. The significance of the paternal discovery of the removal of the corner-stone was fraught with great perplexity and foreboding, and he hardly knew what ill-judged disclosure was to follow. He had intended to interpose, albeit he scarcely had a pretext. It came to him at the moment.

"What 's that? I 'lowed I hearn suthin'!" he exclaimed.

Captain Lucy turned upon him with the breathless acrimony of one interrupted in some cherished pursuit.

"Hearn suthin'! Jes' the rustlin' o' yer own long ears, — that 's all. I" — He stopped abruptly.

In the midst of his strident raised tones an alien sound smote his attention. There was an approach of horsemen from down the road. Captain Lucy's acrimony was merged in curiosity and excited expectation. Still holding his pipe, filled with dead ashes, as stiffly and cautiously before him as if its wonted coals glowed in the cob-bowl, he rose from his chair, and advanced a pace or two nearer the rude steps, peering out into the darkness. The two girls had turned their heads toward the sound. Larrabee was leaning on his arms in the window, and Luther had started down the path to the bars. His deep bass voice sounded in a bated, thunderous mutter, as he rebuked the barking dogs, who subsided into low growls, punctuated now and then by a clamorous yelp. Perhaps the insistent tone of these canine threats influenced the newcomers, for it was at a goodly distance that the party called a halt and hailed the house.

Luther returned the halloo with a ringing response in kind, but Captain Lucy added a genial "'Light and hitch" to the unknown guest that the midnight had convoyed hither, his habit of broad hospitality all unmindful of the individuality or intent of the new-comers.

"Me an' Luther air ekal ter all sorts," he would sturdily answer to the occasional remonstrance that times were not what they once were, and that he might thus "at sight unseen" be inviting in the marauder or the devil. "Me an' Luther air ekal ter 'em."

The tone of this hospitality seemed a sore-needed encouragement in this instance. Rodolphus Ross had flung himself, metaphorically, upon the fraternal bosom of Luther, as he hastily sought to summarize the misfortunes that had befallen him; the slow young mountaineer, all unprepared for so dramatic a recital, staring, uncomprehending and amazed, at his interlocutor, hardly knowing whether to ascribe his fluent diction to drink or to histrionic talents; as fact he did not take it into account.

"Yes, sir!" the wild-eyed Ross was saying as he came up the steps, "flung over the bluffs, horse an' all, — dead or alive, I dunno! Cap'n Tems, yes, sir; plumb proud ter shake hands," mechanically acknowledging the introduction to the head of the house. "Jes' purtendin' ter handcuff the fool, — jes' fur fun, — an' he fired at me! Yes, sir, fired at the officer o' the law! I dunno what ailed him, 'thout he thunk I war in earnest. But Lord! he war bound ter know I war arter another man. I tole him so. I hed nuthin' agin this hyar Lar'bee. I war jes' purtendin' ter handcuff him, jes' shuck the bracelets at him, jes' fur fun, — ye know, Cap'n Tems, it 's powerful dull an' drowsy a-ridin' so stiddy arter malefactors 'thout no sort'n entertainment or enjyemint, — an' this hyar Jasper Lar'bee jes' ups an' fires at the officer o' the law, jes' scorched my clothes." He held up his arm, and caught the pallid light of the candle on his coat and powder-singed sleeve. "Not that I keer fur the josie, 'ceptin' it 's too durned near the meat fur thar ter be enny fun in shootin' through it."

He laughed in a constrained falsetto tone, — his wonted laugh, but with all the mirth eliminated from it. It had a sort of wooden quality, and ended with a nervous catch in his throat. The light falling through the window showed his dark eyes, set a trifle too close together, and the straight black brows meeting above them. His teeth gleamed, for the laugh left his lips mechanically distended. Larrabee, leaning on his folded arms in the window, a mere silhouette upon the pallid lustre of the aureola of the candle behind him, gazed silently on the stranger's face.

One is apt, in thinking of a man of experience, to associate sophistication with the idea. But life presents varied aspects of mental development, and the caution, the silence, the reserve of judgment, with which Captain Lucy hearkened might have seemed gleaned from the observation of the juggle of cause and effect in a far wider sphere. The two comrades of the deputy sheriff said not a word, and once more the officer began to elaborate the justification of his conduct.

"It takes a toler'ble stiff backbone ter set on a saddle an' let a man shoot at ye fur nuthin'. It 'stonished me powerful. I war jes' funnin', an' purtended ter be aimin' ter handcuff this young rooster, an' he jes' whurled roun' an' let the bullet fly. I b'lieve he 'lowed I war in earnest, yes, sir. This hyar Lar'bee hev been up ter suthin' agin the law, — moonshinin', I reckon, — else he would n't hev been so dad-burned handy with his fi'crackers."

"Why — why" — blurted out Luther, amazed at the lack of symmetry in the situation, incapable of the paternal wisdom of silently awaiting developments, with the incongruity of the sight of Larrabee in the window mutely hearkening to the reflections upon the "Larrabee" who took so vehement a part in the officer's reminiscences — "'t war n't Larrabee, mebbe; some other fellow."

"Naw, sir," returned the deputy. "This hyar man," laying his hand on his

bulky companion's shoulder, "knowed whar Lar'bee's mother, a widder lady, lived, an' we-uns called him 'Lar'bee' an' 'Jasper,' an' he answered ter 'em both; an' his mother called him 'Sonny.' He 's a wild-catter, sure. He 's " — He caught himself suddenly, remembering the prepossession against the revenue force which often animates even law-abiding citizens of this region. "But he need n't fired at *me!* I got nuthin' agin moonshiners. I b'long ter the County, not ter the Nunited States, — to the County!"

"Whar 's this man now?" demanded Captain Lucy circumspectly.

The alert, sinister face of the deputy changed. But he sought to bluff off the anxieties and conscious criminations which crowded upon him. He swung his hat, which had a bullet-hole in it, gayly in his light grasp, and his dark eyes twinkled as he met the gaze of his host.

"Ye air a powerful good hand at axin' riddles, but this'n air too hard fur me! I *dunno*, an' these men *dunno!* I fired back in self-defense at the miser'ble fool — I hed been funnin' all along, cap'n. I shot his horse, I know, an' the critter slipped, an' the whole caboodle went back'ards over the bluffs — an' — an' — he mought be dead or alive — Air — air that a cheer?"

He had suddenly lost his self-control; he sank back into a seat and seemed gasping for breath.

The details of their immediate errand thus devolved upon his comrades, — a lantern and a guide to search the slope where the victim of the deputy's pleasantry had fallen.

"'Dolphus air sech a turrible bouncin' wild buck," said his friend from "the t'other eend o' the county," who had begun to resume his remonstrant air, as of "I-told-you-so." He was a slow and serious-minded man, with a scant appreciation of even the most symmetrical jest, but when the joke seemed furnished with such distortions of sequelæ his gravity grew aggressive. "'Dolphus kin crack a toler'ble funny joke wunst in a while, but this hyar one air goin' ter make him laff on the t'other side o' his mouth."

"Who war it ez ye war arter, sure enough?" asked Captain Lucy.

"A stranger what they 'lowed war puttin' up with you-uns, Cap'n Tems."

"Hey?" cried Captain Lucy, with a high quaver of excited delight. "He hev gone; but, my stars! what a hearty welcome ye mought hev hed with him!"

"What 's he done?" demanded Larrabee, speaking for the first time, addressing the friend of the deputy.

"Shot a man in Tanglefoot Cove," he replied, looking somewhat intently at the silhouette in the window.

"What did ye 'low his name war?" asked Larrabee, placing one hand behind his ear as if he had not heard what indeed they had not disclosed.

"Espey, — John Espey from Tanglefoot, o' course. He hev been hidin' out cornsider'ble time."

There was a sudden significant silence which the stranger felt, but did not comprehend. Then Captain Lucy, recovering his poise, remarked: —

"Waal, the stranger ez we-uns hev hed hyar air named Kenneth Kenn'ston, from Bretonville. He air a town man, an' aimin' ter build some sort'n tavern in the Cove."

The three men — for the officer was himself again — looked at one another with the pathetic helpless disgust of hunting dogs on a cold trail.

It seemed that their quest was hopeless from the beginning, and in its interests they had deeply involved themselves in the toils of the law which they sought to aid.

"Waal," said the deputy's friend, "we-uns hed better git the lantern, an' take ter the woods agin an' find the corpse," — the deputy winced at the word so palpably that even his sturdy,

literal-minded companion was moved to seek some euphemism; "leastwise find out what 's the damage we-uns hev been an' done."

His stolid, unflinching shouldering of such responsibility in the matter as might fall to his share was oddly contrasted with the nervous excitement and agitation of the man from the Gap, who had served as guide to the party to Mrs. Larrabee's house.

"Waal, *I* ain't done none o' the damage," he protested, nodding his head emphatically. "I thunk I hed ter kem along o' the off'cer o' the law whenst required. I hed no idee o' junketing 'roun' with the wildes' buck this side o' hell, a-caperin' like a possessed lunatic, an' a-shootin' of 'spectable citizens off'n the bluffs. Jasper Lar'bee done nuthin' ter me, — never laid eyes on him afore. *I* done none o' the damage. I call ye ter witness, Cap'n Tems, ez I hed nuthin' ter do with his takin' off."

Captain Lucy, always adorning the opposition, gave a high, fleering laugh. "*Me ter witness!* Me! Why, man, I been settin' hyar sence dark, a-readin' o' the Holy Scriptur's. I hev no part in yer ridin' an' raidin'."

That repulsion to the idea of taking life, and all its ramifications of moral responsibility, apart from the legal consequence, natural to the civilized man, had yielded in the deputy sheriff to his habitual mental impulses. His wild, fierce, shallow personality was in the ascendant once more.

"I 'll guarantee ye, Bob," he declared, with his wonted swift smile of dark eyes and red lips and lifted meeting eyebrows. "Ef the g'loot is dead, he died resistin' arrest by the off'cer o' the law. Ef he be 'live, I be durned ef he don't hev cause ter resist the off'cer o' the law, fur I 'll swar ter glory I 'll nose out what this hyar Jasper Lar'bee hev been a-doin' of ter be so monst'ous afeard o' the bracelets bein' put onto him, — murder or moonshinin', it 's all the same ter me. I 'll set the bloodhounds o' the law onto him, sure! He hain't gin me sech a skeer ez this fur nuthin'!"

As the blood came surging hotly along its accustomed channels, his fury mounted higher. It jumped with his humor to threaten as living the man who he feared was dead. He sought to spurn that possibility from his consciousness. It renewed his confidence in himself, too, to protest so jauntily that if the man had lost his life it was in resisting the law legitimately enforced. He reviewed, with a burst of anger, the fright of the other two men and his own anxiety, that had suffered this lapse of attention to his own interest, and allowed the true detail of the case to be rehearsed here publicly. Naught could obliterate this; naught could justify him save to prove that the surprised Jasper Larrabee had been guilty of some offense against the law, and was resisting arrest legally attempted.

"I 'll fix him! I 'll follow him like a bloodhound! I 'll nose him out and pull him down! Bless God, I will!" he cried out with sudden vehemence. Then he turned roughly to his two companions. "Kem on, ye two mud-turkles! Ye got jes' about ez much life an' sperit ez a couple o' old tarripin. Stir yer stumps, bubby," to Luther. "Git yer lantern, an' bring yer slow bones along ter aid the off'cer o' the law! An' ye, too, my frien' in the winder, ez quiet ez a cat stealin' cream; ye 'pear ter be young an' able-bodied. I summons ye ter kem an' aid the off'cer o' the law!"

The tallow dip, which had been for some moments sputtering in the socket of the candlestick, suddenly flared up with a wide illumination, then sunk as suddenly almost to extinction, feebly rose again, and, in a gust of wind, was extinguished, leaving a tuft of red sparks on the drooping wick, and a pervasive odor of burning grease in the room and porch. Perhaps it was because of the brighter light for the moment, perhaps

because of the keener observation of the officer, whose faculties were once more well in hand, but no one else had noticed a strange stillness in the figure of Adelicia, as she sat in her wonted place on the edge of the floor of the porch, leaning back against the post.

"One o' yer darters hev fainted, I b'lieve," he said to Captain Lucy. "Suthin' ails her." Then, turning away, "Kem on, fellers; mount an' git out'n this. We-uns hev been hyar too long now."

As Jasper Larrabee rode away in the little troop toward the scene of the disaster, to search for the body of the supposititious Jasper Larrabee, his mental faculties began to recover from the torpor of surprise which had benumbed them. That cautious self-control which sometimes seems an added faculty in a certain type of law-breaker had held him mute as he watched the development of events. Now, as he began to take cognizance of the disclosures of the evening, he adhered of sober intention to the policy he had intuitively adopted. He feared the acknowledgment that he had received and harbored Jack Espey, a fugitive from justice, more than the acrimonious search of the deputy sheriff for the misdeeds of Jasper Larrabee. This, indeed, might result in his apprehension for the violation of the revenue laws, and the discovery of the moonshiner's lair, and this would mean many years of imprisonment; but the other might involve him, and possibly his mother as well, in a trial for murder, as accessories after the fact. It might be impossible to establish their ignorance of Espey's crime, and their lack of connivance in his escape. He had that pervasive terror of the law, as of technical and arbitrary construction of crime, common to the unlearned. His heart burned with rancor against his whilom friend. He would not recognize Espey's share in these ignorant terrors of the law. He argued that if his friend had been open with him, he would at least have been a free agent in receiving him, have had some voice in the degree of responsibility he assumed. As it was, his open-handed hospitality had been grossly imposed upon, and as a return he was given the choice of the jeopardy of a charge as accessory to a murder, or of an infringement of the revenue laws. He saw the whole drama as it had been enacted. He understood that Espey, conniving at the officer's mistake, and allowing him to suppose him to be Larrabee, had thus shielded his own identity as the fugitive from justice whom they sought. And this ruse Espey fancied was discovered, when the deputy, in his wild horse-play, had facetiously endeavored to handcuff him; he had therefore strenuously resisted, and thus had possibly come to his death. This possibility did not soften Larrabee toward him; perhaps he did not altogether accredit it at once, for death is difficult to realize even when a certainty. He dwelt upon his own danger, even more upon his mother's possible jeopardy; upon her untiring and laborious hospitality; upon his own labors which had rendered such entertainment practicable, for the money earned without her knowledge at the still went, much of it, to this pious use.

The sharpest sting of ingratitude is often the sense that the giver has been a fool. Larrabee harbored a surly grudge against himself as he rode silently on, and Luther, uncomprehending his friend's reason for not disclosing his identity, and suspecting that Jack Espey was the man they sought, was silent too. The loud voices of the others in acrimonious criminations and recriminations accented the stillness of the night, and the sound of their horses' hoofs as they filed along the mountain passes, multiplied by rock and ravine, and far echoes from distant heights, might have seemed the march of squadrons of cavalry.

The skies had taken on that unfamiliar aspect of the hours which just precede the dawn. Far, far, on their pauseless

way the constellations fared. Stars were low in the west, which on these summer nights had seemed the familiars of the meridian. A strange sense of loneliness, of silence, pervaded the firmament. The breathless pause that heralds the miracle of dawn bated the pulses of nature. No more song of cicada, no more stir of wind. Once a meteor, with an incongruous irrelevance of effect, shot athwart the sky with its gleaming trail as of star-dust; the motion was like a sacrilege in the holy stillness and breathlessness of the world.

And suddenly in the midst of the myriad scintillations a brilliant white jewel was ablaze, which Jasper Larrabee could have sworn was not there before; pellucid, splendid, tremulous, a star of stars. He knew the skies only as the herder or the shepherd knows them in lonely, lowly paths of earth, but even an ignorant man may feel that the circuit below is narrow and the ways above are wide, and the heart is lifted up. Not the name of one of the stellular glories visible to the naked eye could he syllable, but he had marked them all; he was wont to dwell for hours upon their contemplation; he knew the contour of their most brilliant whorls and scintillating arabesques as he knew the intricacies of the woodland ways in the wilderness. He had drawn his horse hastily back upon the haunches, and again his eyes sought the lines of the stars as his fancy had marshaled them. There was one more, — one that he had never before seen; one unknown to all the splendid nights that had ever shone upon the earth.

The voices of the men patrolling the slope below the point, where they had paused, rose excitedly on the still air. The horse was found, he gathered vaguely, dead, shot through the brain. The man was gone. The officer, in a frenzy of energy, beat the bushes far and near, lest the fugitive, wounded and disabled, might have crept away in the midst of them, and still lay hidden in the leafy covert. The hour wore away; the dawn came on apace, and, with the quest still fruitless, the officer presently mounted his horse and rode speedily off, fearing less, perchance, the review of his conduct by his superiors in the county town than the arbitration of the few citizens of the scantily settled region, who might take an inimical view of the disappearance of the guide of the jocose officer.

Only when the gray day came with the tremulous wind over the mountains, and the craggy ranges grew darkly distinct, and the unpeopled wooded valley distinct and vaguely drear, and the dark blue sky faded and was coloress, and one by one the stars noiselessly, invisibly slipped away without a trace, like some splendid promise never to be fulfilled, did Jasper Larrabee turn rein, perplexed and distraught and deeply awed. For in his unlettered ignorance he had never heard of that simple fact known to astronomy as a temporary star.

IX.

In the days that ensued, no trace of the fugitive was developed. Captain Lucy experienced a certain relief in the fruitless result of the extended search instituted by the friends that Espey had made in the Cove. In their opinion the conclusion was inevitable that, despite the lack of his horse, he had made good his escape, and did not lie wounded or dead in the jungle of laurel, awaiting their humane succor, or burial at their hands. He was glad that Espey was gone, doubtless never to return, and that the matrimonial problem was gone with him. He was not quite frank with Adelicia in regard to this expectation. Her constitutional hopefulness instantly adopted the general belief of Espey's safety as fact, and she fixed her expectant eyes on the future with such fidelity of certainty that it seemed they must constrain the return she so definitely awaited.

"He 'll find out ez them off'cers 'lowed 't war Jasper Lar'bee, an' never knowed they hed *him.* An' then, uncle Lucy, he won't be 'feared ter kem back," she said many times a day.

"Course not," assented Captain Lucy. "He 'll be hyar afore long, jes' ez good lookin 'ez he knows how ter be."

It was perhaps a pious fraud, for the girl's despair and grief had been so wild that Captain Lucy was glad for her optimism to be reasserted on whatever terms, and to have the pleasant thing in the house once more.

Luther had necessarily been enlightened by the recent events as to the sentimental phase of the matter; for Captain Lucy had hitherto sedulously kept it secret, since he did not favor a fugitive from justice as a suitor for his niece, and was determined to break off the affair at all hazards. Luther looked with disapproval upon his father's crafty methods.

"I dunno what ails ye ter make Ad'licia b'lieve ez Espey will kem back," he once ventured to say aside to his father. "He air sure ter 'low ez they never tuk him fur Lar'bee, else he would n't hev tried ter break away."

"Luther," said Captain Lucy, "I hev noticed ez a man air obleeged ter hev a powerful strong stommick ter be able ter tell the truth at all times. An' ez I git old, I hev sorter got the deespepsy."

The son merely gazed at him with a sort of literal-minded bovine stare, as he sought to entertain this statement of the moral effect of debility.

'An' then, whenst I war a leetle boy," continued Captain Lucy, "I war bit by a rattlesnake; an' sometimes whenst I hear myself sayin' sech ez air agin the actial fac' it don't s'prise me none, fur I know it air jes' a leetle meanderin' o' the venom o' the sarpient in me yit, 'kase, ye know, he war a deceiver from the beginning."

What impression the strange and unexpected events had made upon the impassive and reserved Julia, none had taken thought to observe. The demonstrative, expressive characteristics of the other members of the household filled the domestic stage. It was only when the poignancy of Adelicia's grief and anxiety had given way to a resolutely patient and hopeful waiting, and Captain Lucy's vehement interest had subsided into a trivial occupation with the passing details of life, that it chanced to be noticed that Julia was wont to sit idle at her spinning, the thread in one hand, the other lifted as if to regulate the whirl of the motionless flax-wheel; her wonderful blue eyes fixed upon the distant purple mountains, glimpsed through the parting of the gourd vines above the porch; her head, with its smooth plaits of glossy hair, held up and alert; some unspoken thought upon her marble face that filled every still line with meaning.

"Ye 'pear ter be palsied, Julia," said the unobservant Luther, smoking his pipe on the porch one evening. "Ye hain't moved hand or foot fur a solid hour."

She started slightly at the sound of his voice, fixing her attention on him with obvious effort. Her mind was evidently coming back from distant removes, and Adelicia, with vague curiosity, demanded suddenly, —

"What air you-uns studyin' 'bout, Julia, whenst ye air lookin' like that?"

"Studyin' an' a-studyin'," said Julia, dropping her hands in her lap and leaning back in the chair, her eyes once more turning to the high massive mountains afar off as if they possessed some magnetic attraction, "'bout'n whar pore, pore Jack Espey kin be now, an' how powerful cur'ous 't war ez ye would n't marry him whenst he axed ye."

The fore legs of Luther's tilted chair came down to the floor with a thump. With a hand on either knee, and the cinders and burning tobacco dropping from his pipe unheeded to the floor, he sat fixedly staring at his silent sister. To his comprehension she was speaking her

mind very unequivocally now. Despite the vaunted feminine quickness, Adelicia heard in it only personal upbraiding, for a certain remorse had made her sensitive on this score, and prone to protest her constraining dutifulness.

"I hed Cap'n Lucy's word agin it!" she exclaimed, with a rising flush and angry bright eyes.

Julia slowly shook her head, her eyes, her thoughts, far, far away. "I would n't hev keered fur no Cap'n Lucy's word," she declared iconoclastically. "I reckon, ef the truth war knowed, Cap'n Lucy hisself married ter suit his own taste. Leastwise, I ain't never hearn o' no old uncle or aunt or dad, or sech kinfolks, ez ondertook ter make a ch'ice in marryin' fur him."

"Waal, sir," Luther interposed in a tone of shocked propriety, "settin' up hyar an' talkin' by the yard medjure 'bout marryin' an' men-folks, an' I 'd bet my best heifer that Jack Espey ain't gin air one o' ye a single thought sence he lef' hyar. No, nor nare 'nother man. Ef the truth war knowed, ye hain't got a haffen chance apiece, — without it air 'Renzo Taft, down yander at the Lost Time mine, an' he can't make out which air the hardest favored 'twixt ye! Ye hed both better go ter work. Jack Espey 'll never kem back agin. Dad jes' say he will ter pledjure Adelicia. An' Julia, ef ye don't spin up that thar truck," — he pointed with fraternal imperiousness at the wheel, — "ye 'll be toler'ble scant o' new clothes, an' ye 'll look wuss like a skeercrow 'n ye do now."

Julia received this taunt to her beauty with the equanimity of one whose title is unimpugnable; but Adelicia, all unheeding any subtler sense than the obvious meaning his words conveyed, protested against even this conjectural banishment of poor Jack Espey. He would come back, she declared. He had doubtless found out by this time that he was mistaken in supposing the officers cognizant of his true identity, and that they were jesting, thinking him still Larrabee. And now that the nine days' wonder had blown over, and people were interested in it no more, and so much was going on in the Cove to usurp public attention, she looked for him any time just to slip back in his old place. "I never kem out on the porch but I look to see him in that thar cheer whar Luther be. I hev 'peared ter see him thar."

"That ain't the way I 'pear ter see him," said Julia suddenly. "I dreampt he war a-kemin' on his claybank horse, a-lopin' down the road, a-wavin' his big white hat at we-uns like he done that day he kilt the wolf an' fotched home the pelt. That 's the way I view him ever sence I dreampt that dream."

"Then ye hev the nightmare," said Luther, surly and helpless to stem the tide of sentiment, "an' ye hain't got no mo' sense sleepin' than wakin'; fur that claybank roan will lope down these rocky roads no mo', partly through bein' dead, an' partly through old Miser Miggins hevin' gone down the gorge an' tuk off the critter's shoes. Ye better content yourself with the claybank roan ez a nightmare, fur ye ain't goin' ter view Espey an' the critter a-lopin' round no mo', no matter how much be a-goin' on in the Cove."

For the Cove was indeed in a phenomenal ferment. To the astonishment of the leisurely and dilatory mountaineers, the work on the new hotel had begun, and was being pushed forward on parallels inconceivable to their ideas of progress.

Captain Lucy, his mind recalled to his more immediate personal interests, watched it with a sort of avidity of observation from the porch of his own house, where he was wont to sit with his pipe. His sneer, his silent laugh, his acrid enigmatical phrases, grew frequent as the blasting for the cellars proceeded, and the flying fragments of rock, which had elicited such formidable prognostication, fell far short of his cabin or his

inclosures, indeed seldom coming to the ground beyond the jungle of laurel at the base of the great natural terrace, the site of the work.

"He did n't git the edzact range, Luther," he would say in affected surprise; or, sarcastically, "This hyar Kenn'ston would hev made a powerful spry gunner in the old war times, — sech a eye for distances!"

Adelicia, observing the circumstance, also remembering Kenniston's expressions of fear for their safety, only saw cause for gratulation.

"Mr. Kenn'ston 'lowed ez we-uns mought hev ter leave home whilst the blastin' war goin' on!" she exclaimed. "An' he made a powerful mistake, uncle Lucy."

"So he did," said Captain Lucy, with a twinkling eye. "He air a great man fur moving, ginerally. He b'lieves in moving things."

Luther, remembering the peripatetic corner-stone and the impending processioning, understood the allusion, but he had a foreboding of trouble, and his heart sunk within him. He was glad when the blasting was concluded, which it was shortly; for he feared a premature or ill-advised accusation, and it seemed to him that the meaning of those thinly veiled sarcasms must presently be revealed to others as known to himself. The foundations were laid, and the framing of the building followed promptly; soon the gaunt skeleton of the hotel, an outline of modern frivolity and summer pleasuring and flimsy vastness, was incongruously imposed upon the silent, solemn mountain behind it, with the rugged, austere crags below it, with the unfamiliar mists shifting through it and drifting along corridor and ball-room and scaling the tower, with its prophetic shadow, like a line engraving, flung by the moonlight on the dark surface of the top of the dense forest below. More than once furious mountain storms assailed it; but its builder's philosophy had taken account of these inimical forces, and it held fast.

The unbroken mountain wind, however, played havoc with the light shanties of the workmen in this exposed situation on the promontory of rock, and when rebuilt the camp was moved below the terrace, down in a sort of gorge, shielded and safe, albeit the distance from the work was a matter of some inconvenience.

They proved civil folk, the town mechanics, and answered gravely many a queer question put from a vast distance in civilization and sophistication, albeit at arm's length from the natural body; for from far and near the mountaineers visited the unfinished structure. Often a wagon with a yoke of steers would stand, the patient beasts humbly a-drowse, for an hour or so in the sandy road, while the jeans-clad owner, goad-stick in hand, would patrol the new building, solemnly stepping from timber to timber over the depths of the cellar, or with the utmost simplicity of assurance make a critical circuit about the whole, and offer suggestions looking toward improvements. Sometimes the visitor was of shyer gentry: a red fox was glimpsed early one morning, with brush in air, speeding along the joists of the ball-room; it might seem they would never know the weight of aught more graceful or agile; a deer, doubtless a familiar of the springs, was visible once, leaping wildly down the rocks in great elastic bounds, evidently hitherto unaware of the invaders of these preëmpted sylvan wilds. Others, too, of the ancient owners of the soil came on more prosaic quest, but in the dead hour of darkness or the light of the midnight moon. A young bear, who had long harbored predatory designs upon a certain fat shoat, a denizen of that pig-pen of Captain Lucy's upon which the owner and Mr. Kenniston looked with such differing eyes, was brought to a pause, in a cautious reconnoitre, by the fragments of food, scraps from the workmen's dinner, which might

be found by nosing about among the shavings. Perhaps it was this alone that led him about the angles and turns of the building; but as he went between the sparse substance of the timbers and their scant linear shadows that, in the sorcery of the moonlight, appeared hardly less real, he seemed as censorious a critic as Captain Lucy himself. Sometimes he would pause in his clumsy shamble, and, with the moonlight a-glitter in his small eyes, lift himself on his hind feet and gaze about the solitary building, indescribably melancholy in the loneliness and the wan, pensive sheen; grin with his white teeth, a-gleam with a sarcastic, snarling contempt; fall to all fours again; and, shrugging his heavy shoulders to his ears, scud along with the aspect of clumsy sportiveness common to his kind.

It chanced that a light, portable forge had been in use that day, in the process of the work; the foreman had himself looked to the extinction of the fire, albeit the scene of the operation was upon the solid rock, and far from any possible communication with the building. The wind could never have turned over the low apparatus set in the hollow of the ledges, but the bear could, and did. Then he sat down suddenly to lick his singed paw, for the metal was still hot. The fuel had been charcoal; it still sustained heat, and even combustion. There was a steady spark in a few of the scattered cinders, quickening, reddening, as the eager night air touched them. The shavings amongst which they had fallen, further down the slope, were slightly astir for a moment; then a timorous blaze sprang up along the more tenuous, lace-like, curling edges.

How the destructive element fared, whether by slow, insidious, fearful degrees, as of conscious but furtive evil intent, or as animated by a wild, tumultuous, riotous impulse, more and more rapacious with impunity, as of some turbulent, maddened thing escaping control, none but Bruin might say, for, save the impassive, neutral night, the event had no other witness. Before the flames had fairly taken hold of the studs and joists his cowardly fears had gained the ascendency over his gluttony. More than once he paused, in gnawing his trophy of a beef bone, to growl fiercely, his remonstrant, surprised eyes illuminated by this alien flicker. As the skies began to redden, and the pale moonlight to fail, and the great massive mountains to appear, dark and weird, from the deep and silent seclusions of the night, he left his booty and retreated toward the verge of the woods, pausing now and again in the dun-colored shadows, all veined with shifting pulsations of red and white, to look with eyes aglow, reflecting the fire, upon its ravages, growling fiercely at times; then, with his recurrent fears, setting out once more on a lumbering run.

Perchance the reflection flung upon the clouds, all lurid and alight, before which the stars shrank away invisible, apprised the traveler journeying in far-away coves and ranges, or the herder of the lofty solitudes of the balds, or the hunter in distant coverts, of the disaster in progress before the nearest neighbors were roused. The angry glare of the conflagration seemed to pervade the world, like the vivid searching terrors of the red day of doom, when the workmen, down in their sheltered nook beneath the crags and the dense shadows of the forest, discovered the untoward fate of their handiwork. Into the crevices of the batten shutters of Captain Lucy's glassless windows the keen rays at last pierced, like some sinister, pestilential, dazzling sunburst, illuminating the homely scenes with an uncanny flare, and displacing the broken dreams with a terrified awakening.

Naught could be done. It might be accounted a spectacle in some sort to watch the airy acrobatic feats of the lithe flames leaping from beam to brace,

from joist to rafter, of the three tall stories, seeming of vaster proportions with all their detail illustrated in these living tints upon the subsidiary, flickering night. There was a series of wild, dancing, tangled blazes a-whirl in the lengths of the ball-room, white and red and orange and blue, an uncanny rout. High up on the battlemented turret a vermilion banner flaunted suddenly out to the moon, and then it was struck amidst a myriad of sparks, and the echoes clamored out against the crashing of the tower.

For days thereafter the smoking, charred ruin was the terminus of many a pilgrimage amongst the simple folk of the region, who had never beheld wreckage on such a scale. The idle workmen hovered about it, dispirited and anxious, awaiting orders. There was much mysterious talk of incendiarism, and a rumor pervaded the Cove that the matter had already been reported in this light to the authorities, and that Rodolphus Ross was on his way to the scene of action.

Captain Lucy, seated on the rocks about the limpid spring, at a comfortable distance from the hot, smouldering mass, smoked his pipe, as he contemplated it, in more placidity of mind than had for some time fallen to his share. He was not a man who would deliberately seek to injure his enemy in person or property; but Captain Lucy was eminently human, and he could but admire the wisdom of the uncovenanted dispensations of Providence, through which Mr. Kenniston's game was, as he conceived it, so handsomely blocked. He had a most buoyant sense of irresponsibility in the matter.

"I ain't so much as once spoke to the Lord 'bout'n that man," he said privately to Luther, as if his prayers must needs have been inflammable.

He was not the only one of the spectators who thought, in view of the magnitude of the ruin, that the whole project was necessarily ended, and who looked on Kenniston's invasion of the Cove as a thing already of the past. It was a matter of very general surprise when the "town man" suddenly reappeared upon the scene in a bounding fury, and, in the metaphorical phrase of the mountaineers, "primed and loaded for b'ar." They little dreamed how literal a reason he had to hold a grudge against Bruin.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

LOVE IS DEAD.

Love is dead, they say;
Where is he laid away?
I would see him, stark and fair,
Cut a lock of his shining hair,
Kiss his lips, however cold, —
Poor Love, sweet Love,
Who lived not to grow old.

Love? We laid him here,
On a flower-strewn bier,
Yet he's gone, we know not where.
Lift the pall, — was he ever there?
When his soul is fled away,
His form will never stay.

Marion Couthouy Smith.

THE HAYES–TILDEN ELECTORAL COMMISSION.

THE Forty-fourth Congress assembled in its second session on the 4th of December, 1876, under circumstances which caused unusual solicitude. A presidential election had been held in November, and the result was contested. There were 369 electoral votes, of which 185 were necessary to a choice. Of the 369 votes, Samuel J. Tilden confessedly had 184, lacking but one of the required majority. Rutherford B. Hayes had only 163 undisputed votes, but his friends claimed, in addition, the votes of Florida, Louisiana, Oregon, and South Carolina, with an aggregate of 22 electors, which would make his total vote 185, precisely the number needed to secure his inauguration. It was thus necessary that the votes of all these disputed States should be counted for General Hayes to make him President, whereas, should Mr. Tilden gain but one of these, or but one vote from one of them, the victory would be his.

From the States just named there were two sets of returns, one favorable to General Hayes, the other to Mr. Tilden. The Hayes or Republican returns had, in general, the character or quality that we call regular, that is, they were made up and forwarded by officials regularly appointed for that purpose by political organizations recognized by national authority as state governments, and actually holding power as such. The Republicans contended that, in counting the electoral vote, we could not go behind these regular returns; that to do so would be an invasion of the constitutional sphere of the States; that the Constitution expressly declares that each State shall appoint its electors "in such manner as the legislature thereof may direct;" that thus the State had a right to determine how its electors should be chosen, who they were when chosen, and how the report of this fact should be made. To this the Democrats responded that these returns were a product of fraud and dishonesty; that, in preparing them, the vote of whole precincts, parishes, and counties had been thrown out in order to secure Hayes electors; that fraud vitiates everything; that no pretended states rights should serve as a shelter to fraud; furthermore, that the state governments, so called, were not really such; that they did not represent the people of those States, but were themselves the product of fraud and corruption, and were kept in place only by what was called the "moral influence" of Federal bayonets. The Republicans retorted that the character of state governments could be denied to these organizations only by robbing the freedmen of the ballot guaranteed to them by the Constitution, and that when the votes of precincts, parishes, and counties had been thrown out, it was done in obedience to law, which commanded that this course should be pursued in communities where terrorism had been exercised to such an extent as seriously to affect the result.

Thus the issue was made up. Members of Congress came together feeling strongly themselves and reflecting the strong feeling which prevailed in the country. The eight millions of voters who had taken part in the election had been about equally divided. Those of each party were convinced that they had gained an honest victory, and were indignant with those of the other party for denying or even doubting it. The feeling of mutual hostility had been greatly intensified by party leaders, orators, and presses. In some of our cities it took all the terrors of a police court to keep Dem-

ocrats and Republicans from breaking the peace. Members of Congress who had begun by being angry on their own account, and who felt under some obligation to represent the anger of their constituents, exploded when they began to discuss the subject with their opponents, at the hotels and in the club-rooms of the city of Washington. It took quiet and sensible men some time to learn that they could gain nothing by arguing the question with those of opposite political views, and men of a different stamp never did learn it.

Under these unfavorable conditions, — conditions such as had never before followed a presidential election in this country, — Congress and the nation approached the counting of the electoral vote. The practical question in all men's minds, and on nearly all men's tongues, was, by whom shall it be decided who has been elected President of the United States? Who shall determine what are the proper electoral votes, distinguishing between those that are genuine and those that are spurious? Who shall count the votes and declare the result? Where is the tribunal to which this issue can be submitted, whose authority will not be questioned, and whose decision will be accepted as final?

There were many theories upon this subject of the count, but none of them seemed to be practicable. The only light which the Constitution sheds upon it is in these words: "The President of the Senate shall, in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, open all the certificates, and the vote shall then be counted." By whom? We are nowhere expressly told, and hence, wide scope is given for the partisan imagination. It is indeed added that the person having a majority of all the electoral votes shall be the President; but no further aid is furnished us in our effort to ascertain what authority is to decide who has, or has not, this majority.

The theory prevalent among Republicans was that the counting should be done by the President of the Senate. For this theory it was urged that precedent was in its favor, the President of the Senate having generally counted and declared the vote since the formation of the government; and further, it was asked, who would so naturally count the vote as he who opens the certificates containing the statement of it in the presence of the two Houses? Many names, great in the history of the Republic, were quoted as authorities on the side of this theory, but, to say nothing of other objections, there was one practical difficulty which was fatal to it. The President of the Senate was a Republican, whose opinions were presumably known, and there probably was not a Democrat in the United States who would willingly have submitted to his decision.

Another theory which was advocated by a portion of the Democratic party was that the House of Representatives should do the counting, the Senate being present merely as spectators. It was argued that inasmuch as the Constitution lays upon the House the duty of choosing a President, in case there has been a failure to elect by the people, it is necessary that the House, by previously counting the vote, should ascertain whether such failure exists. But the House of Representatives was Democratic by a large majority, and it would have been as unsatisfactory to Republicans to have the vote declared by the House as it would have been to Democrats to have it declared by the President of the Senate.

A third theory, deservedly received with more favor than either of the preceding, was that the counting should be done by both Houses, each having equal authority and responsibility with the other. The practical difficulty here was that the two Houses were of opposite politics; that each would negative the action of the other, and that

hence no result could be reached. A colleague of mine in the House, Mr. Charles Foster, afterward Governor of Ohio, and recently Secretary of the Treasury, proposed another solution of the problem which I thought a good one. He introduced a bill providing that Congress should submit the case to the Supreme Court, and that its decision should be held to be conclusive. But this plan was unacceptable to the whole body of Democrats, and, I suppose, could not have received a single Democratic vote, for the philosophical reason that, of the nine judges at that time on the Supreme Bench, there were but two of Democratic antecedents.

I will mention but one more theory.

A few Democrats of an ancient and harmless school were delighted with a discovery which they had made in the writings of Jefferson. It appeared that that great man had suggested that the electoral vote should be counted by the two Houses, not as separate organizations, but as merged in one convention, in which the vote of a Senator should count for precisely as much as the vote of a Representative. These amiable theorists would have had us agree upon this plan as a happy method of settling all our difficulties. Now, in the Forty-fourth Congress there were 74 Senators and 292 Representatives, the latter being almost four times as numerous as the former. Hence, in all questions requiring the action of both Houses, the vote of one Senator was about equal to that of four Representatives. The Jeffersonian idea might have proved to be a great success, could our friends have made it appear agreeable to 74 Senators, representing, many of them, half the population and resources of great and proud States, to submit to the immense diminution of power implied in their being placed, in the proposed convention, individually on a level with members of the other House. But as there was a great deal of human nature in the country that year, especially in the Halls of Congress, this theory of the past soon proved to be impracticable, and was heard of no more. It was evident that although Jefferson might have been responsible for the original suggestion, he was not responsible for the time and method of its application.

Such were the theories that were under discussion, and such were the obstacles which they encountered. It is now evident that the counting of the electoral vote could not have been safely committed to any of the agencies which were ordinarily recognized by different parties as the constitutional and proper tribunals for the performance of that duty. The responsibility could not have been laid upon any of these agencies without giving a positive advantage to one of the two parties, and thus encountering stubborn resistance from the other. As each party had control of one House of Congress, no plan could be successful in which both parties did not concur. But that Congress should promptly adopt some method of adjusting differences was demanded by the peace of the country. The situation was serious. Some thoughtful men felt that perhaps the greatest peril that the Republic had encountered was not that of the Civil War. It was repeatedly stated on the floor of the House of Representatives, and apparently believed by the majority, that if the Republican party should proceed, through the President of the Senate, to count the votes of the disputed States, and declare them for General Hayes, the House would then proceed to elect Mr. Tilden, or to count the vote and declare him elected by the nation. There would then have been a dual presidency, a divided army and navy, a divided people, and probably civil war. What plan could be devised to save the country from the evils that threatened it?

The answer was not easy. Everywhere about the Capitol were seen

thoughtful and troubled faces. The short winter days seemed gloomy, and the hours of wakefulness in the night were prolonged by anxious thought. Things were constantly occurring which revealed the extent of both the difficulty and the danger. One day a leading Democrat went across the House to General Garfield's seat, and, repeating a prediction which he had previously made, said that, within a hundred days, people would be cutting each other's throats. Republicans who happened to overhear the conversation did not, perhaps, regard the statement as improbable. My colleague from Ohio, Mr. Banning, a man kindly disposed, declared in a speech, that, if the Republicans should attempt to carry out their theory of the election, and if a part of the army with eighty rounds of ammunition, and the navy, should be ordered to support them, the people would put them all down. Mr. Goode, of Virginia, one of the ablest and best of the Southern members, said, upon the floor of the House, that, if the two parties went on in their respective courses, they would soon reach a point where one or the other must make an ignominious surrender, or they must fight. "Are gentlemen prepared for the latter alternative?" he exclaimed. A shout of "Yes" went up from the Republican side of the House.

In view of such a state of feeling as this, it was a satisfaction to know that, early in the session, broad-minded and patriotic men were beginning to study the difficult problem. It was thought well, in the first place, that the House should be better informed as to the extent of its own rights and duties. To this end, a committee was appointed to inquire and report upon the subject. The Speaker was pleased to name the writer of this article as a member of the committee. My first feeling was one of gratification at the compliment. But, upon reflection, it seemed so plain to me that the committee should be composed of great constitutional lawyers, that, as soon as the House adjourned, I hastened to the Speaker and tendered my declination, which was accepted. A few days later, he filled the vacancy by appointing Judge McDill, of Iowa, who creditably performed the duties of the place. Some good work was done. Mr. Seeley, afterwards President of Amherst College, belonged to the committee, as did also Mr. Burchard, of Illinois, a man of much varied kowledge, and since Director of the Mint. Both majority and minority reports were made, which served, in a measure, as guides to the respective parties in the House in their subsequent labors.

On the 7th of December, Mr. McCrary, of Iowa, introduced a resolution that a committee should be appointed by the Speaker, to act in conjunction with any similar committee appointed by the Senate in preparing and reporting some legislative measure for counting the electoral vote. This resolution was referred to the committee on the Judiciary, and on the 14th of December was reported back to the House and passed. Notice of this action was at once sent to the Senate. On the 15th of December, a resolution of like character was offered in that body by Mr. Edmunds, of Vermont, providing for the appointment of a committee of the Senate to act with that of the House. On the 18th this resolution was passed by the Senate, and the same day the House was notified of the fact. These committees of the Senate and House were appointed December the 21st and 22d respectively, Mr. Edmunds being chairman of the Senate committee, and Mr. Payne, of Ohio, since Senator Payne, chairman of that of the House. Each committee consisted of seven members. Frequent sessions of these committees, at first separate and afterward joint sessions, with much laborious investigation and much discussion of the merits of

different plans, were held from this time until January 18, 1877, when a carefully matured bill, with an accompanying report, was submitted by Mr. Edmunds to the Senate. The report was signed by all the fourteen members of the two committees with the exception of Senator Morton, of Indiana. The bill was soon launched upon the stormy sea of Congressional debate, to take its chances in the hurricane conflict of prejudice and opinion.

The gentlemen of this joint committee, — a joint committee we may henceforth call it, although it was not strictly such, the jealousy of the Houses having forbidden the use of that designation, — the gentlemen of this committee spoke with some reserve, as the proprieties demanded, of their month's work in the committee room. Some of them, however, did divulge to personal friends that they had found their task to be delicate, difficult, laborious, trying to the patience, provoking, and often very discouraging. Many plans had been, of course, rejected. One of these would sometimes break upon their minds like an inspiration and fill them with hope, only to encounter, after a morning's debate, some insuperable objection and be abandoned. Communications which they received from the outside showed with what jealousy they were watched by the two parties, both in Congress and throughout the country. They soon discovered that nothing but defeat could be expected for any measure they should adopt which did not exhibit absolute impartiality toward the two parties. To quote from a speech of Mr. Thurman in the Senate, "It was perfectly clear that any bill that gave the least advantage, ay, the weight of the dust in the balance, to either party, could not become the law of the land." To make the plan acceptable, it must be such that no one could give even a sensible guess beforehand as to what result it would produce.

The principal points of the bill, as finally reported to the two Houses, were the following: The Senate and House were to meet in the Hall of the House, as formerly, for counting the electoral vote. The President of the Senate was to be the presiding officer, and the vote was to be counted by him, or by the tellers under his direction, in accordance with precedent, until some State might be reached to whose vote objections should be offered. The objections should then be put in proper form, and, if there were but one return from the State which had occasioned the disagreement, the Houses should separate, and each House should render a decision upon the objections submitted to it. The Houses should then again meet, and the result of their action be announced. The vote of the State, which, it will be observed, had but a single return, should then be counted, unless it appeared that both Houses had concurred in rejecting it. But when, in the progress of the count, a State might be reached from which there was more than one return, the presiding officer should call for objections to any or all of the returns. The objections, when they had been prepared, together with all the returns and accompanying papers, should then be submitted to the judgment of a Commission which should be constituted as follows: The Commission was to consist of fifteen members, of whom five were to be Representatives, five Senators, and five Justices of the Supreme Court; the five Representatives upon the Commission to be chosen by the House, and the five Senators by the Senate. Of the five Justices, four were virtually designated by the bill, and these four were to elect the fifth. It was assumed by common consent, and was agreed by caucuses of the two parties in both House and Senate, that, of the five Representatives to be chosen, three would be Democrats and two Republicans; that of the five Sen-

ators, three would be Republicans and two Democrats. Of the four Justices that were indicated in the bill, two were of Democratic antecedents and two of Republican. The spirit of the bill required that the fifth man whom these Justices were to select should be neutral as regards the two parties, or, if possible, should be half Republican and half Democrat. Should this arrangement be perfectly carried out, there would, as the reader will see, be just seven and a half Republicans and seven and a half Democrats on the Commission. And yet, as the number of the Commissioners was an uneven number, a decision must be reached; for, however desirous the fifteenth member might be of rendering a decision on both sides, the absolute simplicity of the human will in its action would have prevented his doing so. He must decide wholly for or against each return from a State.

The bill provided that whatever powers were possessed by the two Houses of Congress, in counting the electoral vote, should also be possessed by the Commission. Should it be asked whether the Commission had power to go behind the returns made by the state officers, the answer was that it had not, unless the two Houses had such power. If it were asked whether the Commission was forbidden to exercise such power, the answer was, not unless the Houses were so forbidden. Indeed, the Senate, under the leadership of Mr. Edmunds, voted down, during the same hour of one day, two antagonistic propositions upon this subject; namely, the proposition that the Commission should have the right to go behind the returns from a State, and the proposition that it should not have such right. Beyond the proposition that the powers of the Commission were to be the same as those of the two Houses, there was no attempt in the bill to define what they were. With this limitation only, which was scarcely a limitation, the Commission was made the absolute judge of the extent of its own jurisdiction. It was to a Commission so constituted and with such powers that the returns from Florida, Louisiana, Oregon, and South Carolina, with all accompanying papers, were to be referred. It was made the duty of the Commission to find who were the legal electors and what was their vote in each of those States, and report it to Congress. When such report should be made, the Houses must meet without delay to hear it announced. If objections were offered, the Houses must again separate, each pronouncing judgment upon them in its own chamber. They were then to reassemble, to hear these judgments read. The decision of the Commission must then stand as valid, unless it should be rejected by the concurrent action of both Houses. As these Houses, however, were of opposite politics, such a result, whatever the decision might be, was one that never could be reached.

Such were the methods of procedure provided in this bill, — the method in case of States to whose vote there was no objection, in case of States sending but one return to which there was objection, and States forwarding double returns to which, of course, objections would be numerous. These methods were to be continued until the votes of all the States should be counted in alphabetical order and the grand result declared. Had any statement in detail of the powers to be exercised by the Commission been contained in the bill, it would have insured its instant defeat. It was essential to the success of the measure that neither the members of the Commission nor those of the two Houses should be able to foresee what powers the Commission would assume. The form in which the bill was finally left exhibited an impartiality in regard to the two great parties as nearly absolute as it was possible to attain.

Whatever faults the bill might have, it had the great merit that, should it become a law, and its execution not be prevented by revolutionary measures, it must make somebody President of the United States. This, no doubt, was the result that the common welfare demanded. It was more important that the presidential issue should be decided effectively than that it should be decided rightly. If the alternative were a decision wholly right which should be questioned by half the nation, or a decision wholly wrong which the whole country would accept, the latter, no doubt, was the result to be desired.

This bill of 1877, to provide for and regulate the counting of the electoral vote, was one of the great legislative measures of history. It exhibited ability, skill, knowledge of men, fertility in resources, fairness, patriotism, statesmanship. It was worthy of a great crisis in national affairs, and deserved to be passed.

But before we follow the fortunes of this bill in Congress, it will be necessary to say something further of its relations to the two parties. It was from the beginning a Democratic rather than a Republican measure. It was indeed inaugurated, as we have seen, in the Senate and House by two Republicans who remained its faithful and efficient friends. Many patriotic men, of both parties and in both Houses, advocated it from the first and continued to do so to the end. But the proportion of Democrats in both Houses, and especially in the House of Representatives, who supported the measure throughout, was much larger than the proportion of Republicans. When among Democrats, on their side of the House, you felt that the atmosphere was friendly to the bill; while upon the Republican side it was regarded with general suspicion. The explanation is not far to seek. As the regular returns from the disputed States were favorable to General Hayes, the Republicans had what was regarded as a *prima facie* case, and the burden of proof must rest upon their opponents. The presiding officer of the Senate and of the two Houses, when they should meet together, was a Republican, and, whatever theories might be held, his opinions would have some weight in counting the vote. Further, the Chief Magistrate was a Republican, and one not much inclined to surrender when he thought he was right. He would be pretty likely to see to it that the man he thought honestly elected should be duly inaugurated. Under these circumstances, the Democrats, or at least a majority of them, thought that they could lose nothing, and might gain much, by an impartial law which should bind all parties. Republicans, on the other hand, were naturally content to retain the advantages of their position. There was another consideration which affected the relative friendliness of the two parties to the bill. There was a sharp issue, as we know, between Democrats and Republicans in regard to the power of Congress to go behind the returns made by state officers. Republicans believed this to be unconstitutional, while Democrats declared that justice demanded it should be done. It was early understood that the bill which the committee were preparing would be neutral on this point. While it would not authorize the Commission to go behind the returns, it would not forbid their doing so. Many Republicans felt that they could not vote for a measure which would even permit such an invasion of the organic law. They contended that it was a compromise of principle like that of 1820, which condemned half the country to slavery; like that of 1850, which gave us the Fugitive Slave Law. It belonged to a class of weak concessions which had always injured the country and ruined every party that had touched them. They had a candidate, lawfully elected, and why should they sacrifice his

rights, and the rights of the people that voted for him, through the still worse sacrifice of constitutional principle? I shared in the views of my party and voted with the majority of my friends in the House against the bill. It was a mistake. We lost an opportunity. I did not give my vote, however, without much previous hesitation. I still have in my possession a rough outline of an argument in favor of the bill, which I made out late one night in my room, that I might see how it looked. In my present judgment, it is a better argument than one which I made afterwards in the House against the bill. It was an experiment which failed that I made upon my own mind. The feeling that I had no right to sacrifice a just cause upon grounds of doubtful constitutionality compelled me to vote in the negative.

I must not fail to present, as pertinent in this connection, a much more important piece of personal history, which was never fully understood by the public, and now seems, though quite undeservedly, to be almost forgotten. We have seen how important it was that the fifth place among the Justices of the Supreme Court who were to serve upon the Commission should be filled, if possible, by a man just half Democrat and half Republican. This, the reader will remember, was demanded by our arithmetic. In no other way was it possible so to divide the Commission that each party should have exactly half of it. The man needed for this purpose seemed to have been supplied in Mr. Justice Davis, of Illinois. This gentleman was an able judge and a worthy man with a strong taste for active politics. Originally a Republican and an intimate friend of Mr. Lincoln, he had been nominated for the presidency in 1872 by the Labor Reform Party, had received nearly a hundred votes, the same year, in the National Convention of the Liberal Republicans, and had been talked of as a Democratic candidate in 1876. This party, on some principle which I never fully understand, were thought to have set him down about midway between the two leading parties. He belonged to a highly respectable class of politicians known as Independents. To anticipate a little, the impartiality of his attitude towards the two parties was strikingly illustrated, at a later period, in the United States Senate. It was said of him there, no doubt with some jocose exaggeration, that he seemed to be trying to divide his influence, his voice, and his vote, as equally as possible between Democrats and Republicans; that if he voted twice in succession with the same party, he appeared to be alarmed lest he should take on the character of a partisan, and made haste to restore the healthful balance of his mind and of his political action, by voting next time with the other side. In justice to him, it should be remembered that the position of independency in politics was at that time less understood, had been less practiced, and hence was more difficult of graceful maintenance than it now is. A man as richly endowed as we have seen Judge Davis to have been, with the grace of impartiality, with a talent for being on both sides, would seem to have been the very man that was needed for the fifth judge upon the Commission. If the ideal were half Democrat and half Republican, how could it have been more perfectly realized? Accordingly, it had been early understood that the other judges would agree upon him for the place, and that he would accept it, though doubtless feeling that there were nearly equal reasons both for and against his doing so. Assuming that Judge Davis would be the fifteenth Commissioner, the Democrats, with good grounds, counted upon his giving them the victory. It will be remembered that in order to elect Hayes it was necessary that the

Republicans should gain all of the four disputed States. If any State or any portion of a State went adversely, Hayes was defeated. It was necessary that at least four successive decisions relating to these four States should all be given in favor of the Republicans. Now it was morally certain — it was as certain as the future action of a free agent can ever be — that Judge Davis would never give four decisions in succession, upon difficult and delicate questions, in favor of the same party. It was inevitable that he would not decide all these issues for the Republicans, and if he failed them but once their case was hopeless. Hence, from the time when the main features of the forthcoming bill had come to be understood, until some time after the middle of January, there was a general expectation of victory among Democrats, and of defeat among Republicans. When you met a Democrat, his face wore an expression of evident, though restrained satisfaction, while Republicans looked troubled and depressed. This was largely due to the general impression that Judge Davis would be placed upon the Commission. Here was another of those causes which predisposed Democrats to commit themselves for the bill, and Republicans to commit themselves against it.

But now occurred one of those remarkable things which in reading fiction you stop to criticise as improbable, though they occasion no surprise to the thoughtful student of history. About the middle of January, the legislature of Illinois began balloting for United States Senator. The vote was so close between Democrats and Republicans that five Independents held the balance of power. Several unsuccessful ballots were taken, and there seemed no prospect of a result until negotiations were commenced for a union between Democrats and Independents, with a view to the election of Judge Davis. Late one evening, I heard that our prospective Commissioner had decided to permit the use of his name as a candidate. The next morning, entering the Hall of the House some time before the hour for opening, I observed that the Democratic side was already well filled, and that its occupants were collected in groups which appeared to be engaged in animated discussion. I did not intrude, but learned from Republican friends, whose opportunities for hearing had been better than mine, that our neighbors were all talking about Judge Davis. Republicans also showed a deep interest in the news. It seemed to be generally admitted that the use of Judge Davis's name in an active political canvass, whatever the result of it might be, would disqualify him for a place on the Commission. We soon learned that this view of the case was also taken by himself. The effect of the withdrawal of his name as a candidate for the Commission undoubtedly was to make Democrats less and Republicans more hopeful as to the result. It no doubt made some votes for the bill on the Republican side, and deprived it of some on the Democratic. But this change occurred quietly among the more obscure members. Those on both sides who had openly committed themselves commonly adhered to the positions they had taken. It was creditable to the patriotism and consistency of both Democrats and Republicans, as a body, that they did not permit what had occurred to change their purpose in regard to the bill.

The name of Mr. Justice Bradley was now thought of as a substitute for that of Justice Davis. Of the occupants of the Supreme Bench whose names had not yet been considered, he was the most conservative. He had commended himself to Democrats by holding strong opinions, when on the bench, against the constitutionality of the Enforcement Act. He had held court in Louisiana, where he was popu-

lar, and had given a conservative opinion in the decision of the Supreme Court upon what were known as the "Grant Parish" cases. He had never been in sympathy with the original abolitionists, and would probably have found it difficult to attach the same importance to the interests of a black man that he did to those of a white man. Upon a comparison of views in regard to his antecedents, the faces of Democrats began to wear a look of returning cheerfulness. They felt that, if he should be placed upon the Commission, they could still look forward hopefully to the result.

Thus much it has seemed necessary to say in regard to the attitude of the two parties towards this great measure. Let us do exact justice to both. That there were some mere trimmers and time-servers in both parties cannot be doubted; but it is equally certain that the general tone of feeling was earnest and manly. The debate had a serious character which commended it to the approval of thoughtful visitors. There was much party feeling on both sides, but a prevalent sincerity of purpose. The desire to learn what duty and the common welfare demanded was general. It was no doubt party feeling which increased the friendliness of the Democrats to the bill in the earlier period and diminished it in the later. A few of them were bitter opponents of the bill from the beginning, and became obstructionists towards the end. But after making all the deductions from the credit due them which these facts require, it must still be admitted that a powerful, perhaps a controlling influence was exerted among them by patriotism and true statesmanship. We cannot withhold our admiration from the work which they or a majority of them did. To both parties in this crisis we must accord general honesty of purpose. But as what the Democrats did was objectively right, as they had the principal share in the support of a bill which now appears to have been necessary to the public order, they will stand fairest, so far as this legislation is concerned, upon the page of that history which is less curious about hidden motives than about the utility of measures.

There were no Republican obstructionists. But it would be rash to say there would not have been any, had the election of Mr. Tilden seemed as probable as did that of General Hayes.

But it is time to inquire what progress was made by the electoral bill in the two Houses. It has been stated that this bill was submitted to the Senate, by Mr. Edmunds, on the 18th of January. The debate commenced on the 20th, and continued almost uninterruptedly to the 25th. The 25th and the 26th were mostly occupied with the discussion of the subject in the House. This debate must no doubt be classed in history with the great intellectual conflicts of Congress. Senator Edmunds, who reported the bill to the Senate, and who was understood to be the author both of the bill and of the report, made the opening speech. It was perhaps the best speech made in favor of the measure, not only because it was learned, logical, and persuasive, but still more because it was wise. It contained just enough to put the bill in an acceptable light. It was great for what it omitted. It was not delivered in order to make a great speech, but to secure the passage of the bill. It explained difficulties, soothed prejudice, conciliated opposition, and made the need of the country for amicable adjustment stand out in a clear light. He was the presiding spirit of the debate in the Senate. He was constantly in his place, and much of the time on his feet. By courteous interruptions, he supplemented the speeches of his friends with needed arguments, and helped his opponents to some ignored or forgotten fact which made a half-hour's talk irrelevant or innocuous.

He exhibited a rapier-like swiftness and point which considerably diminished the desire of the opposition to prolong the debate. It may fairly be said that he did more than any other man for the success of the bill. It was one of the occasions which led to the considering of the Vermont judge as the first man in the Senate. He was ably supported by Senators Bayard, Thurman, Frelinghuysen, and Conkling, and was warmly opposed by Morton, Sherman, Cameron, and Eaton. Mr. Blaine, then a new member of the Senate, spoke briefly but exceedingly well, expressing his regret at not being able to support the bill. In the House, Hoar, Foster, and McCrary, among Republicans, and Payne, Lamar, Springer, Hill, Abram S. Hewitt, and Tucker, among Democrats, delivered noticeable speeches in favor of the measure. Strong efforts were made against it by Garfield, Hale, Lawrence, and others on the Republican side, and by Proctor Knott and Blackburn on the Democratic. The debate included constitutional arguments, historical discussion, and patriotic appeal, enlivened occasionally, by humor and witty retort. There was also some downright raving. It would require a separate paper were I to indulge in quotation and appropriate comment. Many of the speeches in both House and Senate were elaborately prepared. Some of them were remarkable for beautiful and impressive perorations. I commend them to the attention of those of my readers who are fond of literary studies.

As the debate advanced in the Senate, and the bill was examined and privately discussed by members of both Houses, it was more and more evident that it would become a law. The tide of feeling in its favor rose higher every day, and the response from most parts of the country greatly aided it. On the morning of January 25, the bill passed the Senate, and it passed the House on the 26th. It might have received the signature of the Chief Magistrate on the following day, but President Grant was absent in Maryland, attending, I believe, some exposition of mechanical industry. But, on the 29th, the bill was not only signed by the President, but was returned to the Senate with a message of cordial approval. On the 30th, the Commissioners were all elected. The Senate chose the following gentlemen: Edmunds, Morton, Frelinghuysen, Thurman, and Bayard. The House chose Representatives Payne, Hunton, Abbott, Garfield, and Hoar. The Justices who had already been designated by the bill were Clifford, Strong, Miller, and Field; and these gentlemen agreed upon Mr. Justice Bradley as the fifteenth member of the Commission. On the 1st of February, the Commission organized with Mr. Justice Clifford as president, and notified both House and Senate of the fact. On the same day, as was provided by the new law, the counting of the electoral vote commenced, and was the absorbing object of attention in both Houses, and I might almost say in the whole country, until it was completed on the 2d of March.

The members of both Houses and both parties came together with cheerful faces in the Hall of the House of Representatives to begin the count. Hope and good humor prevailed on all sides. The spectacle was one of unusual interest and had attracted visitors from remote parts of the country. At one o'clock P. M., the doorkeeper of the House announced that the Senate of the United States was at the door. The Senators, preceded by their proper officers, were immediately admitted and received by the Representatives standing. The ceremonial prescribed by the law was duly observed. The President of the Senate was seated in the Speaker's chair, as president of the joint meeting. At his left sat the Speaker, and in front and below sat the subor-

dinate officers of both Houses. The Senators occupied the body of the Hall upon the right of the presiding officer. Two tellers were appointed on the part of each House. The burdens of the presiding officer, Senator Ferry of Michigan, who had been made President of the Senate upon the death of Vice-President Wilson, were greatly lightened by the guidance and support afforded by the new law; but his duties were still delicate and arduous, and were performed with a dignity, watchfulness, impartiality, and painstaking correctness which secured general commendation. The counting went on briskly through the earlier States of the alphabetical list, Alabama, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Connecticut, and Delaware. It was immaterial who counted the votes of these States. They could count themselves. But when the State of Florida was reached, double certificates were opened, and objections were at once heard from different parts of the Hall. Both certificates, together with the various objections and all papers in the case, were then sent to the Commission. That tribunal was occupied until the 9th of February in reaching a result which was not achieved without much wearisome investigation and listening to many arguments from both sides. On the 10th this decision was laid before the joint meeting of Congress. It was found that the seven men upon the Commission who had been chosen avowedly as Democrats had voted for the Tilden electors; the seven men who had been chosen as Republicans had voted for the Hayes electors; and the conservative member had determined the result by voting with the Republicans. Objections were at once raised to the decision, and the two Houses separated, the Senate voting to sustain it, and the House voting the opposite, which, of course, left it binding under the law. It would have been singular had there not been a somewhat marked change in the feeling of the parties in regard to the operation of the law after this decision. It may be thought that, when the law was passed, there was no further peril; and this would indeed have been true except for disorderly and obstructive methods. The result of the vote must be announced before twelve o'clock on the 4th of March. The time was becoming short. Owing to delays, some of them unnecessary, the vote of Florida was not counted until the 12th. This left only sixteen full working days to complete the count. There were still three States with double returns, which of course would be sharply contested and must be referred to the Commission, which was a judicial body and could not be hurried. Minor difficulties were being raised for a purpose, it was thought, which increased the delay. But the majority of both Houses stood by the arrangement, and the great machine, though heavy and slow, still ground on. The vote of Louisiana was counted on the 20th, that of Oregon on the 24th, and both were counted for Hayes. On the last day of February, when there were but three more working days, the vote of South Carolina had not been counted, which was also true of Vermont and Wisconsin, in regard to both of which captious objectors were waiting their opportunity. It was at this point that there broke forth a bitter and persistent opposition by means of dilatory motions. This opposition, at one time, assumed such proportions as to fill patriotic minds with alarm lest the declaration of the final result should not be reached. This calamity to the country might not have been averted, had not the man of the occasion been found in Samuel J. Randall, the Democratic Speaker of the House. He was a warm partisan, but a man of firmness and conscience in regard to his obligations to the Constitution and the laws. His oath to support these was not to him

an unmeaning form. He had a clear conviction that it was his duty not to permit the object of the electoral law to be defeated by any factious policy of obstruction. He had a strength of will equal to the emergency, and he put it to good use. On the 24th of February, the Speaker, in declining to entertain a motion which, though parliamentary and suitable in itself, was dilatory in effect, made a ruling, involving a principle of the highest importance and of the greatest practical value for all legislative bodies. I give his words. The Chair "rules that when the Constitution of the United States directs anything to be done, or when the law under the Constitution of the United States, enacted in obedience thereto, directs any act by this House, it is not in order to make any motion to obstruct or impede the execution of that injunction of the Constitution and the laws." After that decision there was comparative good order for two or three days. On the 28th of February, the Speaker having refused to entertain a motion which was of a dilatory character, a member appealed from the decision of the Chair. The Speaker refused to entertain the appeal. Then followed a scene of great clamor and confusion, the obstructionists insisting upon it that the Chair should admit the appeal. But as that officer only gripped his gavel the tighter, and his always long under jaw seemed to be growing longer, they had to abandon the effort. We then had comparative quiet until the following day, when the disorder reached its height and was, at times, of almost a threatening character. From ten o'clock A. M. on the 1st of March until four o'clock A. M. on the 2d, we were constantly in our seats. Owing, perhaps, to an understanding reached among themselves, the previous night, the obstructionists made a united and desperate effort to waste the time of the House by dilatory motions. During much of this time, the Speaker stood in his place deciding questions of order in the midst of noisy and hostile demonstrations. He was subjected to a strain upon voice and nerve and physical strength such as few men could have endured. At times he was visited with a storm of questions and reproaches. Would he not entertain a privileged motion? He would not. Would he not put a motion for a recess? a motion for a call of the House? a motion to excuse some member from voting? a motion to reconsider? a motion to lay something on the table? He would not. Were not these motions in order under the rules? They were. Would he not then submit some one of them to the House? He would not. Was he not an oppressor, a tyrant, a despot? He was not. Would he not then put some dilatory motion? He would not. Would he not entertain an appeal to the House from his own decision? He would not. Why would he not? Because of his obligations to law. This is a condensed statement of a struggle which was going on for several hours. The scene was varied on one or two occasions by a proposal that the House proceed at once to the election of a President of the United States, which, of course, was ruled out of order.

A better idea of what this struggle was may be conveyed by a quotation from the Congressional Record. It is but just to add, as will be seen, that several of the persons introduced here were acting in good faith and not with the intention of increasing the disorder.

Mr. Eden. I call for the regular order.

Mr. Caulfield. I wish to make a parliamentary inquiry. Do I understand that the two hours' debate allowed by the law is to begin now, under the ruling of the Chair?

The Speaker. The gentleman is right in so understanding.

Mr. Caulfield. Well, sir, I appeal from that decision. I contend that there is no power in this House to proceed to the consideration of this question until we know what the question is. Under the present circumstances we do not know what the question is.

The Speaker. That is for the House to determine, not the Chair.

Mr. Caulfield. But until that certificate is opened, it is impossible for us to know what objections we are to consider.

Mr. O'Brien. We must have the certificate before we can discuss and vote upon this question.

Mr. Watterson. I rise to a parliamentary inquiry. I wish to know whether the progress of this debate is in order or not.

The Speaker. It is in order. The gentleman from Ohio (Mr. Poppleton) is recognized; and if he does not desire to speak, the Chair will recognize some other gentleman.

Mr. O'Brien. Does not the Chair entertain the appeal from his decision?

Mr. Caulfield. I insist on my appeal from the decision of the Chair.

The Speaker. The Chair declines to entertain the appeal.

(Cries of "That is right," and applause.)

Mr. Springer. I hope the Chair will not insist upon that position. This is one of the most important questions that ever came before this House. (Cries of "Regular order!") I insist that this appeal must be entertained, and that we must know whether this is a case that has gone to the Commission, or whether it is now to be considered by the separate Houses. This is not a dilatory motion, but one that arises upon a vital provision of the electoral law; and I ask the Chair to entertain the appeal.

The Speaker. The Chair considers that he is bound by the law —

Mr. Springer. I want the law enforced.

The Speaker. And the law is as plain as the day.

Mr. Springer. If this case under the law has gone to the Commission, it is there now by the operation of the law and we have nothing before us.

The Speaker. This House has it within its power by a majority vote to call from the Senate that paper.

Mr. Caulfield, Mr. O'Brien, and others. When?

The Speaker. Surely, gentlemen will not say that the Chair has that power.

Mr. Walling. But we ask for a vote first on calling that paper from the Senate.

Mr. O'Brien. We want that question decided now, whether we have the right to send to the Senate for that certificate.

Mr. Beebe (who addressed the Chair amid cries of "Order!" and great confusion) was understood to say, Mr. Speaker, I have stood with the majority of this House against every proposition to delay obedience to this law. I acknowledge my obligations under that law. I recognize the further fact that we are here not only under that, but in the exercise of every prerogative and privilege guaranteed by the Constitution to this House. (Cries of "Order!" mingled with applause.) Will the Chair entertain the motion —

The Speaker. The Chair will entertain no motion.

Mr. Beebe. Then I charge the Speaker with doing what I have complained of the Electoral Commission for doing, violating the very law under which we are operating.

Mr. Rice. The Speaker is usurping power.

The Speaker. The Chair usurps no power.

Mr. Beebe. Ninety members of this House demand that appeal from the decision of the Chair, and it cannot be had.

Mr. Mills. I hope that usurpation

is not becoming so incapacitating as to cause usurpation of power over members of this House.

The Speaker. The Chair neither usurps, nor does he permit oppression upon the Chair. (Applause upon the floor and in the galleries.)

Mr. Beebe. Will the Chair state the reason for his ruling?

The Speaker. The Chair decides according to his conscience and the law.

Mr. Beebe. Will the Chair state the reason for his ruling?

Mr. Wells, of Mississippi. I ask whether —

(Here there was great confusion in the Hall, members rising and standing.)

Mr. Beebe (standing on top of one of the desks). I demand to know the reason why the Chair refuses to state his reasons for refusing to hear an appeal. (Applause.) With all respect to the Chair, I ask him to state the reason of his ruling.

Mr. Springer. I demand that the galleries be cleared.

Mr. Beebe. From my place in this House I now under the rules ask the Speaker of this House respectfully to state the reason for his refusal to entertain the motion which I make.

The Speaker. The Chair gave his reasons at length on a similar proposition yesterday.

Mr. Caulfield. We have no recollection of any such proposition having been made.

Several Members. It never has been.

Mr. Jones, of Kentucky. If the Chair ruled that way yesterday, he must have ruled wrongly.

Mr. Franklin. We demand that the appeal from the decision of the Chair be placed before the House.

Mr. Springer. Mr. Speaker, I move this House now take a recess until to-morrow at ten o'clock.

Mr. Beebe. I claim that I have some rights upon this floor. I claim that courtesy from the Chair that I always have cheerfully rendered to him.

The Speaker. The Chair will proceed with the public business.

Mr. Brown, of Kentucky. I ask, Mr. Speaker, that the officers of this House enforce order.

Mr. Money. Let them try it.

Mr. Brown, of Kentucky. They can do it.

Mr. Sparks. Let them try it.

Mr. Brown, of Kentucky. I demand that they enforce order upon you and all others who are out of order. If I were an officer of the House I would try it. (Applause.)

The Speaker. The Chair is determined that gentlemen shall take their seats. The Chair is not going to submit longer to this disorder. (Loud applause on the floor and in the galleries.) If gentlemen forget themselves, it is the duty of the Chair to remind them that they are members of the American Congress. (Renewed applause on the floor and in the galleries.)

Mr. Glover. I appeal to members of this House —

Mr. Sparks. The Chair is simply the Speaker of this House of Representatives. We are the representatives of the people. (Applause.)

Mr. Beebe. I respectfully ask —

Mr. Sparks. Look at these lobbies, Mr. Speaker. I have tried to get the Speaker's ear so that I could direct attention to them. We are mobbed by the lobby! Here is the rule (holding up the Manual), and we ask the Chair to enforce it. (Applause.)

Mr. Brown, of Kentucky. It is not the lobby, sir.

Several Members. It is.

Mr. Brown, of Kentucky. The lobby would be ashamed of it. (Applause.)

Mr. Sparks. So, too, the American people are ashamed of the action of members, some, too, claiming to be Democrats. (Applause.)

Mr. Glover. I appeal to every member of this House to try to contribute something to its order and its respectability. The time must come when

we must have order in this House, and it is the duty of every member now to give aid to restore order in this House.

The Speaker. The Chair desires every gentleman who is not a member of this Congress to retire.

Mr. Cox. I call for the reading of the one hundred and thirty-fourth rule, and its enforcement promptly.

Mr. Sheakley. I ask for the reading of the rule.

The Speaker. The Chair orders that the spaces behind members' desks on both sides of the House shall be cleared. That he has the right to do, and it is in the interest of good order.

Mr. Cox. I have the right to have read the one hundred and thirty-fourth rule. I desire to say, with all respect to the Chair, that the rule should be enforced in the cloak-room as well as on the floor.

Mr. Burchard, of Illinois. On that side of the House.

Mr. Cox. On both sides of the House.

Mr. Watterson. In the cloak-room as well as on the floor.

The Speaker. The Sergeant-at-Arms is discharging his duty in that connection, as the Chair understands.

To have an adequate conception of this scene of painful disorder, one must multiply this report by three or four. No system of reporting, no corps of reporters, was adequate to such an occasion. An account of it, which was published in the New York Tribune of the following day, does not seem to me to be greatly exaggerated. The writer says: "The whole" body of obstructionists "now rose to their feet and inaugurated such a scene of disorder as has probably never been witnessed in the stormiest scenes of Congress before. At least twenty were shouting and gesticulating together, and this number soon included the whole force of the revolutionists. . . . After about ten minutes of disorder, which cannot be described, the Speaker sent the Sergeant-at-Arms among the desks on the Democratic side and compelled the members to sit down. . . . His manner rose to the occasion. He reminded those on the floor that they were members of the American Congress, and declared that the Chair was resolute, and would tolerate no more disorder."

The House now discovered that it had a master. Business began to move in its proper channels. The Houses met once more in joint session. South Carolina was counted, Tennessee, Texas; Vermont, after a contest; Virginia, West Virginia; Wisconsin, after another, but brief contest; and thus the roll of the States was completed. Then, at four o'clock and ten minutes, on the morning of March 2, 1877, the President of the joint convention declared that Rutherford B. Hayes, having received a majority of all the electoral votes, was duly elected President of the United States. In announcing the result the presiding officer said, "The Chair trusts that all present, whether on the floor or in the galleries, will refrain from all demonstrations whatever; that nothing shall occur on this occasion to mar the dignity and moderation which have characterized these proceedings, in the main so reputable to the American people and worthy of the respect of the world." The announcement was received by all parties with respectful silence and apparent submission. The pent-up feeling of dissatisfaction found vent through inflammatory articles in the press and much private grumbling. There was even some wild talk of a forcible attempt to prevent the inauguration; but if there was ever any serious purpose of that kind, it was extinguished by the thought that a great soldier was sitting silent but watchful in the presidential chair.

Two or three things are suggested by this narrative which it may be well to notice.

In the first place, we can now understand why no reliable history of the electoral count of 1877 has been written. Who was there to write such a history? This nation is made up mostly of Democrats and Republicans. For certain good reasons, none of the writers of either of these parties have wished to give us a history of the count. They have instinctively felt that any history which should be written ought to be in accord with the general approval which now exists in the public mind of the great measure by which the count was conducted. Democrats are not ready to express such approval, because the count resulted in the defeat of their candidate; and Republicans have felt a natural diffidence about commending a measure against which a large majority of them voted. This is why no leading man of either party has attempted to give us a complete account of the event.

Again, we see how absurd has been the statement that there was fraud in the count, that somebody was cheated by the manner in which it was conducted. The simple narrative of facts which has now been given refutes such a charge. If anybody was cheated, who was it? Certainly not the Republicans; for their candidate was made President. Nor was it the Democrats; for the bill in accordance with which the electoral votes were ascertained and declared was specially their measure. A majority of the votes cast for it in both Houses were Democratic. In the Senate but one Democrat voted against it; and in the House but eighteen. The number of Democratic votes which it received in the House was so large that the bill would have passed, if every Republican had voted against it. It was opposed by more than two thirds of the Republicans in the House, and when it was under discussion, Democrats reproached us for our want of patriotism and broad statesmanship in not supporting it; and there was some truth in the charge. If it was wrong to leave questions to a commission, it was a Democratic wrong. If the mode of choosing the commissioners in the House and Senate was a blunder, it was a Democratic blunder. If it was a violation of a previous good understanding with the Democrats that Judge Davis should resign his place on the bench and be elected Senator from Illinois, it was a violation which was not committed by Republicans, but by Judge Davis himself, who resigned, and by the Democrats of Illinois who elected him, in spite of the Republicans of Illinois, who did their best to defeat him. If there was unfairness in the choice of Judge Bradley for the fifteenth commissioner, it was unfairness for which 180 Democrats in the two Houses had provided, and which two Democratic judges united with two Republican judges in consummating. In a word, if there was fraud anywhere in the measure, it was the work of an immense majority of the Democrats in both Houses of Congress.

Once more, the amicable adjustment of the serious difficulties of 1876 and 1877 by means of legislation, and the fidelity to principle shown in the peaceable submission to the result by both parties, — although it was so disappointing to one of them, — and by the whole country, afford new and solid grounds of confidence in the stability of our institutions. Such a happy issue out of our perils makes the foundations of government seem firmer under our feet. The capacity for self-control exhibited by the nation under the great excitement of the contest was a strong guarantee of a well-ordered and prosperous future. It showed the deep attachment of our people to law rather than revolution as a means of settling differences. It showed, as I trust, that an impassable gulf separates our methods and policies from those of the Spanish States of this continent; that Americans are indeed a branch of that

great Teutonic race who know how to make homes and build States, and how to defend and preserve them. It has enabled us to feel that we could approach another dangerous crisis in our affairs with less trepidation as to the result. It has increased our just pride in the common country. It is a noble precedent, and one which will be quoted in all time to furnish motives for self-restraint in heated party contests, to give added strength to the reasonings of statesmen, and new force to the appeals of patriots. It will forever remain a conspicuous example of that moderation and love of settled order which are essential to the perpetuity of the Republic.

James Monroe.

THE GOTHENBURG SYSTEM IN AMERICA.

THE fundamental idea of the Gothenburg system of liquor licenses is the conduct of the retail and bar traffic in spirits without financial reward other than ordinary interest upon the capital invested, and the regulation of the sale by public authority in such a manner that drinking is discouraged and the saloon purged of gambling and immorality. The profits are annually distributed to the community, since it has to bear the social burdens caused by immoderate alcoholic indulgence.

The principal agent for accomplishing this is a commercial company which is granted a monopoly of saloon and retail trade up to sixty-six gallons in one purchase. Shareholders in such corporations are usually individuals or institutions of high standing, while the management is given to persons intelligently appreciative of public interests. To cite an example, the parent company at Gothenburg, which made the first successful trial, was administered for eleven years by the son of the noted clergyman and apostle of temperance, Dean Peter Wieselgren. This gentleman has since been called to a seat in the upper chamber of the Swedish parliament and to the general directorship of prisons for the kingdom. Others, not equal perhaps in social distinction, but quite as eminent in public spirit, have rendered similar service. No inconsiderable portion of the success which has attended the plan must be accredited to the sense of civic duty, fortunately so widespread in the Scandinavian peninsula, which has led the better elements of society actively to participate in the regulation of the trade in alcohol.

Each community possesses the right of local option. In the country districts it has been very generally exercised in favor of practical prohibition, only one hundred and eighty-six licenses in Sweden and twenty-seven in Norway, most of them life privileges, being now in existence. Where popular sentiment favors a licensing régime, the magistracy and municipal representatives, with the right of final sanction vesting in the provincial governor, constitute the granting authority. The duties of the crown functionary are largely formal, since he cannot act in opposition to the will of the magistracy or council. Nevertheless, his position as *ex-officio* head of the police service makes him a valuable adjunct. Privileges usually hold good for three years, but the number of concessions may be reduced at the end of any period without creating a valid claim for compensation.

The relation between the licensing authority and the company is necessarily very intimate. The concession of a

monopoly in the saloon and retail liquor trade involves the public interest to such an extent that proper safeguards must be insured. Hence the by-laws, rules of internal administration, regulations of sale, determination of prices and of business hours receive official approval. To inspect the corporation's books at any moment is another prerogative. In like manner no sub-licenses to hotels, restaurants, or clubs may be conceded by the company without authoritative indorsement.

Shareholders of Swedish liquor selling societies receive no other benefit than six per cent. interest on their capital stock. In the larger towns, seven tenths of the net profits go to the municipality, one tenth to the agricultural society of the province (an institution meant to foster the principal industry of the country), and two tenths to the crown. In smaller towns, the local proportion is reduced to five tenths; two tenths are accorded to the county commission of supply, and three tenths fall to the general government. Where companies operate in rural districts, the whole sum is paid directly into the provincial treasury, whence it is distributed, seven tenths to the communities in proportion to population, two tenths to the local commission of supply, and the remainder to the agricultural society of the province. The capital city, Stockholm, forms the only exception, the municipal treasury receiving eight tenths, while the rest goes to the crown. The audit of accounts and inquisition into the general management of the company is performed by a commission representing the various parties to the distribution of the surplus.

Such in outline are the principal features of the Gothenburg system in Sweden. A few years after its creation, it passed over the national border and took root in the adjacent countries to the west and east. In Norway it underwent important modifications, mostly in the line of stricter public supervision. The fundamental principles of company monopoly and elimination of private gain from liquor selling were conserved, but business profits were no longer emptied into the public treasuries. Their apportionment was confided to a committee composed of the company's directors and a rather numerous body, including sometimes as many as forty individuals, half of them the appointees of shareholders, the other half the nominees of the local government. A veto power was accorded the provincial governor. The destination of the surplus was likewise legally restricted to subsidies for such objects of public utility as the municipality was not already bound to support.

The rate of interest in Norway to shareholders is reduced to five per cent. Public control is further emphasized by the fact that the licensing authority reserves the right to confirm bar-tenders and other employees of the company, by more stringent regulations as to Sunday closing, and by an ordinance which forbids loafing around saloons.[1] Sub-licenses to hotels, restaurants, and clubs are not granted in the same way as in Sweden. Liquor may be sold in them to *bona-fide* guests or members, but business is conducted on the company's account, the proprietor, lessee, or manager being merely the authorized agent. Another feature, which is by no means an improvement, consists in cutting down the limit to which the monopoly extends from sixty-six gallons to ten and one half in one purchase.

Very useful results have followed the operation of the system. Statistics of consumption, the surest test of the efficacy of any plan, when considered with reference to prevailing economic conditions, show that the drinking of spirits in Sweden in 1865, the year the Gothenburg Company was formed, amounted to 11.31 quarts per inhabitant computed

[1] In a Norwegian bar-room, when a man has taken his drink he must leave the premises.

on the basis of fifty per cent. alcohol: 7.42 quarts per individual is the average for the last quinquennial period. A decline of thirty-five per cent. in twenty-five years is a creditable record indeed. In Norway, results have been even more satisfactory. In 1876, when the companies did one twelfth of the liquor business of the country, the average individual drank seven quarts per annum, reckoned at fifty per cent. alcohol. In 1890, the last year for which statistics are available, when the companies' operations included one half of the total sales, the amount consumed per inhabitant was 3.3 quarts, or fifty-three per cent. less than in 1876.[1] The figures quoted include wholesale sales in which the companies take but little part.

Another important achievement has been the diminution wrought in the temptation to drink. The ratio of inhabitants to a license in Swedish towns advanced from 692 to 969 during the decade from 1880 to 1890. An equally favorable showing appears for the urban communities of Norway. The local option features of the law have been employed in both countries to inaugurate practical prohibition in nearly all the country districts. If we consider further that in the companies' bars discouragement to drink supersedes invitation to conviviality, we get a rough measure of the extent to which temptation has been lessened.

Poverty and crime, being less directly related to drink, do not respond so conveniently to statistical analysis; but the general verdict of competent observers is that steady progress in the right direction has been made. Finally, teetotalism, which counted a mere handful of adherents in 1865, has gathered nearly three hundred thousand recruits in the two Scandinavian kingdoms. The attitude of this large body in not demanding repeal affords strong presumptive evidence of the practical efficacy of the system.

The Gothenburg system in its westward progress is to-day seeking a foothold in the British Isles. Thereafter exists no port of call until America is reached, and unless signs altogether fail, we shall soon be called upon to offer hospitality. Massachusetts, in adherence to her policy of leadership in industrial and social reform, has already undertaken to find out if her house is in order to receive the guest.

How far is the Scandinavian method of public control applicable to American conditions? What modifications are necessary to insure its efficient operation in this country?

Analyzing the distinctive characteristics as heretofore presented, one finds that there are many features not at all new to our practice. For instance, the fundamental basis, license with local option privileges, is the policy in many of the States. Such conditions as Sunday closing, prohibition of sale to minors, etc., are incorporated in the statute books of nearly every commonwealth, even if not always observed in practice. Neither is the application of moneys derived from the liquor traffic to objects of public utility a new thing. The city of New York apportions annually a part of the proceeds from licenses for dispensing intoxicating beverages ($300,000) to the police pension fund.

But other elements of the system, the elimination of private gain from liquor selling, and the concession of a license monopoly to a commercial company regulated and supervised in the strictest possible manner in the interests of the public and with a view to discourage drinking habits, — these are foreign to previous policy. Is it possible for us to make use of these features as well?

Of course, it is no criterion to argue that because a scheme has been success-

[1] These and other figures are quoted from my recently published report to the United States Commissioner of Labor on the Gothenburg System.

ful in one country it will be equally successful in another. Still, it is worth noting that in all three countries where this particular scheme has been tried, Sweden, Norway, and Finland, conspicuous success has been attained under widely different conditions. The first two named, for instance, though the heritage of a single crown, are as divergent as possible in political ideas, and to a great extent also in social customs. The polity of Sweden is aristocratic, while that of Norway is ultra-democratic. Social prestige and influence are the prerogatives of a titled class in the one; in the other the existence of hereditary aristocracy is made legally impossible. As regards local government, in the eastern kingdom the prefect idea prevails, but the western prefers a civil organization much more akin to local autonomy. Neither political system, as a whole, interferes with a wise administration of the Gothenburg policy, since that is dependent only on integrity and patriotism. It is undeniable, however, that Norwegian institutions and habits account for certain modifications which have been made in that country. The centralizing spirit naturally requires that profits shall go to various public treasuries to be retained in relief of taxation, or specifically redistributed as constituted authority may decree; but is it not also a sturdy attachment to the principle of local self-government which dictates the Norwegian practice of apportioning the surplus through representatives of the shareholders and the public combined, and in such a manner that the sense of local civic duty shall not be undermined?

The Norwegian model of the Gothenburg system may therefore well furnish the basis for adaptation to American life. As regards the principle, no modification seems necessary, but it is very important to extend the field of operations so as to include *fermented as well as spirituous liquors*. Herein lies the weakness of the plan in practice abroad. Historical justification for the policy adopted rests in the fact that spirits, not beer nor wine, constituted the prime artificial beverage of Scandinavians. The temperance party joined with the moderates in encouraging beer-drinking in substitution for stronger alcoholic potions. Hence, while traffic in spirits was hedged about with many safeguards, the sale of beer was left practically unrestricted. Two results have been attained, the one expected, the other unlooked for. The per capita consumption of spirits has declined, but of late years drunkenness has been on the increase. The period when the latter condition was most noticeable in Norway, namely, from 1886 to 1891, is precisely that during which the amount of beer consumed stood at 18.7, 21.9, 22.1, 26.2, 31.2 quarts per inhabitant, in consecutive years. In the larger cities, especially, the good done by early closing, diminution of attractiveness, and the ordinance against loafing in the company's bars has been largely offset by the opening of beer halls and the importation of Continental carousing practices. Capital, too, displaced from distilling, has found a new outlet in beer-brewing, which, so far, has suffered no social or legal taboo.

Further confirmatory evidence is afforded by the analysis of arrests for drunkenness in Gothenburg compiled by the police authorities of that city from 1875 to 1889, inclusive. In the former year, 130 drank last in a beer saloon, and 890 in the bars of the company. In 1889, the numbers stood at 753 and 765 respectively; in other words, the proportion advanced from less than thirteen to almost forty-nine per cent. of the combined quota. Too much faith must not be placed in beer-drinking as a temperance measure. The danger is not that drunkenness is directly produced, but that a brain already aglow with spirits is easily inflamed to intoxication

by a glass or two of beer. It is not a fair and sufficient test of any plan of public control to environ the consumption of spirits only with difficulties and let fermented beverages go free. Under such conditions it is of little use for companies to inforce their rules for blacklisting habitual drunkards, or forbidding the service of spirits to persons slightly befuddled, or in such quantities that intoxication will probably ensue. The appetite awakened by a glass or two of spirits will be sated to drunkenness with a little beer.

The limitation of the Gothenburg system to retail and saloon traffic in spirits has already been recognized as a handicap. Finland and still more recently Norway have given companies the right to undertake a monopoly of the sale of all intoxicating liquors, provided local licensing authorities will concede it to them. Bergen is getting ready to avail itself of the privilege, but, so far, Christiansand is the only Norwegian town of importance where the experiment has been tried. There it has turned out an unqualified success.

A second modifying feature must be the extension of the monopoly limit beyond the ten and a half gallon purchase, as it is fixed in Norway. The Swedish regulation, which places it at sixty-six gallons, is far preferable. A still higher figure, say one hundred gallons, would probably not be unwise. It is very desirable to check the creation of "drinking clubs" and "kitchen bar-trade," and this can then be more easily done, not only because the economic risk is greater, but because the companies have a larger interest to see that their monopoly is respected.

If the sale of liquor can be conducted in Norway, Sweden, and Finland without resulting in private gain, there would seem intrinsically no reason why it should not also be so conducted in this country. If the Scandinavians find the company plan the most satisfactory means of regulation, why should we not try it also? Granting the principle as sound, it then becomes our care to erect the proper machinery for putting it into practice. Here is the great difficulty. The standard of municipal politics in this country is not what it is in Scandinavia, and this, in the light of what has been said of the intimate relation existing between the companies and the local government, apparently offers an insuperable objection. Many would think it better to leave undisturbed the present unholy alliance, than that liquor and politics should be more closely wed.

There need not be too many misgivings on this score. Wherever the system is in operation, notwithstanding municipal relationships, the saloon is absolutely without political significance. The reason is very simple. Under the system, licensing authorities are incorruptible; all the operations of the companies are subjected to the closest public scrutiny; and as no money is to be made by any one, there is no pecuniary interest to act otherwise than honestly. The profits belong to the community in the sense that they are distributed among objects of public utility, and thirty or forty institutions habitually in receipt of subsidies have a powerful motive to assure themselves that they get their proper share. With the committee of apportionment composed of directors of the company, representatives of its stockholders, and nominees of the municipal council, with the right of veto reserved to the governor after conference with the licensing board, and with the interested watchfulness of the recipients, it is all but impossible for leakage into the pockets of local politicians to occur.

The crucial test of the American mechanism of the system would be the constitution of the licensing authority. It must be remembered that this body would possess much more important functions than one of the same name at pre-

sent. Instructed by the community to issue a blanket license, the members of the licensing board would soon perform their duty in this respect, but they must still remain the responsible intermediary between the corporation and the public. Thenceforth they would be occupied with the number of privileges to be conceded, the company's by-laws, its selection of business places, its price lists, its rules for the conduct of business, the confirmation of the appointment of employees, and the supervision of the contracts made with them. Sub-licenses to hotels, restaurants, and clubs would need to be particularly well looked after. If the corporations sought to encourage drinking, even with the object of increasing the philanthropic dividend, or to exercise favoritism anywhere, it would become the duty of the licensing authority to check them. Further watch over the public interest would be demanded, but enough has been said to show the importance of having this body represent an exalted type of civic character.

It would not do nearly so well to fill the commission by executive appointment or by local election as to constitute it from the judges of secondary instance, for example. The judicial power in the United States has been comparatively little infected by politics, and would be by far the safest repository of the required functions. If it be objected that courts of secondary resort are already overburdened with work, an easy way out of the difficulty is to create additional judgeships. The absolute necessity for an upright, impartial, and disinterested body would offer justification for the step. To put the licensing authority into the hands of the justices of the peace, political appointees of mayor or governor, or the elect of universal suffrage, would be to jeopardize the success of the system, if not to prostitute it altogether to political ends. Whatever dangers the close relations between the commission and the liquor selling society entail, they are a necessity in the Gothenburg plan. To leave them imperfectly provided for is to foreshadow inevitable disaster.

If the licensing authority, or, as it should properly be called, the board of control, is made unimpeachable, the Norwegian method of distributing the surplus might be adopted. Should the way be opened, however, by which spoilsmen or henchmen of the liquor interest could be chosen, then it would be necessary to have the specific destination of profits decreed by statute. There would be three motives which would lead men of the classes above referred to, or indeed others endowed with an imperfect sense of civic responsibility, to seek places on the board of public control: either to secure patronage; to divert a part of surplus revenues directly or indirectly to their own or their friends' uses; or, in league with the liquor element, to carry on their part in the administration of the system as odiously as possible with a view to causing repeal.

The advantage of specifying the particular recipients of subsidies is that the opportunity for diverting funds into private or political channels would be reduced to a minimum. Those possessing a legal claim would be directly interested to see that they received their full share. Public accounting and civil actions, where disputes arose, would soon disclose any irregularities. But it might be otherwise if largess depended solely upon the good will of the municipal and the company's representatives. One can conceive of a state of affairs where institutions might be given subsidies in the expectation that a portion would be returned to the donors as a voluntary (?) thank-offering. Less generous ones who had no legal claim could not enter suit, and, through litigation, disclose corrupt practices. The ingenuity of the local politician is so varied, and his ways are so devious, that he may be expected to discover the weak points of a mechanism

operating in a field where he has hitherto enjoyed particular favor. Efficient safeguards must be devised to circumvent him.

The Norwegian method of profit distribution possesses one strikingly meritorious quality. The ownership of a share of capital stock carries with it the right to vote for representatives on the committee of management, to which belongs the function of apportionment. A healthy rivalry is thus created for the acquisition of shares, and public interest in the operation of the company is stimulated. It is not far from axiomatic truth to say that whenever civic spirit is aroused, and the attention of that class of the community which makes philanthropy a preoccupation is enlisted, particular objects of scrutiny will behave with circumspection.

If it should become necessary to specify by statute the different interests to be favored with subsidies, I believe that kindergarten and manual training and agencies for healthy recreation should have the first claim. To thousands of urban dwellers the saloon is the only social institution with which they have any near acquaintance. It is made to minister to the gregarious instincts of humanity, and if in his tenement shelter a man's personal identity becomes lost, there, at least, his individuality is recognized. Number 98 becomes Mr. Smith. The conditions of city life need to be vastly ameliorated before there can be an appreciable diminution of drinking, but one of the surest ways of helping along the good work is to offset the social attractions of the bar-room with abundant provisions for recreation and amusement placed within reach of all. Our laboring population goes more often to the saloon to satisfy social cravings than to minister to a depraved appetite. Drinking, at least in the commencement, is a subordinate feature.

As regards kindergarten and manual training, they should be supported, because they have received, generally speaking, but scant recognition in our educational polity. The one represents the ethical, and the other the industrial elements of education. Neglect of home training during the period when the character is chiefly formed, and that environment of childhood, inimical to sound physical and moral development, which obtains in the majority of our cities, emphasize the importance of the one, as the economic benefits of superior craftship delineate the advantages of the other. The family is the institution which is made most to suffer from alcoholic indulgence; indeed, the future status of children is often dependent upon the amount of liquor the father drinks. Education and recreation may not claim a monopoly in the distribution of profits, but their rights to a generous share are beyond cavil. The proprieties are quite as evident here as in the appropriation of part of the license fees in New York to the police pension fund, while the "sequitur" is perhaps still more clearly established than in the appropriation of the dog-tax to the use of public libraries.

Two or three minor features of the Gothenburg system would need to be Americanized. The artificial beverages of rich and poor must be treated alike, and there must be no upper chamber, with higher-priced liquors, kept open longer than the general bars below. The attempt to deal with the alcohol question chiefly as a social labor problem must be abandoned.

Let us not be accused of lack of faith if we say that to transplant the Gothenburg system to America will require heroic effort. Not only will liquor have to be fought on the social and economic side, but it must also be reckoned with as a political factor. In the latter respect, conditions are going from bad to worse. Why trifle further? Why not invite the struggle openly on the issue of the only plan of control which eliminates the political influence of the liquor

interest, and abolishes altogether the saloon as we know it to-day? If ever municipal politics are permanently purified, it will not be through outbursts of righteous wrath followed by periods of supine indifference. The proper method is to apply different levers gradually to lift up the incubus of corruption. The Australian ballot and civil service reform represent two which have already been pushed under and wedged. Let the Gothenburg system be the third. By the employment of a rational policy like this, final good will be surely if slowly reached; surely, because the three agencies mentioned stand for chemical disintegration, while the outburst is but a lightning flash playing harmlessly around the mass and portraying its native ugliness, — illuminating but not destroying it. Greater purity in municipal politics, while not an absolute prerequisite, will assuredly follow the introduction of the Gothenburg system.

In many respects the United States offers more favorable conditions for commencing than did Norway and Sweden. No legal obstacles oppose; liquor selling has never been considered a vested interest; nor are we hampered by life-holding privileges. Furthermore, we are accustomed to all sorts of experiments in regulating the trade in alcohol. Not infrequently are prohibition, high license, and low license tried in the same community during the course of a single decade. Climate and custom, too, are in our favor.

Very soon the eyes of a great many people in this country will be turned towards Massachusetts. A commission has been appointed to investigate the Scandinavian method, and it is to be assumed that legislative action will follow its report. In the mean time, let us not forget that a quarter of a century's trial shows it to be the most successful system yet devised where licensing prevails, and that it represents a distinct step in political as well as in social progress.

E. R. L. Gould.

THE PERMANENT POWER OF GREEK POETRY.

In any survey of Greek poetry, epic, lyric, and dramatic, one may see how, in each successive phase, it was the voice of Greek life. The very word "literature" is fraught with associations which tend to obscure this fact. Writing was, indeed, the instrument by which the poems were preserved and transmitted; in the second half of the fifth century B. C., copies of the most popular works were diligently multiplied and widely circulated. But it belonged to the very essence of all the great poetry that it appealed to hearers rather than to readers. The Greeks of the classical age were eager listeners and talkers; they delighted in lively conversation and subtle discussion, but they were not great students of books. It was the interchange of living speech that sharpened their quick apprehension and gave elasticity to their intelligence. There is a striking passage in the Phædrus of Plato which expresses the genuine Greek feeling on this subject. The written record of thought, Socrates says, is, taken by itself, an inanimate thing. There are two brothers, the spoken *logos* and the written *logos:* but the first alone is true born; the second is illegitimate; it does not inherit the full capacities of reason; if it is questioned, it remains dumb; if it is attacked, it can offer no defense. The spoken logos, indeed, alone is really existent; the

written is a mere phantom of it. In the place where the remark occurs, it points to the difference between a barren rhetoric and a fruitful dialectic. But the remark itself is of still wider application. In every province of intellectual activity, and in that of poetry among the rest, the Greeks of the classical age demanded a living sympathy of mind with mind. What they felt in regard to the poet can be best understood by comparing it with the feeling which not they alone, but all people have in regard to the orator and the preacher. The true orator, the great preacher, speaks out of the fullness of genuine conviction and emotion to the minds and hearts of those who hear him; through all variations of mood and tone he keeps in mental touch with them. The excellence of the classical Greek poet was tried by the same test. No refinement or elaboration of art could sustain the poet through his ordeal if he failed in truth to nature. False sentiment may pass muster in the study, but it is inevitably betrayed by its own unveracity when it is spoken aloud before listeners whose minds are sane, as those of the Greeks preëminently were; the hollow ring is detected; it offends; and the exemption of the best Greek poetry from false sentiment is a merit secured by the very conditions under which that poetry was produced.

The form of expression, again, was controlled by this tribunal of sound-minded hearers. A style might be novel and bold in any degree that the poet's faculty could reach, but at least it was required to have in it the pulse of life; it would be repugnant to his audience if they perceived the artificial outcome of mechanical formulas, a style which sought to impress or surprise by mere tricks of phrase, having no vital relation to his thought. When Aristophanes quotes such tricks of phrase even from a poet so great in many ways as Euripides, we seem to catch an echo of Athenian laughter; we feel how strong and how sober was the control which the Athenian theatre exercised in this direction. When the work of the composer failed to be vital and sincere, this, the unpardonable fault, was described by the expressive word ψυχρός, frigid. The composition was then no longer a living thing, which spoke to the hearers and elicited a response. It was stricken with the chill of death.

Thus the Greek poetry of the great age was not merely inspired by life; it was regulated by life; the instinct of the hearers was a restraint operating upon the poet, a safeguard against affectation or unreality. The freshness, the charm of nature, the immortal youth, which belong to such Greek poetry, are due not simply to the qualities of the Greek mind, but also to this relation between the poet and his audience. This fact cannot be too much emphasized, for it at once constitutes an essential difference between the best Greek poetry and such as has been produced under the conditions of a literary age, one of books and readers. In a literary age the influence of criticism upon poetry operates through the individual critic, who either speaks for himself alone or is the exponent of a school or a coterie. Such criticism, working on the sensitive temperament of a poet, is too apt to check his spontaneity; on the other hand, it does not necessarily help to keep him in accord with nature, that is with the first law of poetical truth and beauty. But the Greek poet's spontaneity was in no way checked by his audience; they only required that he should maintain a living relation with them. It is a familiar experience that the collective impression of intelligent listeners to a speech, let us say, or to a sermon, has a critical value of a certain kind which can seldom be claimed for the judgment of any single critic. There is a certain magnetic sympathy, generated by the

mere presence of fellow-listeners, which more or less influences each member of such a company. He can scarcely avoid considering how that to which he is listening is likely to affect other minds beside his own. The very atmosphere of human companionship tends to preserve the sanity of the individual judgment. In the case of people with the unique gifts of the Greek race, — their obedience to reason and their instinct for beauty, — the critical value of the collective impression was exceptionally high. Their poets were subject to a test which, while leaving them the largest freedom, also warned them, with unfailing accuracy, when they were in danger of going wrong.

Further, it should be remembered that poetry, orally delivered, not written for readers, had been from the earliest times the very basis of Greek education. The Greek genius had reached full maturity before written literature became important, and before literary prose had been developed. There is no more significant testimony of this fact than is afforded by the manner in which Greeks of the classical age conceived the office of the poet. They regarded him as primarily a teacher. Aristophanes frequently expresses this view of his own calling, and is a true interpreter of orthodox Greek sentiment when he enumerates the lessons which may be learned in various departments from the older poets. Aristotle was the first who formally asserted that the aim of poetry, as of all fine art, is to give noble pleasure, and that its didactic use is accidental. But the older conception held its ground, and often reappears in the later Greek literature. Strabo, in the Augustan age, can still describe poetry as an elementary philosophy, which instructs us — pleasurably, no doubt — in regard to character, emotion, action. With the same meaning, he observes that no one can be a good poet who is not first a good man. Plutarch gives still more forcible expression to the same sentiment; poetry, he says, is a kind of twilight, — a soft light in which truth is tempered with fiction, — to which the young are introduced in order that their eyes may be gradually prepared for the full sunshine of philosophy. In the Roman writers, too, this old Greek view can be traced, though sometimes blended with the Aristotelian, as when Horace insists equally on the *utile* and the *dulce*. And from the Roman world it passed on to the Renaissance. The prevalent view of the Elizabethan age, as given by Sir Philip Sidney in his Apology for Poetry, was that the end of poetry is "delightful teaching." Dryden was something of a heretic when he ventured to say, "I am satisfied if" verse "cause delight; for delight is the chief, if not the only end of poesy." It may seem strange that the view of poetry as primarily didactic, a view which might be deemed prosaic, should have been that which was generally held by the Greeks, the most artistic of all races, in the age when their artistic faculties were at the best. But it is needful to distinguish between this view as it was held in Hellenistic or Roman times and as it was held by the Greeks of an earlier period. What it really signifies, in its old Greek form, is that poetry was interwoven with the whole texture of Greek life. The voice of the poet was the voice from which the people had been accustomed, through long generations, to derive every thought that raised their minds above daily routine, and every sentiment that came home to their hearts with living power. When they spoke of the poet as a teacher, and of poetry as didactic, this did not imply any indifference to beauty of form, or to the delight which such form gives; it was simply a recognition of poetry as the highest influence, intellectual and spiritual, which they knew. It was not

merely a recreation of their leisure, but a power pervading and moulding their whole existence. The ethical aspect, to which they habitually gave prominence, was in their conception inseparable from the artistic, and became thus prominent because, to them, poetry was a thing so potent and so serious. This was the sense in which the Greeks of the classical age spoke of poetry as didactic; it was, in reality, quite different from the sense in which the same view of it was enunciated by the literary moralists of a later time, who regarded Greek poetry as a treasure-house of maxims or sentiments wherewith to point their rules of conduct and to fill their anthologies. Between the two stands Aristotle's doctrine that the end of poetry is to give noble pleasure, — a doctrine, as we can now see, itself a testimony to the fact of which, in his Poetics and his Rhetoric, he implies his consciousness that the creative age of the Greek genius was finished.

A broad line separates that age, in respect of its poetical work, from every other. In no second instance has the world seen the most perfect art of expression joined to such direct sympathy with the living soul of the people whose mind was thus interpreted. The great types of Greek poetry, epic, lyric, dramatic, became permanent traditions; they passed on from one nation to another, receiving various modifications, while always preserving the traces, direct or indirect, of their origin; the Greek spirit, too, reappears now and again, though fitfully and partially, in later times; but the combination of form with spirit which distinguishes the classical poetry of Greece remains unique.

Of all the stages through which the Greek tradition passed, none is more instructive than the Alexandrian. It is so near to the great Hellenic age in time, it has so many links with it, and yet the difference is so profound. The best poetry of Greece had been nourished by two inspirations, working together for beauty, for natural freshness and vigor, for sincerity: these inspirations were religion and political freedom. The Alexandria of the third century B. C. had no longer the inspiration of the Hellenic religion. In the religion of Alexandria, the Oriental element mingled with Hellenic forms and names, as already predominant, often in shapes which were not only non-Hellenic, but non-Aryan, being distinctly Semitic both in form and in origin. This tendency had begun, indeed, earlier, but it implied a fundamental change of thought and of feeling when cults such as that of Adonis came to be publicly and generally practiced by Greeks. Then as to civic life, it was not merely in form of government that the capital of the Ptolemies differed from the free cities of the elder Hellas. We remember Aristotle's views as to the proper limit of size for a city. "A city could not consist," he says, "of ten men, nor, again, of 100,000." A city of 100,000 (free) inhabitants would have been, in Aristotle's estimate, no longer a civic society, a πόλις, but something more unwieldy. It has been computed that at the end of the Peloponnesian war the total free population of Athens was less than 70,000. Aristophanes can assume that his Athenian audience will seize each of his innumerable allusions to fellow-citizens, whom we may suppose to have been, in many cases, of no public eminence, and who nevertheless were familiar to the mass of their fellow-citizens by their personal peculiarities, failings, or merits. This compactness of social life was an intellectual gain to poetry. But Alexandria in the third century B. C. was like a huge modern city. It had a population of about 800,000. Every country of the ancient world contributed its quota to that multitude. There was a native Egyptian quarter, prolific in beggars

by day and burglars by night. There was a large Jewish quarter, harboring chiefly men of business or men of letters. Soldiers from Greece, Italy, Sicily, and Asia were enrolled among the guards of the Ptolemies. Merchants from the farthest East brought the porcelain of China and the choicest products of India to the marts of the great capital. Literature, like art, was no longer a public delight, prepared by citizens for citizens; it was now mainly the pleasure of princes and millionaires, and was produced by men who might be described as professional men of letters. The Alexandrian age is the earliest that can be called, in a modern sense, literary; the earliest in which a literary class catered for select through numerous readers. The learned poets of Alexandria wielded the classical Greek language with complete mastery of its vocabulary; their models, the classical Greek writers, were thoroughly familiar to them; they had explored all the paths of Greek mythology, even the most devious and obscure. Yet, in reading Callimachus or Apollonius Rhodius, we speedily become aware that the difference between them and the older poets is not merely one of degree, but, in respect to what makes poetry vital, a difference of kind. They are ingenious, elegant, copious; their gift of expression is often brilliant; but the thing which is not there is the breath of life. Their work is the work of the study, artificial, elaborate, charged with allusions gathered by their wide reading, embellished with words and phrases culled from all the highways and byways of poetical diction; but if, in the great age of Greece, such poems had been tried by the sound natural instinct of a Greek audience, they would not have been saved by their occasional beauties; taken in the mass, they would have been condemned as frigid.

The Alexandrian age can show only one poet who has a true affinity with the great past of Greek song, and that is Theocritus. His rural idyls are no sham pastorals, but true to the sights and sounds of his native Sicily. The Sicilian sunshine is there; the shade of oak trees or pine; the "couch, softer than sleep," made by ferns or flowers; the "music of water falling from the high face of the rock;" the arbutus shrubs, with their bright red berries, above the sea-cliffs, whence the shepherds watch the tunny-fishers on the sea below, while the sailors' song floats up to them; and if the form given to the strains of shepherd and goatherd is such as finished poetry demands, this is a very different thing from the affectation of the mock pastoral, as it existed, for instance, at the court of Louis XIV. The modern love-songs of Greek shepherds warrant the supposition that their ancient prototypes commanded some elegance of expression; and whatever may be the degree in which Theocritus has idealized his Sicilian peasants, at any rate we hear the voice and breathe the air of nature. His twenty-first idyl is a dialogue between two old fishermen, who wake before daylight in their wattled cabin on the Sicilian coast. One of them tells the other a dream that he has just had: he had caught a golden fish, and had vowed that he would give up his hard calling. His comrade advises him to go on with his work, for dreams of gold will not feed him. Of this idyl Mr. Lang truly says: "There is nothing in Wordsworth more real, more full of the incommunicable sense of nature, rounding and softening the toilsome days of the aged and the poor. It is as true to nature as the statue of the naked fisherman in the Vatican. One cannot read these verses but the vision returns to one of sandhills; of the sea; of a low cabin roofed with grass, where fishing-rods of reed are leaning against the door; while the Mediterranean floats up her waves that fill the waste with sound. This na-

ture, gray and still, seems in harmony with the wise content of old men whose days are waning on the limit of life, as they have all been spent by the desolate margin of the sea." But the idyls of Theocritus are not all rural, and he, too, when he handled epic material, had to write in the Alexandrian manner; as in his hymn to the Dioscuri, and his two idyls on Heracles, the serpent-strangler and lion-slayer. The general Alexandrian character is seen in the adaptation of the subjects to a small framework, the avoidance of the large epic style, the prettiness of detail given by a number of pictorial touches. It is a significant fact that Theocritus, the last genuinely inspired poet of Hellas, draws his true inspiration not from civic, but from rural life, and is least Hellenic, in the old sense, just when he is most in accord with the taste of the great city in which he dwelt.

In the Alexandrian age, with all its close study and imitation of the classical models, nothing is more remarkable than the absence of any promise that the Hellenic spirit which animated those masterpieces was destined to have any abiding influence in the world. If that spirit was already so languid or almost dead in Greek-speaking men so familiar with its works, how could it be expected that aliens in blood and in language, aliens further removed from the great days of Greece, not merely in time, but in all the conditions of their lives, should prove more appreciative disciples or more faithful guardians of the Hellenic tradition? And yet it is true that the vital power of the Hellenic genius was not fully revealed until, after suffering some temporary eclipse in the superficially Greek civilizations of Asia and Egypt, it emerged in a new quality, as a source of illumination to the literature and the art of Rome. Early Roman literature was indebted to Greece for the greater part of its material; but a more important debt was in respect to the forms and moulds of composition. The Latin language of the third century B. C. was already in full possession of the qualities which always remained distinctive of it; it was clear, strong, weighty, precise, — a language made to be spoken in the imperative mood, a fitting interpreter of government and law. But it was not flexible or graceful, musical or rapid; it was not suited to express delicate shades of thought or feeling; for literary purposes, it was, in comparison with Greek, a poor and rude idiom. The development of Latin into the language of Cicero and Virgil was gradually and laboriously accomplished under the constant influence of Greece. That finish of form, known as classical, which Roman writers share with Greek, was a lesson which Greece slowly impressed upon Rome. The Roman character was far too distinctive and too vigorous to be merged in any foreign influence. A peculiarity of the Roman mind was indeed its capacity to receive new impressions and to assimilate foreign influences without losing its own powerful individuality. On the other hand, a close and prolonged study of the Greek models could not end in a mere discipline of form; the beauty of the best Greek models depends too much upon their vital spirit. Not only was the Roman imagination enriched, but the Roman intellect, through literary intercourse with the Greek, gradually acquired a flexibility and a plastic power which had not been among its original gifts. Through Roman literature the Greek influence was transmitted to later times in a shape which obscured, indeed, much of its charm, but which was also fitted to extend its empire, and to win an entrance for it in regions which would have been less accessible to a purer form of its manifestation.

In the earlier period of the Renaissance, the scholars of Italy, where the

revival had its chief seat, were engrossed with Latin literature; they regarded it as their Italian heritage, restored to them after long deprivation. Greek studies, though ardently pursued by a few, remained, on the whole, in the background. And it may be said that the general spirit of the classical revival continued to be Latin rather than Greek down to the latter part of the last century. Even where Greek scholarship was most cultivated, there was comparatively little sense of what is characteristic and distinctive in the best Greek literature. This sense was developed, in the second half of the eighteenth century, chiefly through two agencies. One was the study of Greek art as advanced by such men as Winckelmann and Lessing, bringing with it the perception that the qualities characteristic of the best Greek art are also present in the best Greek literature. The other agency was the reaction against the conventional classicism, wearing a Latin garb, which had so long been in vogue. Minds insurgent against that tyranny turned with joyous relief to the elastic freedom of the Greek intellect, to the living charm of Greek poetry and Greek art. Goethe and Schiller are representatives of the new impulse. The great gain of the movement which then began was that, for the first time since the revival of letters, the Greek originals stood out distinct from the Latin copies, men acquired a truer sense of the Hellenic genius, and the current of Hellenic influence upon modern life began to flow in a clearer channel of its own, no longer confused with the somewhat turbid stream of Renaissance classicism.

Meanwhile, however, literature and art had experienced the influence of other forces, acting in very different ways; and with these forces the Hellenic influence had to reckon. One of these was the product of mediæval Catholicism, which had given art a new genius. A new world of beauty had arisen, even more different from the pagan world than the Empire of the twelfth century was different from that of the first. Greek art had sprung from a free, cheerful life, open to all the bright impressions of external nature, — a life warmed by frank human sympathies, and lit up with fancy controlled by reason. The lawgivers of mediæval art were men withdrawn from communion with the outward world by the rapture of a devotion at once half mystic and intensely real; instead of flexible intelligence, they had religious passions; instead of the Greek's clear and steady outlook upon the facts of humanity, they had a faith which transfigured the actual world, which adjusted every relation of life by its own canons, made itself, indeed, the standard by which the impressions of senses were to be judged. The Greek artist, even in portraying passion, was mindful of balance, and placed certain limits on the expression of individual character; the mediæval artist strove before all things to express the intensity of the individual soul. In poetry Dante is the great exponent of this spirit. And mediæval Catholicism deeply colored the sentiment of all the literature known by the general name of romantic. In Goethe's younger days the conflict between the classical and the romantic schools raged fiercely. The interlude of Helena, which forms the third act in the second part of Faust, was the work of his old age. Faust's nature is to be elevated and purified by developing in him the sense of beauty. Helena represents the classical, but especially the Greek element in art and literature; and when Faust at last wins her, their union typifies the reconciliation of the romantic with the classical. Goethe himself, as one of his critics says, dated a new life, a complete mental regeneration, from the time when he first seized the true spirit of the ancient masters. In his own words, speaking of Greek art and literature:

"Clearness of vision, cheerfulness of acceptance, easy grace of expression, are the qualities which delight us; and now, when we affirm that we find all these in the genuine Grecian works, achieved in the noblest material, the best proportioned form, with certainty and completeness of execution, we shall be understood if we always refer to them as a basis and a standard. Let each one be a Grecian in his own way; but let him *be* one." In the allegorical strain which pervades the Helena, Goethe has not failed to mark that, while the Hellenic idea of beauty is supreme, the romantic element has also enriched modern life. The gifts are not all from one side. The symmetry, the clear outlines, the cheerful repose of classical art, are wedded to the sentiment, passion, and variety of the romantic. The great German poet felt, and has expressed with wonderful subtlety, the truth that no modern can absolutely dissociate the Hellenic influence from the others which have contributed to shape modern life; no one can now be a pure Hellene, nor, if he could, would it be desirable; but every one should recognize the special elements with which the Hellenic ideal can ennoble and chasten the modern spirit, and these he should by all means cultivate. To do so successfully is to educate one's sense of beauty; and to do that aright is to raise and purify one's whole nature.

This great lesson, taught half mystically in the second part of Faust, is apt to be obscured by a contrast much deeper than any that ever existed between the romantic and the classical schools, — one of which Goethe took little account, since it did not much concern him, — the contrast between Hellenism and Hebraism. As Mr. Matthew Arnold says in Culture and Anarchy, the governing idea of Hellenism is spontaneity of consciousness; that of Hebraism is strictness of conscience. Both seek, in the Hebrew apostle's words, to make us partakers of the divine nature; but Hellenism seeks to do this through the reason, by making us see things as they are; Hebraism insists rather on conduct and obedience. The Renaissance was a movement away from mediæval Catholicism, in the direction of Hellenism; the Reformation was a movement in the direction of Hebraism. In countries where the Reformation took strongest hold, and owing to the qualities of our race, more especially in England, the intellectual influence of the Renaissance was crossed, and for a time checked, by the Hebraizing tendency. The Puritan conception of righteousness, with all its moral nobleness, was at that moment adverse to the acquisition of the best things which the Hellenic influence had to bestow; and in this sense it could be said, with a melancholy truth, that the English "entered the prison of Puritanism, and had the key turned upon their spirit there for two hundred years."

But though there is a profound difference, there is no necessary antagonism, between the ideal, broadly described as Hebraic, and the permanent, the essential, parts of Hellenism. The Greek influence has acted upon modern life and literature even more widely as a pervading and quickening spirit than as an exemplar of form; and it has shown itself capable of coöperating, in this subtle manner, with various alien forces, so as neither to lose its own distinction nor to infringe upon theirs.

In respect to Hebraism Milton illustrates this. By temperament no less than by creed Milton was a Puritan of the higher type; he had an austere belief in his own mission to be for England a prophet, a mouthpiece of moral teaching and moral warning, just as he believed, and said, that the English nation was, in the Hebrew sense, a chosen people. He was also steeped in classical culture. In an age of classicism which, outside of Italy, was

usually superficial, he was the first Englishman who had joined a thorough appreciation of all the classical literature (especially Latin) to a first-rate original genius for poetry. I do not forget Ben Jonson, at once scholar and poet; but in neither quality was he Milton's equal. How, then, is the Hellenic influence seen in Milton? It cannot be said to have determined the pervading spirit of his work; that is rather Hebraic, or, when it is not Hebraic, Latin. The Lycidas, for instance, is a pastoral elegy on the Alexandrian model; but how strangely is the temper of the Greek original changed when the English poet blazes forth in Puritan indignation against the corruptions of the Church! The poet himself shows his consciousness of this in reverting from the digression to his theme: —

> "Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
> That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse."

The Samson Agonistes has the form of a Greek drama, but its inspiration, like its subject, is far more Hebraic than Hellenic: it concerns the mysterious dealing of Jehovah with his servant; it is full of questionings and strivings like those of Job, followed by such a triumph as rings through the song of Miriam or of Deborah. Yet no one familiar with the best Greek poetry can read Milton without feeling what its influence has contributed to his genius; it has helped to give him his lofty self-restraint and his serenity.

Another modern poet who illustrates the coöperation of the Greek influence with foreign influences is Keats. Unlike Milton, Keats knew Greek literature only through such scraps as he might find in classical dictionaries, or at most through translation, as he knew Homer through Chapman. His grasp of Hellenic things unavoidably lacks that sureness which is found, for instance, in Landor, who, besides being much of a Greek in feeling, had also an intimate familiarity with Greek literature. On the other hand, Keats had a native sympathy with the spirit of Greek mythology; and even a Landor could not achieve what Keats sometimes reached by flashes of insight. The Greek element is, however, only one of those which are present in the poetry of Keats. The romantic element is not less vital in it; The Eve of St. Agnes is not less characteristic than the Ode on a Grecian Urn. And his manner, even in treating Greek subjects, is not Greek, except occasionally and for brief spaces. His style has not the harmonious and lucid simplicity of the best Greek style, which gives clear outlines to the central thought, dispensing with all ornament which might confuse or obscure it. Keats, like the Elizabethan poets, delighted in a luxuriance of decorative detail; his style is essentially romantic. In Hyperion, for instance, the description of the god's palace,

> "Bastion'd with pyramids of glowing gold,
> And touch'd with shade of bronzèd obelisks,"

is throughout romantic in its splendors and its mystery rather than truly Hellenic. So, also, is this passage from the same poem, beautiful in itself, but charged with imagery of an Elizabethan type, and lacking Hellenic simplicity: —

> "As when, upon a trancèd summer night,
> Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
> Tall oaks, branch-charmèd by the earnest stars,
> Dream, and so dream all night without a stir."

But in one quality of his genius Keats was truly a Greek, namely, in his vivid, spontaneous sympathy with the life of external nature. Take, for example, his Ode to a Nightingale: there we see the joy in nature for nature's own sake, penetrated by a feeling which is purely Hellenic; not with the feeling of Shelley, that the visible world is but the veil of the unseen. Like a Greek, too,

Keats loved to embody the powers of nature in human shapes of more than human loveliness; unlike Wordsworth, to whom the influences of nature were emanations, not persons, and whose joy in nature was also inseparable from those aspirations of his own mind which he read into the scenes around him: —

"The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won."

The natural affinity of Keats with the Greek mind is curiously illustrated by a letter to a friend, in which he argues against distrust of the imagination as a guide to truth; saying, in effect, that when a beautiful vision rises before the imagination, it is the imperfect reflex of a divine prototype, which will be seen hereafter. Keats had not read Plato, and yet here is the tendency which received a more scientific expression in the theory of ideas. When the poetry of Keats was described as "the wail and remonstrance of a disinherited paganism," the criticism was singularly unjust. A strain of imaginative regret there indeed is in him, when he thinks of what has gone out of the world with the inspirations of the ancient poetry: —

"Glory and loveliness have passed away."

But his regret is for the beauty, not for the paganism; and no one feels more finely the sense in which the spiritual existence of that beauty has been prolonged.

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone."

Other poets there have been, and are, who have consciously sought, and sometimes with exquisite results, to blend the Hellenic grace with a romantic coloring: as in Dante Gabriel Rossetti's sonnets on Greek subjects the language has a Greek clearness, lightness, and finish, while the spirit is rather that of the Italian middle age; or as Mr. William Morris clothes Greek stories in a mediæval garb. Thus his Jason derives a peculiar charm from the mediæval traits. When the Argonaut heroes move through the streets of Iolcos to embark, bells are ringing in the town, and ladies shower roses

"From windows glorious with the well-wrought hem
Of many a purple cloth."

It is as if the poet were singing in the latter part of the middle age, when its enchantments were about to pass away before a clearer illumination; like the wreaths on the helmets of the Argonauts, the poet's fancies seem

"wet
With beaded dew of the scarce-vanished night."

The distinction of such poetical work is the use of romance to bring Hellenism into relief; the inner contrasts between the romantic and the Hellenic spirit are hinted rather than expressed.

But the deepest and largest influence of Greece is not to be sought in the modern poetry which treats Greek subjects and imitates Greek form; that influence works more characteristically when, having been received into the modern mind, it acts by suggestion and inspiration, breathing a grace and a power of its own into material and form of a different origin.

"Totamque infusa per artus
Mens agitat molem, et magno se in corpore miscet."

This influence has been all-pervading in modern life, in modern literature and art.

Yet those who most appreciate the true value of Hellenism will never claim for it that, by itself, it can suffice for the needs of modern humanity. In the intellectual province its value is

not only permanent, but unique: it has furnished models of excellence which can never be superseded; by its spirit, it supplies a medicine for diseases of the modern mind, a corrective for aberrations of modern taste, a discipline no less than a delight for the modern imagination, since that obedience to reason which it exacts is also a return to the most gracious activities of life and nature. Of such a power we may truly say, —

> "It will never
> Pass into nothingness, but still will keep
> A bower of quiet for us, and a sleep
> Full of sweet dreams and health and quiet breathing."

But in the province of religion and morals Hellenism alone is not sufficing. Greek polytheism, even as ennobled by the great poets, was incapable of generating religious conceptions which could satisfy the mind and heart, or of furnishing an adequate rule for the conduct of life. These must be sought from another source.

Yet there is no inherent conflict between true Hellenism and spiritualized Hebraism, such Hebraism as has passed into Christianity. Such a notion could be entertained only where the apprehension of Hellenism itself was superficial or defective. There has, indeed, been some poetry in which the direct imitation of Greek form has been associated with unhealthy tendencies; there have been transient vagaries of modern fashion which have seemed to assume that Hellenism is to be found, as has been neatly said, in eccentricity tinged with vice. But the distinctive quality of the best Greek poetry and art, that by which it has lived and will live, is the faculty of rising from the earth, from a soil which nourishes weeds along with flowers, into a clearer air. "The divine," says Plato in the Phædrus, "is beauty, wisdom, goodness, and the like: by these the wing of the soul is nourished, and grows apace; but when fed upon evil and foulness, and the like, wastes and falls away." Greek poetry in its noblest forms was indeed the πτεροῦ δύναμις, the power of the wing, for the human soul; the visions to which it soared were such as that described in the Phædrus, where beauty is beheld dwelling with σωφροσύνη, modesty, in a holy place, as in a shrine; and in the emotion which this divine beauty stirs love is blended with reverent adoration. The spirit of the highest Greek poetry, as of the best Greek art, is essentially pure; to conceive it as necessarily entangled with the baser elements of paganism is to confound the accidents with the essence. The accidents have passed away; the essence is imperishable. Nor is it purity alone that can be claimed for such Greek poetry; it is capable of acting as an intellectual tonic, and of bracing us for the battle of life. There is truth in the words with which Mr. Gladstone concludes his Studies on Homer: —

"To pass from the study of Homer to the business of the world is to step out of a palace of enchantment into the cold gray light of a polar day. But the spells in which this enchanter deals have no affinity with that drug from Egypt which drowns the spirit in effeminate indifference; rather they are like the φάρμακον ἐσθλόν, the remedial specific, which, freshening the understanding by contact with the truth and strength of nature, should both improve its vigilance against deceit and danger, and increase its vigor and resolution for the discharge of duty."

A like tribute might be paid, with not less justice, to the classical Greek poetry as a whole. True to Aristotle's principle for art, this poetry deals with the universal, — with those elements of human character and life which are not transient or abnormal, but of interest for every age and every land. What Mr. Lowell said of the ancient classical literature generally applies especially to the Greek: "It is

as contemporary with to-day as with the ears it first enraptured; for it appeals not to the man of then or now, but to the entire round of human nature itself. . . . We know not whither other studies will lead us, especially if dissociated from this; we do know to what summits, far above our lower region of turmoil, this has led, and what the many-sided outlook thence."

The claims of classical Greek poetry to a permanent hold upon the attention of the civilized world are of two kinds, intrinsic and historical. Viewed in regard to its intrinsic qualities, this poetry is the creation of a people in whom the gifts of the artist were more harmoniously united than in any other race; it bears the impress of their mind in the perfection of its form; it is also the spontaneous and profoundly suggestive expression of their life and thought. Viewed historically, this poetry is the fountain head of poetical tradition in Europe; it has supplied the typical standards of form; it has also furnished a varied wealth of material and illustration; even where it has not given a direct model, it has operated by the subtle diffusion of an animating spirit; it has become blended with various other influences of later origin, and to every such alliance it has contributed some intellectual distinction which no other element could have supplied. So far from being adverse to those religious and ethical influences which are beyond the compass of its own gift to modern life, it is, rightly understood, in concord with them, inasmuch as it tends to elevate and to refine the human spirit by the contemplation of beauty in its noblest and purest form. On the high places of Greek literature, those who are worn with the troubles or disturbed by the mental maladies of modern civilization can breathe an atmosphere which, like that of Greece itself, has the freshness of the mountains and the sea. But the loneliness of Octa or Cithæron is not there; we have around us, on those summits, also the cheerful sympathies of human life, the pleasant greetings of the kindly human voice. The great poets of ancient Hellas recall to one's mind the words in which Æschylus described the kinsmen of Niobe who worshiped their ancestral deity on the mountain heights of Mysia: —

> "The seed of gods,
> Men near to Zeus; for whom on Ida burns,
> High in clear air, the altar of their Sire,
> Nor hath their race yet lost the blood divine."

Humanity cannot afford to lose out of its inheritance any part of the best work which has been done for it in the past. All that is most beautiful and most instructive in Greek achievement is our permanent possession, to be enjoyed without detriment to those other studies which modern life demands; no lapse of time can make it obsolete, and no multiplication of modern interests can make it superfluous. Each successive generation must learn from ancient Greece that which can be taught by her alone; and to assist, however little, in the transmission of her message is the best reward of a student.

Richard Claverhouse Jebb.

NEW BOOKS ON MUSIC.

Of biographies of Richard Wagner there are already a good many. There is the master's own Autobiographical Sketch, published in Volume I. of the Gesammelte Schriften und Dichtungen, and translated into English in Burlingame's Art-Life and Theories; then there are the biographies by Dannreuther, Gasperini, Glasenapp, Hueffer, Jullien, Kobbé, Muncker, Nohl, Pohl, and Tappert. Yet few of these works have made much way with the general reading public: the Autobiographical Sketch, although eminently good reading, is but cursory, and extends only to the year 1842; the biographies, except those by Glasenapp and Jullien, cover more ground, but are all more or less summary and incomplete. The charge of sketchiness can hardly be brought against Glasenapp's book, though it, too, is not complete, ending as it does with the first Parsifal year (1882); but, with all its careful detail, it has the disadvantage of being unreadable; none but the maddest enthusiast for the subject would care to wade through that morass of words. It also deals almost exclusively with Wagner the poet and composer; there is little in it concerning Wagner the man. Jullien's work is by far the best of them all: it is masterly in style and arrangement, thorough, easily readable. Unfortunately, Jullien, as a Frenchman, had little appreciation of, and less sympathy with, so inveterately Teutonic a nature as Wagner's, well as he estimated him as an artist, and the picture he draws of his character is all too distorted and trivial; now and then, too, he is not entirely accurate. At last comes Mr. Finck, of New York, with a two-volume biography,[1] which is even more detailed than Glasenapp's or Jullien's, and may be accepted as exhausting all the documentary material as yet available; beyond this, it goes more fully into an examination of Wagner's personal character than any of its predecessors. It is at once a life and a critico-biographical essay.

Mr. Finck's book has conspicuous merits. The author is an acknowledged Wagnerian, even a pretty ultra Wagnerian; but he has not the would-be-philosophical cloudiness of most of his fellows in faith; neither has he that fondness for a ponderous and involved style that makes most Wagnerian writing next to impossible reading. No one can say to him, as Hanslick once said to Hans von Wolzogen: "My dear Hans, if you would only go over your manuscript carefully and strike out every third adjective, then go over it again and do the same once more, and then repeat the process a third time; then, when you had thus cleared away the worst underbrush of your style, you might perhaps be able to see clearly *what was still lacking!*" Indeed, Mr. Finck shows distinct native literary ability, even talent; his book is eminently readable and interesting. To be sure, his style is in general rather careless, often slipshod; he writes on in what seems to be a desultory way, without very apparent plan or method. But this makes surprisingly little trouble for the reader. Mr. Finck is so thoroughly possessed with his theme, writes at such a white heat of enthusiasm, and tells his story so vividly that you follow him willingly and without effort; he impresses facts and ideas so clearly upon your mind that you feel none of the evil effects usually incident to an ill-considered literary plan. The picture he draws of Wagner the man

[1] *Wagner and his Works.* The Story of his Life, with Critical Comments. By Henry T. Finck. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1893.

and of Wagner the artist leaves nothing to be desired in clearness of outline and vividness of color. He can be witty, too, at a pinch. What could be more delicious than, for instance, this about the quondam estimate of Wagner in Germany? "The funniest part of this business is that, in a country where almost every man suffers from megalomania, the one man who had the best claim to the title of genius should have been pronounced a lunatic!" Of humor he has less; he is too desperately in earnest for that; and though he does a good deal of laughing at times, his laugh is rather bitter, and has no very spontaneous ring.

Upon the whole, it is a lack of humor more than anything else that prevents his book being thoroughly good. He wholly ignores what was really the most serious difficulty in his task, his proximity to his subject. He shuts his eyes to the fact that Wagner and his works are still too recent to be viewed in due historic perspective. As mathematicians arrive *per saltum* at a point they name "infinity," for the practical purposes of calculation, so does he often appear to be looking back upon Wagner from a coign of vantage in the as yet dim future, where he has set up an imaginary *pou sto* from which to work his critical lever. He regards the fierce controversy over Wagner as not only ended, but so completely ended that not a scar remains to show that any of the surviving combatants were wounded in the mellay; he not only assumes that Wagnerianism is triumphant along the whole line, with all the enemy's guns spiked, but that all the world — that is, all the world worth mentioning — knows it and cries "*Io pœan!*" with him. The humorous element in this attitude of his does not seem to strike him.

It may be that he really feels quite secure in his position; but it must be admitted that he behaves rather suspiciously, as if he had a sub-conscious inkling of something being the matter. He has a nonchalant way of saying the most astonishing things as if they were mere every-day commonplaces, which *sounds* very like gasconade; he keeps his countenance remarkably well, but you cannot help feeling that he is pretty well aware that his hair-raising utterances will excite wonder, and that his impassive manner is assumed, partly *pour épater la galerie*, partly to shame contradiction into submissive silence, as much as to say, "If you don't see these things as I do, you really are not in the swim at all!" In a word, he is often very saucy indeed. Take, for example, the way he has of speaking of Mozart's, Beethoven's, and Weber's melodies as "dance tunes;" this is pure sauciness, for it is really nonsense. The classic melodic cut, based on four-measure sections, may have been originally derived from the dance; but there is no more propriety in calling Beethoven's melodies "dance tunes" than there would be in calling Wagner an ape because he probably had simian ancestors. Mr. Finck ignores a whole important process of evolution.

With Mr. Finck's frankness no one need quarrel. If, for instance, he really considers Tannhäuser and Lohengrin greater operas than, say, Don Giovanni or Fidelio, there can be no earthly objection to his saying so; but when he adds, "To-day it seems funny that any one could ever have doubted this," he implies a general consensus of opinion, the existence of which is at least open to question. The time is not yet come when the man who still thinks Don Giovanni a greater masterpiece than Tannhäuser is to be looked upon in a merely humorous light. Mr. Finck is also characteristically incautious as to whom he ranks on his side. He makes capital out of Robert Franz's well-known outburst of enthusiasm over Lohengrin in 1852, his glowing letter published in the Neue Zeitschrift für Musik, and his

dedication of a book of songs "to the Composer of Lohengrin," to prove that Franz was essentially a Wagnerian. Now, the fact is that this Wagner enthusiasm of Franz's was exceedingly short-lived, and that, from not long after 1852 to his dying day, Franz was about as thorough and determined an anti-Wagnerian as could be found in all Europe. Mr. Finck is very careful to show how Wagner outgrew some of his earlier opinions on music; but of Franz's change of heart *in re* Wagner he says nothing, and does not even hint at the possibility of the Halle master's regarding the imputation of Wagnerianism as little short of an insult.

Still, if Mr. Finck's boundless enthusiasm for and faith in Wagner somewhat obscure his sense of humor, — think, for instance, of his printing a chapter of quasi-Messianic prophecies, foretelling the advent of the great master! — they are a genuine source of strength to him as a biographer. The eye of sympathy sees more keenly than the circumspect eye of calm criticism! The picture he draws of Wagner as a man, of his personal character, is probably the best and most lifelike that has yet been given to the public; it shows Wagner as essentially a noble, high-souled nature, furiously concentrated upon one single aim in life, terribly sensitive to criticism, and ever yearning for sympathy. His volcanic petulancy, which often seemed like spite, was but a symptom of persistent ill health. Mr. Finck flatly denies the charge of meanness and ingratitude often brought against him. To be sure, here as elsewhere, Mr. Finck looks obstinately on the sunny side, and gives the impression of being rather preternaturally *naïf;* some of the instances he gives to show that Wagner was not unmindful of benefits conferred upon him look a little as if he were bent on making an ounce of gratitude go a long way, and his rehabilitation of the great man's character would have been more convincing had he shown a little less zeal. But, with all its redundancy of rose tints, the portrait is probably a far better likeness than Jullien's. His estimate of Wagner's works will most likely be accepted by Wagnerians only; but this is by no means to be urged against him. He has followed the wisest course, putting his own side of the question as strongly as possible, and leaving the opposite side to be defended by others who know more about it than he.

The pains Mr. Finck has evidently taken with his work deserve the fullest recognition; his accuracy — saving an occasional error, perhaps a slip of the pen, in matters of minor importance — seems unquestionable. The book is handsomely got up, paper, type, and paging being equally good; in the matter of proof-reading, however, it leaves something to be desired.

Hadow's Studies in Modern Music[1] is a book which has its reason for being more in the author's admirable and finished literary style than in anything else. It comprises four essays: Music and Musical Criticism, a Discourse on Method; Hector Berlioz and the French Romantic Movement; Robert Schumann and the Romantic Movement in Germany; Richard Wagner and the Reform of the Opera. Of these the first is incomparably the best; the others contain little, if anything, that is new. The essay on Musical Criticism is well worth anybody's reading: its general tendency is to extend the basis of modern criticism commensurably with the larger and wider scope of modern music, to establish standards of musical value by which modern works can be more justly measured than by the pedantic misapplication of once valid rules. In his whole discourse on the subject Mr. Hadow gives evidence of immense common sense, backed up by innate and cultivated

[1] *Studies in Modern Music.* By W. H. Hadow, M. A. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

artistic perceptions. He does not give one the impression of being a specialist; indeed, what he says sometimes has a slight tinge of amateurishness; but his judgment is in general admirably well poised, his critical method excellent, and he shows a special aptitude for making nice distinctions between things which the more careless observer might be in danger of confounding with each other. No doubt the application of Mr. Hadow's method will make the professional critic's business decidedly more arduous than it has generally been considered to be heretofore; but this is wholly in its favor. As Oscar Wilde once said, criticism should be an art, if it is anything, and, as was equally well said by a certain late lamented musician, "the very worst method in any art is that which tries to *make it easy*." Upon the whole, this essay of Mr. Hadow's is one of the best things regarding the art of music we have seen since Edmund Gurney's The Power of Sound; it has many of the same conspicuous merits, if possibly also some of the same shortcomings.

The other essays are all interesting; more so perhaps to readers unacquainted with the subjects they treat of than to one already well up in them. Still, Mr. Hadow's style, his way of putting things, makes them excellent reading; and though they contain less fine and original thought than the essay on Musical Criticism, one now and then comes across a sentence in them such as would make even longer articles worth reading. For instance, the whole world has been long waiting for such an admirable characterization of Hector Berlioz as that he was a man of "a keen though rather intermittent sense of humor." This one touch is worth its weight in gold. Mr. Hadow's accuracy of statement in the biographical parts of his work is not invariably unquestionable, and he sometimes leads one to suspect him of a bent toward romancing. But the lives of Berlioz, Schumann, and Wagner have already been written with all-sufficient care for accuracy of detail, and Mr. Hadow's sometimes rather fanciful statements can easily be corrected by referring — especially in Berlioz's case — to Hippeau's Berlioz Intime (which Mr. Hadow seems to have ignored) rather than to Jullien's Life. Still, as has been said, the best part of the book is unquestionably the first essay.

In Zahm's Sound and Music [1] is to be found a thoroughly good compendium of the results of ancient and modern scientific research in the field of musical acoustics. The book comprises ten lectures delivered by the author before the students of the University of Notre Dame in Washington, which lectures were copiously illustrated by experiments with perfected instruments made by Dr. Rudolph Koenig and M. G. Masson, of Paris. These experiments are carefully described in the book, the description being accompanied in every case with diagrams or woodcut illustrations. The explanations given are for the most part unusually clear and easy to follow; now and then they may remind one a little of the old "*tigna bina sesquipedalia;*" but lucidity is the rule, and obscurity the exception.

The author is especially to be thanked for assuming a less bumptious tone in what he says of the art of music than has been the habit with acousticians. From his remarks on Playing in Pure Intonation, in Appendix II., it is easy to see that he quite agrees with Helmholtz and other men of his craft; but he lays less irritating stress upon his opinions. Indeed, throughout the book one can see that he has some appreciation of the fact that the science of music is not quite synonymous with the science of acoustics, although it is equally evident that he does not wholly appreciate the exact relation these two sciences bear to

[1] *Sound and Music.* By the Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1892.

each other. As far as the present writer has been able to discover, the musical acoustician [1] is yet to be found who will recognize the fact that the science of music is, or properly should be, a distinct science by itself, having to do with the methods of research by which the phenomena and laws of the art of music are to be explained; that, although many of these phenomena and laws can be in greater or less part explained by musical acoustics, the province of the latter science ends strictly there. Musical acoustics should always rest content with explaining musical phenomena and laws, but should never attempt to impose its own special laws upon the art, through the science, of music. From Pythagoras down to the present day acousticians have continually been falling into the error of trying to tell musicians what they ought to do; which is quite on a par with the unscientific absurdity of which Kepler would have been guilty had he tried to tell the solar system what it ought to do. Musical phenomena are but so many data for the man of science to study, but upon them he should never attempt to exert a controlling influence. And if musical phenomena and laws seem at times to run counter to acoustical phenomena and laws in matters of detail, so much the worse for acoustics; just in so far does it fail to explain them. Neither Helmholtz nor any other acoustician has the faintest scientific right to find fault with the equally tempered scale after Sebastian Bach has said that it was good; no more than Professor Huxley would have any scientific right to find fault with the anatomical structure of the horse, nor Chasles with the imperfect isochronism of the rigid pendulum.

Still, be it said to Professor Zahm's honor that he has made far fewer attempts *ultra crepidam* than most of his compeers; his book is distinguished by a praiseworthy modesty in its dealings with the art of music. In so far as musical acoustics is concerned, the work is as comprehensive, well planned, clear, and readable as could be desired.

Mrs. Rogers's Philosophy of Singing [2] contains much that is of great value, both in the way of precept and suggestion. According to the author, the gist of the philosophy of singing, as of all art, — art being the expression of emotion, — is that the emotion to be expressed should be profound, genuine, and absorbing, and all the physical or mechanical means of expression so much a matter of habit as to be purely automatic.

In the philosophical parts of the book Mrs. Rogers often betrays the 'prentice hand: one finds in them a good deal of rather dilettante philosophizing. But they are none the less valuable: they are full of admirable suggestiveness. The want of philosophical balance, of clear logic, in them does not affect Mrs. Rogers's fineness and correctness of artistic instinct; and if she does not succeed in giving her thought complete and logically convincing expression, her thought in itself is really profound and fruitful to him who can take a hint and develop a suggestion for himself. The whole spirit of the book is high, noble, and inspiring.

The technical part of the work is distinctly excellent; in all Mrs. Rogers has to say about the use of the voice, methods of training, and everything that regards the singer's technique, she shows herself a thoroughly competent special-

[1] By "musical acoustician" is here meant the scientist whose special department is what should properly be called musical acoustics. This latter term, on the same principle as chemical physics, should apply to that department of the general science of acoustics which has a more or less direct bearing upon the science of music.

[2] *The Philosophy of Singing.* By Clara Kathleen Rogers. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1893.

ist, and yet a specialist of sufficient largeness of mind and culture to appreciate the true relation her chosen domain bears to the art of music in general. The book does not pretend to be a "method of singing;" it is rather an essay on the art of singing, which all singers, and indeed all musicians and music-lovers, can read and ponder over with profit.

THE GERMAN ALLIES IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

In giving us a translation of Von Eelking's Die Deutschen Hülfstruppen im Nord-Amerikanischen Befreuingskriege,[1] Mr. Rosengarten has rendered good service to historical literature bearing upon the American Revolution. His selection of a subject is apt, and his task has been admirably performed. We now have a narration affording a comprehensive view of a subject which is by no means attractive, but which is exceedingly important.

Not until 1863 did Eelking give his work to the world; yet down to this period there had been no history of the German allied or subsidiary troops in the British service in America which aimed at giving more than a partial and incomplete view of the subject. A few diaries or journals, the chronicles of a campaign or the history of a contingent, a scrap of paper from some war office, a howl from outraged Whigs on the floor of the House of Commons, with its faltering rejoinder from shamefaced Tories, — such were the scant materials from which one could form a conception of the part performed by the Germans in the British army, and its relations to the *tout ensemble* of the war. There had been nothing from which a general view could be obtained, and little from which the sentiment or spirit that animated the allies could be derived. The moral force of the alliance lay buried in the diaries and journals which existed in plenty, but which their owners were loath to exhibit. Moreover, it was not until recently that governmental sensitiveness, at last alive to the malodorous traffic in mercenaries, permitted the inspection of records which set forth the naked and offensive truth. Even German investigation, not always nice in the selection of its subjects, shrank from inquiring too closely into things which Klopstock and Lessing had condemned, which provoked Kant into crying aloud his sympathy with the Americans, and which Schiller had stigmatized in his Kabale und Liebe; and the inference is that the subject was so persistently shunned because investigation and publication would not reflect credit upon the German name. The Americans could not reveal the whole truth, and the Germans dared not do so.

In 1863 the silence was broken by the appearance of Eelking's work, and it attracted attention at once. There was universal desire to see whether or no these mercenaries were as black as the Americans, and even their employers, had painted them. They had been despised by ally and damned by foe so long and to such an extent that the world had grown tired of objurgation; it betrayed signs of reaction, and began to think that it was high time to relax the frown which greeted the name "Hes-

[1] *The German Allied Troops in the North American War of Independence, 1776–1783.* Translated and Abridged from the German of Max von Eelking by J. G. Rosengarten. Albany: Joel Munsell's Sons. 1893.

sians," and to set about making an apology for these men.

The event, however, does not justify this humane anticipation. With the best intentions in the world to lift the mercenaries upon their feet and to stand them in the most favorable light, Eelking's charitable efforts are thwarted by the weakness in the knees of the patients, who collapse during the operation. He always puts the best face on a matter, but, this done, he considers his duty to his countrymen completed, and he leaves the reader to draw his own conclusions. Conspicuous illustrations of this characteristic are to be found in the descriptions of the affairs of Trenton and Bennington, and of the march of the prisoners southward. The result of the author's conscientious painstaking is a readable narrative, and one that inspires such confidence in the writer that we are conscious of few distortions, and are rarely suspicious of suppressions of the truth. There is no question that the historian owes much to the crisp and vigorous English of his translator; nevertheless, he deserves credit for subordinating his zeal to the truth, for a lively sense of historical veracity is the strength of this work.

Eelking has gathered a mass of materials which is creditable to his diligence and capacity for investigation. The nature of the topic forbids great variety of authorities, and the writer upon military subjects cannot be exacting in his demands, but generally must take what comes. In the composition of this work, Eelking has drawn from twenty-three manuscript authorities that were Hessian, eleven that were of Brunswick, and four of Waldeck, Ansbach-Bayreuth, and Anhalt-Zerbst. These are the private sources of information; the public ones, such as the treaties and official correspondence, being the records of the war and state departments and of the administration offices in the different principalities.

"The Germans," says Eelking with simple-minded frankness, "were used to being sent outside their own country to serve under foreign flags." And well they might be, for this was the tenth treaty of the kind that Hesse alone had made within three quarters of a century. Recruits for such distant service could be procured by bounties and pay, and twenty dollars and one hundred acres of wild land were the price for which certain Germans in the last quarter of the eighteenth century were willing to sell themselves. The treaty money went to the sovereigns, who appear to have pocketed the whole of it; but it would be unfair to pass over in silence the solitary exception to this selfishness, particularly as it manifests a touching regard for the spiritual welfare of the vassal: "The Waldeckers received from their prince each a hymn book, in addition to the prayer book given him as part of his regular outfit."

Those who have deluded themselves with the charitable notion that the men went upon this service reluctantly will be surprised to learn that there were many volunteers, especially in the Hesses, and that the outbreaks which occasionally occurred among the contingents on their way to the ports of embarkation had no reference to any moral objections to their task, but to the fact that the commissariat proved inefficient, or that the performance of the supply contractors fell short of their promises. Nothing equals in repulsiveness the eagerness of the English to buy except the readiness of the Germans to be bought. Neither officers nor men balked at such a trifle as the nature of the business they were on, for we have the word of no less an authority than the adjutant of Donop and Knyphausen that "no one found fault with our going into the British service for pay;" and thus sustained by public sentiment, they went off gayly and with light hearts, indifferent to everything except short commons, close quarters, and raging seas.

Nevertheless, before they left their country, the subsidiary troops were made to feel (if such a thing as sensitiveness were possible with them) the contempt of their fellow-Germans, the Prussians, and that of their neighbors, the Dutch, and upon their arrival in England they were speedily taught their proper place by their faithful friends and allies. These impressed upon the hapless mercenaries the propriety of keeping at a respectful distance, and every infraction of this rule was inexorably punished by the cold shoulder; moreover, they were fleeced at every step, the very shoes which were issued to them being found, when the packages were opened at sea, where redress was impossible, to be ladies' shoes. Eelking does not mention this, but the indignant diaries and journals of the sufferers do so. At last, followed by the scorn of their neighbors and accompanied by the contempt of their allies, they were crowded into transports, and were buffeted by the gales of the North Atlantic towards an enemy who made ready to welcome them with something more effective than imprecations, as the very first order they received on landing goes to show. This order enjoined the removal of all silver, gilt, and conspicuous ornaments and trimmings from their uniforms, so as to lessen the risk incurred in attracting the attention of the American riflemen; an order imbued with salutary prevision, and one which doubtless caused the pious Waldeckers to transfer as speedily as possible their hymn books from knapsack to left breast pocket, to serve as corporeal breastworks. Thus were these awe-inspiring warriors stripped of their feathers and deprived of the consolations of religion at the outset.

It is ludicrous, in the light of events, to look back at the sensation among the Americans which was caused by "the Hessians;" for under this name all the six contingents were lumped. The case was a genuine one of *omne ignotum pro magnifico*. Their approach caused consternation, and long before the fleet had reached "the raging forties" the mothers of the republic were putting them to use in quelling the rebellions of their nurseries. The dread of these troops arose from an assumption that men of their stamp would give no quarter; a belief illustrated by the refusal of captured Americans to surrender to Germans in the first encounter, which occurred on Long Island. Yet within one hundred days thereafter public opinion had undergone a change, as is shown by the following extract from Corporal Reuber's diary: "Big and little, young and old, looked at us sharply. The old women cried out that we ought to be hanged for coming to America to rob them of their freedom; others brought us bread and wine. Washington had ordered our American guard to march us through the whole city, but the mob was so rough and threatening that the commander said, 'Dear Hessians, we'll go to the barracks,' and then drove the mob off."

The explanation of this revulsion of sentiment on the part of our old women is to be found in the affair of Trenton, which had occurred only ten days before, and which was a very inglorious one on the part of the Hessians. Rall, a brave and soldierly man, but a great blusterer, headstrong and unfitted for his position, lay at this place with his brigade, a company of Yägers, or riflemen, a small body of light dragoons, and a battery of six fieldpieces. These forces were divided by the Assanpink, a large stream. The troops were in houses, with their arms piled outside. The guns were parked in the middle of the village, and though the Americans occupied the country on the opposite bank of the Delaware, no outworks were thrown up, the flanks and rear remained unprotected, no reconnaissances were pushed, nor was constant communication with Donop at Bordentown maintained; and, worst feature of all, the cautions of the old and

experienced Von Dechow were brusquely rejected. "Let them come. What, outworks! We 'll meet them with the bayonet. . . . I hope that Washington himself will come over, that he may be taken prisoner." For several days the rumor had run that this was the very thing Washington then had in mind, and the Americans themselves had conveyed a strong hint to that effect by a sharp reconnoitring attack. Yet Rall's disdain of his enemy remained unruffled, and, in spite of positive information of the American preparations and of reiterated warnings, he weakened his right wing at the Pennington Hills, and thus walked into the pitfall which Washington had dug for him. The disaster so richly merited was complete and irretrievable; in two hours all was over. Rall paid with his life for his self-will; and well it was that he did so, for Münchhausen, Howe's adjutant-general, asserted that had he not lost his life, he would have lost his head. The Hessian loss was 963 out of 1361 men and the Yägers. The American loss was two killed, four or five wounded, and two frozen. This frightful disparity tells the story.

If the Hessian fiasco at Trenton was serious, that of the Brunswickers at Bennington was ludicrous. Burgoyne ordered Lieutenant-Colonel Baum to make a hurried march to Bennington, partly to gather supplies, and partly to make a diversion in favor of Colonel St. Leger's movement on Fort Stanwix by preventing Arnold from reinforcing the garrison. Baum was to seize at least 1300 horses, and the Brunswick dragoons were to go with him on foot, in order to ride back the horses that he was to capture. They were utterly unsuited for the rapid march necessary for success. They were equipped with long, heavy riding-boots with big spurs, thick leathern breeches, heavy gauntlets, a hat with a tall feather, at the side of each a strong sabretasche and a short, heavy carbine, while a big pigtail was an important part of this extraordinary costume. The poor dragoons had already been the laughing-stock of the army, and now they were to carry their supplies along with them. Instead of getting 1300 horses they met 1800 men, who were not troubled by the compunctions that paralyzed Macduff's weapon when he exclaimed,

> "I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms
> Are hir'd to bear their staves,"

but who, upon recovering from their astonishment, and regaining the gravity which for a moment had been upset by the apparition of "these warlike men," set upon the intruders, and made short work with them.

When the surrender of Burgoyne occurred, a few weeks after, the Hessians and those of the Brunswickers that were left were marched off, as prisoners of war, to join their brethren who had preceded them from Trenton, and to be joined, still later, by those captured at Red Bank and other places. Thus, within a year a large part of the subsidiary troops of 1776, north and south of the St. Lawrence, had been united, and were safe and sound in American prisons, or were serving as peaceful hinds upon the farms they were brought over to devastate; and whatever the illusions which had once lent terror to the Hessian name, these were now dissipated forever in America.

The depleted ranks of the contingents were more or less supplied, yearly, by fresh levies from home. Eelking repeatedly speaks favorably of their discipline, by which he seems to mean merely the submission of the men to their superiors; and their conduct in pitched battle does not appear to be censurable. They were employed, whenever practicable, in relieving English garrisons, by which substitution better men were enabled to take the field. In looting and booty-gathering they were unsurpassed, as Döhla sets forth with great particularity, while in wanton burning of villages

they nearly attained the bad eminence of the English; the burning and plundering of Springfield, New Jersey, being almost as wanton as were the firing and devastation of Kingston, New York. The officers of the two races composing the British army were continually complimenting each other, but rank and file indulged in more emphatic and more direct expression. The Germans, on their side, hated and feared the English, who met these feelings with supreme contempt, and who, when not making the Hessians their laughing-stocks, made them their scapegoats.

Taking the work of Eelking as a faithful reflection of the spirit and sentiment of the subsidiary troops, we cannot but be glad that this contribution to the literature bearing upon the Revolution has been made, and assuredly we are indebted to the author for supplying what was greatly needed, an exposition of the whole subject by which a comprehensive view is obtained, and the relations of this subordinate element to the principal one become certain and defined. Eelking sets at rest, too, any misgivings we may have had respecting the opinion of these mercenaries entertained by our forefathers. It is quite natural that they should have been feared when unknown, and unfeared when known: in the former case they were regarded with the terror which the imagination always bestows upon the invader, and in the latter with the contemptuous indifference which the victor bears toward the vanquished. How many remained in this country after the war is still undetermined. Eelking does not fail to record the instances of those who, rejecting Yankee temptation, rejoined their colors, but he is silent concerning those who bowed in the house of Rimmon. One thing is certain, — that we took the lion's share of the "missing." The influence these men exerted upon the art of war in Europe must not be overlooked: they took back with them, and they impressed upon the Continental armies, the conviction that greater attention should be given henceforth to dispersed formations. The revolution in tactics, stimulated by the invention of the iron ramrod, is going on under the same cause, namely, the improvement of gunnery, and still in the same direction, the dispersion of lines.

The great benefit of the Hessian service in America was that which it bestowed, not upon the art of war or the science of human destruction, but upon humanity at large. It was the conviction among the European peoples that mercenaries are dear at any price, and that, be their effectiveness as soldiers what it may, it is more than counterbalanced by the adverse moral effect of so sordid an alliance. Mercenaries have fallen into disrepute, and civilization has gained thereby, and this base traffic may be said to have got its deathblow upon American soil.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

History and Biography. Joan of Arc, by Lord Ronald Gower, F. S. A. (Imported by Scribners.) Recent English lives of Joan of Arc are not lacking, but they are neither so numerous nor so important as to render superfluous another essay in the same field. The materials which have been placed at the disposition of the Maid's historians within a generation are not only voluminous, but are, even without considering the distance of time, extraordinarily clear and definite in character. One need only refer to the great work of Quicherat, supplemented by Fabre, not to mention oth-

ers of less note, and Wallon's invaluable, though, truth to tell, rather heavy biography. Lord Ronald Gower has made a diligent study of these authorities. He has a very genuine enthusiasm for his subject, and though in the matter of literary style he is somewhat of an amateur, he has produced a readable, well-proportioned, and trustworthy record of one of the most inspired and inspiring lives in all history. He is, however, a careful and sympathetic narrator of facts rather than a student of the profoundly interesting historical, religious, and psychological problems connected therewith. The volume — a handsome one in its typography and make-up — is well illustrated by etchings and photo-etchings of places memorable in the history of the Maid. — The French Revolution, by Charles Edward Mallet. University Extension Manuals. (Scribners.) An admirable handbook, so well arranged and well written that the enforced limitation in space does not lead to baldness of style, nor to any want of lucidity and precision in the narrative. After setting forth the political and economic condition of eighteenth-century France, and explaining the immediate causes of the Revolution, the writer traces the course of public affairs from the meeting of the States-General to the establishment of the Directory, incidentally giving clearly outlined sketches of the principal actors therein. The book is eminently fair and temperate in tone, and seeks neither to belittle the evils of the *Ancien Régime*, nor to palliate the enormities of the Terror. The author does not attempt to tell for the hundredth time what may be called the story of the French Revolution, — some knowledge of which is taken for granted on the part of the reader, — but to summarize in an easily accessible form information and suggestions to be found in the more important and philosophic histories and commentaries, to the study of which this little volume will, we think, often prove an incentive. — Napoleon, Warrior and Ruler, and the Military Supremacy of Revolutionary France, by William O'Connor Morris. Heroes of the Nations Series. (Putnams.) Mr. Morris believes that the most trustworthy judgments which have been pronounced on Napoleon were those formed by the writers who flourished between 1830 and 1860, and in reading the earlier portion of his book one finds a revival of the feeling existing when Thiers began his History, and his hero's second funeral made its progress from St. Helena to Paris. But the writer, with all his hearty admiration for his subject, is a conscientious historian, and midway in his task he begins, at first reluctantly, and later with more emphasis, to admit the existence of such shadows in the picture he is giving us as will, we think, by their contrast somewhat confuse the unsophisticated reader. Of course a biography of this length of so crowded a life can be but an outline sketch; but the author can condense skillfully, and his rapid but intelligent survey of the Napoleonic campaigns is very well done, though some of his conclusions in regard to the battle of Waterloo may be open to question. Special mention should be made of the clear impression given throughout the work of the mutual attitude of Napoleon and his powerful, constant, and never-conquered enemy. The unmilitary aspects of the Emperor's career are more slightly treated, and his private life is but briefly glanced at. However little we may share the writer's enthusiasm, we must own that it has helped to make his book one of the most spirited and interesting volumes of the series to which it belongs. We must utter a mild protest against the version given of the famous words spoken at the battle of the Pyramids. Napoleon never made so inadequate a use of a rhetorical opportunity as "forty generations" would have been. — The Story of Poland, by W. R. Morfill. The Story of the Nations Series. (Putnams.) A book not only excellent in itself, but having a special value in view of the superficial and fragmentary knowledge of its subject which prevails even amongst tolerably well-informed readers. The author, whose work, we need not say, bears marks of thorough and accurate scholarship, traces the whole course of Polish history, dwelling upon the more striking and noteworthy episodes, and passing rapidly over less important details. That the country which held in the seventeenth century the position of the great power of eastern Europe should, before the close of the eighteenth, have disappeared from the commonwealth of nations is to many a hard matter to understand. To these readers the picture here given of the social con-

dition of Poland — its oligarchic nobles, intolerant priesthood, alien middle class, and enslaved peasantry — will show that disintegration and decay were at work even when the body politic seemed most vigorous. An interesting and suggestive chapter is devoted to Polish literature. — A fourth edition appears of Dr. Henry Charles Lea's masterly work on Superstition and Force. In this study the learned author treats of The Wager of Law, The Wager of Battle, The Ordeal and Torture. It would be a most melancholy commentary on human infirmity were it not so historical, not to say antiquarian, in its character. But as physiologists tell us of processes in the human frame which are the survivals of earlier stages of development, so Dr. Lea is able to point out traces in contemporaneous law of these abandoned processes of human society. — The Story of the Atlantic Telegraph, by Henry M. Field. (Scribners.) When the transatlantic cable was first known to be a success, Dr. Field set forth in a modest volume the history of his brother's achievement. Now, twenty-seven years later, the death of Cyrus W. Field gives occasion for a fuller account of the enterprise. The story has never been allowed to grow unfamiliar, and Dr. Field's excellent new presentation of it ought to fix it more permanently than ever in men's minds. It is a story the world cannot afford to give up in days when deeds of high emprise become more and more limited to the stock exchange. Dr. Field does not slight the part finance played in the undertaking, nor does he fail to give a vivid impression of that yet greater factor of success, the overpowering will which brought men and the elements at length into the service of the world. A spirit of fairness to all, no less than of stanch brotherly loyalty, marks the book.

Poetry and the Drama. The Dread Voyage, Poems, by William Wilfred Campbell. (Toronto, William Briggs.) Thoreau's saying that "the mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation" is comforting in comparison with the poem which gives this volume its title; yet Mr. Campbell's nearness to nature in some of his verses, the lyrical grace of others, and again their vigor, leave one quite without a feeling of despair regarding his book. There is something too much of strenuousness in thought and phrase to give the volume any quality of repose. Such, however, could not have been Mr. Campbell's purpose; else he would never have chosen the subject of one of the longer poems, Unabsolved. It is the dying confession of a man of one of the expeditions for Franklin's relief, who, at the farthest northern point, alone saw signs of the lost explorers, and out of cowardice did not tell his leader. The dramatic possibilities in the story of the rest of that man's life are not hard to see, and Mr. Campbell, but for some blunders in the structure of his narrative, makes excellent use of them. It is in the far north, by the way, that Mr. Campbell's verse seems most at home. And why should we not have a Boreal Muse? — Ranch Verses, by William Lawrence Chittenden. (Putnams.) "Larry" Chittenden, as the book's cover invites us to call him, has apparently not always been a ranchman, for the joys and disappointments of the East have tempted him into verse quite as often as the mysteries of "cow-punching." Nevertheless a hearty Western spirit gives the book such individuality as it has. It might have had more, if mere facility, rather than poetic power, were not clearly the writer's gift. — Songs and Sonnets, and Other Poems, by Maurice Francis Egan. (McClurg.) It is usually hard to separate a new book of verse from the mass of its kind, to point out any really distinguishing quality. Mr. Egan's volume is not a collection of religious poems, yet what one will remember about it is the clear note of devout Roman Catholicism, the genuine religious feeling, which rings through the book. It is grateful now and then to find a volume, failing even of rare poetic value, yet possessing something which belongs peculiarly to itself. — In the Shade of Ygdrasil, by Frederick Peterson, M. D. (Putnams.) One does not learn from this book that Ygdrasil, in Norse mythology, is the ash-tree which binds together heaven, earth, and hell; nor do the verses convince one that their writer has spent most of his life under the tree's branches. The light that has fallen on his page, through whatever leaves it came, wavers from strength to weakness. Some of the verses would not be at all out of place in a work of the higher order; but by their side are lines which drag Dr. Peterson's little volume to a level not far removed

from the average. — Horatian Echoes, Translations of the Odes of Horace, by John Osborne Sargent. (Houghton.) The combination of a little Latin and less poetry sets many persons translating Horace. Thorough scholarship and skill in verse separate the few good translations from the many, and among the few are certainly some of Mr. Sargent's. Fortunately, he made no grave attempts to reproduce the Latin rhythms. It would have been better if he had never departed from the simplest forms. Prior could beg of his Chloe, —

> "Let us like Horace and Lydia agree,
> For thou art a girl as much brighter than her,
> As he was a poet sublimer than me;"

but the very sublimest of writers of English light verse have had a struggle to keep their dactyls and anapests from leading them into either stumbling or sing-song. Mr. Sargent in general chose the least ambitious of English measures, and translated with accuracy and melody. A lifelong lover of Horace does a good work in leaving behind him such a book as Mr. Sargent's. It is by the help of such books — if the graceful conclusion of the translator's introductory verses may be turned against himself — that

> "The Roman Swan is wafted where
> The Roman Eagles never flew."

— Barberine, and Other Comedies, by Alfred de Musset. (Chicago, Charles H. Sergel & Co.) The trail of the French-English Dictionary is upon these six comedies rendered into English. The translation is none too careful; the printing is not careful enough. But the translator has the better of the printer in that his name is not given. — Mr. Punch's Pocket Ibsen. A Collection of some of the Master's best known Dramas, condensed, revised, and slightly rearranged for the Benefit of the Earnest Student, by F. Anstey. (Macmillan.) Punch has had nothing so deliciously funny as this satire since the first series of Mr. Burnand's Happy Thoughts. Mr. Anstey has condensed a year's criticism of Ibsen in this little volume. It is, to be sure, insular criticism; and after all the fun has been poked at the Scandinavian philosopher, the one who laughs hardest will still return to the problems in art and philosophy which Ibsen propounds. But what quintessence of wit is there here, in place of the dreary diatribes against the Ibsen school!

Art and Illustrations. The Genesis of Art Form, by George Lansing Raymond. (Putnams.) "Classify and conquer" is the author's heroic motto. In living up to it he shows how all art, music, poetry, painting, sculpture, and architecture are merely coördinated expressions of the same principles. His pages, in consequence, have a peculiarly variegated look. Opening the book at one place, for example, the reader takes in at a glance parts of the music and the words of the Battle Hymn of the Republic, a Vitruvian scroll, and a section of an ornamented doorway from Khorsbad, Chaldea; going back a page, he finds a bit of The Passing of Arthur, and, a page ahead, a landscape by Turner. Keats generalized and conquered in the field on which Dr. Raymond is engaged when he said, "Beauty is truth, truth beauty;" but the conqueror by classification could never add, "That is all ye know on earth, and all ye need to know." — We again call attention to the even excellence of the successive numbers of L'Art (Macmillan) as seen in the fortnightly issues of the past three months. A group of Van Ostade's pictures illustrative of Holland; abundant examples of the art in the Paris Salon of 1893; engravings and etchings after Singleton and Sir Joshua Reynolds (The Ladies Waldegrave); architectural drawings; studies in charcoal; notes on the Madrid exhibition; a paper on Poussin; notes on books, music, and the drama, — these are some of the contents which make the periodical both a record of contemporary art and an historical review. — Modern Painting, by George Moore. (Scribners.) One of the best things Mr. Moore says in this book is that "the criticism of a creative artist never amounts to more than an ingenious defense of his own work." One may then know the nature of a man's creative work from his criticism? A novelist of Mr. Moore's vein — he is better known as novelist than painter — would naturally be expected to say many of the things Mr. Moore says about art. The burden of them is an arraignment of England, especially in contrast with France, as a horrid, Philistine land, dominated in artistic matters by a *bourgeois* royalty and a commercial Academy. There may be more truth in all this than many a loyal Briton would

care to admit. Certain it is that Mr. Moore, being confident of his ground, defends it boldly and amusingly, if with a spirit perhaps too aggressively Gallic. In many technical criticisms of individual pictures and men he speaks particularly to artists; yet whether a person who cares for pictures is perfectly sure or not of his *idée plastique*, or even his values, he must find Mr. Moore's remarks definitely suggestive. — Picture and Text, by Henry James. (Harpers.) Mr. James says the pages of the Harper periodicals "have again and again, as it were, illustrated the illustration." This little book carries the process a step farther, and illustrates the illustrator, for it is in the main a collection of Mr. James's happy analyses of the work of several such artists as Abbey and Du Maurier. To these reprinted papers is added another, After the Play, which illustrates neither picture nor text, but is merely a clever talk of clever people about the theatre.

Literature and Literary History. The dainty edition of The Works of Charlotte, Emily, and Anne Brontë, in twelve volumes (J. M. Dent & Co., London), has reached the halfway house in Villette, which occupies two of the little volumes. Each has a photogravure frontispiece, and each, also, in view of the rather free use of French which Miss Brontë allowed herself to employ in a story whose scene was laid in Belgium, has an appendix with translations of the French phrases, a somewhat superfluous aid to the reader's pleasure. The old-fashioned air of these pretty books is very becoming to them. — The History of Early English Literature, by Stopford A. Brooke. (Macmillan.) The title of this work defines it, for it is the history of a literature, not of a language. Its sub-title gives its scope: Being the History of English Poetry from its Beginnings to the Accession of King Ælfred. Mr. Brooke expresses his hope that it is also the beginning of a history by him of all English poetry. By translating many of the poems, instead of writing about them, Mr. Brooke tries to show what they are, rather than what they are like. If the specialist in philology feels defrauded by treatment of this sort, he may comfort himself with the thought that his labors have made it possible, and that, thanks to them, hundreds may read Mr. Brooke's work for one that would care to master the philologist's. — There is a break of five hundred years between the point at which Mr. Brooke drops English literature and that at which Bernhard Ten Brink, in the first part of his second volume, takes it up. Ten years ago his first volume appeared in English. This new division of his History of English Literature, translated by William Clarke Robinson, Ph. D. (Holt), has to do with Wyclif, Chaucer, the Earliest Drama, and the Renaissance. Though there is more of the description of works, and less of the works themselves, than in Mr. Brooke's volume, it is also a history of thoughts rather than of words, and brings its aid to the English and American students who seek to know something of the real life of their early ancestors. Before his death Ten Brink brought his work in German up to the time of Queen Elizabeth's accession. — Outlines of English Literature, by William Renton. (Scribners.) One feels like saying with Miss Emily Dickinson,

> "It 's so unkind of Science
> To go and interfere;"

for, like her heaven, which now "is mapped and charted too," English letters receive austerely mathematical treatment in this new University Extension Manual. The diagrams with which the author seeks to illuminate his classifications of literature fairly make one's head swim. There are cubes, triangles, intersecting circles, a cycloid, and some isopathic lines, — to which the reader's attention is especially called, — all as inexorable as Euclid. In a Scheme of Historical Succession in American literature, one finds as the step leading on to Humor, represented by Leland, the division Realism tending to Humor, represented by Motley, Twain, and Howells! Such a grouping of names would lead one to think the author capable of almost anything but the really judicious analysis of individual writers which the book also contains. Is the cause of University Extension best served, however, by teaching the learners to believe that literature is a thing to be classified like a collection of birds' eggs, and by showing how one man, at least, can twist every book into a diagram?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Words of Color.

As two young men were taking an evening walk, one of them chanced to remark on the noise the frogs were making. His friend, an Englishman not long in America, asked what had been said.

"I said the frogs were in great force to-night; the bullfrog concert, you know."

"It is frogs that make this noise!" exclaimed the other; "and you hear it, too! Thank Heaven! Here I have been thinking for a week past that these sounds were all in my own head, and that I was going crazy."

Although not with the like actual relief, it was yet with great satisfaction that I read in the August Atlantic a Contributor's remarks on the interdependence of sounds and colors. I have all my life felt what is there described, every word having always for me its proper color; and I had not known that any other person shared this whim or habit, but supposed that it was entirely "in my own head." I have never regarded this as an infirmity, in my case, but rather as a compensation for being deficient to an unusual degree in a sense of form. I am unable to shape anything except in mere Chinese imitation of a pattern; I do not distinguish handwriting; I am at a loss to find any article I may seek for, because I have no mental picture of its looks; and alas! I cannot, save rarely in a dream, represent to myself the face of an absent friend. Has the Contributor any lack of this kind?

In the perception of color in words, my palette is differently set from either of those mentioned. With me the vowel *a* is black, *e* is white, *i* red, *o* yellow, and *u* brown. Abraham is a black word, Everett all white, Abyssinia and icicle are red, Solomon is bright yellow, Russia and truth are both brown. It seems to be the accented vowel that gives color to the word; the vowel preceding or following may or may not affect its shade. The obscure *e* has little influence, though Anderson and Carpenter are not so black as Hathaway. Webster and Clement are clearer white than Elbridge, which ends in a tinge of red. *O* appears as the strongest vowel, and such words as Harold, Gladstone, adorn, and Strathmore are dark gray, nearly black, with a bright ending, as if gilded. Carlyle is not so full a gray, terminating in a bright red. The diphthong *ow* is orange in color, so that while Lowell is a yellow word, lightened a little by the *e* into lemon color, Howells is deep orange, like owl or tower. "Old Grimes is dead," but his color is brighter than that of Smith or Hill, who may be alive.

I have tried to frame a theory or to find a law explaining this matter, but without success; I am met by so many contradictory appearances. For instance, Waldo should be black and gold, but the sound presents itself all yellow; and why then should Walter be almost black? Is it because the *e* has slight effect? There is no blue connected with any sound, unless it may be detected in the purplish color of Detroit, boy, noise, etc. This purple occurs, too, in Louisa and other words of more than two vowels not separated by a consonant.

It would interest me to know if, in the Contributor's scale, the spelling of words interferes with the vowel color. With me it sometimes does so, as thus: Brooks and Fuller, having the same sound, should look alike to the inner eye; but Brooks is uniformly yellow, having *o*, and Fuller's *u* stamps him brown.

Perhaps the chief use of this our "fad" is in helping the memory to arrest fugitive proper names, but it serves us also with common words. For instance, a word would not come at command; in vain its definition was given, and answers suggested. "No, not sauce or spice." "Is it flavor?" "No, no; a longer word than those, and it begins yellow." The sought-for word appeared at last; it was condiment. Here let me say, the stretch or extent of color has some relation to the length of its word. Take Montgomery, for example: the number of syllables might not be remembered, but the spread of color beyond that made by Cook or Jones would be noticeable.

I forgot to say there is no green as well as no blue in my color-box. There is a lilac, produced by some sound of *a* following the vowel *i*, as in the word lilac or Isaac. This is not the color when the *a* comes first, as

in Carlyle before mentioned, where is a distinct black or gray followed by red ; so in admire, abide, activity, and others.

There is much pleasure given by this whim or possession. In reading verse, there is a play of color, akin, I suppose, to modulations in musical compositions, which is not due to the image meant to be produced by the poet, but to the mere sound of the words employed. Take Campbell's verses on Hohenlinden. When he tells us that "all bloodless lay the untrodden snow," he sees and makes us see, at near the time of sunset, a vast white expanse of new-fallen snow ; but as I hear or repeat it, on that second line, or beginning with the word "low" in the previous line, is a clear, golden flush of color from the recurrence of the *o* four times. Again, in the even more familiar "Mary had a little lamb," we begin with the demure Mary in black, and go on to gray ; and when we are told that "its fleece was white as snow," I suppose most hearers think of a little creature standing by with very clean, white wool. I can see this, but I also see — or do I hear in the sound of *e*, *i*, and *o*? — a pure white, a vivid red, and a gold color.

In the attempt to write verse there is the pleasure of playing with one's vowels. One may use them all in succession, and describe a face in a picture as "pale, gleaming 'mid soft curls."

It is to be observed that the meaning of a word does not denote, still less command, its color. While white is bright red, green is pure white, snow a clear yellow, blue a smooth brown, and sky is not azure, but vermilion, and I wish I knew why.

I should very much like to know if the Contributor is similarly affected by the color of voices. With me they are never destitute of color. None sound actually black, but there are several shades of gray and of a purplish slate ; the white, too, is not that of words, never snow white or like paper or cloth, but like silver. And, by the way, people often use the expression "a silvery voice." What do they mean by it ? The shrill voices of children are in shades of red ; men's voices, numerous browns, from pale dead leaf down to mahogany. Women often speak in buff. I have heard pink and delicate fawn color and lilac voices; sometimes these are sadly faded, as if not warranted fast. I hear no yellow voices, but we know, for we have been told, that it is not speech, but silence that is golden. Considering this, let me now be silent.

Color extended to the Five Senses.

— My brother crank, who has given the Club an account of his strange habit of associating color with letters and words, will be glad to learn that he need not reach all the way across the Atlantic to grasp a sympathetic hand. From my earliest childhood I have had colors for most of the letters of the alphabet and for many sounds, but I was not until recently aware that I had a sympathizer in the wide world. The only thing that troubles me is that my friend sees different colors from mine It is painful to hear *a* called pale green, when it is red ; *e*, pale red, when it is white ; *i*, lemon or orange yellow, when it is black ; and *o*, indigo, when it is a very light shade of blue. In regard to the color of *u*, he is right in seeing it brown. For most of the consonants I also have colors. Thus, *b* and *w* are green ; *c*, *p*, *s*, and *v* are yellow ; *d* and *m* are almost black ; *f* is white ; and *h* and *k* are red.

Not long ago these peculiarities of mine were mentioned in the presence of a young girl, who was astonished to hear that they were peculiarities at all. She had supposed that every one had colors for letters and words. I talked with her about the matter, and found that she estimated the beauty of a name not, as most of us, by the euphony of its sounds or its romantic associations, but by its color. Thus, Wirt was a beautiful name because it bore her favorite color, that of the crape-myrtle. I noticed that she wore this color in her hat. The color of a name depended, with her, upon the color of the vowel in its stressed syllable, the shade being bright for a long vowel, and lighter for a short one. Rosa, for example, was bright red, but Otway a paler red.

In my own case, I have colors for other sounds besides those of letters and words, though these colors are only two, gray and yellow. A series of colors passing through successively lighter shades into a pale yellow, and thence into a bright yellow, represents exactly the colors of the notes of the musical scale from bass to treble. A woman's voice is a more or less pale yellow ; a cricket's chirp, a bright yellow ; while a man's voice or a bull's bellow has a dark color.

This I know appears very "cranky" to those who are unendowed with our quality; but what will become of my reputation for sanity when I go further, and say that I have colors for the sensations of pain, taste, and odor? Yet I must make a clean breast of it, and confess that my toothaches are yellow, and my headaches dark; that vinegar tastes and smells yellow, and that pepper (including red pepper) tastes and smells almost black. Where shall I find a companion in these idiosyncrasies?

I regret that I am utterly unable to offer any explanation of this phenomenon. I once thought that my impressions of the letter-colors were due to a colored card alphabet from which, I am told, I learnt my letters in infancy; but this does not explain my other associations nor the similar experiences of my fellow "seers." The German *Klang-Farbe*, which my Club friend suggests in connection with this, is, I think, innocent of any such associations as ours. Color is above all things prominent for delicate differences, and the word is naturally transferred to express a nice distinction of any sort, as when we speak of the color given to the meaning of a sentence by a nice turn of language.

The Students' Academician. — The article on The Moral Revival in France, in the September Atlantic, and the special reference to Vogüé, must be my excuse for a few words regarding Ernest Lavisse.

The Forty Immortals who make up the French Academy are important men in the world of letters. They represent the scholarship, signed and sealed, of a great nation. Into the other learned Academies — of Sciences, and the like — special scholars may enter; but this is the Academy of France, reserved for the chosen Forty.

Surprise was naturally felt when a simple professor of the Sorbonne, whose writings were little known to the general public, was elected to a vacant chair in the Academy. Even now, the press outside of France seems not to understand the true position of this sturdy, open-faced, offhand, hard-working professor. Observant men in France, on the contrary, rank his influence above that of almost any other living Frenchman. They consider that the spirit with which he inspires so many of the French youth is, perhaps, the only present offset to the deadly marasmus which people are beginning to associate, rightly or wrongly, with the name of Ernest Renan.

Ernest Lavisse was a young member of the University — he had not yet taken his doctor's degree — when the great war of 1870 came to reveal to Frenchmen the selfishness and greed and the irresponsible love of pleasure which were eating away the nation's life. Shortly afterwards, he went to study the history of Prussia on the spot. German scholars were surprised to see in their midst this matter-of-fact Frenchman, patiently and persistently at work among the most neglected documents of their archives. They spoke of him as "the Frenchman who is studying the Mark of Brandenburg." After a time a book appeared from his pen, — a book not likely to become known to others than serious students of history. It treated of the "origins of the Prussian monarchy."

Meanwhile, the student was eking out his income by letters on the Germany of to-day in the Journal des Débats. These were conceived in such a spirit of fair, dispassionate observation that only the thoughtful attended to them. Among the mass of readers there was still too much feeling against "the enemy" for them to give ear to lessons drawn for their benefit from German practice. The student was not dazzled with what he saw. He noted the tendency of the new Empire to change its old laborious morals for an easy-going luxury among the higher classes, and the growth of a strongly disciplined socialism among the lower. But, chiefly, he pointed out to his own people that it was the spirit of labor and unselfish love of country which had made the Germans their conquerors.

In a few years other serious works appeared from the same unwearied pen. To those of his countrymen who were willing to read his pages he showed the elements of Prussian success found in their militarism, beginning with the half-mad father of Frederick the Great, and exemplified in all his descendants. It is, perhaps, his volume on the great Frederick which will best reward the study of the general reader who is not greatly interested in the welfare of France as a nation. For, in all his writings, Professor Lavisse has ever before him how best to read a lesson for the present from the experience of the past. He is not of those historians who shut themselves away

from the real life around them, the better to live again the life of ages past. This may have helped to prevent an earlier recognition of his valuable labors among foreign students. But the importance of his teaching of history is light in comparison with the making of history which seems likely to result from it.

On his return to France, Ernest Lavisse was named to a chair of modern history, which he still holds. By the general public he was less heard of than ever. In the University world he soon drew all eyes on himself.

There was no teacher whom the students heard so willingly. In his lectures, as in his books, it is the actual life of our day which he explains, in its needs and defects and in its glorious possibilities. It matters not that he speaks professedly of the events of a past century. He is a professor, as he has been an historian, joined with a journalist. Yet his course shows none of the fireworks of eloquence which draw so many benevolent hearers to the lectures of his fellows. He speaks to the students alone; he demands serious work, such as he himself has given.

His jealous watchfulness over the work of his students has naturally inspired them with confidence in his direction. Little by little, there has sprung up around him the giant Association of University Students, which now numbers many thousands. A Philistine like Francisque Sarcey, a chronicler of *Paris qui s'amuse* for the last thirty years, declares that he knows nothing in our century comparable to the influence of Ernest Lavisse over the youth of France.

It was impossible that the government should not recognize the importance of such a man. Professor Lavisse was a stanch Republican from the beginning. But the ultra-Republicans, who have ruled France to their own advantage for so many years, have vainly tempted him with offers. He has continued to stand aloof from the game of politics, though he has worked hard and with some effect at many needed University reforms. His real work, with which he is content, lies deeper than passing politics.

The first lesson which he draws from history for the benefit of young Frenchmen is that men cannot afford to live for themselves alone. It is egotism, self-indulgent, cowardly, heartless, that has brought France within an ace of her ruin. This is a direct condemnation of the literature which is built up on the principle of "art for the sake of art." Literature and art are for the sake of life, and life is not for self.

The second lesson follows naturally. It is the lesson of patient labor and lofty ambition; man must have an ideal, and live for it. This is against the spirit of empty and scornful dreaming over life and its mysteries with which Renan inspired nearly all the younger men of his day. In the eulogy of his predecessor in the Academy, which custom demanded of Professor Lavisse on his reception to the vacant chair, he summed up tersely a career based on truer principles: —

"Admiral Jurien de la Gravière did in this world what he ought to do; he went into the next world tranquilly."

His final lesson, beyond which a man in his place should hardly be expected to go, is the necessity of an earnest and enlightened patriotism. It is this which makes his influence over the students of such importance to the future of France. He said to them, not long since, words which they received with frenzied applause: —

"As for me, I well know that if I withdrew from myself certain feelings and certain ideas, the love of my native soil, the long remembrance of our forefathers, the joy of finding my own soul in their thoughts and their actions, in their history and their legend; if I did not feel myself part of one whole, whose origin is lost in the mists, and whose future is without limit; if I did not thrill to the singing of the national hymn; if I had not for the flag the worship of a pagan for his idol which wishes incense, and on certain days hecatombs; if there should grow up in me forgetfulness of our national sorrows, — truly, I should no longer know what I am, nor what I do in this world. I should lose the chief reason for living."

To the colder Anglo-Saxon this may seem to smack too much of French enthusiasm. But it is essentially different from the French Radicalism which, in the name of the Revolution, would root up all the past of France, including what remains of religion and morality, to make everything new according to some system written on paper.

Perhaps the theorists of universal peace may make their reserves about a peculiar-

ity of the new spirit. This is the hearty recognition of the necessity of war, as a consequence of healthy national life. It supposes that the evils of war are less than those of selfishness triumphant in a whole nation, and that patriotism alone can furnish the motives necessary to self-sacrifice on the part of the community at large. The discussion of this would lead too far afield. It belongs to the sphere of Melchior de Vogüé, who shares with Professor Lavisse the directing influence in the new movement of minds in France.

With Variations. — Some twenty-five years ago there was a style of musical composition much in vogue known as "variations." It appeared in dozen-paged sheets entitled Home, Sweet Home — with Variations; Coming through the Rye — with Variations; Let Me Kiss Him for his Mother (also "with Variations"); and scores of others, all "with Variations." The distinctive plan of these compositions — and whatever their individual characteristic, they were, as a whole, without variation — consisted, first, in a brace or two of banging prelude, closely followed by a simple little air that somebody else had written. This definitely announced the theme to be "variated," which was next heard behind a thin screen of artfully arranged arpeggios. Then it donned a deep disguise in the bass, to become barely recognizable in the treble with trills, ditto in bass, in the treble with runs, ditto in bass, and finally lost itself in a company of crashing chords so overpowering that one could not be certain whether the original air had been Coming through the Rye or Let Me Kiss Him for his Mother.

A similar sort of treatment has now invaded the art of letters; that is to say, it has affected the entire twenty-six, as well as the select seven to be found upon the piano keyboard. It does n't nowadays satisfy a writer to say merely, "One summer morning, fine and early, I was walking through the woods." He immediately goes on (taking the word "early" as his keynote), "The sun had not been long above the horizon, and the air was yet fragrant with last night's dew." Then, with "fine" and "summer" as texts, he tells us, "Everywhere were the green and luxuriant footprints of light-stepping Summer." Starting next from (1) "I," (2) "walking," and (3) "woods," he informs us, "As my feet pressed the soft moss, faint forest odors filled the air, the crackle of a dry stick was heard, and a startled gray squirrel scampered up the giant oak on my left." *Da capo*, "On such a glorious morning I was glad simply to be alive, as were we all, — young-risen sun, trees, flowers, moss, and little gray squirrel."

After so diluting and further diluting an idea, it is hard to tell just what degree of strength it may originally have possessed.

The strength of the writer, it is, however, more easy to determine.

The Inheritance of the Centaur. — In listening to the lilt and sway of conversation in the Spanish language, I have often been struck by the resemblance it bears to the trampling of many horses. A certain cantering cadence is characteristic of the easy flow of speech, where all is harmonious, and the topics discussed are, as it were, on the highway. But when it is the fervid eloquence of the Spanish political orator that is under consideration, or the mixed cries and resonances of a Spanish quarrel on the streets, the similitude may even be carried so far as to suggest the cavalry charge. All this might go to show that a nation which has for more than a thousand years lived on horseback must feel the impress which belongs to a race of riders, whose every gathering is a cavalcade, and with whom every battle is a "storm of steeds." Nor is this impress restricted to special classes. Any one who has witnessed an encounter between two Spanish beggars in the plaza, or market-place, must have noted with what fervor of courtesy each one calls the other *caballero*, and seeks to atone by lofty speech and stately gesture for the unpardonable sin of being on foot!

Spanish literature teems with pictures of gayly caparisoned horses mounted by men who ride like centaurs; while, to proceed to a modern illustration, the grace and ease of the cowboy, or, still more, of the prairie Indian, are by imitation derived direct from his Mexican neighbor, to whom has descended the gift of equitation, as has also the mustang steed whereon he rides.

Lieutenant Revere, writing of California in the *ante-aurum* days, when Indian, Mexican, and Californian lived and had their being on horseback, relates a mishap which befell the governor of a province. This dignitary, having for once ventured on

foot from the *residencia* to the billiard-room on the other side of the street, fell down and broke his leg, from some cause which history fails to mention. His exclamation revealed his habits, — "Caramba! eso es camina sobre tierra." (This is what comes of walking on the ground!) And Lieutenant Revere here reinforces his views by another anecdote, scarcely so credible, in which a carpenter in a Mexican village was sent to Coventry because he could n't shove the jack-plane on horseback!

Turning to Spanish literature, what do we see in the famous ballads translated by Lockhart but a history of the loves, adventures, and combats of mounted men? Nay, more, a not inconsiderable space is devoted to a ballad in which the horse Babieca is the sole character, as in many other poems he is the chief hero. The Avenging Childe is a mounted homicide. Lara, Mudarra, and heroes of every sort and degree, including Bernardo del Carpio and King Roderic himself, wore ornaments of the cavalry of the period. The foot soldier, if any such existed, was probably that discomfited warrior, a dismounted cavalryman, who did much of the fighting, but gained neither glory nor booty. The Wandering Knight, whose plaint is one of the gems of this collection, does his wandering astride his war-horse, and is actually depicted in the accompanying illustration as riding between sea and mountain, in the act of "kissing thy token" — on horseback. The doings and happenings of the Cid are very fully recorded; but if that personage ever dismounted or stood upon the ground, no mention is made of the circumstance! Among the Moors, Calaynos and Gazul the bull-fighter, or picador, appeared on mettled chargers, which were largely responsible for their prowess.

For something like two thousand years the Spanish horse was bestrode by Celt and Roman, Goth and Christian, varying in name, not at all in their deeds or habits, which were simply those of rough riders. No trait of the Spaniard of olden time, as illustrated in the characteristics of Cortez, Pizarro, or their followers, remains so indelibly fixed upon Mexican and South American as does this same habitude of horse-flesh. The clang and clatter of myriad hoofs resound in almost every verse of Spanish heroic poetry; and even Charles V. is painted on horseback, by Titian, for the Galeria Real of Madrid, probably the only equestrian picture that Titian ever painted.

Don Quixote, although the avowed purpose of the ætiology of this personage was the destruction of a fantastic chivalry whereof the horse was a central figure, goes forth on that mission mounted upon Rosinante, whose fame nearly equaled his own. Even the pathetic tilt against the windmills, typical of so much valorous but hopeless endeavor, was enacted with Rosinante, who was the chief sufferer in the episode. All this communion of man and horse could not fail to produce results; it would be impossible that two animals so inseparably united should not resemble each other, from mere force of habit as well as community of interest; and we may recognize something of the horse's honesty of purpose — shall we say deficient subtlety? — on the part of his long-time rider, the Spaniard, when the latter is contrasted with the lissome-witted Italian, who seldom rides. Spain's heroes, in the days "when Spain had heroes," have indeed too often rushed like the "unthinking horse" into battle; even their warfare partook too often of the kind of strategy which simply hurls thunderbolt after thunderbolt, masses of men and horses against men and horses, to the end that the prowess of the individual knight came to outvalue all considerations of war as a science. Furthermore, we learn from Don Quixote that the romance writers of three hundred years ago actually lied on horseback, as it were, their heroes being knights-errant who rescued maidens, punished tyrants,

> "And made all giants dance!"

But with the advancement of those great moral ideas which culminated in the Peace Society, — when swords came to be beaten into ploughshares and spears into pruning-hooks, — the occupation of knight-errantry, like other forms of irregular justice, passed away. Let us hope, however, that the day is far distant when readers, young and old, will cease to feel an absorbing interest in the doings of that centaur we call Chivalry, or in that language which seems so fitly to describe and typify the Horse and the Rider.

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THE MAN FROM AIDONE.

IV.

At the farm below Aggira, the horses of master Turi, those that had not been led to the fair, had remained shut up in the stall, while the owner and his herders were at Castrogiovanni. Now, the men having returned, the good beasts were glad to run free again through the meadows to crop the grass.

"I wager that old Baia will feel herself lonely for the horses that have been sold," observed Pietro, beating with his clasp knife the bark of an oleander twig, in order to make a whistle.

"And why not?" answered Felice. "Poor mare, so many colts she brings into the world, and so many must go away to do their duty. After the colts are weaned, it appears as if she did not care so much for them; but that is not altogether true, — only they no longer have need of her. Sometimes, when a colt has been sold, and the buyer has taken the halter to lead it away, I have seen la Baia stretch her neck in order to look after it until she lost it from sight; just as I saw my mother watch me the day that I went for a soldier. They have great hearts, the horses!"

"And also the horses that were not born of old Baia, — she is fond of them."

"This, too, is true: horses are friends among themselves, like Christians. And they don't talk against one another, nor bring lawsuits. Look out, there, Pietro! Run in the cream-colored colt; he is too near the edge of those rocks."

The pretty little beast made a sudden right-about-face and galloped as Pietro chased him into safety.

Felice had planned to return to Castrogiovanni, to take his business of a carrier, as soon as Lorenzo Burgio should have had a few days of practice among the horses. But as fate willed, during the last day of the fair, some Neapolitans who were drinking at the wine-shop of master Gianandrea Burgio had set up a quarrel among themselves as to who ought to pay for the wine. The old man had begged them, for the honor of his shop, to quit scuffling. But they would not hear him, and even gave him ugly titles. Comare Santa, behind the counter with the bottles, screamed. The son, Lorenzo, leaving the spigot out of a cask, so that the wine spread over the floor, ran to aid his father, on whom the tipsy customers had laid hands. Lorenzo freed him. "And if you have anything to say, here 's this bust!"

In fact, Lorenzo had a chest powerful like that of an ox, to take their fists upon. But, four against one, they handled him badly before some friends of his, hearing the noise, ran from the street and enforced order. Lorenzo had held firm, until a Neapolitan whom he had thrown down crawled along the floor and gave him an ugly cut with a clasp knife on the shin of the right leg. So Lorenzo had to go to bed, while one of his friends took his place in the shop.

Now that it would take time for the cure of Lorenzo's leg, so that he would

be in condition to run after the horses, Felice would not abandon them. "I was herder before I was betrothed," said he. "And also, my Marina will say that I have done right to stay with the horses and keep the place for Lorenzo when he shall be cured, instead of letting master Turi find another fellow."

But Lorenzo's ailment was to be rather long; and, as says the proverb, long things become serpents. There was dead flesh in the wound; and although the doctor did his best, it delayed to heal. When this was told to Felice, he said, "And should it take a year, I 'll stay with the horses. So you will not lose the place." But when Arcangela Burgio repeated that to Marina, and praised Felice who was so good to her brother, the promised bride turned pale, thinking within herself, "Felice puts his friend and his horses before me."

Now that she was betrothed, and her lad always away, Marina did not enjoy the dances in the piazza as before; for the young men respected Felice's rights even too much, and did not often invite Marina to dance. Instead, she sat on a bench beside her mother and comare Nunziata Mendola, just like a married woman, only without her man; while Felice remained with those blessed beasts down there near Aggira. And who could assure her, moreover, that there were no pretty girls at Aggira? Of course there were some — and who knows? She had leisure to think of these things when, in the long May evenings, she chose to stay sometimes in the house, and would not go into the piazza. There the guitars sounded, and the other girls had each her lad, or else was free to dance with whom she pleased.

"He 's done right, has Felice," said neighbor Burgio, who was smoking in the dooryard with daddy Calogero.

"That 's what I say," answered the father. "Women are n't amiss, but I like a fellow who minds his trade and is loyal to his friend."

"He might lose the girl this way," whimpered uncle Mommu Bricca. "'T is forty-five years ago that Maruzza Giuffrida planted me because I neglected to cut the canes for her to make shields for her fingers in gleaning. Then I took that good soul of Agnese, and it was the life of a dog she led me! And I have seen with my eyes the stranger from Aidone, that handsome dark fellow, near mistress Agata's tavern in these days."

"And you, Mommu, never lack fables to tell," said master Burgio. "To you flies look the size of hares."

So, in order to make peace, daddy Calogero hastened to speak about the weather.

Every Saturday, as usual, Felice came home. He never failed to visit Lorenzo, as well as to pass what time he could with Marina. The sight of him, so honest, so kind, reassured Marina. He did not leave her time to think of harm, with his stories about old Baia and the new colt that already showed paces like its father, throwing out its little legs and arching its neck. "We call it Silver Star," he said, "for it has a white spot on the forehead. It nibbles a little clover in order to appear like a grown horse, while truly it is n't bigger than uncle Mommu's dog. I wish that you could see it, girls."

For when compare Felice talked about horses, Rosaria always wanted to listen. But when, to judge by certain glances of his, and words spoken softly, she believed that the conversation would become sugar on honey, as she called it, she preferred the company of the roan.

"Oh, Riuzzu, follow me. Give me your hoof. Bravo! Here 's a crust of bread for you. Eh, my little horse, I 'm fond of you!" She would throw her arms around the neck of the roan, while his black mane fell over her head like a veil; she felt of his slender black legs up and down with her hands. "Don't fear that compare Felice will

make knots come on your legs with drawing heavy loads, my dear Riuzzu, because Felice is good always."

And the horse returned her affection; he rubbed her face and hands with his muzzle, and mumbled her little wrists with his lips. "We are great friends, Riuzzu!"

While Felice was near her, Marina repented of all her discontent and of what slight jealousies she had imagined. But she said nothing of this. Only she was gentle and submissive with him, like a bride, and looked at him with her great timid eyes, which were like those of the bay filly that shied in the twilight. They talked of the marriage and of their way of life in the future. Marina appeared to wish to content him in everything, humbly, as if to make amends for some fault toward him. Then she would become gay, laughing and chatting.

More than once, in the times when he was in Castrogiovanni to pass the Sunday, it seemed to Felice that the girls in the piazza looked at him with a little malice. Sometimes, also, Lorenzo Burgio, as Felice talked with him at his bedside, half opened his mouth as if to speak words which he afterwards decided to swallow, and instead made inquiries about the horses. One day, Caterina, in the stable where she came to admire the cart that had been master Crocco's, newly painted, looked at Felice with anxiety.

"What are you thinking of, little sister?"

"I? Of this cart, so fine that it dazzles the sight. It deserves to be drawn by Riuzzu."

This indeed was true. The man of the paintbrush had not been niggardly of color nor of design. On the four sides were depicted scenes from the life of Cristoforo Colombo; without whom, in fact, master Crocco could n't have gone to America, and, consequently, Felice could n't have bought the cart at a bargain.

"We ought to give praise where it is due," Felice said when he ordered the painting.

The groundwork of the cart was a fine flame-red, against which the four scenes stood out, framed in lines of black and gold. There was Colombo with his son begging bread at the gates of the monastery; Colombo before the king and queen of Spain; Colombo among the sailors who wished to make a mutiny, like the rascals that they were; and lastly, Colombo landing upon American soil, with the cross of his sword held on high. That was a cart, as padre Serafino observed, which would give instruction on the history of the world every time it went along the road. But the trouble was that compare Felice must leave it in the stable until Lorenzo Burgio could come to take his place with master Turi.

The truth was that all those persons who looked curiously at him would have liked to know whether compare Felice had heard that every week — but about the middle of it, Wednesday or Thursday, when he was certain to be away — the dark stranger from Aidone came to Castrogiovanni as if all at once he had great business there. Sometimes he brought lemons and oranges, vegetables or wine, in his cart. Other times it was not known for what purpose he came, riding in the saddle of Mureddu. But always he hovered about the tavern of comare Agata, so that it was plain that he sought Marina.

"Oh, is n't one lad enough for comare Marina," said Sabedda Burgio at the fountain, "but she will have also that man from Aidone?"

"To me he is n't pleasing," returned master Neddu Longo's Grazia. "He is black, with such eyes that he looks like a demon."

"Felice is really a simpleton to stay down there at Aggira with the horses of master Turi. It would be a charity to let him know how comare Marina deceives him," observed Peppa Longo.

"That is true," said Arcangela Burgio; "although he does it from kindness to my brother. But to be too good, one loses by it. Make yourself a lamb, and the wolf will eat you, says the proverb."

"And what right, then, has Marina to take for herself all the lads? She has certain ways, that girl, which I don't understand, nor wish to understand."

"You know, Peppuzza, it has been said that compare Felice had a thought of you, formerly. Who knows that you won't have him some day?"

"True as I live, Arcangela, were he made of gold and of royal blood, I would n't marry Felice Mendola. I say no harm of him, but so it is; he has never been to my taste."

"Nor mine!" "Nor mine!" All those girls whom Felice had never courted now refused him in chorus. As for them, compare Felice must remain a bachelor, should he live the years of the patriarch Methuselah.

"Too good, Felice is, so that he is like soft cheese. And that other from Aidone, I would n't take him, either. I should be afraid of him. So much the better that there are not lacking lads in the town!"

The fact was that master Antonio Morreale had not smiled upon those girls, only upon Marina Borello. Therefore they could not know how gay and kind he was. But although people may be gossips and say so many things behind the shoulders of a neighbor, 't is an ugly business to speak plainly to one's face. The girls told nothing about Antonio Morreale when they met Felice. He was frank and joyous, with a carnation in the buttonhole of his jacket and his hat on the side of his head, as if he had no fear of anybody. The girls had not the heart to disturb his contentment. Also Lorenzo Burgio, for delicacy, kept silence. Neither was it spoken of at home. Daddy Calogero did not mind women's business, and preferred to talk about the crop of grain soon to be cut.

When, one night, his wife asked his advice whether she ought to warn Felice that Antonio Morreale was buzzing around the tavern, the old man answered her that 't is a fine thing to speak little. Also, at a tavern everybody is master to come as he pleases; and Marina might have no fault in the affair. Later, if it were the will of Heaven that their son should marry the daughter of comare Agata, provided that no harm had been said, no bad blood would have been made, and the two families would live in peace like one.

"And because of this, Nunziata, say nothing about it to Felice. Either there 's nothing amiss, and all will end well, or else there 's a cat crouching in it; and our son is n't a simpleton, to let himself be caught like a mouse."

So that mamma Nunziata had to sew up her mouth, as one might say, and keep silence. She recommended as much to Caterina, who answered, "I will do as you tell me, mamma. But if Marina betrays my brother, there 's no little-finger friendship that holds."

Caterina wept for pity of that brother who was so content away among the horses, and suspected nothing of harm, as harm he never did to any one, Christian or beast.

The next time that he had passed the holiday at home, Caterina, as she put the bread and onions into his bag on Monday morning, said to him, "I wish, oh, I wish that you could stay at home the whole week, little brother!"

He, undisturbed, like a brave horse that fears neither shadows nor noise, answered her, "We 're fond of each other, is n't that true, my Caterinedda?"

He kissed his sister, and sprang into the saddle. Riuzzu bore him away at a square trot. Marina, as he passed her window and waved his hand to her, smiling, felt a thorn in her heart.

"This is how you leave me! Who knows whether you love me truly? You have not said any more of those fine

things, as on the day when you had my promise."

One Wednesday came master Antonio Morreale in the cart drawn by Mureddu, and with him were two women. These were his aunt, Lucia Palma, and her daughter, cousin Barbara, the wife of the farmer Menico Santorelli, from Calascibetta. They wished to make the acquaintance of mistress Agata, of whom they had heard so much good from cousin Morreale. They were honest, tidy women. Aunt Lucia had white hair and a sweet face that appeared to say, "Patience, for so we reach Paradise." Cousin Barbara Santorelli was really quite a great lady, to judge by her solid gold earrings and cross, and the silk gown that rustled like dry lupine pods when she moved. She was, moreover, tall and dark, with a smile like Antonio's. She had brought her baby on her shoulder, and handed it to Rosaria to tend on the doorstep, while she and her mother made the visit to mistress Agata. Antonio went about his business. Meanwhile his relatives talked about Marina's marriage to master Felice, and examined her outfit.

"Beautiful, beautiful indeed!" said cousin Barbara. "'T is a pity that your man will have to be always on the road, like the Wandering Jew, — speaking with respect, — so that he cannot take you about to let these fine things be seen."

Also aunt Lucia agreed that a carrier was, one might say, the servant of whoever wanted a cask of wine or a bag of grain. Her husband, of happy memory, had been a miller, and used to say in his lifetime, "I make the river serve me; but who runs here and there, as people call him, to bring grain and carry meal, is compare Biagio, the carrier, so that he is n't his own master, poor fellow." Afterwards, aunt Lucia had come to live with her daughter, la Santorelli, whose husband was a farmer, like Antonio Morreale, and his fields were blessed so that in his house nothing was lacking.

After Antonio returned to the tavern the two women took leave with many compliments. Rosaria put the baby into its mamma's arms as she sat in the cart; and Mureddu, plump and glossy, moved off toward Calascibetta.

"How civil those women are!" said mistress Agata. "It is plain that they are persons of the right sort."

"Why did they come, mamma?" asked Rosaria.

"Oh, what a fine question! Because master Antonio had spoken of having come to my house at the time of the fair."

"So many people came then."

"Certainly it was very courteous of mistress Lucia."

But when Arcangela Burgio told her brother about the visit of the two women from Calascibetta, he said, "True as I live, I 'll tell the doctor to make short work. Either he must cure my leg quick, or else cut it off and throw it away, so that I can go, even with a wooden leg, to take Felice's place with the horses. For my sake, there is a chance he will lose too much."

But the doctor told Lorenzo to have patience, for already the leg was better, and he ought not to talk of having it cut off.

The next day, Antonio Morreale, who had gone only as far as Calascibetta, to take his aunt and cousin to their house, returned to comare Agata's tavern. He told Marina that she had made an excellent impression upon his relatives.

"Aunt Lucia says that the cloth which you weave could not be surpassed, not even when she was young; and cousin Barbara has told her husband, as with these ears I heard her, that you seem to her beautiful as a princess, with that face which is a rose, and eyes that are two lights of heaven."

"It is your cousin Barbara who is beautiful, rather. As for me, I 'm nothing fine."

"And then said my cousin, 'How re-

joiced I should be to see her enter my house!'"

"She 's very kind. And what a rich gown mistress Barbara has!"

"Her husband satisfies every whim of hers. He is a farmer, and last year the olives were a fortune for him. Also I have lands on rent, you know, comare Marina, and if I took a wife I should give her more than one silk gown, and conduct her about to festivals, to make people envy me."

"Your wife will be fortunate, compare Antonio. Have you made a choice yet? If not, there 's my friend Caterina Mendola, good and beautiful, who would do for you." For Marina was recalled to her duty, now that master Neddu Longo was ringing the bell for Ave Maria.

"By this holy voice!" swore Antonio, "if you will not marry me, comare Marina, I won't have a wife. Neither Caterina Mendola nor another will do for me; only you."

She pushed him away. "You know that I have given my word to Felice."

"And words are made of air. You have n't been before the syndic and the priest."

"The estimate of the dowry has been sent to his mother."

"And I 'll take you without a dowry, — I 'll take you."

"But I wear Felice's ring."

"Exchange it for mine!"

"Don't say these things. We 're doing wrong. Go away, and do not come again until I am married, compare Antonio. I am ashamed that you think so badly of me, making me these proposals. I shall marry Felice Mendola."

"Who knows? He does not ask you to fix the day, because he wishes to wait for Lorenzo Burgio. If I were in the clothes of Felice, I 'd marry you to-morrow, and would n't wait for a thousand Lorenzos, nor for their saint."

"But the horses?"

"Eh, horses are horses, and with that boy Pietro they could stay very well. It appears to me, Marina, that Felice thinks first for his friend and for the beasts, and afterwards for you; while I, if I had a glimpse through the mountain side of an enchanted treasure of gold and jewels, I 'd turn my shoulders to them to look at you, comare Marina, — I swear it to you."

Who knows how the talk might have ended if Rosaria had not come to ask how much grain she should give Mureddu? As for her, she would have liked to give him more than usual, because he was come from Calascibetta that day, and was to depart the same evening for Aidone. To see that little one so occupied playing the hostler, Antonio laughed, — that open-throated laugh of his that did one good to hear.

"Come on, little horsewoman," he said. "You 're so given to horses that you ought to be Felice's bride, instead of mistress Marina, here present."

"I have no intention to marry," said Rosaria seriously.

"Do you want to be a little nun?"

"No, but it appears to me that the lads are troubles. If I were a boy, I would beg master Turi Lucernini to hire me."

"Eh, there 's time, little one. You 're not quite fourteen. In a few years the husband will come also for you," said Antonio, as Rosaria held the wooden measure of oats under Mureddu's muzzle.

"Do you love Mureddu, master Antonio?"

"Do I love him! Ask Mureddu whether I have ever given him a blow or a hard word, and he cannot say that I have."

"That is true, since he has n't speech, poor beast. But I can judge for myself. You are as good to Mureddu as compare Felice is to Riuzzu. I know that by the way that the horse pricks his ears and rubs his head against your arm."

After Antonio was gone away, as Marina and Rosaria stood in the door-yard watching the stars come out in the twilight, the little sister said : —

" I like master Antonio, because he is good to Mureddu. And also he says things that make me laugh. Do you know, he told mamma that not even his aunt Lucia makes bread as good as hers. I believe that he comes here so often in order to eat at mamma's table."

" Of course," said Marina.

Rosaria ran away to make sure that the hencoop was tightly closed against the fox and the weasel. She threw another bunch of hay to the cow, and lastly stood calculating the weight of the pig; while Marina, with her hands in her lap, seated on the doorstep, thought over what Antonio had said to her. Felice set her after his horses and his friends; if not, he would be in the town, to pay her the attention due a betrothed. Not every person appeared born to love. There was Rosaria : very young, it was true; but Marina, at the little sister's age, already took thought for her outfit of linen and woolen; while Rosaria liked better to lead the cow to pasture, or even to curry a horse. Felice, certainly, was born for horses; the roof of his house would seem too tight for him, who was used to eat and sleep under the skies, whether there were the rain or the lights of heaven.

Mamma Agata came to the door. " Are you here, Marina? "

" I 'm here."

" And what are you doing? "

" I 'm waiting for Rosaria, who never comes to an end of looking after the beasts."

" Listen. It does n't please me to have master Antonio come here so often. Certainly he has done us an honor to bring his relatives. But people will murmur; and I won't have an offense given to the family of compare Mendola. I 'm good for warning master Morreale not to come so often ! "

Now that the mamma spoke so plainly, Marina learned that without Antonio's visits life would no longer appear beautiful to her. He was so kind, and his love consoled her for the carelessness of Felice, who would stay away from her for a reason or without one.

" Don't say anything, mamma. Who knows whether he will come again ? "

" He knows very well that you are to marry Felice."

" Yes, he knows it; inasmuch as this evening we were talking about Felice and the marriage."

" Another time, if he comes, you must go into the kitchen in my place, and I will put the dishes on the table, or else keep my eyes upon you and send the dishes by Rosaria."

Lorenzo Burgio, now that he could walk a few steps, was at the door of his house with his sisters. " Listen, Arcangela. To-morrow I 'll take the small cart and the donkey and go to Aggira, so that compare Felice can come home."

" What are you saying ? If you go, you 'll leave a leg there."

" My legs, both of them, shall accompany me wherever I go, and return. But all this that is done, I have it on my conscience until I can send home Felice Mendola."

" And what will the doctor say ? "

" In the beard of the doctor, I swear that I will go to Aggira ! "

And so, in fact, he did, the next day; while at the door comare Santa scolded and the sisters whimpered to think of Lorenzo who would kill himself and do no good to anybody.

" As for me, I think that compare Lorenzo has done a very fine thing," observed Caterina Mendola, who had been told about it by Sabedda. And for the first time it came into her mind that Lorenzo was a handsome fellow, as he guided the donkey along the street.

It had been wholly an idea of Rosaria's that Antonio Morreale was to

return to Aidone that night, and Mureddu had had more grain than usual under false pretenses, so to say. For his master put him into the stall of farmer Santorelli at Calascibetta, and they passed the night in that town. So that the next day, Marina, gathering mushrooms in a meadow, was surprised to see a shadow fall on the ground before her, and to hear the voice of Antonio Morreale : —

"Are you alone, comare Marina?"

"Sabedda Burgio and Rosaria are with me, but at the moment I don't see them."

"I was coming to your house."

"Don't come there any more, Antonio. Mamma does not wish it."

"And you, do you want to drive me away? What harm have I done to you, Marina?"

"No harm, compare Antonio."

"To me, on the contrary, you have done a great harm. You take away my sleep, from me who dedicated all my dreams to you. I am strong as a lion, and you make me tremble only to look at you. Marina, you have robbed the heart out of my breast; and you wish to make me die, sending me away!"

"What if the girls should come back and find you here? Compare Antonio, if I listen any longer to you, I must confess it to padre Serafino, for it is a sin."

"For your sake, Marina, I would commit a sin, a hundred! I would kill a man! I would let myself be killed!"

"You make me afraid!"

"Of you, little girl, I would n't even twist a hair. See, I kiss the hem of your gown, and I ask nothing, only that you will say that you care for me."

"It would be of no use. If my mother should hear of this, she would shut me up in the house and bolt the doors and the windows."

"Surely. It is because of this that I will have your answer here, at this moment. I love you, I love you, Marina. If you will marry me, I swear that I will make you happy."

He laid his hand on his heart as for a solemn oath, and raised his eyes to her face, as he knelt before her. She was silent, uncertain what to do.

"Marina, beautiful Marina, how shall I speak? How can I make you understand what your life might be with a man who adores you, instead of that great boy who is just like his horses?"

Also Felice had often said of himself that he was all one with the horses; it must be true, Marina thought.

"Come with me, Marina!"

"I cannot." The girl was weeping so that it was a pity to see. She had let fall her apron, and the mushrooms were crushed under Antonio's feet as he arose and stood beside her.

"Let these be the last tears shed for cause of me, my Marina. Come with me. I swear to you that I will respect you like a saint, like the Madonna del Carmine. I have near here Mureddu with the cart. If you do me the honor to mount into it, I will not even touch you with a finger. I will bring you to the house of cousin Barbara and consign you to aunt Lucia, a holy woman if ever any was, who will act as a mother to you until the syndic and the parish priest shall give you to me."

"Oh, I cannot!"

"I'm a fellow of honor, and you do not trust me. But if you drive me away, I shall return. You will have to be my wife sooner or later. Come, Marina."

She looked around the fields, vast and solitary. Rosaria and Sabedda were not to be seen. And more than usual the image of Felice Mendola was pallid in her mind; for the Sunday before he had not come home, but had sent word that a horse was ill, so much so that the farrier had been called, and Felice would not leave the poor beast, not for an hour, until it should be better. "Always those horses, as if they were brothers of his!" thought Marina bitterly. Antonio Morreale stood there,

humbly, awaiting her decision. Then he took out his handkerchief and gently wiped away her tears.

"Come, Marina, we must not lose time."

That man truly loved her. He would risk for her sake more than a horse. The girls might return from moment to moment, and at home there would be new troubles. And it was only a half-hour to go to Calascibetta, to those good women whom even her mother had approved. Marina, without saying a word, followed Antonio to the spot where Mureddu, in the shade of a little thicket of brambles, stood with the cart.

By the time, that same afternoon, that Lorenzo Burgio's good little donkey had taken him to the meadows near Aggira, the sick horse was already much better, so that Felice believed that he could go home as usual on Saturday. Pietro, on a rock, was blowing his whistle and kicking his bare feet in the air.

"Look, master Felice! There is your friend, master Lorenzo."

"It can't be he, for he is still infirm."

"But it is truly he, with a little red donkey and a cart."

Felice ran to meet his friend. "What is there of news, 'Renzo?"

"Of news there 's this: that I am come to send you home, for you have interests there. Master Morreale of Aidone is courting comare Marina. You must forgive me for the ugly tidings, and also that I have said nothing before. But this week he has been in the town three days in succession. You will do well to go home and maintain your rights. Meanwhile, I am here to help Pietro with the horses."

The field and the air whirled before Felice's eyes.

"I ought to speak about it with master Turi. This evening, when he comes to the stable, I shall ask his leave." He heard his own voice dull and distant, as though it had been that of another man.

"And how is the horse?"

Then they talked of the opinion of the farrier, and how he had bled the poor beast, which now would soon be cured.

Having obtained the consent of master Turi, Felice mounted Riuzzu while yet the day-star was the only light in the sky, and set forth for Castrogiovanni. Lorenzo stayed beside the horse that was ill, and Pietro with the others in the meadow. Felice felt himself all in a confusion; the news had arrived like a blow between head and neck, so that he could not take it in. Oh, why would Antonio Morreale play him such an ugly trick? And Marina, so gentle and affectionate, how could she let herself be so led away?

He had not believed people could be disloyal like that; for, simple as he was, he knew that a man does not pay so much court to a girl who says no and keeps to it. He felt like a dead man. Then, gradually, as the light spread above the hills of Leonforte, and Riuzzu, who knew that he was going home, quickened his pace, Felice took courage again.

"Who knows whether the thing has gone so badly? Lorenzo's sisters have tongues that sting, and it may be from them that he had the story."

But when he came to Castrogiovanni, Felice could see with his own eyes that there was trouble. The women were buzzing like irritated bees around his mother, who was telling a story, shaking her finger in their faces. Caterina, in tears, told him how Sabedda Burgio and Rosaria, perceiving that Marina was not with them, had turned to seek her, and had seen her mount into master Antonio Morreale's cart and go away with him. Rosaria, greatly grieved, and Sabedda, between amazement and curiosity, had run to their houses to tell what they had seen.

"Let me go, Caterina," stammered

Felice, who felt a knife in his heart. "I must give Riuzzu some water and grain and put him in the stall." For he would not make a scene before all those women.

Meanwhile, comare Nunziata Mendola, with a train of women at her heels, went to the tavern of mistress Agata Borello. The hostess was at the door as if expecting her.

"I have something to say to you, mistress Agata." And comare Nunziata tore into pieces the paper with the estimate of Marina's dowry, and threw them in the face of the other.

Comare Agata, pale, with red eyes, let her do it. Then she said, "You have reason to complain, mistress Nunziata; but not to have it against me, for I have no fault in the matter."

"And if you have brought up your daughter to insult an honest fellow and his family!"

"Rather I wish that I had n't brought her into the world!"

The neighbors, to see comare Agata so humble, began to think that there might be no quarrel. Not that they wished that two respected women should come to injurious words and hair-pulling, — the saints forbid; but if such were to take place, one would not lose the sight of it. However, they were not to be disappointed. Comare Nunziata dug up some old stories of the time when mistress Agata was young. "And said the Crab, 'Walk straight, my daughters!'"

Then strife began, — so violently that padre Serafino, issuing from the church with master Neddu Longo, the sacristan, felt it his duty to come across the piazza to the tavern to make peace. Just then Felice arrived with daddy Calogero. The latter put a hand upon his wife's shoulder and drove her before him to their house. At sight of Felice comare Agata's face changed, and became like stone.

"Ah, poor Felice! How badly my daughter has treated you!"

Comare Agata, as if suffocated, said not a word more, but, with her arm raised on high, shook her hand as if to curse Marina. Felice prayed her with clasped hands, "Don't cast a judgment, comare Agata, for at a mother's curse heaven opens to hear it!"

Her face was terrible, but she comprehended what Felice said; and as angry mothers do, she said good words, which, however, burned the ears that heard: "May you return one day to my arms, Marina!" Then she fell crouching on the doorstep, with her head between her hands, tearing her hair, until Felice Mendola raised her gently and led her into the tavern. That was the end of it, and the women went back to their houses. Felice took refuge in the stable, where he sobbed like a child, with his face leaning on the neck of the roan.

V.

Now Felice Mendola was a man of honor, although he did not wish to play the bravo among the women in the piazza. Therefore, after his horse had eaten and rested, he rode down to Calascibetta for news of master Antonio Morreale. There on the gallery of the house of the farmer Menico Santorelli was the whole fine company. Mistress Barbara, dressed as if for a holiday, sat with her hands on her belt to enjoy the sun. Beside aunt Lucia was Marina, who, with downcast eyes, listened to Antonio as he stood talking to her. Master Menico was smoking a pipe, with his babies around his knees.

"Here I come to disturb," said Felice to himself. Then he called out, "Master Antonio, if you will come down into the street, I should like to ask you whether you find the black horse just as I recommended him."

"O Madonna!" exclaimed Marina. "There 's Felice come to do who knows what?"

"And what should he do," said mistress Barbara, "now that you are among friends?"

Meanwhile, Antonio had gone down into the street. "An excellent horse, master Felice, so that not even the king could desire a better. And I should like to ask you how much grain you are accustomed to give him daily."

The two men went away together into the barn of master Santorelli, where Mureddu was tied by the halter. He whinnied as the roan came near, and Riuzzu answered him.

"Now that we are here, master Antonio, I wish you to render an account of what you have done. You have robbed me of my bride."

"I swear to you that she came with me willingly; that I have respected her like the Madonna del Carmine. And I shall marry her as soon as the priest will give us the blessing."

"I did not know whether I ought to give you a challenge," said Felice.

"Do as you will. If you have anything to say to me, I 'm here."

"If it has been the will of mistress Marina" —

"Her will and mine. I wanted Marina, and you left her alone. It was my occasion."

"I have done my duty to master Turi and to my friend Lorenzo, and Marina understood it. You have robbed me of her."

"Now it appears that the challenge can come from me, if you say these things."

At that moment Marina entered the stable with Barbara. The two men eyed each other, red and surly. Felice turned to Marina.

"Is it true, Marina, that you came here of your own will, and that Antonio Morreale has acted in all respects like an honest man?"

"It is true."

"I came here not knowing what I should do. Now, so much faith I have in your word and his that, if you will, I shall set you in the saddle of Riuzzu and take you back to your mother's house, in order to marry you in presence of the people. Then, whoever has anything to say, let him say it to me."

"You are very generous, Felice, and I thank you. I merit it, and I do not merit it," answered Marina.

"Choose freely between Antonio and me."

Antonio, with his arms crossed on his breast, had not moved nor lifted his frowning gaze from the ground. Marina approached him, and thrust her hand under his arm.

"I stay with Antonio."

"If it is so, mistress Marina, I have only to say good-day to you."

Felice went to mount his horse. Barbara Santorelli followed him.

"Do not be angry with my mother and me for the visit that we made to mistress Agata. Antonio wished it; and I don't know why, but in our family Antonio always commands. If I have done you a wrong, master Felice, I beg you to forgive it."

"No wrong have you done me, mistress Barbara. If Marina does not care for me, better to know it now than later." He sprang into the saddle, and rode away toward Castrogiovanni.

In the town they made no end of talk about the affair. The mammas said it was a real scandal, and that a bride who ran away with her man could never hope for the benediction of Heaven. And it must be indeed a grief for poor comare Agata, who, however, ought to have looked better after her daughter. For pigs and children go as they are taught, says the proverb.

Antonio and Marina were married at the house of the Santorelli, and aunt Lucia acted as mother to the bride. Nobody at Castrogiovanni knew even the day of the wedding until afterward, when master Menico Santorelli, who had not too many fine feelings, came with a

cart drawn by two mules to take what outfit mistress Agata might wish to let her daughter have.

"And of Marina's stuff I don't want any in the house," said the mother.

So master Menico loaded everything in the cart, and returned to Calascibetta, where the married pair were waiting for the goods in order to depart for Aidone. Marina wept to see all those things which lacked the mother's blessing, but her husband said: —

"Perhaps one day the mamma will forgive us. And meanwhile you have your Antonio, who loves you more than even mothers know how to love."

So, among Antonio's kisses, Marina lost the grace of penitence.

The grain, blond and ripe, waited in the fields for Antonio and his men to mow it, and bent itself as if to say, "Come, cut off my head." So that as soon as Antonio returned to the farm he had at once to think about the harvest.

While he was at Calascibetta, delaying until he could marry Marina Borello, the foul fog called the "wolf," which blows from the distant sea, had touched the olives then forming upon the trees; so that it was to be suspected that they were ruined. But of olive-trees one cannot with certainty judge before September. And since now was the time of the grain, master Antonio, after swearing and stamping his feet a little for cause of the accursed "wolf," gave orders to begin the mowing. But he was very sorry about the olives, for he had counted on them to balance the expenses, more than usual, of the horse that he had bought at the fair, of the gold ornaments given to his bride, and of household goods.

"If the olives go to the bad, how shall I do in order to pay don Cosimo Mascarelli?" he said. Since for what he had bought he had paid in cash, little remained in his pocket.

But the grain called him to work, as it saluted him when the wind passed over the fields. The men of the neighborhood came to the mowing. Some women helped Marina with the macaroni, which would be carried out to the field in kneading-trays, at which seven men could eat it together by handfuls. The women made compliments to the bride, and vied in sparing labor to her beautiful little hands. Out in the fields, under the fiery lash of the June sun, the men bent to the scythe, in companies of seven in a line. The leaders incited the others with songs and shouts: "Praise to the Holy Sacrament! Viva Maria del Carmine!"

They talked of the grain, how fine it was after so many perils. In April a drought had cracked the soil, although the women had fixed pictures of the saints upon canes at the limits of the fields. Then the people went in procession, singing litanies, barefoot, beating their breasts, to the sound of the trumpet and drum, and carrying about the statues of the saints. "Mercy!" "Pity!" they lamented, until they felt themselves comforted, and began to shout, "Viva beautiful Mamma!" Then came rain, with wind and thunder, as if San Marco, "the farmer of the air," had lost his judgment. "But with measure, San Marco," they said; and they left his image out in a field all night, while the other saints were sheltered inside the church, in order to let him try such weather for himself. And the next morning the sun shone so that it was a consolation to see. The grain rose up tall and unharmed. They forgave San Marco, and put him back in his place with the other holy images.

"That time we made the saint hear reason," they said, as during the harvest they recalled the past troubles.

Master Antonio, on Mureddu, rode up and down the fields to oversee the men. "Bravi! That 's well!" he encouraged them; for he was a farmer who knew that, even with donkeys, the voice is worth more than the stick. And

the leaders repeated, "Courage, boys! Viva Maria!" as the wheat fell before them.

Twenty-four times in the day, as is the rule, the casks of wine were carried around. The men gave long kisses to the bung-hole, and praised in pious verses the Sacrament and the Madonna del Carmine. For the grain harvest is a holy festival, and foolish songs are not sung. Because he had brought a bride into his house, master Antonio ordered that the men should have plenty of cheese on the macaroni, and split herrings, moreover. So they said that they had eaten well. And those who carried out the kneading-trays from the kitchen reported that mistress Marina was beautiful as an eye of the sun, and appeared like the daughter of a baron with all her fingers covered with solid gold rings. Also, to cheer the mowers, Antonio called two players with the bagpipe and the drum into the field; and they never ceased to make music, as the grasshoppers never ceased to sing and to leap.

Then came the day when the grain was taken from the stack and spread on the threshing-floor. Some of the men tossed it with pitchforks, to scatter it. Others guided the mules, harnessed in pairs, dragging after them a heavy stone. The animals trotted here and there over the sheaves, this way and that, to the centre, and then to the edge, of the threshing-floor; while the chaff rose in clouds, so that the sun looked dim, although it scorched.

"Oh, mule!" "Oh, my white one!" "Oh, the little black!" "Run with the wind!" "Wake up, my life!" "Go on!" "A lively eye!" "Oh, mule!" shouted the drivers, cracking the whips in cadence.

But Antonio would not have the lash touch any beast, for he had Mureddu there, harnessed with a chestnut mare that he owned before. "And what does n't do for Mureddu also does n't do for other animals," said master Antonio. "So much so that, whoever gives the lash to a beast, I 'll make him feel it around his own legs."

After a few times that he maintained his word, they lashed only the air. An hour passed; the song was changed: "Here 's good news for you, mules! You go to rest. I stay to toil." They led away the beasts to let them breathe, while the men turned over the straw, that all should be threshed. The mules came back unwillingly, with rough coats, moist and dusty. But the drivers put courage into them, crying: "Oh, mule!" "Oh, the bay!" "Oh, my sorrel!" "Look alive!" "Oh, mule!"

The animals trotted over the sheaves with new force. So before the wind went down with the sun — for San Marco had sent them a good breeze to carry away the chaff — the grain was well threshed. "Cheer up, mules, for the straw is done!" The mowers blessed all the saints for whose names they could find rhymes in their songs. They washed the skin of the mules, where there were any bruises, with vinegar and water, and led them into the stalls. At last, dead tired, the men threw themselves on the ground, stretching their legs and arms, to await the supper which would refresh them, and put them into the vein of singing and telling tales and riddles.

Marina, now that she stood at the window, and saw the moon which flooded the wide country, thought of Castrogiovanni. There so many times she had gone with the mother and Rosaria to the church of the Madonna del Carmine, among a joyous crowd. There the air was odorous with incense, and the choir sang as the men brought, with full hands, the finest of the wheat in order to make an offering of it to the Madonna, the Queen of Castrogiovanni. Who knew whether in that town Marina's name was any longer spoken, — the woman who had deceived her mo-

ther and her betrothed, and let herself be carried off by the dark stranger from Aidone? She felt the need to see her mother, to ask for pardon and blessing. The moon that watched her saw also the tavern at Castrogiovanni, with the fig-tree by the door, and the mamma and the little sister seated on the threshold. Perhaps compare Felice was passing that way; and perhaps, hearing the slow jar of the wheels and the step of the horse, the mamma and Rosaria would turn aside their faces and reënter the house, not to see the poor fellow who had been so cruelly disappointed. But then, how dear was Antonio! Marina wept softly, giving herself up to the melancholy of the night and of the silent fields. Then she heard Antonio's jovial voice that called her. Now that he had finished his day's work he wanted to take Marina on his knees and caress her, calling her so many little names. And her sadness passed as it came.

At Castrogiovanni, meanwhile, peace was made between the families of the Mendola and the Borello, and thus it happened: One Sunday, the roan, who was nibbling grass in the dooryard of daddy Calogero's house, had all at once the idea that it was a long time since he had eaten a crust of bread from the hands of Rosaria. So he slipped away, trotting gayly until he reached the door of the tavern, where he gave a gentle whinny.

"There 's Felice coming," said Rosaria, and then remembered that Felice no longer came there. But she went to the door, welcomed the horse, and let him eat from her hand. She caressed him as she was used to do, while his long mane fell over her head. In a little while Felice passed on the other side of the piazza. Rosaria called him:

"Compare Felice! Ohè, compare Felice!"

He turned his face to look at her.

"Riuzzu is here with me. Come to take him."

In short, what is gained by keeping anger against a good little girl like that one? Felice crossed the street, and Rosaria came to meet him, with the horse following her. Comare Agata showed herself at the window, and somewhat timidly wished Felice a good-day. He answered her with kindness. In the evening he returned to the tavern, this time accompanied by his mother, who came with the pretext of asking advice about a hen that absolutely would not sit. Of Marina they did not speak. But so, by means of the horse that missed his lump of bread, things went smoothly between the two families.

Also little Rosaria had suffered her part, with that mortification of Marina's misconduct and the grief of her mamma. The girl was become all at once quite womanly, with great serious eyes that seldom laughed. She had taken the ways of a little housewife, now that she must help her mamma in place of Marina. Don Carmelo Fantozzi, the brigadier, perceived this, and he began to offer compliments to Rosaria instead of the sugarplums which he was accustomed to bring her. But she did not heed him more than so much. The lads now cared to ask Rosaria to dance in the piazza; and the girls said that to them she did not appear anything of a beauty. They even asked don Carmelo however it was that she could please him, a poor little thing like a grasshopper, who could n't put two words together. To which the brigadier, with so much metal galloon and the fine mustache that he wore, answered, "To me, Rosaria Borello is more pleasing than all the other girls." And the colloquies ended just there.

Meanwhile, the roan came when he could to get a lump of bread from Rosaria's hand. So that Felice said, "I shall have to give him the name of Brother Riuzzu of the Quest."

There was much to do on the Caltanisetta road; and the flame-red cart, pictured with the deeds of Cristoforo

Colombo, went and came with many loads. "This trade is better than herding in the meadows," said Felice, as he saw the savings increase in the little bag which he kept under his holiday clothes, at the bottom of the poplar-wood chest.

If it had not been for that grief about Marina, of whom they rarely spoke, the two families would have been truly content.

VI.

Now, true it is that the Lord does not pay on Saturdays; and those who have done evil give themselves a false peace because a judgment of the air is not fallen upon them. So, in the long, hot days of the summer, in the house amid the fields of sunburnt stubble, Marina laughed and sang. She drove away every thought of Felice whom she had betrayed, of the mamma and the little sister she had made ashamed, and of the house where she was born. Antonio's kisses made her believe that all her troubles were passed like a storm, and the clouds dispersed in the skies.

The summer being ended, there returned to Antonio the thought of the olives, which now would show whether they had been ruined by the fog that in June came from the sea to eat them up. He went to the olive grove. There stood the old trees as his father and grandfather had seen them, — those good souls who also had been tenants of don Cosimo Mascarelli, and of the old don Cosimo before him. On the twisted boughs the foliage resembled a thick smoke. The crooked roots grasped the earth and drew from it their sustenance, as don Cosimo took the earnings of him who rented the grove. Antonio stared up among the branches and saw how they lacked fruit.

"You that show empty hands to my need, I 'd like to lay the axe to you!" he told those olive-trees.

Now came don Cosimo Mascarelli along the road, riding a large white horse. He dismounted, tied the animal to a bush, and entered the olive grove.

"Here is the proprietor, who comes to have a reckoning with me," said Antonio to himself; and then aloud, "Good-day, don Cosimo."

"Good-day, master Morreale." Then he, too, set himself to looking up among the branches, with his big nose in the air and his bristling chin thrust forward. "This year there are no olives, it appears to me."

"It is only too true, your excellency. This year, neither for the lamp nor for the table. It has been for cause of the 'wolf,' we know. Ugly beast, it comes from the sea. May the sea eat it! But, in short, these are things that happen, and we must have patience."

For he did not wish to inflame the mind of don Cosimo, not even against that foul-smelling fog; because, if angry, the proprietor might be hard on him with the rent, since certainly vengeance could not be taken on the "wolf;" and as says the proverb, he who cannot beat the beast beats the saddle. But it was in order to get his money that don Cosimo was come to the farm.

"Now that we are here, master Morreale, I have to speak with you about the rent. This month it falls due, as you know, who saw your father, of happy memory, count the money into my hands every September."

"Your worship knows that this year I have had expenses more than usual."

"Also I have had extraordinary expenses, I have had them, with my son who has set up a shop at Catania, and has bought the goods with my money. Children, you see, are like this: first you fill their beaks, and afterwards they pluck out your feathers. I don't say that my son does worse than the others. But so it is, master Morreale; you have to pay me the rent of these lands."

"If you give me time, don Cosimo."

"And to me who gives time? All

those people down there at Catania want to be paid. And they write me certain letters, also, by hand of the lawyers. I have told my wife in plain words, 'Anniria, it would have been better that you had borne a girl instead of a son, because the dowry is once, but the expenses of this fellow never end.' That 's what I told her. In fact, master Antonio, I need the money of the rent."

"A little patience yet, don Cosimo."

"And with patience can I hatch money? What do you count upon? After the olives there is no crop to be gathered."

"I know it. True as I live, don Cosimo, I had counted on these olives that have failed. And so I have nothing. I am a poor man, and you are rich, your excellency."

"Rich, think you! Also I am poor, I tell you. I have to pay taxes to the government on property both stable and movable. So that if I don't end in the poorhouse, it will be by favor of my saint. He who may call himself poor is the landowner; and those who take his land on rent rob him, laying the blame to the bad year. I must pay money enough to build a church, there at Catania. And if I don't collect what is due me, how shall I be able to pay? I 'm like the river, which without the rills can't turn the mills."

"And I have empty pockets, your worship."

"'T is your fault that you would buy a horse and golden things in order to make a show before the eyes of a girl. I have heard of the ugly trick that you played on mistress Agata Borello of Castrogiovanni, a respected woman; and how you betrayed the horse-herder of master Turi Lucernini. These are things which are talked about."

"Here you don't come into the matter, don Cosimo."

"Yes, I come into it, when you have robbed me of money in order to court a girl who was already promised, to say nothing of that handsome black horse, such as I don't have under me when I am in the saddle."

Antonio chewed a blade of grass in order not to utter blunders. Then he said, "Mureddu earns his grain."

"Of the horse I 'm not talking, but rather of the woman" —

"And of my woman, only I speak."

"The bride you stole from one man; and to maintain her you steal from another, who am I! Look out for yourself, for she will betray you, as for your sake she betrayed the horse-herder, — that woman!"

What flesh is cut and does not ache? says the proverb. To hear such things said of Marina, Antonio's blood boiled in the veins. If he spoke, he should say something very injurious. "Tobacco in the mouth!" he warned himself.

"When she shall have dishonored you, remember that I have told you so," said don Cosimo, presuming on that silence of Antonio.

Now everything was red before Antonio's eyes, and he roared like a bull of Modica: "Take heed what you say, don Cosimo of my boots! Artillery, razors, and nails be in your heart! Since you would n't take a challenge from me who am only a peasant, I don't know what holds me from cutting your throat like a sheep's. I let you know that to speak again of my woman you will have said your last word."

He took out his clasp knife and laid it across his palm. The blade gleamed like lightning under the red sun of the late dogdays. Also don Cosimo Mascarelli had quite lost his judgment. He shook his fingers in the face of Antonio and cried, "An evil woman, as is fit for you, brigand! Now I will have the money of the rent, or I 'll send the carabineers to take you, and the sheriff to make the sale of your goods."

Antonio did not listen; only he made a pass with the knife as he howled, "At you!"

Don Cosimo turned about with his

hands groping in the air; then fell to the earth, face downward. So he lay, while the dark blood gradually made a pool among the distorted roots of an olive-tree.

"You would have it so," said Antonio to that body which moved no longer. "You wished to take away my bread and the good fame of my woman, and honor has willed that I should take your life."

Then he cleaned the knife, thrusting it into the earth, and replaced it in the pocket of his trousers before leaving the olive grove. Near the road, as he went, some men were digging around the roots of the prickly pears of a hedge; but he did not notice them. Passing by the horse of don Cosimo, he struck the animal lightly with his hand. "To you the master will not come any more!"

The horse — who knows why? — snorted and plunged so that he broke the bridle, and then went off at full gallop toward the olive grove, where he had seen the master enter. Antonio was seized with a shudder that a horse should appear to feel horror of him. The men passed him, running after the animal that was frightened as if witch-ridden. When they caught the horse, they saw don Cosimo Mascarelli dead under the olive-tree.

Meanwhile, Antonio walked as if in a dream. The sense came to him of what he had done, and it seemed to him as if he already had the carabineers at his heels.

"Now farewell, my Marina, for I 'm going to the galleys, and afterward to the hot house forever."

Then, as if to hide from men and from devils, he thrust himself among the brambles of a thicket. He crouched there, pressing his head between his palms that it might not burst before he should have thought over his case. On the road he heard galloping hoofs.

"Now they 're going for the carabineers, and to tell donn' Anniria that her man is murdered," he said within himself. And he began to recall fragments of the holy verses and prayers that his mother had taught him when a little child; and these mixed in his head with the insults spoken to him by don Cosimo.

"I did right, and my saint knows it," he thought. "A fellow of honor is he who can make justice for himself as I did."

The hours passed. From the town of Aidone — somewhat distant from the farm of Antonio — the bells rang for Ave Maria. Marina stood at the door of the house, waiting for her husband. The sun set as if in a lake of fire, promising another hot day. The wind of the sirocco — which brings anger and disturbance into the mind — now was quiet. Oh, why did Antonio delay so? Always before Ave Maria he came singing along the road, joyous at the thought of seeing his wife again, and with an appetite for the dish that she would set hot upon the table. The shadows deepened. Marina was frightened, without being able to give herself a reason for it.

"Little souls of the beheaded," she prayed, "bring my man home, all mine, safe and sound!"

And she listened, with the blood ringing in her ears, for some sound from which to have a sign, for good or for ill fortune. But everything was silent. Then she ran out into the road and called a neighbor: "Oh, Lucia!"

From within a house the woman answered, "Comare Marina, just now I cannot come, for I 'm unswaddling my baby."

She gave the voice to another: "Oh, Filomena!"

But the door of comare Filomena's house was shut; and she, inside with her family, was like a deaf woman.

"I know that my man has had a fight, and has got the worst of it," sobbed Marina. "He will come home no more." And she went into the house. "Now this door and this hearth

are of a widow's house," she said. She veiled the fire with ashes, and threw herself, face downward, on the bed. "He will come home no more, my Antonio!"

But it was not to be so. She knew Antonio's step as the door was flung open. She threw herself upon his neck, kissing him, passing her hands over his arms as if to certify to herself that it was not a spirit. Without her saying it, Antonio knew what she had suffered.

"Better for her," he thought, "if I lay under that olive-tree. For so, she could have mourned for one who would have been buried like a Christian; but as it is, woes are beginning that will never end."

Marina, meanwhile, had lighted the lamp and revived the fire, on which she set the pan of minestra. Now she dished the macaroni, and stood by the table.

"Come to eat, 'Ntoni, for you have worked late, and must have a great appetite."

He looked at her, and then fixedly at the floor. "First I have to wash my hands."

He washed them, and threw the basinful of water out of the door. Then he seated himself at table. But although he took a spoon in his hand he did not eat a mouthful.

"What 's the matter with you this evening, 'Ntoni?" said Marina, laughing. "If the macaroni is a trifle smoked, cut yourself a slice of bread."

She pushed the loaf and the knife toward him. At sight of the blade gleaming in the lamplight, and the bread, a good gift of the Lord, which in that moment appeared to Antonio like Christian flesh, he rose from the table, and stood with folded arms near the door.

"I have blood on my hands, Marina, and there 's no water that can avail to wash them of it. I have killed don Cosimo Mascarelli down there in the olive grove, and I shall go to end in the galleys."

"What are you saying?" She stood away from him, with the table between them.

"I say that I have killed don Cosimo. But you, my Marina, have not to fear me. I don't say it to exculpate myself, but what I have done has been to defend your fame. He dared to throw it in my face that we played an ugly trick on Felice Mendola, and that — in short, he said certain injuries."

"I understand: he spoke ill of me. And you have done it for my sake!" Marina ran to her husband and clasped him, kissing him between her sobs.

"You must love me no longer, Marina. You are good, you are beautiful, you are not in fault. But I am damned, and because it is for your sake I neither lament nor repent. You would have done better to stay in your mother's house, and then pass to that of Felice, who would have been a good man to you, and would not have caused you shame. Now, Marina, I give you a kiss as if I were at the point of death, for I am going out to meet the carabineers. And when I shall be in the galleys you must think no more of me. You will be left the widow of a living man."

"And where you go, I go with you!"

"You cannot."

"Listen, Antonio. Let us take Mureddu and the light cart, and go far, far away."

"You would come with me, did you say?"

She pressed her thumb and forefinger together and thrust them into the flame of the lamp, as is done in order to take an oath upon fire.

"By this holy light of the Lord, I will follow you wherever you go," said Marina, and did not even feel her fingers burnt.

"If it is so, I will not let myself be taken by the guards. You have thought well, Marina. Put together a few

things, the most necessary. Meanwhile, I will harness Mureddu to the cart, and we will go away together, as in that day when you trusted yourself to me and we went to cousin Barbara's house."

Soon after, Antonio came in from the stable. "Are you ready? I have thought that, with the trade which I learned at Girgenti, they will give me work in the sulphur mines near Caltanisetta. There no one is acquainted with me. Down in those galleries I shall be like a wolf that knows the woods; and they will hunt me in vain, they will hunt me!"

Marina listened, hanging on the lips that spoke so boldly. Then were heard on the road voices, mournful and angry, and the tramp of feet. Antonio looked through a crack of the shutters. "They are carrying don Cosimo to his house."

In fact, the carabineers were marching by the light of lanterns that gleamed on their muskets and on the metal braid of their uniforms. With them came some peasants, one of whom led the white horse. The corpse of don Cosimo hung like a bag across the back of the animal.

"They are coming to take you! They have to kill me first, and then break my arms that clasp you!" said Marina.

"Don't be frightened, my girl. Even a man who should have seen me raise the knife would not say a word about it. They 're fellows of honor; so much so that even before justice they will look at the floor and say the least possible. They are little men of the Lord, and will not sing unless they shall be forced to it."

The procession of death now reached the turn of the road. The lanterns cast a glare on the white haunches of the horse. Then they passed out of sight, like black shadows in the dusk.

"Who knows what sort of grief that poor beast must feel, now that he carries the master dead?" said Antonio.

When the road was lonely, in that moonless evening, they set forth toward Caltanisetta. "To-morrow they will find the house empty, and suspicions will arise, but we shall be far away," said Antonio. "But what would my father have said if he had known that his son was one day to leave the roof in this way, in order not to end in the galleys?"

At the sound of the cart on the dry road the dogs barked from the farm-houses. Few lights were seen in the windows. The air was heavy and heated, and the stars of the Hen and Chickens looked dim through the vapors. As the cart passed the house of don Cosimo Mascarelli, lights were moving within; the door was open, and people entered and came out. The sharp cries of donn' Anniria were heard among the lamentations of the women who chanted, as in a litany, the praises of the pillar of the house that was fallen, invoking maledictions and an ill death upon the murderer. Those threatening voices, it appeared to Antonio, followed the cart along the road. Marina did not cease to pass the rosary between her fingers, stammering so many Ave Marias.

"You can get the sense of it, Madonna blessed. As for me who am in this confusion, I don't know any longer what I am saying."

They journeyed for hours along the road, dark and silent, odorous with herbs under the dew. The next day they arrived at a rough waste between Pietraperzia and Caltanisetta, where is the mine called the Casa di Cifaru. The sciara, black and ugly, spread around the mouth of the pit, from which came a stench of sulphur, — so much so that, not amiss, it had gotten the name of Lucifer's house. The workers were passing in companies: the picconieri with strong, bent shoulders, and the carusi, puny boys, crooked and hectic, who appeared to have no age, so ruined they were with that toil worse than the pains of purgatory. At one side, beyond the storehouse, a path led to a stall that could give shelter to a few beasts.

"Good-day," said Antonio to one of the miners.

"Good-day," was replied to him.

"Could you tell me whether a picconiere is wanted here?"

"I don't know anything about it. Go to that stall and ask for master Vito Dauria, the gabelloto; he may have need of a good man. Do you know the trade?"

"I know it."

"You have good arms to give blows."

"Not amiss. I salute you."

Antonio drove the cart toward the stable of master Dauria. The contractor was there, looking at an empty stall as though he would like to see a beast in it. By fortune he wanted a miner, but one who would n't spare labor; and to see Antonio, robust and handsome, it seemed to him that he had found his affair.

"And if you have the intention to sell your horse, I would take him, for mine has lately died, poor beast. Now that you will be down there at work you will have no more need of the horse and the cart."

So also that bargain was made, and Antonio took, on rent, a rickety hut beyond the sciara, on the road to the town.

"To this I've brought you, my poor Marina! You had done better to marry master Felice, and stay up there among the beautiful cornfields of the Queen of Castrogiovanni, for here it is like the kingdom of hell."

"But near you I stay in paradise," Marina answered him, for she had not yet proved what sort of a life one leads there at the sulphur mines, and she still felt in her blood the stir of all that had happened since Antonio had told her that he had killed don Cosimo.

In the hut, black and close, was found place for the few things which they had brought from the farmhouse at Aidone. On the smoked and dirty walls Marina hung the pictures of the saints, and over the head of the bed the branch of olive, now dry and rattling, that had been blessed on Palm Sunday. The few kettles and pans, the shell of a pumpkin that held the knives and forks, the crockery, did not appear the same which had been in the farmhouse, where the sun and the air entered. Before Ave Maria, the miners began to pass, like a human river, along the road that crosses the waste, toward the town of Caltanisetta. Their heavy tread and their voices made a dull noise that put Marina in fear. She would never dare to go out of the house without Antonio, among these ugly people, dirty and sinister; some with faces of excommunicated men, who might be runaways from the galleys. For, Antonio had told her, in the mines no books are kept to register the names. There, underground, in the darkness, the lowest of malefactors might hide themselves, as indeed would hide Antonio Morreale, whose name must at that hour be in the mouth of every carabineer of the province. Nor were witnesses lacking against him; for although no one, man, woman, or child, who knew what honor was, would speak to his harm, even the walls of his deserted house declared him guilty. Already justice would have set the dogs on his track. Already the news of his misdeed would have been carried to Marina's mother, to give her a new sorrow.

Of these things little was spoken between Antonio and Marina, and this silence was like a disaffection between the two. Better take out a thorn, even with the point of a knife, than carry it in the flesh. And so it is with a forbidden subject between husband and wife. All that great love which they bore to each other suffered from the blow given to don Cosimo Mascarelli; for, as says the proverb, a drop of blood troubles the sea.

Elisabeth Cavazza.

ALONG THE HILLSBOROUGH.

WHEREVER a walker lives, he finds sooner or later one favorite road. So it was with me at New Smyrna, where I lived for three weeks. I had gone there for the sake of the river, and my first impulse was to take the road that runs southerly along its bank. At the time I thought it the most beautiful road I had found in Florida, nor have I seen any great cause since to alter that opinion. With many pleasant windings (beautiful roads are never straight, nor unnecessarily wide, which is perhaps the reason why our rural authorities devote themselves so madly to the work of straightening and widening), — with many pleasant windings, I say,

"The grace of God made manifest in curves,"

it follows the edge of the hammock, having the river on one side, and the forest on the other. It was afternoon when I first saw it. Then it is shaded from the sun, while the river and its opposite bank have on them a light more beautiful than can be described or imagined; a light — with reverence for the poet of nature be it spoken — a light that never was *except* on sea or land. The poet's dream was never equal to it.

In a flat country stretches of water are doubly welcome. They take the place of hills, and give the eye what it craves, — distance; which softens angles, conceals details, and heightens colors, — in short, makes a picture. So, as I loitered along the south road, I never tired of looking across the river to the long wooded island, and over that to the line of sand-hills that marked the eastern rim of the East Peninsula, beyond which was the Atlantic. The white crests of the hills made the sharper points of the horizon line. Elsewhere clumps of nearer pine-trees intervened, while here and there a tall palmetto stood, or seemed to stand, on the highest and farthest ridge looking seaward. But particulars mattered little. The blue water, the pale, changeable grayish-green of the low island woods, the deeper green of the pines, the unnamable hues of the sky, the sunshine that flooded it all, — these were beauty enough; beauty all the more keenly enjoyed because for much of the way it was seen only by glimpses, through vistas of palmetto and live-oak. Sometimes the road came quite out of the woods, as it rounded a turn of the hammock. Then I stopped to gaze long at the scene. Elsewhere I pushed through the hedge at favorable points, and sat, or stood, looking up and down the river. A favorite seat was the prow of an old rowboat, which lay, falling to pieces, high and dry upon the sand. It had made its last cruise, but I found it still useful.

The river is shallow. At low tide sand-bars and oyster-beds occupy much of its breadth; and even when it looked full, a great blue heron would very likely be wading in the middle of it. That was a sight to which I had grown accustomed in Florida, where this bird, familiarly known as "the major," is apparently ubiquitous. Too big to be easily hidden, it is also, as a general thing, too wary to be approached within gunshot. I am not sure that I ever came within sight of one, no matter how suddenly or how far away, that it did not give evidence of having seen me first. Long legs, long wings, a long bill — and long sight and long patience: such is the tall bird's dowry. Good and useful qualities, all of them. Long may they avail to put off the day of their owner's extermination.

The major is scarcely a bird of which you can make a pet in your mind, as you may of the chickadee, for instance, or the bluebird, or the hermit thrush.

He does not lend himself naturally to such imaginary endearments. But it is pleasant to have him on one's daily beat. I should count it one compensation for having to live in Florida instead of in Massachusetts (but I might require a good many others) that I should see him a hundred times as often. In walking down the river road I seldom saw less than half a dozen; not together (the major, like fishermen in general, is of an unsocial turn), but here one and there one, — on a sand-bar far out in the river, or in some shallow bay, or on the submerged edge of an oyster-flat. Wherever he was, he always looked as if he might be going to do something presently; even now, perhaps, the matter was on his mind; but at this moment — well, there are times when a heron's strength is to stand still. Certainly he seemed in no danger of overeating. A cracker told me that the major made an excellent dish if killed on the full of the moon. I wondered at that qualification, but my informant explained himself. The bird, he said, feeds mostly at night, and fares best with the moon to help him. If the reader would dine off roast blue heron, therefore, as I hope I never shall, let him mind the lunar phases. But think of the gastronomic ups and downs of a bird that is fat and lean by turns twelve times a year! Possibly my informant overstated the case; but in any event I would trust the major to bear himself like a philosopher. If there is any one of God's creatures that can wait for what he wants, it must be the great blue heron.

I have spoken of his caution. If he was patrolling a shallow on one side of an oyster-bar, — at the rate, let us say, of two steps a minute, — and took it into his head (an inappropriate phrase, as conveying an idea of something like suddenness) to try the water on the other side, he did not spread his wings, as a matter of course, and fly over. First he put up his head — an operation that makes another bird of him — and looked in all directions. How could he tell what enemy might be lying in wait? And having alighted on the other side (his manner of alighting is one of his prettiest characteristics), he did not at once draw in his neck till his bill protruded on a level with his body, and resume his labors, but first he looked once more all about him. It was a good *habit* to do that, anyhow, and he meant to run no risks. If "the race of birds was created out of innocent, light-minded men, whose thoughts were directed toward heaven," according to the word of Plato, then *Ardea herodias* must long ago have fallen from grace. I imagine his state of mind to be always like that of our pilgrim fathers in times of Indian massacres. When they went after the cows or to hoe the corn, they took their guns with them, and turned no corner without a sharp lookout against ambush. No doubt such a condition of affairs has this advantage, that it makes ennui impossible. There is always something to live for, if it be only to avoid getting killed.

After this manner did the Hillsborough River majors all behave themselves until my very last walk beside it. Then I found the exception, — the exception which is as good as inevitable in the case of any bird, if the observation be carried far enough. He (or she; there was no telling which it was) stood on the sandy beach, a splendid creature in full nuptial garb, two black plumes nodding jauntily from its crown, and masses of soft elongated feathers draping its back and lower neck. Nearer and nearer I approached, till I must have been within a hundred feet; but it stood as if on dress parade, exulting to be looked at. Let us hope it never carried itself thus gayly when the wrong man came along.

Near the major — not keeping him company, but feeding in the same shallows and along the same oyster-bars —

were constantly to be seen two smaller relatives of his, the little blue heron and the Louisiana. The former is what is called a dichromatic species; some of the birds are blue, and others white. On the Hillsborough, it seemed to me that white specimens predominated; but possibly that was because they were so much more conspicuous. Sunlight favors the white feather; no other color shows so quickly or so far. If you are on the beach and catch sight of a bird far out at sea, — a gull or a tern, a gannet or a loon, — it is invariably the white parts that are seen first. And so the little white heron might stand never so closely against the grass or the bushes on the further shore of the river, and the eye could not miss him. If he had been a blue one, at that distance, ten to one he would have escaped me. Besides, I was more on the alert for white ones, because I was always hoping to find one of them with black legs. In other words, I was looking for the little white egret, a bird concerning which, thanks to the murderous work of plume-hunters, — thanks, also, to those good women who pay for having the work done, — I must confess that I went to Florida and came home again without certainly seeing it.

The heron with which I found myself especially taken was the Louisiana; a bird of about the same size as the little blue, but with an air of daintiness and lightness that is quite its own, and quite indescribable. When it rose upon the wing, indeed, it seemed almost *too* light, almost unsteady, as if it lacked ballast, like a butterfly. It was the most numerous bird of its tribe along the river, I think, and, with one exception, the most approachable. That exception was the green heron, which frequented the flats along the village front, and might well have been mistaken for a domesticated bird; letting you walk across a plank directly over its head while it squatted upon the mud, and when disturbed flying into a fig-tree before the hotel piazza, just as the dear little ground doves were in the habit of doing. To me, who had hitherto seen the green heron in the wildest of places, this tameness was an astonishing sight. It would be hard to say which surprised me more, the New Smyrna green herons or the St. Augustine sparrow-hawks, — which latter treated me very much as I am accustomed to being treated by village-bred robins in Massachusetts.

The Louisiana heron was my favorite, as I say, but incomparably the handsomest member of the family (I speak of such as I saw) was the great white egret. In truth, the epithet "handsome" seems almost a vulgarism as applied to a creature so superb, so utterly and transcendently splendid. I saw it — in a way to be sure of it — only once. Then, on an island in the Hillsborough, two birds stood in the dead tops of low shrubby trees, fully exposed in the most favorable of lights, their long dorsal trains drooping behind them and swaying gently in the wind. I had never seen anything so magnificent. And when I returned, two or three hours afterward, from a jaunt up the beach to Mosquito Inlet, there they still were, as if they had not stirred in all that time. The reader should understand that this egret is between four and five feet in length, and measures nearly five feet from wing tip to wing tip, and that its plumage throughout is of spotless white. It is pitiful to think how constantly a bird of that size and color must be in danger of its life.

Happily, the lawmakers of the State have done something of recent years for the protection of such defenseless beauties. Happily, too, shooting from the river boats is no longer permitted, — on the regular lines, that is. I myself saw a young gentleman stand on the deck of an excursion steamer, with a rifle, and do his worst to kill or maim every living thing that came in sight, from a

spotted sandpiper to a turkey buzzard! I call him a "gentleman;" he was in gentle company, and the fact that he chewed gum industriously would, I fear, hardly invalidate his claim to that title. The narrow river wound in and out between low, densely wooded banks, and the beauty of the shifting scene was enough almost to take one's breath away; but the crack of the rifle was not the less frequent on that account. Perhaps the sportsman was a Southerner, to whom river scenery of that enchanting kind was an old story. More likely he was a Northerner, one of the men who thank Heaven they are "not sentimental."

In my rambles up and down the river road I saw few water birds beside the herons. Two or three solitary cormorants would be shooting back and forth at a furious rate, or swimming in midstream; and sometimes a few spotted sandpipers and killdeer plovers were feeding along the shore. Once in a great while a single gull or tern made its appearance, — just often enough to keep me wondering why they were not there oftener, — and one day a water turkey went suddenly over my head and dropped into the river on the farther side of the island. I was glad to see this interesting creature for once in salt water; for the Hillsborough, like the Halifax and the Indian rivers, is a river in name only, — a river by brevet, — being, in fact, a salt-water lagoon or sound between the mainland and the eastern peninsula.

Fish-hawks were always in sight, and bald eagles were seldom absent altogether. Sometimes an eagle stood perched on a dead tree on the island. Oftener I heard a scream, and looked up to see one sailing far overhead, or chasing an osprey. On one such occasion, when the hawk seemed to be making a losing fight, a third bird suddenly intervened, and the eagle, as I thought, was driven away. "Good for the brotherhood of fish-hawks!" I exclaimed. But at that moment I put my glass on the new-comer; and behold, he was not a hawk, but another eagle. Meanwhile the hawk had disappeared with his fish, and I was left to ponder the mystery.

As for the wood, the edge of the hammock, through which the road passes, there were no birds in it. It was one of those places (I fancy every bird-gazer must have had experience of such) where it is a waste of time to seek them. I could walk down the road for two miles and back again, and then sit in my room at the hotel for fifteen minutes, and see more wood birds, and more kinds of them, in one small live-oak before the window than I had seen in the whole four miles; and that not once and by accident, but again and again. In affairs of this kind it is useless to contend. The spot looks favorable, you say, and nobody can deny it; there must be birds there, plenty of them; your missing them to-day was a matter of chance; you will try again. And you try again — and again — and yet again. But in the end you have to acknowledge that, for some reason unknown to you, the birds have agreed to give that place the go-by.

One bird, it is true, I found in this hammock, and not elsewhere: a single oven bird, which, with one Northern water thrush and one Louisiana water thrush, completed my set of Florida *Seiuri*. Besides him I recall one hermit thrush, a few cedar birds, a house wren, chattering at a great rate among the "bootjacks" (leaf-stalks) of an overturned palmetto-tree, with an occasional mocking-bird, cardinal grosbeak, prairie warbler, yellow redpoll, myrtle bird, ruby-crowned kinglet, phœbe, and flicker. In short, there were no birds at all, except now and then an accidental straggler of a kind that could be found almost anywhere else in indefinite numbers.

And as it was not the presence of

birds that made the river road attractive, so neither was it any unwonted display of blossoms. Beside a similar road along the bank of the Halifax, in Daytona, grew multitudes of violets, and goodly patches of purple verbena (garden plants gone wild, perhaps), and a fine profusion of spiderwort, — a pretty flower, the bluest of the blue, thrice welcome to me as having been one of the treasures of the very first garden of which I have any remembrance. "Indigo plant," we called it then. There, however, on the way from New Smyrna to Hawks Park, I recall no violets, nor any verbena or spiderwort. Yellow wood sorrel (oxalis) was there, of course, as it was everywhere. It dotted the grass in Florida very much as five-fingers do in Massachusetts, I sometimes thought. And the creeping, round-leaved houstonia was there, with a superfluity of a weedy blue sage (*Salvia lyrata*). There, also, as in Daytona, I found a strikingly handsome tufted plant, a highly varnished evergreen, which I persisted in taking for a fern — the sterile fronds — in spite of repeated failures to find it described by Dr. Chapman under that head, until at last an excellent woman came to my help with the information that it was "coontie," famous as a plant out of which the Southern people made bread in war time. This confession of botanical amateurishness and incompetency will be taken, I hope, as rather to my credit than otherwise; but it would be morally worthless if I did not add the story of another plant, which, in this New Smyrna hammock, I frequently noticed hanging in loose bunches, like blades of flaccid deep green grass, from the trunks of cabbage palmettos. The tufts were always out of reach, and I gave them no particular thought; and it was not until I got home to Massachusetts, and then almost by accident, that I learned what they were. They, it turned out, *were* ferns (*Vittaria*), and my discomfiture was complete.

This comparative dearth of birds and flowers was not in all respects a disadvantage. On the contrary, to a naturalist blessed now and then with a supernaturalistic mood, it made the place, on occasion, a welcome retreat. Thus, one afternoon, as I remember, I had been reading Keats, the only book I had brought with me, — not counting manuals, of course, which come under another head, — and by and by started once more for the pine lands by the way of the cotton-shed hammock, "to see what I could see." But poetry had spoiled me just then for anything like scientific research, and as I waded through the ankle-deep sand I said to myself all at once, "No, no! What do I care for another new bird? I want to see the beauty of the world." With that I faced about, and, taking a side track, made as directly as possible for the river road. There I should have a mind at ease, with no unfamiliar, tantalizing bird note to set my curiosity on edge, nor any sand through which to be picking my steps.

The river road is paved with oyster-shells. If any reader thinks that statement prosaic or unimportant, then he has never lived in southern Florida. In that part of the world all new-comers have to take walking-lessons; unless, indeed, they have already served an apprenticeship on Cape Cod, or in some other place equally arenarious. My lesson I got at second hand, and on a Sunday. It was at New Smyrna, in the village. Two women were behind me, on their way home from church, and one of them was complaining of the sand, to which she was not yet used. "Yes," said the other, "I found it pretty hard walking at first, but I learned after a while that the best way is to set the heel down hard, as hard as you can; then the sand does n't give under you so much, and you get along more comfortably." I wonder whether she noticed, just in front of her, a man who began

forthwith to bury his boot heel at every step?

In such a country (the soil is said to be good for orange-trees, but they do not have to walk) roads of powdered shell are veritable luxuries, and land agents are quite right in laying all stress upon them as inducements to possible settlers. If the author of the Apocalypse had been raised in Florida, we should never have had the streets of the New Jerusalem paved with gold. His idea of heaven would have been different from that; more personal and home-felt, we may be certain.

The river road, then, as I have said, and am glad to say again, was shell-paved. And well it might be; for the hammock, along the edge of which it meandered, seemed, in some places at least, to be little more than a pile of oyster-shells, on which soil had somehow been deposited, and over which a forest was growing. Florida Indians have left an evil memory. I heard a philanthropic visitor lamenting that she had talked with many of the people about them, and had yet to hear a single word said in their favor. Somebody might have been good enough to say that, with all their faults, they had given to eastern Florida a few hills, such as they are, and at present are supplying it, indirectly, with comfortable highways. How they must have feasted, to leave such heaps of shells behind them! They came to the coast on purpose, we may suppose. Well, the redmen are gone, but the oyster-beds remain; and if winter refugees continue to pour in this direction, as doubtless they will, they too will eat a "heap" of oysters (it is easy to see how the vulgar Southern use of that word may have originated), and in the course of time, probably, the shores of the Halifax and the Hillsborough will be a fine mountainous country! And then, if this ancient, nineteenth-century prediction is remembered, the highest peak of the range will perhaps be named in a way which the innate modesty of the prophet restrains him from specifying with greater particularity.

Meanwhile it is long to wait, and tourists and residents alike must find what comfort they can in the lesser hills which, thanks to the good appetite of their predecessors, are already theirs. For my own part, there is one such eminence of which I cherish the most grateful recollections. It stands (or stood; the road-makers had begun carting it away) at a bend in the road just south of one of the Turnbull canals. I climbed it often (it can hardly be less than fifteen or twenty feet above the level of the sea), and spent more than one pleasant hour upon its grassy summit. Northward was New Smyrna, a village in the woods, and farther away towered the lighthouse of Mosquito Inlet. Along the eastern sky stretched the long line of the peninsula sand-hills, between the white crests of which could be seen the rude cottages of Coronado beach. To the south and west was the forest, and in front, at my feet, lay the river with its woody islands. Many times have I climbed a mountain and felt myself abundantly repaid by an off-look less beautiful. This was the spot to which I turned when I had been reading Keats, and wanted to see the beauty of the world. Here were a grassy seat, the shadow of orange-trees, and a wide prospect. In Florida, I found no better place in which a man who wished to be both a naturalist and a nature-lover, who felt himself heir to a double inheritance,

> "The clear eye's moiety and the dear heart's part,"

could for the time sit still and be happy.

The orange-trees yielded other things beside shadow, though perhaps nothing better than that. They were resplendent with fruit, and on my earlier visits were also in bloom. One did not need to climb the hill to learn the fact. For an out-of-door sweetness it would be hard, I think,

to improve upon the scent of orange blossoms. As for the oranges themselves, they seemed to be in little demand, large and handsome as they were. Southern people in general, I fancy, look upon wild fruit of this kind as not exactly edible. I remember asking two colored men in Tallahassee whether the oranges still hanging conspicuously from a tree just over the wall (a sight not so very common in that part of the State) were sweet or sour. I have forgotten just what they said, but I remember how they *looked*. I meant the inquiry as a mild bit of humor, but to them it was a thousandfold better than that: it was wit ineffable. What Shakespeare said about the prosperity of a jest was never more strikingly exemplified. In New Smyrna, with orange groves on every hand, the wild fruit went begging with natives and tourists alike; so that I feel a little hesitancy about confessing my own relish for it, lest I should be accused of affectation. Not that I devoured wild oranges by the dozen, or in place of sweet ones, — one sour orange goes a good way, as the common saying is; but I ate them, nevertheless, or rather drank them, and found them, in a thirsty hour, decidedly refreshing.

The unusual coldness of the past season (Florida winters, from what I heard about them, must have fallen of late into a queer habit of being regularly exceptional) had made it difficult to buy sweet oranges that were not dry and "punky"[1] toward the stem; but the hardier wild fruit had weathered the frost, and was so juicy that, as I say, you did not so much eat one as drink it. As for the taste, it was a wholesome bitter-sour, as if a lemon had been flavored with quinine; not quite so sour as a lemon, perhaps, nor *quite* so bitter as Peruvian bark, but, as it were, an agreeable compromise between the two. When I drank one, I not only quenched my thirst, but felt that I had taken an infallible prophylactic against the malarial fever. Better still, I had surprised myself. For one who had felt a lifelong distaste, unsocial and almost unmanly, for the bitter drinks which humanity in general esteems so essential to its health and comfort, I was developing new and unexpected capabilities; than which few things can be more encouraging as years increase upon a man's head, and the world seems to be closing in about him.

Later in the season, on this same shell mound, I might have regaled myself with fresh figs. Here, at any rate, was a thrifty-looking fig-tree, though its crop, if it bore one, would perhaps not have waited my coming so patiently as the oranges had done. Here, too, was a red cedar; and to me, who, in my ignorance, had always thought of this tough little evergreen as especially at home on my own bleak and stony hillsides, it seemed an incongruous trio, — fig-tree, orange-tree, and savin. In truth, the cedars of Florida were one of my liveliest surprises. At first I refused to believe that they were red cedars, so strangely exuberant were they, so disdainful of the set, cone-shaped, Noah's-ark pattern on which I had been used to seeing red cedars built. And when at last a study of the Flora compelled me to admit their identity,[2] I turned about and protested that I had never seen red cedars before. One, in St. Augustine, near San Marco Avenue, I had the curiosity to measure. The girth of the trunk at the smallest

[1] I have heard this useful word all my life, and now am surprised to find it wanting in the dictionaries.

[2] I speak as if I had accepted my own study of the manual as conclusive. I did for the time being, but while writing this paragraph I bethought myself that I might be in error, after all. I referred the question, therefore, to a friend, a botanist of authority. "No wonder the red cedars of Florida puzzled you," he replied. "No one would suppose at first that they were of the same species as our New England savins. The habit is entirely different; but botanists have found no characters by which to separate them, and you are safe in considering them as *Juniperus Virginiana*."

place was six feet five inches, and the spread of the branches was not less than fifty feet.

The stroller in this road suffered few distractions. The houses, two or three to the mile, stood well back in the woods, with little or no cleared land about them. Picnic establishments they seemed to a Northern eye, rather than permanent dwellings. At one point in the hammock, a rude camp was occupied by a group of rough-looking men and several small children, who seemed to be getting on as best they could — none too well, to judge from appearances — without feminine ministrations. What they were there for I never made out. They fished, I think, but whether by way of amusement or as a serious occupation I did not learn. Perhaps, like the Indians of old, they had come to the river for the oyster season. They might have done worse. They never paid the slightest attention to me, nor once gave me any decent excuse for engaging them in talk. The best thing I remember about them was a tableau caught in passing. A "norther" had descended upon us unexpectedly (Florida is not a whit behind the rest of the world in sudden changes of temperature), and while hastening homeward, toward nightfall, hugging myself to keep warm, I saw, in the woods, this group of campers disposed about a lively blaze.

Let us be thankful, say I, that memory is so little the servant of the will. Chance impressions of this kind, unforeseen, involuntary, and inexplicable, make one of the chief delights of traveling, or rather of having traveled. In the present case, indeed, the permanence of the impression is perhaps not altogether beyond the reach of a plausible conjecture. We have not always lived in houses; and if we love the sight of a fire out of doors, — a camp-fire, that is to say, as we all do, — so that the burning of a brush-heap in a neighbor's yard will draw us to the window, the feeling is but part of an ancestral inheritance. We have come by it honestly, as the phrase is. And so I need not scruple to set down another reminiscence of the same kind, — an early morning street scene, of no importance in itself, in the village of New Smyrna. It may have been on the morning next after the "norther" just mentioned. I cannot say. We had two or three such touches of winter in early March; none of them at all distressing, be it said, to persons in ordinary health. One night water froze, — "as thick as a silver dollar," — and orange growers were alarmed for the next season's crop, the trees being just ready to blossom. Some men kept fires burning in their orchards overnight; a pretty spectacle, I should think, especially where the fruit was still ungathered. On one of these frosty mornings, then, I saw a solitary horseman, not "wending his way," but warming his hands over a fire that he had built for that purpose in the village street. One might live and die in a New England village without seeing such a sight. A Yankee would have betaken himself to the corner grocery. But here, though that "adjunct of civilization" was directly across the way, most likely it had never had a stove in it. The sun would give warmth enough in an hour, — by nine o'clock one would probably be glad of a sunshade; but the man was chilly after his ride; it was still a bit early to go about the business that had brought him into town: what more natural than to hitch his horse, get together a few sticks, and kindle a blaze? What an insane idea it would have seemed to him that a passing stranger might remember him and his fire three months afterward, and think them worth talking about in print! But then, as was long ago said, it is the fate of some men to have greatness thrust upon them.

This main street of the village, by the way, with its hotels and shops, was no other than my river road itself, in

its more civilized estate, as I now remember with a sense of surprise. In my mind the two had never any connection. It was in this thoroughfare that one saw now and then a group of cavaliers strolling about under broad-brimmed hats, with big spurs at their heels, accosting passers-by with hearty familiarity, first names and hand-shakes, while their horses stood hitched to the branches of roadside trees, — a typical Southern picture. Here, on a Sunday afternoon, were two young fellows who had brought to town a mother coon and three young ones, hoping to find a purchaser. The guests at the hotels manifested no eagerness for such pets, but the colored bell-boys and waiters gathered about, and after a little good-humored dickering bought the entire lot, box and all, for a dollar and a half; first having pulled the little ones out between the slats — not without some risk to both parties — to look at them and pass them round. The venders walked off with grins of ill-concealed triumph. The Fates had been kind to them, and they had three silver half-dollars in their pockets. I heard one of them say something about giving part of the money to a third man who had told them where the nest was; but his companion would listen to no such folly. "He would n't come with us," he said, "and we won't tell him a damned thing." I fear there was nothing distinctively Southern about *that*.

Here, too, in the heart of the town, was a magnificent cluster of live-oaks, worth coming to Florida to see; far-spreading, full of ferns and air plants, and heavy with hanging moss. Day after day I went out to admire them. Under them was a neglected orange grove, and in one of the orange-trees, amid the glossy foliage, appeared my first summer tanager. It was a royal setting, and the splendid vermilion-red bird was worthy of it. Among the oaks I walked in the evening, listening to the strange low chant of the chuck-will's-widow, — a name which the owner himself pronounces with a rest after the first syllable. Once, for two or three days, the trees were amazingly full of blue yellow-backed warblers. Numbers of them, a dozen at least, could be heard singing at once directly over one's head, running up the scale not one after another, but literally in unison. Here the tufted titmouse, the very soul of monotony, piped and piped and piped, as if his diapason stop were pulled out and stuck, and could not be pushed in again. He is an odd genius. With plenty of notes, he wearies you almost to distraction, harping on one string for half an hour together. He is the one Southern bird that I should perhaps be sorry to see common in Massachusetts; but that "perhaps" is a large word. Many yellow-throated warblers, silent as yet, were commonly in the live-oaks, and innumerable myrtle birds, also silent, with prairie warblers, black-and-white creepers, solitary vireos, an occasional chickadee, and many more. It was a birdy spot; and just across the way, on the shrubby island, were red-winged blackbirds, who piqued my curiosity by adding to the familiar *conkaree* a final syllable, — the Florida termination, I called it, — which made me wonder whether, as has been the case with so many other Florida birds, they might not turn out to be a distinct race, worthy of a name (*Agelaius phœniceus something-or-other*) as well as of a local habitation. I suggest the question to those whose business it is to be learned in such matters.

The tall grass about the borders of the island was alive with clapper rails. Before I rose in the morning I heard them crying in full chorus; and now and then during the day something would happen, and all at once they would break out with one sharp volley, and then instantly all would be silent again. Theirs is an apt name, — *Rallus crepitans*.

Once I watched two of them in the act of crepitating, and ever after that, when the sudden uproar burst forth, I seemed to see the reeds full of birds, each with his bill pointing skyward, bearing his part in the salvo. So far as I could perceive, they had nothing to fear from human enemies. They ran about the mud on the edge of the grass, especially in the morning, looking like half-grown pullets. Their specialty was crab-fishing, at which they were highly expert, plunging into the water up to the depth of their legs, and handling and swallowing pretty large specimens with surprising dexterity. I was greatly pleased with them, as well as with their local name, "everybody's chickens."

Once I feared we had heard the last of them. On a day following a sudden fall of the mercury, a gale from the north set in at noon, with thunder and lightning, hail, and torrents of rain. The river was quickly lashed into foam, and the gale drove the ocean into it through the inlet, till the shrubbery of the rails' island barely showed above the breakers. The street was deep under water, and fears were entertained for the new bridge and the road to the beach. All night the gale continued, and all the next day till late in the afternoon; and when the river should have been at low tide, the island was still flooded. Gravitation was overmatched for the time being. And where were the rails, I asked myself. They could swim, no doubt, when put to it, but it seemed impossible that they could survive so fierce an inundation. Well, the wind ceased, the tide went out at last; and behold, the rails were in full cry, not a voice missing! How they had managed it was beyond my ken.

Another island, farther out than that of the rails (but the rails, like the long-billed marsh wrens, appeared to be present in force all up and down the river, in suitable places), was occupied nightly as a crow-roost. Judged by the morning clamor, which, like that of the rails, I heard from my bed, its population must have been enormous. One evening I happened to come up the street just in time to see the hinder part of the procession — some hundreds of birds — flying across the river. They came from the direction of the pine lands in larger and smaller squads, and with but a moderate amount of noise moved straight to their destination. All but one of them so moved, that is to say. The performance of that one exception was a mystery. He rose high in the air, over the river, and remained soaring all by himself, acting sometimes as if he were catching insects, till the flight had passed, even to the last scattering detachments. What could be the meaning of his odd behavior? Some momentary caprice had taken him, perhaps. Or was he, as I could not help asking, some duly appointed officer of the day, — grand marshal, if you please, — with a commission to see all hands in before retiring himself? He waited, at any rate, till the final stragglers had passed; then he came down out of the air and followed them. I meant to watch the ingathering a second time, to see whether this feature of it would be repeated, but I was never there at the right moment. One cannot do everything.

Now, alas, Florida seems very far off. I am never likely to walk again under those New Smyrna live-oaks, nor to see again all that beauty of the Hillsborough. And yet, in a truer and better sense of the word, I do see it, and shall. What a heavenly light falls at this moment on the river and the island woods! Perhaps we must come back to Wordsworth, after all, —

"The light that never was, on sea or land."

Bradford Torrey.

MORN AFTER MORN.

MORN after morn, when waking heart and brain,
Released from sleep, set all their portals wide,
There slowly surges back the throbbing tide
Of consciousness, and as from furthest main
The swelling sea, so thou returnest again,
O sense of life! though on thy waves may ride
Wrecks of dead hopes and golden dreams denied,
And some fair flower, mayhap. For joy or pain,
Yet dost thou come! And from thy deepest heart
One priceless pearl in tremulous light is cast, —
Conviction that thyself immortal art,
That on whatever shore we wake at last,
Still on our senses, sleep-released, shall press
The selfsame tide of throbbing consciousness!

Stuart Sterne.

TALK AT A COUNTRY HOUSE.

BOOKS, TENNYSON, MAURICE.

IT was raining hard; and as it is the fashion, in a country house, to like a fire on a wet day even in summer, we sat before the logs blazing on the hearth in the great parlor, while in front of us sat purring the family cat, who answered, when he thought fit to answer, to the name of Jim. Books were all round us, and our talk naturally turned on them. I said, —

"Of all our English books existing and to come, how many will always live?"

Squire. There are two ways in which a book may live. It may live, age after age, in itself, like one of our great oaks, as Carlyle has finely described it in Sartor Resartus. I think the book is on the table: pray read the passage.

Foster (takes the book, turns over the pages, and reads). "Wondrous, indeed, is the virtue of a true Book. Not like a dead city of stones, yearly crumbling, yearly needing repair; more like a tilled field, but then a spiritual field: like a spiritual tree, let me rather say, it stands from year to year, and from age to age (we have Books that already number some hundred and fifty human ages); and yearly comes its new produce of leaves (Commentaries, Deductions, Philosophical, Political Systems; or were it only Sermons, Pamphlets, Journalistic Essays), every one of which is talismanic and thaumaturgic, for it can persuade men. O thou who art able to write a Book, which once in the two centuries or oftener there is a man gifted to do, envy not him whom they name City-builder, and inexpressibly pity him whom they name Conqueror or City-burner! Thou too art a Conqueror and Victor, but of the true sort, namely, over the Devil; thou too hast built what will outlast all marble and metal, and be a wonder-bringing city of the mind, a Temple and Seminary and Prophetic Mount,

whereto all kindreds of the Earth will pilgrim. Fool! why journeyest thou wearisomely in thy antiquarian fervor to gaze on the stone pyramids of Geeza or the clay ones of Sacchara? These stand there, as I can tell thee, idle and inert, looking over the Desert, foolishly enough, for the last three thousand years; but canst thou not open thy Hebrew *Bible*, thus, or even Luther's version thereof?"

Squire. For "Luther's" read "the English," and then add Shakespeare, and you will have one answer to your question. I cannot doubt that so long as English shall endure as the speech of a civilized people, so long will the English Bible and Shakespeare endure; and English-speaking people will still, like Archbishop Sharp, owe all their success in life to those two books.

Foster. Did Archbishop Sharp know anything of either the English Bible or Shakespeare?

Squire. Not the archbishop of tragic Scottish history, but the Archbishop of York, Queen Anne's trusted counselor, who, Burnet tells us, so spoke of what he owed to the Bible and Shakespeare, and used to recommend the like studies to the young clergy. And Tennyson is said to have advised a young man to read a verse of the Bible and one of Shakespeare every day. "From the one," he said, "you will learn your relations with God; from the other, your relations with man." But there is another way in which books live. To illustrate this, let me go from Carlyle to Chaucer: —

> "Out of the olde fieldes, as men saith,
> Cometh all this new corn, from year to year.
> And out of olde bookes, in good faith,
> Cometh all this new science that men lere."

Without mistaking an illustration for an argument, and so working it to death, we may say that, with a very few exceptions, the knowledge which we derive from books is not derived direct from the original books in which it was first brought forth, but from a succession of new books, in which the experiences and the thoughts of the preceding generation are represented with the new developments and in the new forms suited to the new generation. Each year yields its harvest of new books, which supply our mental and moral food for the day, and no more; while a small portion of the knowledge they contain becomes a reserve of seed corn, which is resown to provide the new books of the next year or the next generation. If we say, with Chaucer, that the new knowledge comes from the old books, as the new wheat does from the old fields, we must then shift the comparison, and say that the new books are the new corn, and that the old books have lost their individuality, ceasing to be more than the clods of the ploughed fields.

Foster. I believe you might have quoted Carlyle as well as Chaucer for this comparison, too. I think he somewhere says, perhaps quoting Goethe, "A loaf of bread is good and satisfying for a single day; but corn cannot be eaten, and seed corn must not be ground." But do you think that the Bible and Shakespeare are the only books which will themselves live on so long as the world of civilization lasts? Even within the limits of English-speaking civilization, will not Paradise Lost and The Pilgrim's Progress live on, not merely in spirit, but in their actual old forms?

Squire. Since the art of printing has come in aid of the earlier institution of public libraries, it may seem impossible that anything short of an universal return to barbarism should utterly destroy the great masterpieces of literature, ancient or modern, so that they should no longer live in the very forms in which they were first given to the world. Yet we know that the readers of each of such books are a small and limited class; and of these, again, the number

is still smaller of readers who find in the particular book the last and best expression of the subject of which it treats. Poetry must always be read for its own sake, and there will always be a few who will continue thus to read Homer and Horace, Dante, Chaucer and Spenser, for their own sake. But even of those who in each generation are really lovers of poetry, by far the greater number will seek and find what they want in the poets of their own time, because such poets most directly bring forth the deepest thoughts and feelings of that time; while the reader of the older poetry must be able — and every one is not able — either to translate old thoughts into new for himself, or else to transport himself in imagination into the far-off time and place to which the book before him belongs. And when we turn from poetry to philosophy, history, or science, it is mainly, if not entirely, for the sake of the materials which the old books supply for making new ones that the old are studied. In each of these kinds of knowledge there is an absolute need that the old facts, arguments, and methods of thought and reasoning should be reproduced in new forms, generation after generation. To do this work, through the study of the old books, is the calling of one or two men in each generation; and they, and they only, find in themselves the ability for the work. Such a student will no doubt often be charmed by the style and language of the book itself, be it Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, Bacon, Tacitus, Hume, or Gibbon; but his main business will still be with the materials which his author supplies for new work.

Foster. I cannot deny that there is a good deal of truth in what you say; but I am glad to believe that, like a man who belongs to several London clubs, I belong to several of those limited classes of readers of old books, and that there are a good many books beside the Bible and Shakespeare which I can read and enjoy for their own sakes. But may I ask you again whether you think those the only two books of universal interest to English-speaking men, at least? Will you not include Paradise Lost and The Pilgrim's Progress with these, and indeed some others, too, which I could name?

Squire. I decline to dogmatize. I am too old to believe that I possess any formula which will methodize and explain the facts of the universe, or that, like the Alchemist in the Oriental Tales, I can hold in a ladle the solvent which dissolves all things. I feel more certain about the Bible and Shakespeare than about any other books; but there are others, and especially those you mention, as to which facts are at present in favor of their personal immortality, if I may use so vile a phrase. Neither the religious nor the human interest of Paradise Lost and The Pilgrim's Progress is so absolute and universal as that of the Bible and Shakespeare respectively. Yet it is very great, and you may almost say that every one who reads at all reads both of these books. Every one to whom the conflict of nature and spirit is a practical reality, and many to whom it is only a curiously interesting dream, find the most lifelike representation of this conflict in Bunyan's allegory. And Milton embodies for us in forms at once of deepest human interest and perfect beauty of imagination, thought, and language, the most popular and most widely accepted attempt to solve the great problem of the existence of evil, and so lighten the burden and the mystery which have weighed so heavily on us in all ages.

Foster. That is indeed the awful riddle of the Sphinx, which she calls on every thoughtful man to answer or be devoured. Happy is he who can even baffle or otherwise put off the question which no one can answer! You cannot think that Milton has done more than this? He invokes the highest inspiration, that he may rise to the height of

this great argument, and justify the ways of God to man; but in truth he gets no further than St. Paul had done before him when he declared that those ways were past finding out. Indeed, Milton seems, half cynically, to admit this to be so, when, later on, he makes the more amiable of his devils sit on a hill retired, discussing these questions till they lose themselves in wandering mazes. The answer that came to Job out of the whirlwind was only that finite and mortal man cannot fathom the purposes and the methods of the Almighty Creator of the universe; nor does the writer of the book, in his visionary narrative, carry the argument any further. The book of Ecclesiastes, that practical summary of the worldly experiences of man's frustrated ideals and hopes of life, can give no other conclusion of the matter than the direction to "fear God and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man." Nor does St. Paul help us. He declares, indeed, with absolute confidence and conviction, that the problem will hereafter be solved in the complete and absolute triumph of good over evil; but after an attempt to apply his argument to the story of Pharaoh, in a way which I must think no argument at all, he gives it up, and falls back, as I said just now, on that which still remains the only answer. I forget how Robinson Crusoe evaded the difficulty when Friday asked him, in the course of his religious education, "Why God no kill devil?" I suppose, by making a metaphysical distinction between necessity and free will. Our modern Agnostics, interested only in physical science, will say that they do not know whether there be any God or devil, and so pass by on the other side. There is no answer to the Sphinx's riddle; but to say that there is no riddle is to deny half the facts of our life.

Squire. I quite agree with you. Indeed, you have understated your case and its complications. Not only is the existence of evil a mystery to all who believe intelligently in a wise and good Creator, but there is the yet deeper mystery that all the higher forms of any human virtue, affection, sympathy, are called forth by the contradiction of corresponding forms of evil; nay, the highest of all, self-sacrifice for the sake of others, seems to owe its very existence to the evil which it rises up to meet. A man may judge for himself whether the sufferings of mind or body which he is called on to endure are compensated, or more than compensated, by the blessings which they have brought with them, and giving, as they so often do, a double power to every power above their original functions and offices. But how can it be morally worth while that the highest goodness and happiness of some men should have as necessary conditions not merely the suffering and misery of others, but even their crimes and sins? And again, how can it be reasonable or right that my happiness, however great, should have been bought by the horrible sufferings of the martyrs by whom it has been so won? You may say that they were willing to pay that price for the happiness of a world. I believe they were so willing; but how can I have any moral right to benefit by a sacrifice such as I certainly could not make myself? I have no doubt — I am heartily convinced — that there is a solution to the problem, an answer to the Sphinx; and I could supply myself with more than one fanciful explanation which I like better than those of my neighbors. But I do not pretend to understand, nor that any understanding is possible for me till I have crossed the bar.

Foster. You quote Tennyson: do you think he has given us any new light on the subject? It has manifestly occupied his deepest thoughts and feelings, and influenced his whole career as a poet.

Squire. I think he is the greatest teacher of our generation in this matter.

He has stated the question in the most complete and adequate way in which it is possible to state it, — for our generation, at least; for each age has its own way of looking at such questions, and demands its own requirements to be respected. His In Memoriam sets out fully, and his poem of Vastness and that on the death of the Duke of Clarence sum up in the plainest terms, the real problem, without any shirking or evasion. With equal clearness he points out the direction to which we must look for the solution which will come hereafter; and he declares, and calls on all true hearts to accept, his conviction that the death of those we love is the link which connects the now insoluble problem with the promise that it shall be one day answered.

Foster. Yes: Tennyson states the insoluble problem without reticence or rhetorical evasion. He talks no stuff about partial evil being universal good, or of good and evil being opposite sides of a whole, in which they are equally necessary complements of each other. He treats them as not merely opposites, but as contradictory. There is no place for evil in his ideal of a perfect universe. There can be no belief in a divine Creator, and no peace or happiness for the heart of man, but in the ultimate elimination and destruction of all evil, moral and physical. But does he carry us any farther than this?

Squire. One step, at least; and I should say more than one. It is from Death — "his truer name is Onward," he says — that Tennyson draws the promise of the solution hereafter. The great argument which he gradually opens out in In Memoriam he sums up again in the concluding words of Vastness: —

> "I loved him, and love him forever: the dead are not dead, but alive."

That is to say that the love which he bore to his friend, and again to his son did not die with their deaths, but still lives, and will live forever. This undying love is to him a witness that its object is actually living, too, in spite of what Death may seem to say to the contrary. For that apparent contradiction is but the shadow, while the reality is to be found in the Sun of Life towards which Death's face is looking. And if this experience, this conviction, be true, and there is a love and a life stronger and more lasting than death, then there is a Lord of Life who rules all this world by perfect love. When we have gone into that world of light, then and there the mystery will be made clear.

Foster. He has crossed the bar, and put out to sea on that voyage of discovery: let us hope that he has found his Pilot in the ship, able and ready to carry him to the harbor where he would be.

Squire. I cannot doubt it. Metaphors and allegories are no proofs, as I often say; but it is pleasant to think how often that image of a voyage and a harbor has presented itself to all sorts of men. Cicero makes Cato, after speaking of this life as a mere inn, compare that future life, to which he so earnestly looked forward, to the harbor at the end of the voyage. Sa'di, quoting, I think, from the Koran, says, "He who has Noah for a pilot need not fear the waves of the sea." And if you will forgive the garrulousness of an old man, I may add a little experience of my own, which comes back to me as often as I recall Tennyson's verses on Crossing the Bar.

Foster. What is that?

Squire. In the old days before there were any railways in Italy, most of us who went to Naples went by way of steamer from Marseilles; and it was at the end of November, five-and-thirty years ago, that I took passage in such a steamer. All day there had raged one of those gales of wind and rain which sweep the plains of Provence and the

Gulf of Lyons with such terrible fury. But no delay more than of a few hours was possible, and we were required to embark at midnight. The water seemed smooth as we went into the ship in the port; but as we crossed the bar and put out to sea, the leap into the utterly black night of wind and waves and rain was terrific. I could not see our pilot face to face; but I knew that he was there through all that long night and day, and that on his skill it depended whether we should reach the harbor where we would be. At last I slept, while the storm still raged. When I awoke we were in smooth water, through which our ship was gliding on with an imperceptible motion, along that lovely scene of mountains and islands, and vineyards, orange orchards, and olive woods, which open out into the Bay of Naples. The day was breaking, the sun was rising upon that land of beauty, and the cloudless depth of the blue sky was reflected in the not less intense blue of the sea.

Foster. I know that sight, and cannot wonder that the Neapolitans themselves should call it a piece of heaven fallen upon earth, or say that he who has seen it may die content. But you said just now that Tennyson is our greatest teacher in the matter of the Sphinx's riddle: do you put him above Frederick Maurice, of whom you often speak as the greatest teacher of our generation?

Squire. No. Each stands first in his own plane of thought and life; but I should rather put them side by side than either above the other. Each learnt, and knew that he learnt, much from the other. Each of them — the poet and the prophet alike — felt and knew himself to be a man sent from God, and that the calling and the mission of both were essentially the same. Maurice was primarily a teacher of the gospel; but while he never ceased to declare the good tidings of a kingdom of God in and for itself, he recognized its pervading presence in every form and every relation of man's life, to which it gave a new and higher worth and meaning. Tennyson, on the other hand, shows us earth and man as they are in themselves, with all their complications and interfusions of good and evil, happiness and misery, vice and virtue, and then finds himself obliged — drawn as it were by an irresistible intuition — to look out of and above this earth for a clue through its contradictions into a true order.

Foster. Certainly it is so. Few of the greatest poets, in any age or country, have been irreligious; most have been religious, recognizing a government of the world by God. But even among Christian poets of the higher order of genius, I can think of no one who rests on the faith of another life than this so distinctly as Tennyson does. To eliminate this faith from Tennyson's poetry would indeed be to reduce it to dust and ashes. What would In Memoriam or the parting of Arthur and Guinevere, Crossing the Bar or The Two Voices, be without it?

Squire. You see this distinction if you compare Wordsworth with Tennyson. Wordsworth was a Christian in faith as well as life, and his mind was formed in and through the great burst of enthusiastic belief in the perfectibility of human nature to which all generous spirits gave themselves up in the later years of the eighteenth century. In many respects he shared to the full in the general reaction which followed on the excesses of the French Revolution; he became a Tory, and he wrote the Ecclesiastical Sonnets. But his mind retained much of its first bias. You see this in The Excursion, where, while admitting and allowing for the moral and the bodily ills of the society and the human nature generally around him, he looks forward to universal education of the people by the state as the sufficient remedy for all the evil. We have the

education, and it is well worth having; but I suppose few expect from it now what Wordsworth expected. I, at least, look with Tennyson for a remedy different in kind, and not merely in degree.

Foster. Was Maurice a man of letters as well as a theologian?

Squire. He would have liked to be called a man of action better than by either of the other names. But he was a true lover of books, and he always seemed to me to know everything about every book and every writer of books, in his own day or in times past. His literary culture was greater than that of most men, — you see the evidence of this in every one of his books; and I believe that he who himself knows most of other men's books will know most of the use which Maurice made of books, not as mere storehouses of facts or thought, but as supplying the memory and mind with a knowledge and a culture which were all his own. But with him literature and literary culture were means to an end, and not the end itself. He always spoke with scornful contempt of the fine gentlemen of letters; and you may remember a letter of his to a pupil — with whom, by the bye, he had been reading Plato — urging him to make politics the main study of his life.

Foster. But I suppose he was a political philosopher rather than a politician?

Squire. He would not have thanked you for telling him so. He would indeed have told you that philosophy being the search after wisdom, politics, like everything else, should be an object of that search. But he despised the habit of mind which affects to rise above party politics while really sinking below them. He was a keen and eager politician on all the great questions of the day, though he was sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other. The earliest of his tracts in political controversy was in defense of university subscription to the Thirty-Nine Articles, but he was found in hearty sympathy with Lord John Russell's abolition of all such tests. He was a leader in the struggle to keep the education of the nation in the hands of the Church, but he heartily approved Mr. Forster's Education Act. He recognized that the time had come for the disestablishment of the Irish Church, notwithstanding his hearty sympathies with the like institution in England. And while I recall his predicting to me, more than fifty years ago, and with warm political sympathy, the future eminence of the then unknown but strong conservative Mr. Gladstone, I recall also his appearance, thirty years afterwards, as the supporter of John Mill, the radical candidate for Westminster. These are brief instances of what the man was; and all through, no one who knew him could doubt either his honesty or his consistency, as he looked in succession at the many ways in which the progress of the world was fulfilling itself.

Foster (musing).

"We might discuss the Northern sin
Which made a selfish war begin;
Dispute the claims, arrange the chances;
Emperor, Ottoman, which shall win:

"Or whether war's avenging rod
Shall lash all Europe into blood."

Squire. I always thought that Tennyson and Maurice lost their heads a little over the Crimean war, as most other people did; and I have therefore been inclined to suppose, though without any authority for doing so, that when the excitement was over they looked back on it, as did Lord Aberdeen, the minister who let us drift into it, as not only a blunder, but a crime.

Foster. Yet I have heard German statesmen say that they owe to that war the loosening from their necks of the yoke of Russian policy and diplomacy under which they had so long groaned.

Squire. No doubt some good was done in that way, but they would not touch the roasting chestnuts with their own fingers.

Foster. Well, at least the war gave us The Charge of the Light Brigade; and though I do not mean to compare Sir Francis Doyle with Tennyson, perhaps one might say his no less fine ballad upon the same subject.

Squire. They are fine ballads, and bring out freely the English soldier's ideal of duty as the rule of his life. But those who, like me, remember the sufferings not only of the army through that terrible winter, but also of the wives and mothers at home, may think the price high, even for two such songs.

Foster (humming half to himself).

> "If I were King of France,
> Or, still better, Pope of Rome,
> I'd have no fighting men abroad,
> No weeping maids at home."

But, squire, are you really for peace at any price? I remember what you once wrote in approval of the extermination of the Canaanites by the children of Israel, and of the soldier's duty, taught not only at the Pass of Thermopylæ, but in the Balaclava charge.

Squire. No, not at any price, but at almost any price, as Sir John Lubbock said the other day in the House of Commons. For every nation there exists a real danger of attacks, from within or without, on its laws and liberties; and it is not only its right, but its duty, to defend itself, and sometimes its weaker neighbors too, against such attacks. If we cannot keep our national life, with its laws and its freedom, without war, let us have war; but let us not go into it "with a light heart," talking glibly of honor and spirit on the one hand, and of humiliation and shop-keeping on the other. I am old enough to remember when even many a wise and good man talked that sort of stuff about dueling, and really believed that it was a moral duty to shoot, or be shot by, any ruffian who called him a liar or struck him. No one says or thinks that now, and ruffianism has abated, not increased, in proportion.

Foster. Is it not the fact that all the great nations of the world, modern as well as ancient, have had their foundations laid by war, and that they have been from time to time enlarged and strengthened and invigorated by means of war, and all this in such a way that we cannot conceive how the results could have been brought about except by war?

Squire. As I said just now, I do not deny the existence of evil, nor the still more mysterious fact that it is inconceivable how many of the highest forms of moral good could have been brought into existence except by means of evil. I neither understand nor deny, but I will not call evil good for all that. War has brought into existence soldiers like Chaucer's Knight, Wordsworth's Happy Warrior, and Schiller's Max Piccolomini; but they have been but few in comparison with the countless swarms of ruffians licensed for murder, robbery, and lust. And free as the German army was from all these crimes in the late Franco-German war, it is said that after the war was over there was an increase in crime throughout Germany which could be explained only by the general demoralization which the war had produced.

Foster. The other day you quoted from the Persian poet Sa'di that it had been said that, in the last great day, the All-Merciful would forgive the bad for the sake of the good; but now you seem to hold that all the good must be condemned on account of the bad. I think of what the world would have been in the past and present, and what the world would be in the future, with no England and no United States, and I ask myself whether too high a price was paid for these in the Anglo-Saxon and Norman conquests, the wars of the barons and of the king and Parliament, or in the American wars of independence and emancipation.

Squire. With reservation of Friday's theological difficulty, I agree with you not only ungrudgingly, but with hearty

sympathy. I believe the price was not too great. But was the price necessary in the past, and will it be so in the future? I say, Yes, men being what they were; but, No, men being what they ought to be and well may be now. It is better to do a good thing badly than not to do it at all; but it is better still to do it well. We talk too much about necessary evils, and think too little of necessary good; forgetting that all good is possible, and that in every case what is possible is necessary. In this matter of war, as in so many other things, successive generations, advancing in the possession of ever fuller national life, with its rights and liberties, find many necessary evils to be unnecessary, and much more impossible good to be possible. And so, if you will grant the evils of war, and I its good, we may be able, like Dogberry and Verges, to "draw to a point."

Foster. Did Maurice change or modify his views on this subject?

Squire. He has discussed this question of war in the eleventh of his Cambridge Lectures on Social Morality, published in 1869, to which I would refer you. But I can tell you a little incident, trivial in itself, yet perhaps interesting when told of a great man. No one shared more eagerly than did Maurice in the outbreak of enthusiasm with which the war was hailed at first. When I ventured to doubt the righteousness of the war, he declared, with indignation, that only the Spirit of God could stir up and maintain such a national enthusiasm as the English people were then showing. I suppose we agreed to differ, and not to argue. I do not think I asked him what he thought of that to me pathetic account of the regiments of Russian conscripts having hardly arrived at the seat of war from very distant parts of the empire when, at two o'clock in the morning of that cold day of November, all the church bells of Sevastopol rang out, and these men, having received the sacrament, went to die for their Czar in the lines of Inkerman. But after the war was over, I was breakfasting with Maurice, and there met a man who told the story of the Balaclava charge as he had lately heard it from one of the officers in it. He said the cursing and swearing of the troopers as they rode into and out of the Russian battery were awful. And I guessed what thoughts might be passing through my friend's mind when he said, with that quiet and almost sad seriousness which so often characterized his words and manner, "I am afraid many things in that war happened differently from what we supposed," or words to that effect.

Foster. I should have thought, as I now think, of Uncle Toby and his account of our soldiers in Flanders. I think, too, of the tear of the recording angel. The poor fellows were doing their duty, and their profane swearing did not mean much more than any other form of battle shout. I do not recollect the mention of shouting in modern stories of battles, but soldiers do shout in a charge, do they not?

Squire. Sir William Napier, the historian of the Peninsular war, told a cousin of mine, Charles Buller, that it was the British shout which carried the day in our great battles; nothing could withstand it. Of course, the shout is the man; he utters what is in him. I remember that Marshal MacMahon, when comparing the soldiers of different nations, said, "The English do not understand campaigning, but they are the best on the day of battle." We have wandered far, however, and I do not wish you to think that when my dear old friend and I met, either in this house or in his own, our talk was of nothing but soldiers. With him as with Tennyson, he would always

> "turn to dearer matters,
> Dear to the man that is dear to God";
>
> "How best to help the slender store,
> How mend the dwellings of the poor;

How gain in life, as life advances,
Valor and charity more and more."

Foster. Yet there is something of the soldier's desire for action implied in the poet's description in those words; and I can fancy that with Maurice the heart of the man of thought would always warm to the man of action.

Squire. Yes; Maurice must have understood how Luther — with whom he had, indeed, many points of likeness — felt when he was going into the Diet of Worms, and the old soldier, Georg von Freundsberg, called out to him, "Monk, monk, you have before you such a day's work as neither I nor our bravest captains have seen in our hardest fought battles. But if your cause is just, go forward boldly; God will not forsake you." Maurice wrote two books which will live, for they are full of learning, thought, and genius, — The Kingdom of Christ, and Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy; but he expressed the temper of his whole life when he once said to me that a man might bring greater honor to his name by writing a great book, — I think he instanced Gibbon, — yet that he believed more real work was done in the world by having a part in, and writing on, the actual controversies of the day in which men were taking a practical interest. And though it was after he said this that he wrote the two books I have mentioned, you may see by the number, and still more by the subjects, of the many volumes of his collected works how fully he carried out through his life the principles he had laid down for himself.

Foster. Is Dickinson's portrait like him?

Squire. I think so, but it is difficult to know how far I may be reading into it my own recollections of the man himself. There it is, and you may try it by my description. His face was very fine and delicate in feature; the expression was saintly, though not quite the ascetic saintliness which characterizes some of the portraits of great men of the Roman Catholic Church; it was rather tinged with the sweet, homely humorousness which you see in Cranach's portrait of Luther. The eyes were bright and piercing, and the mouth was firm and compressed. The whole expression of the face was energetic, almost aggressive, and yet kind and gentle: it was the look of a man who had a message to give, and who was resolved to give it; but the resoluteness had more of self-sacrifice than of self-assertion in it.

Foster. You spoke of a humorous expression. Was he a humorist?

Squire. You could not be long in his company without seeing how strong his sense of humor was; but, like every man of humor who is wise and better than a humorist, he kept his love of humor within the limits of becoming mirth; nay, within limits which were habitually serious, often almost to sadness.

Foster. He had a fine voice, had he not?

Squire. A grand, deep voice, well fitted to pour out the volume of thought and feeling behind it. Bunsen said to hear him read the prayers at Lincoln's Inn, where he was chaplain, was in itself to hear a sermon; and some one else said, still more expressively, that he prayed the prayers. I remember the outspoken delight of one of the cottagers as we came out of the church here when Maurice had been preaching. It reminded me of the story of the learned Pococke, of which he (Maurice) was fond: that when a friend, visiting him at his country parish, asked one of the villagers how they liked their new parson, the answer was, "He is not much of a Latiner, but he tells us what we poor folks want to know about God and Jesus Christ."

Foster. Nullum tetegit quod non ornavit, — would you say that of his conversation generally?

Squire. He was shy and retiring, — a lamb among the lions, as a lady described him at a great party of Mrs.

Charles Buller's. He was free from the foible of omniscience attributed to one of his countless contemporaries, and far above the vanity of the good talker. But no one could listen to him for five minutes without perceiving that no ordinary man was speaking. In serious controversy and with his pen in his hand he hit very hard. I used to tell him that he reminded me of a story of his own, how, when he was a young curate, he stopped in the High Street in Leamington to remonstrate with a man who was belaboring his donkey furiously, when the man replied in an appealing voice, "Why is he so stupid, then?"

Foster. What does Tennyson refer to in those lines at the beginning of his Invitation, about giving the fiend his due, and the anathemas of college councils?

Squire. You will find the whole story in Colonel Maurice's admirable life of his father; but it was, shortly, this: Maurice denounced the irreligious spirit of the so-called religious newspapers, and they retaliated by not only denouncing him, but also warning the authorities of King's College that they had better dismiss him from his professorship of divinity in that college. A packed council was convened, a lately published essay in which the professor had "given the fiend his due" was made the pretext, and Maurice was dismissed, in the face of the clearest evidence that he had maintained nothing contrary to the acknowledged doctrines of the English Church. Maurice was one of the very few men whom I have known as lovers of justice for its own sake; yet he got little justice himself on that occasion. But the rain is over; let us take a walk, and leave Jim to keep his paws warm at the fire.

Edward Strachey.

THE PILGRIM IN DEVON.

No region short of Arcadia was ever blessed with historian more enthusiastic than Charles Kingsley at once became whenever he touched upon Devonshire, her charms or her story; then was his pen dipped in illuminating colors, and he traced the outline of her beauties on a page that must endure until the memory of Devon lads no longer thrills the romance-loving heart. When guidebooks wax eloquent over this fair county, and dry historic mention broadens into a sweep of verbal imagery, then are the paragraphs hedged between telltale quotation marks, and a footnote points to Kingsley as the source of such just laudation. His sympathy was perfect; the light of his genius seems to brighten every golden thread in the fabric of Devon's story; and the traveler interested in Kingsley's haunts can scarcely do better than to visit them with Westward Ho! and the Prose Idylls in hand, as poetic guidebooks. Unlike many a memorable spot, this has a beauty that is all its own, and holds a peculiar power over the human spirit. Not only do the pages of its history rouse the heart to quicker pulsations by their review of the days when there were giants, but even the face of nature seems here significant. Devonshire may be "relaxing," as the neighbors of Bow Bells declare, with fine and almost depreciatory inflections, but nevertheless every breath within its borders inevitably exhilarates all who love a hero. The English Midlands spread out into a fair garden, beautified by the hand of man, and gaining grace from his necessities. Devonshire is all warm luxuriance, rolling waste, and stormy breaker. Its moorland wastes

spread on and on, clothed only by coarse grass, heath, and furze; but its clefts and chasms are enriched by a marvelous fern growth, and cooled by clear mountain streams holding a multitude of fish in their limpid shallows. Dartmoor, like Salisbury Plain, is one of nature's high altars, to be approached with reverence and dread. A broad expanse, waste and wonderful, it lies like a sea caught in commotion and fixed in everlasting repose. The touch of cultivation has never disturbed its bosom, yet is it a storehouse of varied wealth. The antiquary may ponder long, unsatisfied, over its gigantic mounds and rocky remains, the fisherman fill his creel from its waters, and countless sheep nibble the unfenced pasturage; but he whom it most delights is the pilgrim who fares along its ways, mindless of aught save shifting cloud beauties and the outlines of its billowing hills. What treasure-house of form and color can match the English sky? Taken at its sunniest, here arches no crystal vault of blue, but one diversified by an ever-changeful pageant made from sunlit feather-down and clouds the color of a dove's gray wing, — glorified, nevertheless, by sapphire intervales. Such a procession of airy loveliness awakens a wondrous sympathy in Dartmoor below. Over its tors sweep the shadows, chased by a light that turns the heather to rose, and transforms the coarse grass to a fabric of warm yellow. One hollow lies scowling in darkness; and lo! beside it a hill smiles, and then laughs outright under a golden shaft of sun.

My own course over the moor led from the little village of Chagford to Tavistock, thence to seek Plymouth; and when I set foot in that historic town, I felt Kingsley's kindly grasp tighten upon my hand. "Come," he seemed to say; "here was set the tiny stage whereon great parts were played, as if only Olympus were auditor and judge. Come, and keep reverent silence; read, and remember!"

Plymouth is a town born for the perpetual flaunting of England's glory. It sits in well-defended pride, looking calmly over the waves which are Britannia's own, and saying in every line of wall and fortress, "Behold my impregnable strength!" Should you, on arriving there, confide to some inhabitant your desire for a pleasant walk, he will say, substantially, although not perhaps in the eccentric diction of one kindly woman, "Oh, the 'O, my lady, — you must go to the 'O!" Half a mile from the station brings one to this Hoe, or highest part of the esplanade and pleasure-grounds bordering the water, and themselves locked in a wonder of stone outworks and coping. Straight across the sound to the south runs the breakwater, binding the waves in such beneficent yet stony fetters that they lie tranquil and hospitable before the incoming mariner. Fourteen miles out stands the Eddystone Lighthouse, on the site of an earlier triumph of engineering, at whose firmness even its great projector, Smeaton, may have wondered, as, morning after morning, he climbed the Hoe, to exult as he found the tower still piercing the sunrise mists. The tale of the Eddystone Light has been one of varied tragedy. The first lighthouse erected there was washed away, and the second burned. Smeaton's stood the shock of wind and water for over a century, and then, having been removed on account of its insecure base, and replaced by the present structure, was set up on the green-carpeted Hoe, a perpetually honored pensioner. Companioned by it, and overlooking fortress and waves, stands, counterfeited in bronze, the hero of the deep, the scourge of Spain, Sir Francis Drake, about whose memory clings today a legendary glory, which, recited by old Devon dames at the hour when the thoughts of kid and old woman turn homeward, brings a parlous creeping along the spine even in such as are able to summon also that expression known

in the older novels as "a skeptical smile." Who can wonder, after reading Drake's exploits, that Spain held him to be no man, but devil? He had a soul perpetually drunken with belief in self and a passionate love of action; he was one of those who do, not the things they can, but what they will; and more than all, like Napoleon in his happier days, he had a star! His actual doings read like fairy tales; but better than them all do I love the folk-lore indicating his place in the common mind, that afterglow sure to depict a vanished sunset more faithfully than painter's brush or poet's pen. Was she not a prudent dame, the Spanish favorite who refused to join a water-party with Philip of Spain, even at the risk of offending her sovereign, because she feared "El Draque," that water dragon who, by force of his magic arts, might be anywhere at a moment's notice, — now in Europe, now in Prester John's dominions? It was he who brought water down into Plymouth from clear mountain sources, by the simple process of obtaining a grant from the queen, and the good will of certain influential persons through whose grounds it must run. But did such commonplace means suffice for the popular imagination? Not in the least. Sir Francis mounted his great black horse and rode up into Dartmoor. There he found a spring, by Sheep's Tor. He beckoned, it followed, and, as he galloped down into Plymouth town, the stream, a docile Jill, came tumbling after.

"And fine would have been the Diversion," says a worthy chronicler, "when the Water was brought somewhere near the Town, to have seen how the Mayor and his Brethren, in their Formalities, went out to meet it, and bid it welcome hither; and that being thus met, they all returned together, the Gentlemen of the Corporation accompanied with Sir Francis Drake, walked before, and the Stream followed after into the Town, where it has continued to do ever since."

Though some give Sir Francis the mere credit of taking a contract for the waterworks, which had been previously planned by others, he is never forgotten in his capacity of Plymouth's cup-bearer. One loving custom of the town is its annual survey of the watercourse, amply described in a programme of the ceremony, dated July, 1891, — a bit of paper which, as it lies in the hand, sets one to dreaming of that heroic past with which it forms a solid link.

"At the Head Weir," says this quaint and delightful memorial, "the party being assembled, a Goblet filled with pure Water taken from the Weir by the Surveyor is handed by him to the Chairman of the Water Committee, who presents the same to the Mayor, and requests him to drink thereof, 'To the pious memory of Sir Francis Drake,' and passing the Cup from one to the other each drinks and repeats the same words. Another Goblet, being filled with Wine, is then presented by the Chamberlain to the Mayor, who drinks to the Toast — 'May the Descendants of him who brought us Water never want Wine.' Passing the Cup as before."

Then followed "Ye Fyshinge Feast," provided with trout taken from the stream, and concluded by toasts to the royal family, the mayor, and water committee, and topped by one imperishable custom. For "before separating," says the programme, "'Ye Lovynge Cuppe' will be passed in pledge of 'Unity and Prosperity' to the Town of Plymouth." United may it stand, and as prosperous as if Sir Francis yet reigned, its living dictator!

The story of Drake's marital influence is well suited to his reputed temperament and generalship. His second wife was Elizabeth Sydenham, of Combe Sydenham, Somerset; and before leaving her in the temporary widowhood entailed by one of his voyages, he threatened her with dire consequences should her fealty waver. Months stretched on in a weary chain, and the lady, believing him to be

dead, reluctantly accepted another suitor. But just as they were setting forth to church, in the midst of a violent thunderstorm, a ball of iron, a foot in diameter, fell hot on the pavement and rolled between the astonished pair. As the impartial student of history will at once believe, the wronged husband had taken aim from the antipodes, and as usual hit his mark. "It is the token from Drake!" exclaimed the unwilling bride. "He is alive! I will not go to church." Nor did she, and Drake himself soon appeared to requite her readiness in taking a hint. Some, indeed, say that the incident occurred while the two were merely plighted lovers, but I tell the tale as 't was told to me within the Devonshire borders. Historians may be cheerfully allowed to have it otherwise, but even their dictum is far less to be desired than the warm if distorted memories of an auld wife's brain.

One bit of gossip the worshipers of Sir Francis would fain consign to the lists of fiction, though it is set down by sober John Prince in his Worthies of Devon. It seems that, like many a lesser soul, the admiral was at one time bitten by the fever of ancestry, and borrowed, to speak in mildness, a coat of arms belonging to Sir Bernard Drake, head of an elder branch of the name, from whose line his own descent could not be traced. Sir Bernard naturally resented the presence of this uninvited guest on his family tree, and one day, when the feud had waxed fiery hot, within the verge of the court he gave Sir Francis a box on the ear. Thereupon, Elizabeth, jealous for her favorite as only a woman can be, bestowed upon Sir Francis a vainglorious coat of arms, all his own, indicating symbolically his dominion over the world of waters, and at the same time cunningly flouting the elder line; for in the rigging of the ship adorning the crest was a wivern, copied from the crest of Sir Bernard, but ignominiously hung by the heels. Nevertheless, one is inclined to think Sir Bernard had the best of the matter in his neat retort that "though her Majesty could give Sir Francis a nobler coat than his, she could not give him an antienter one."

Kingsley's vivid description of Plymouth as it was in 1588, when the Invincible Armada undertook the demolition of Protestant Christendom, is well rounded, in his portraiture of the men who were gathered in the town to await the arch enemy, by the picture of "a short, sturdy, plainly dressed man, who stands with legs a little apart, and hands behind his back, looking up with keen gray eyes into the face of each speaker. His cap is in his hands, so that you can see the bullet head of crisp, brown hair and the wrinkled forehead, as well as the high cheek bones, the short square face, the broad temples, the thick lips, which are yet firm as granite. A coarse, plebeian stamp of man, yet the whole figure and attitude are that of boundless determination, self-possession, energy; and when at last he speaks a few blunt words, all eyes are turned respectfully upon him, for his name is Francis Drake."

And there on Plymouth Hoe was he playing at bowls when a sailor hurriedly put in shore, to say that the enemy had been sighted. The English, from lord high admiral to common sailor, were tired of waiting. They had grown uneasy over conflicting rumors and Elizabeth's weathercock advance and withdrawal, and even the leaders sorely needed the solace of that match on the green. Yet when the great word broke upon the ear of Drake, what did he reply? That he would play out his game, since there would afterwards be time enough and to spare for beating the Spaniard. But who would attempt repeating the after story which many have told so well? Suffice it for us to recall the folk-version of the first scene in the grand drama, wherein the winds of heaven and the heroism of earth played antiphonal parts. When the Spanish fleet appeared,

say Plymouth dames, Sir Francis quietly called for a billet of wood and an axe. The stick he proceeded to chop into small pieces, which, as he threw them into the water, speedily became men-of-war; and these Devonian dragon's teeth (fraternal and beneficent, unlike the crop of old!) fell upon the enemy of Gloriana the Great, and straightway destroyed him.

At the right of the Hoe, a wilderness of greenery overlooking the sea, lies Mount Edgcumbe, wisely selected by the leader of the Armada for his own share of the spoils. He had an eye for beauty, this Medina Sidonia; and even at this late day, with all our sympathies enlisted on the winning side, we can but feel "the pity of it" that even so insolent an invader should thus have "loved a dream," though we smile, perforce, over old Fuller's ironical remark that "the bear was not yet killed, and Medina Sidonia might have catched a great cold, had he no other clothes to wear than the skin thereof." It is easy to picture the delight with which the sea-wearied eyes of the Spanish mariners must have rested on this royal spot. Sheer above the dimpling water rise mountainous cliffs, crowned with a noble growth of trees, and carpeted with sweet underverdure. Mount Edgcumbe Park, where the public is permitted to wander on specified days, is a miracle of beauty. Tracts of woodland alternate with garden beds rich in color. Laurel and holly reflect the day in their shining leaves, and a wondrous giant hypericum stars the ground with bloom. The great estate is traversed by broad walks and winding paths, apparently due not to design, but to the errant will of some wanderer; and now and again, in skirting the cliff, you may look down into the summer sea, over the greenly wooded Drake's Island in the harbor. At happy intervals are lodge and cottage, where you may order delectable tea and plum-cake for sixpence, or ham and eggs (the bulwark of England's greatness) for another silver trifle. And if the sky, such of it as you can see through the treetops, smile upon you, and the typical sight-seer be not omnipresent, you will take the little boat again for Plymouth quay, after a dreamy half-day in the park, more alive than ever to England's beauty and Medina Sidonia's taste in real estate.

Were one to attempt a summary of Plymouth's notable days and names, one would find an American tourist's stay within its gates all too short for dwelling fitly upon associations of such magnitude. From that port set sail, in its golden days, an "infinite swarm of expeditions." Drake put forth from its harbor to circumnavigate the globe. Sir John Hawkins made it the initial point of his dark but masterful career. Sir Walter Raleigh's fleet set sail thence for the settlement of Virginia, and hither he returned, broken-hearted, from his last fatal expedition in quest of the golden city of Manoa. Sir Humphrey Gilbert went thence to Newfoundland, a voyage destined to stretch on into that other, infinite journey, illumined by the burning words, "We are as near heaven by sea as by land." From Plymouth, also, embarked, in 1620, those pilgrims who had left Holland for a bleaker but more desired haven. Quaint and dry are the early chronicles of the town, denoting a race of tough fibre, fit associates for the mariners whose names do so burn and flash upon the page. These were men who stood no more upon ceremony than old "Frankie Drake," and who could give and take such missiles of dry humor as might at the present day be considered both dangerous and deadly in their effect on friendly intercourse. Some of the stories connected with the early mayors recall the candor once prevailing in the pit of the English theatres. Shipley, being meek by nature and deportment, was popularly called "Sheepley," and evidently took no offense thereat. Farcy, who would have the

world know that he was "gentleman born," struck the town clerk for not calling him "your Worship," and so was dubbed thereafter "Worshipful Farcy" by all the Plymouth *gamins*, perhaps even with the concurrence of their tough-hided fathers. Yogge, who was blamed for belittling his office by bearing his meat home from market, returned with sturdy good wit, "It 's a poor horse that won't carry its own provender!" But of all the legends connected with these robust city fathers, none better illustrates their humor and bluntness of speech than a true tale of Mayor Dirnford, who, in 1455, in church "on his opening day," had a fit of apoplexy. No such slight incident, however, could really disturb his Worship. He came out of it with dignity, as from a recognized part of the services, and at dinner ate Michaelmas goose, saying grimly that the fit had given him an appetite.

Of the beauty and strength of Plymouth at the present day it would be difficult to say too much. It includes within its jurisdiction the sister towns of Stonehouse and Devonport, all three bearing the patent marks of military design and occupation. Look into the Catwater and Hamoaze, estuaries of the Plym and Tamar, twin rivers of Plymouth, and you shall find men-of-war and humble merchant vessels. Go to Devonport, and there you may seek the dockyards, enticingly open to such foreigners as are favored by the gods and the admiralty. Though the days have long passed when seafaring heroes trod the streets, Plymouth will disclose many a quaint corner to such as are patient as well as curious: witness, at least, the Barbican, where one who fears not sea slime and good-natured chaff may meet the fishing population at dawn; and also the eccentric auction which is distinguished by the falling of every bid. What lover of the past could be misled by a garnished exterior? Yet if there be one thus "fond and foolish," let him in Plymouth seek out that square where so many stately buildings are congregated, and, ignoring their carven freshness, enter old St. Andrew's Church. For there were the people at service, three hundred years ago, when a salute told the news that Sir Francis Drake had returned from the seas which "were a prison for so large a spirit," and drew forth men, women, and children to meet the victorious hero.

Another bit of earth where the loyal heart beats at thought of Kingsley and olden days is Clovelly, jewel dropped in a cleft of the rock, happy human nest builded close by the sea. The approach to this oddest corner of creation, past vestiges of a Roman encampment, gives no hint of the beauties on which the eye is presently to feed. The coach stops, apparently in a gentleman's park devoted to utilitarian ends; and leaving care behind, in the shape of baggage, the traveler must thereupon take to his feet down a steep, rock-paved road, where all tourists fare alike, be they clad in frieze or gold. Suddenly, at a turn of the way, appears Clovelly Street, descending sharply in low, broad stairs laid with cobblestones. No carriage has ever profaned this stony staircase; only the tiny hoofs of donkeys go clattering up and down. Neddy patiently toils under sacks of coal (trying meanwhile, with gentle insistence, to "scrunch" the unwary traveler against the neighboring wall), or drags about sledges piled high with trunk and portmanteau, whose name here is legion. Flanking this declivitous way runs, on either side, a row of cottages, immaculate in whitewash, and adorned by fuchsia shrubs and geraniums. Halfway down stands the New Inn, its sign swinging across the street, — a little old-fashioned house, resplendent in old china, and kept in perpetual commotion by the influx of hungry excursionists, who come by boat and coach to flood the tiny village with admiring exclamations.

The quaintness of Clovelly is not all its charm; it wears, too, that of a wondrous beauty and delight. Lying as it does in an earth-cleft stretching down to the sea, it is fostered and overlooked by towering wooded cliffs, and, secure in humble contentment and sweetness of life, seems nowise inferior in merit to such natural pomp and magnificence. The little street wanders, in its progress to the water; once, perhaps twice, it boldly marches through the walls of a house (itself spanned by an archway above), and then, after threading strange nooks and corners, where fishy smells mingle with the smoke which is Clovelly's natural breath, ends at the little harbor, — that harbor where, as Kingsley says, in the season of herring fishing, so many boats set forth with song and prayer, some never to return. One scene, he tells us, would come upon him again and again: of "the old bay darkened with the gray coldness of the waterspouts stalking across the waves before the northern gales; and the tiny herring boats fleeing from their nets right for the breakers, hoping more mercy even from those iron walls of rock than from the pitiless howling wastes of spray behind them; and that merry beach beside the town covered with shrieking women and old men, casting themselves on the pebbles in fruitless agonies of prayer, as corpse after corpse swept up at the feet of wife and child, till in one case alone the dawn saw upwards of sixty widows and orphans weeping over those who had gone out the night before in the fullness of strength and courage."

Kingsley's father was rector of Clovelly during six of those years when the sensitive lad must have been very delicately responsive to new impressions. Under the mysterious spell of sea and cliff, he conned the pages of England's naval history, learning it, as one might say, through the heart rather than the mind; for here did he catch the spirit of those men who made it glow and burn. From Devon air, her sunshine, waves, and rocks, rather than Hakluyt's Chronicles, was born his fiery sympathy with that heroic race who peopled the deep three hundred years ago. "Now," said he to his wife, on her first visit to Clovelly, "now that you have seen the dear old paradise, you know what was the inspiration of my life before I met you." His very spirit permeates the place; his name is there a household word.

"Did you know Mr. Kingsley?" I asked a woman, beautiful with health, and bearing the dignity of a sturdy character, the wife of a "master mariner," to whom a humble stone was erected in Clovelly churchyard. Evidently, that manner of speech was too familiar as concerned a beneficent household deity. "We all saw him very often," she said, with gravity. "As soon as he came on his visits, he was in and out of every house, as welcome as a bit of sunlight on a wet day, and asking how was this one, and how was that, and had the lads got home from sea? Ah, we loved Mr. Kingsley!"

His happiest vacations were spent here, sometimes as a guest at Clovelly Court, and again in lodgings in a fuchsia-decked house on Clovelly Street. Thence he sailed to Lundy, or wherever a fisherman's lot might lead him, delighting his keen eyes and reverent soul with God's wonders dredged up from the deep. "I cannot believe my eyes," was his home-satisfied cry, on settling into a welcoming nest. "The same place, the pavement, the dear old smells, the dear old handsome faces again!"

The people who fill the picturesque village houses are of a noble and dignified type. Clovelly women are tall and shapely, the men bear in face and carriage unmistakable marks of thought and feeling, and the children are marvels of dark-eyed beauty. With such simplicity and directness does the body seem to give expression to the soul that one may

read here, in face and demeanor, the story of a fine and striving race. Life to these men is little more or less than a daily struggle with the treacherous sea. So constantly are they brought face to face with danger that minor griefs are no longer present to remembrance, and the desire of eternal life has become all in all. Such men were their dead-and-gone ancestors, who fought the Armada, and went, "grim or jocund," in quest of the "golden South Americas;" such, in endurance and rigid purpose, was Salvation Yeo, of Westward Ho! who was born in Clovelly Street, in the year 1526, where his "father exercised the mystery of a barber surgeon and a preacher of the people since called Anabaptists." One noticeable circumstance, strange and pregnant, is that Clovelly has no young men. They are all at sea, serving their apprenticeship, to come home for the innocent kisses of a dozen joyous women waiting on the quay, or to furnish new cause for the old ache, throbbing for the wanderer who may not return.

Clovelly may be approached through the Hobby Drive, a way of marvelous beauty skirting the top of the cliff, guarded by towering trees, and bordered with a lush undergrowth of ferns. From time to time in his course, the traveler will come upon a natural window in the leafy walls, an airy space, whence he may overlook the blue sea, seek Lundy's outline, severely simple, and in the distance the shadowy coast of Wales; and finally shall he receive the crowning vision of Clovelly herself, far below his eyrie, nestling in her flowery gorge, and drowsily indifferent to sea or wind. This road, a veritable fairy progress, belongs to Clovelly Court, where, in the sixteenth century, lived the Carys, one of whom figures so prominently among Kingsley's giants of action. They held it till the eighteenth century, when their branch of the family died out. And where now shall we seek a trace of the gallant Will who was one of that noble Brotherhood of the Rose, founded by Frank Leigh, worthy favorite of the Virgin Queen? Only Kingsley can rehearse his mimic history, though, if the trace of one of his forbears be cheering to the eye, the traveler may climb the height to the little church, to find a Cary's name in enduring brass. Another point of pilgrimage on the estate is Gallantry Bower, a steep cliff rising four hundred feet out of the sea, and commanding Hartland Point, Bideford Bay, and, stretching ever outward like a weird finger, Morte Point, where so many ships have gone down, — barren and dreadful Morte, which of all places on earth "God made last, and the devil will take first." Gallantry Bower, as Amyas says, is so named when one is on land, though you "always call it White Cliff when you see it from the seaboard." It has its appropriate legend, for here, in a lonely tower, lived the fair lady of a Norman lord. She had a fine vantage point for surveying the world around, this victim of soft durance! Peace to her dust, — peace equal in measure to the skyful of beauty whereon she daily looked!

To go into lodgings at Clovelly is to invite a possibility of becoming soon interknit with the life of its kindly people. In an angle of the stairlike street, almost overhanging the quay, stands a bench serving as council ground for the village fathers. There, usually at twilight, when the boats have come in and nets are drying, sits a row of grizzled mariners discussing the state — of the world, think you? Nay, of the universe itself. One bit of quaint philosophy, overheard during such a twilight symposium, has lingered in my ears, to sweeten many a tough morsel of experience. "Well," said one of these weatherworn sea-dogs, in the tone of those who have drawn their own conclusions from the inexplicable drama called Life, "human nature 's looking up a bit; that 's the only comfort." And is human nature

looking up even a bit, Clovelly sailor, more familiar with the deep than with human countenance, and unpolluted with the grime of great cities? It may be so, for out of the lips of men unspotted from the world come often truths more crystalline than those of science or statistics. In the village is sold a photograph of Clovelly mariners, and one face, a humorous, droll physiognomy, at once strikes the attention. "And who is this?" I asked the sympathetic dealer. "Oh, that is poor old Captain Folly," said she, with a tear in her voice. "He died, the other day. You must have been here." Yes, we were there in our lodgings at the head of the street, when Captain Folly was borne past by his brother mariners in their Sunday best; wearing also the becoming gravity of those who think gently and seriously of death, not during the one hour when it disturbs them at their avocations, but as children recognize the night as the inevitable foil of day. A solemn hymn was sung, strong voices sustaining its burden, and up the street to the little church was carried the old man whose journey was finished, and who slept, wrapped in honor and full of days, beneath the flag spread reverently upon his coffin.

Midway down the street stands — or stood — another old man, whose race is not soon to be run, judging from his apparent ability to keep feebleness and sorrow at bay. He is crippled, and waits at the domestic receipt of custom, ready to retail village gossip, and readier still to dispose, in a very self-respecting manner, of the forthcoming shilling or sixpence. He is a trifle more cynical than many of his brother mariners, this aged man, the daily implication of whose life is, "A penny, if you please," yet he furnishes savor and spice in a godly community.

But in order to find one's self actually near the heart of this simple folk, it is the part of the reflective traveler to attend chapel on Sunday, and not the church. Such a service, once sought out and followed, is never to be forgotten. A rough hall in an obscure corner jutting from the street, bare and uninteresting as the old country schoolhouse, is filled with worshipers, who at entrance and departure make a mighty clattering on the uncarpeted floor, and whose heart of religious love raises their hymn-singing to a resounding if strident chorus. What lover of human expression would not study reverently the faces in that lowly chapel? Every eye fixed upon the preacher, — a man who had somewhat to say, a sermon full of hard and loving common sense, — their earnestness bespoke sheep worthy the guidance of a faithful shepherd; not such as feed in grassy vales, but accustomed to stony ways and mountain fastnesses, to storm and night. One old man, whose every look and gesture was of the sea, emphasized the prayers, from point to point, with sonorous "amens." His soul drank of the waters of life, said the recurrent response, and this was his thanksgiving.

Eleven miles from Clovelly lies Lundy, from the southeast edge of which rises the Shutter Rock, terrible dramatic centre of the tragedy so marvelously described in Westward Ho! when, at the end of Amyas Leigh's sixteen days' chase of the Spaniard, the wind a destroying angel, and lightnings and thunder the messengers of an avenging heaven, Don Guzman's ship was cast upon the rocks. What traveler so painstaking as to seek out Lundy will not remember at the south that cliff overhanging the shoreless cove and deep, dark sea, where blind Amyas sat and drank in his vision of the Spanish galleon, and her men "all lying round her, asleep until the judgment day"?

"Don Guzman he never heeded, but sat still and drank his wine. Then he took a locket from his bosom; and I heard him speak, Will, and he said, 'Here 's the picture of my fair and true lady; drink to her, Señors all.' Then

he spoke to me, Will, and called me, right up through the oar-weed and the sea: 'We have had a fair quarrel, Señor, and it is time to be friends once more. My wife and your brother have forgiven me, so your honor takes no stain.' And I answered, 'We are friends, Don Guzman; God has judged our quarrel, and not we.' Then he said, 'I have sinned, and I am punished.' And I said, 'And, Señor, so am I.' Then he held out his hand to me, Cary, and I stooped to take it, and I woke."

Lundy, in the days before steam had rendered traveling "as easy as lying," was so inaccessible as to provoke the remark that the difficulty of getting there was exceeded only by the difficulty of getting away. Indeed, it is said that the clergymen of five or six coast parishes once made an excursion thither, and were detained on the island over two Sundays, to the exceeding dismay of their waiting congregations, — an enforced season of retirement which, it is hoped, the reverend gentlemen employed for the good of their souls. The island is one of that brood of earth pygmies born to mightiness of garb and history. Its granite and slate defenses present an impregnable front to the Atlantic, and surging currents rage about it with a strength and fury to be surpassed only at Land's End. But once within its rocky gates, more smiling beauties greet the eye, for its vegetation is rich in that coloring which is the benison of sea air. Here heather and furze glow in rose and gold, the royal foxglove stands stately tall, and sedum blesses the earth with bloom. Lundy has had a checkered history, ever painted in gloomy and glaring hues. It can boast remains of a primeval population, in flint and pottery, but few will care to trace its history further than the day of Sir Jordan de Moresco, its earliest recorded lord, who, in the reign of Henry II., lived there a turbulent and piratical life, undaunted by king or peer, though his bit of land was declared forfeit to the crown. Of good old stuff were the Morescos, and they fought a valiant fight against law and order until 1242, when William of that name was seized and hanged in London town. Thereafter, Lundy became a favorite resort for pirates, and was captured in turn by French, Spanish, and even Turkish privateers. Seek its pages to-day, and you will read the tamer sequel to so bold a story: a few houses cluster at the landing-cove, a lighthouse crowns the plateau above; the scene is one of quietude, broken only by the turmoil of nature. On the upper plain lie also the ruins of an ancient fortress known as Moresco's Castle, forever tainted by the blot of having sheltered a dastardly refugee, Sir Lewis Stukely, Vice-Admiral of Devonshire, and kinsman of Sir Walter Raleigh, who through his means came to the headsman's block. By this Judas-like deed, Stukely earned the royal favor, but irretrievably lost that of his peers; and being vigorously insulted by old Lord Howard of Effingham, he ran whining to James and made complaint. "What should I do with him?" queried James. "Hang him? On my sawl, mon, if I hung all that spoke ill of thee, all the trees in the island were too few!" But Stukely was to learn that treachery to a friend and defection from a royal master are two different offenses; for when, within a year, he was caught debasing the coin of the realm, there was nothing for it but flight before the winds of wrath. Into Devonshire, hot-foot, he hurried, and there he was resolutely boycotted; his own denied him, and the common people would give him "neither fire nor water." Again was he swept on by fate and furies to Lundy, and, seeking refuge in the old Moresco Castle, died there, "cursing God and man."

Not far from Clovelly lies Portledge, now the seat of the Pine-Coffins, and in Amyas Leigh's time the residence of that Will Coffin who made one among

the lovers of Rose Salterne. The most prominent member of the old Coffin family figures boldly among Prince's Worthies of Devon, and his life presents a pretty bit of incident which could scarcely be told more vividly than in Prince's own diction, quaint and clear. This Sir William Coffin married, in the reign of Henry VIII., Lady Mannors of Derbyshire; "and residing, as is likely with her on her Dowry in those Parts, he was chosen Knight of that Shire in the Parliment which began A. 21 K. Henry VIII., 1529: In his way to which, there happened a remarkable Accident, not unworthy the relating, especially for the good Law it occasioned: Passing by a Church-yard, he saw a multitude of People standing Idle; he enquired into the Cause thereof: Who reply'd, They had brought a Corse thither to be buried; but the Priest refused to do his Office unless they first delivered him the Poor Man's Cow, the only Quick goods he left, for a Mortuary. Sir William sent for the Priest, and required him to do his Office to the Dead: Who peremptorily refused it, unless he had his Mortuary first. Whereupon he caused the Priest to be put into the poor Man's Grave, and Earth to be thrown in upon him; and he still persisting in his Refusal, there was still more earth thrown in, until the obstinate Priest was either altogether or well-nigh suffocated." This little drama led to an act of Parliament absolutely fixing the amount of mortuaries, and specifying the place of payment, so that no poor man was thereafter likely to be denied his last rites and resting-place. "All which," as Prince begs us to "make a note of," "Confirms the Observation, That Evil Manners are often the Parent of Good Laws."

It were a pert and presumptuous pen which would attempt a description of Bideford after Kingsley has ticketed it with missal script, and laid it away for all time, in library records, as "the little white town . . . which slopes upwards from its broad tide-river paved with yellow sands, and many-arched old bridge where salmon wait for autumn floods, toward the pleasant upland on the west. Above the town the hills close in, cushioned with deep oak woods, through which juts here and there a crag of fern-fringed slate; below they lower, and open more and more in softly-rounded knolls and fertile squares of red and green, till they sink into the wide expanse of hazy flats, rich salt-marshes, and rolling sand-hills, where Torridge joins her sister Taw, and both together flow quietly toward the broad surges of the bar, and the everlasting thunder of the long Atlantic swell." But the traveler who arrives there with the beginning of Westward Ho! warm in the memory will recall that, in the year 1575, Amyas Leigh, wandering home from school along the quay, by the taverns that lined the High Street, met there two men telling strange tales of the gold and gems of the New World, and the marvelous adventures attendant on their quest. These were Mr. John Oxenham, of whose family Devonshire traditions contain curious mention, and Salvation Yeo. That the latter was a true Devonshire name "the bricks are alive to this day to testify;" for in Bideford town I saw it, not many months ago, on a prosaic and humble signboard. But though syllables may defy the lapse of time, the ancient taverns are gone, and the High Street is a busy course of trade. Even the old church, where Amyas and his brother mariners gave thanks after their wonderful voyage with Drake, has given place to a new one. Only the muddy Torridge flows daily in and out, alternating in yellow flats and dimpling water, and Bideford bridge stands proud and firm in the very outlines it wore when the lad Amyas begged of Salvation Yeo his carven horn. So old is this historic bridge that no man knoweth the date of its building. The most ancient ex-

isting seal of Bideford borough, dating from the fourteenth century, bears its portrait; therefore must it have been alive and in good and honorable standing at that day. Its origin, like that of all truly self-respecting structures in Great Britain, is supernatural. It is recorded that the river was long ago crossed by a ford so dangerous that no stones could be laid there with any hope of permanence. Finally, however, the parish priest was told in a dream that a stone had been moved to a desirable spot in the stream, and there should the bridge be built. So this holy medium of communication 'twixt Heaven and Bideford, Sir Richard Gomard, or Gurney, revealed his vision to the bishop, who was pleased to "send forth indulgences and licenses" in order to enlist the good offices of his flock. They, obedient souls, gave abundantly, each according to his means. Many contributed money; the rich gave lands and the labor of their workmen, and the poor cheerfully offered the work of their hands, some for a week, and others, more prosperous or more zealous, for a month. That the succeeding bishops had the bridge's welfare in mind is indicated by the fact that announcement was made not only from the cathedral church of Exeter, but throughout the diocese of Devonshire and Cornwall, that those who would promote and encourage this work "should participate in all spiritual blessings forever." No wonder that the bridge became so rich as to hold its head high, and bear itself with the dignity of a landed proprietor, becoming, first and last, "an inspired bridge, a soul-saving bridge, an alms-giving bridge, an educational bridge, a sentient bridge, and last, but not least, a dinner-giving bridge."

It was to the Grenviles that Bideford owed its early prosperity. The first Grenvile of Bideford was a cousin of the Conqueror; but the bright star of that heroic family remains Sir Richard, whose prowess is sung by every chanter of Devon's fame, and who departed this life in a swiftly-traced but ever-during track of glory. For in the Revenge, off Flores, with a hundred and twenty men, he fought the Spanish fleet of fifty sail and ten thousand men, from three in the afternoon till daybreak next morning. But when, in that fury of battle, more than a thousand of the enemy were slain, while the Revenge lost but forty, when his boat was riddled through and through, and he himself was wounded, he would fain have blown up the vessel, and was forced to surrender only through want of ammunition. Three days after, he died of his wounds, saying in Spanish, that his captors might understand and know themselves defied to the last, "Here die I, Richard Grenvile, with a joyful and a quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a good soldier ought to do, who has fought for his country and his queen, for honor and religion."

Such was Richard Grenvile, who walks through Westward Ho! and the pages of less poetic history "a wise and gallant gentleman, lovely to all good men, awful to all bad men: in whose presence none dare say or do a mean or a ribald thing; whom brave men left, feeling themselves nerved to do their duty better, while cowards slipped away, as bats and owls before the sun." Well is he remembered as "the great Sir Richard, the pride of North Devon."

Kingsley's authority has been questioned for making Bideford one of England's chief ports in the sixteenth century, though its halcyon days, beginning under Elizabeth, rapidly brightened, until its commerce with America and Newfoundland became exceeding great. French and Spanish privateers found Bideford ships such rich booty that they seized them in the very offing of the Taw and Torridge, and ironically named the spot "Golden Bay." But such flourishing of commerce is a thing of the past, for now the shipping trade of the Torridge is conducted mainly at the

neighboring town of Appledore. Burrough, in Northam, where Kingsley fixed the home of Amyas Leigh, has been for centuries the seat of a family of the name of Leigh, two of whom were seafaring men, and one, in Elizabeth's time, "Chief Pilot of England." A member of a luckless expedition to the Arctic seas in the sixteenth century, he daringly continued his voyage, even though a companion ship was separated from him by wind and weather. On he sailed into the north, the region of perpetual night, and, most undaunted of pioneers, entered the White Sea, naming the North Cape by the way. Again, in an insignificant vessel, with a tiny crew, he sailed triumphantly to a point within the Kara Sea "beyond which," says Prince, "no navigator went until our own day." Truly, Amyas, the giant, came of a goodly race, and one whose traditions bound him to heroic deeds.

Near the mouth of the Torridge lies a delightfully clean little town, a seaside resort of some pretension. This is Westward Ho, born of the great book which yearly peoples the region with visitors. Though the town is modern, even amazingly so among such surroundings, its near neighbor is as old as — what? Let geology tell us. I had almost said, in the ignorant enthusiasm of the unscientific pilgrim, "as old as Adam." This neighbor is the Pebble Ridge, whose moaning told poor Mrs. Leigh, three miles away in Bideford town, that the sea and winds were rapidly rising, and that her boy, on his way to Ireland, would not sleep that night. The Ridge is simply a wide beach heaped with pebbles, the smallest larger than the fist, and on the day of my pilgrimage lying at rest beside a calm sea and under a smiling sky. But it is easily to be guessed that when the demons of air and water strive together, these missiles of the deep, wet with ocean spume, are cast mightily upon one another, until they rattle like the fetters of giants captive. Behind them lie Northam Burrows, broad, smiling expanses clothed with coarse grass, and delightful to the British golfer, who there amuses himself as religiously as the Armada captains played at skittles on the Hoe. Is it beyond possibility that, in our own "empty day," some game of golf may be historic?

When and where shall the pilgrim content himself? Shall he follow the uttermost traces of those he would fain have known, and, knowing, would have reverenced, even when the present fails to copy fair the past? If he elect to do so, then may he seek Freshwater at Clovelly, where "Irish ffoxe came out of rocks," to lose his brush of self-sufficiency, despoiled by giant Amyas; yet here he will find but slender trickling of the stream of clear water, and slight reminder, in the peaceful scene, of such shy quarry. He may religiously visit Marsland Mouth, where lived Lucy Passmore, the "white witch," to find it a Devonshire combe, full of every-day contentment; or he may traverse Dartmoor, and put the finger of fancy on the very spot where Salvation Yeo slew the king of the Gubbings. Time and enthusiasm must direct him, but he can scarcely be disappointed in any Devonian quest, even where he looks for castle or hovel, and finds not one stone left upon another; for always and everywhere are the changeful sky, warm cliffs, and smiling or tempestuous sea; everywhere his hope will be set in the gold of trefoil or the rose of heather. Devonshire herself has not waxed old nor faded, and in holding her warm hand and gazing into her true eyes he may comfort himself with the certainty that even so was she in those yesterdays made for the building of great epics.

Alice Brown.

THE BEAUPORT LOUP-GAROU.

October dusk was bleak on the St. Lawrence, an east wind feeling along the river's surface and rocking the vessels of Sir William Phips on tawny rollers. It was the second night that his fleet sat there inactive. During that day a small ship had approached Beauport landing; but it stuck fast in the mud and became a mark for gathering Canadians until the tide rose and floated it off. At this hour all the habitants about Beauport except one, and even the Huron Indians of Lorette, were safe inside the fort walls. Cattle were driven and sheltered inland. Not a child's voice could be heard in the parish of Beauport, and not a woman's face looked through windows fronting the road leading up toward Montmorenci. Juchereau de Saint-Denis, the seignior of Beauport, had taken his tenants with him as soon as the New England invaders pushed into Quebec Basin. Only one man of the muster hid himself and stayed behind, and he was too old for military service. His seignior might lament him, but there was no woman to do so. Gaspard had not stepped off his farm for years. The priest visited him there, humoring a bent which seemed as inelastic as a vow. He had not seen the ceremonial of high mass in the cathedral of Upper Town since he was a young man.

Gaspard's farm was fifteen feet wide and a mile long. It was one of several strips lying between the St. Charles River and those heights east of Beauport which rise to Montmorenci Falls. He had his front on the greater stream, and his inland boundary among woods skirting the mountain. He raised his food and the tobacco he smoked, and braided his summer hats of straw and knitted his winter caps of wool. One suit of well-fulled woolen clothes should have lasted a habitant a lifetime. But Gaspard had been unlucky. He lost all his family by smallpox, and the priest made him burn his clothes, and ruinously fit himself with new. There was no use in putting savings in the stocking any longer, however; the children were gone. He could only buy masses for them. He lived alone, the neighbors taking that loving interest in him which French Canadians bestow on one another.

More than once Gaspard thought he would leave his farm and go into the world. When Frontenac returned to take the paralyzed province in hand, and fight Iroquois, and repair the mistakes of the last governor, Gaspard put on his best moccasins and the red tasseled sash he wore only at Christmas. "Gaspard is going to the fort," ran along the whole row of Beauport houses. His neighbors waited for him. They all carried their guns and powder for the purpose of firing salutes to Frontenac. It was a grand day. But when Gaspard stepped out with the rest, his countenance fell. He could not tell what ailed him. His friends coaxed and pulled him; they gave him a little brandy. He sat down, and they were obliged to leave him, or miss the cannonading and fireworks themselves. From his own river front Gaspard saw the old lion's ship come to port, and, in unformed sentences, he reasoned then that a man need not leave his place to take part in the world.

Frontenac had not been back a month, and here was the New England colony of Massachusetts swarming against New France. "They may carry me away from my hearth feet first," thought Gaspard, "but I am not to be scared away from it."

Every night, before putting the bar across his door, the old habitant went out to survey the two ends of the earth typified by the road crossing his strip

of farm. These were usually good moments for him. He did not groan, as at dawn, that there were no children to relieve him of labor. A noble landscape lifted on either hand from the hollow of Beauport. The ascending road went on to the little chapel of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, which for thirty years had been considered a shrine in New France. The left hand road forded the St. Charles and climbed the long slope to Quebec rock.

Gaspard loved the sounds which made home so satisfying at autumn dusk. Faint and far off he thought he could hear the lowing of his cow and calf. To remember they were exiled gave him the pang of the unusual. He was just chilled through, and therefore as ready for his own hearth as a long journey could have made him, when a gray thing loped past in the flinty dust, showing him sudden awful eyes and tongue of red fire.

Gaspard clapped the house door to behind him and put up the bar. He was not afraid of Phips and the fleet, of battle or night attack, but the terror which walked in the darkness of sorcerers' times abjectly bowed his old legs.

"O good Ste. Anne, pray for us!" he whispered, using an invocation familiar to his lips. "If loups-garous are abroad, also, what is to become of this unhappy land?"

There was a rattling knock on his door. It might be made by the hilt of a sword; or did a loup-garou ever clatter paw against man's dwelling? Gaspard climbed on his bed.

"Father Gaspard! Father Gaspard! Are you within?"

"Who is there?"

"Le Moyne de Sainte-Hélène. Don't you know my voice?"

"My master Sainte-Hélène, are you alone?"

"Quite alone, except for my horse tied to your apple-tree. Let me in."

The command was not to be slighted. Gaspard got down and admitted his visitor. More than once had Sainte-Hélène come to this hearth. He appreciated the large fire, and sat down on a chair with heavy legs which were joined by bars resting on the floor.

"My hands tingle. The dust on these flint roads is cold."

"But Monsieur Sainte-Hélène never walked with his hands in the dust," protested Gaspard. The erect figure, bright with all the military finery of that period, checked even his superstition by imposing another kind of awe.

"The New England men expect to make us bite it yet," responded Sainte-Hélène. "Saint-Denis is anxious about you, old man. Why don't you go to the fort?"

"I will go to-morrow," promised Gaspard, relaxing sheepishly from terror. "These New Englanders have not yet landed, and one's own bed is very comfortable in the cool nights."

"I am used to sleeping anywhere."

"Yes, monsieur, for you are young."

"It would make you young again, Gaspard, to see Count Frontenac. I wish all New France had seen him yesterday when he defied Phips and sent the envoy back to the fleet. The officer was sweating; our mischievous fellows had blinded him at the water's edge, and dragged him, to the damage of his shins, over all the barricades of Mountain Street. He took breath and courage when they turned him loose before the governor, — though the sight of Frontenac startled him, — and handed over the letter of his commandant requiring the surrender of Quebec."

"My faith, Monsieur Sainte-Hélène, did the governor blow him out of the room?"

"The man offered his open watch, demanding an answer within the hour. The governor said, 'I do not need so much time. Go back at once to your master and tell him I will answer this insolent message by the mouths of my cannon.'"

"By all the saints, that was a good word!" swore Gaspard, slapping his

knee with his wool cap. "Neither the Iroquois nor the Bostonnais will run over us, now that the old governor is back. You heard him say it, monsieur?"

"I heard him, yes; for all his officers stood by. La Hontan was there, too, and that pet of La Hontan's, Baron de Saint-Castin's half-breed son, of Pentegoet."

The martial note in the officer's voice sunk to contempt. Gaspard was diverted from the governor to recognize, with the speechless perception of an untrained mind, that jealousy which men established in the world have of very young men. The male instinct of predominance is fierce even in saints. Le Moyne de Sainte-Hélène, though of the purest stock in New France, had no prejudice against a half-breed.

"How is Mademoiselle Clementine?" inquired Gaspard, arriving at the question in natural sequence. "You will see her oftener now than when you had to ride from the fort."

The veins looked black in his visitor's face. "Ask the little Saint-Castin. Boys stand under windows and talk to women now. Men have to be reconnoitring the enemy."

"Monsieur Anselm de Saint-Castin is the son of a good fighter," observed Gaspard. "It is said the New England men hate his very name."

"Anselm de Saint-Castin is barely eighteen years old."

"It is the age of Mademoiselle Clementine."

The old habitant drew his three-legged stool to the hearth corner, and took the liberty of sitting down as the talk was prolonged. He noticed the leaden color which comes of extreme weariness and depression dulling Sainte-Hélène's usually dark and rosy skin. Gaspard had heard that this young man was quickest afoot, readiest with his weapon, most untiring in the dance, and keenest for adventure of all the eight brothers in his noble family. He had done the French arms credit in the expedition to Hudson Bay and many another brush with their enemies. The fire was burning high and clear, lighting rafters and their curious brown tassels of smoked meat, and making the crucifix over the bed shine out the whitest spot in a smoke-stained room.

"Father Gaspard," inquired Sainte-Hélène suddenly, "did you ever hear of such a thing as a loup-garou?"

The old habitant felt terror returning with cold feet up his back, and crowding its blackness upon him through the windows. Yet as he rolled his eyes at the questioner he felt piqued at such ignorance of his natural claims.

"Was I not born on the island of Orleans, monsieur?"

Everybody knew that the island of Orleans had been from the time of its discovery the abode of loups-garous, sorcerers, and all those uncanny cattle that run in the twilights of the world. The western point of its wooded ridge, which parts the St. Lawrence for twenty-two miles, from Beauport to Beaupré, lay opposite Gaspard's door.

"Oh, you were born on the island of Orleans?"

"Yes, monsieur," answered Gaspard, with the pride we take in distinction of any kind.

"But you came to live in Beauport parish."

"Does a goat turn to a pig, monsieur, because you carry it to the north shore?"

"Perhaps so: everything changes."

Sainte-Hélène leaned forward, resting his arms on the arms of the chair. He wrinkled his eyelids around central points of fire.

"What is a loup-garou?"

"Does monsieur not know? Monsieur Sainte-Hélène surely knows that a loup-garou is a man-wolf."

"A man-wolf," mused the soldier. "But when a person is so afflicted, is he a man or is he a wolf?"

"It is not an affliction, monsieur; it is sorcery."

"I think you are right. Then the wretched man-wolf is past being prayed for?"

"If one should repent" —

"I don't repent anything," returned Sainte-Hélène; and Gaspard's jaw relaxed, and he had the feeling of pinfeathers in his hair. "Is he a man or is he a wolf?" repeated the questioner.

"The loup-garou is a man, but he takes the form of a wolf."

"Not all the time?"

"No, monsieur, not all the time."

"Of course not."

Gaspard experienced with us all this paradox: that the older we grow, the more visible becomes the unseen. In childhood the external senses are sharp; but maturity fuses flesh and spirit. He wished for a priest, desiring to feel the arm of the Church around him. It was late October, — a time which might be called the yearly Sabbath of loups-garous.

"And what must a loup-garou do with himself?" pursued Sainte-Hélène. "I should take to the woods, and sit and lick my chaps, and bless my hide that I was for the time no longer a man."

"Saints! monsieur, he goes on a chase. He runs with his tongue lolled out, and his eyes red as blood."

"What color are my eyes, Gaspard?"

The old Frenchman sputtered, "Monsieur, they are very black."

Sainte-Hélène drew his hand across them.

"It must be your firelight that is so red. I have been seeing as through a glass of claret ever since I came in."

Gaspard moved further into the corner, the stool legs scraping the floor. Though every hair on his body crawled with superstition, he could not suspect Le Moyne de Sainte-Hélène. Yet the familiar face altered strangely while he looked at it: the nose sunk with sudden emaciation, and the jaws lengthened to a gaunt muzzle. There was a crouching forward of the shoulders, as if the man were about to drop on his hands and feet. Gaspard had once fallen down unconscious in haying time; and this recalled to him the breaking up and shimmering apart of a solid landscape. The deep cleft mouth parted, lifting first at the corners and showing teeth, then widening to the utterance of a low howl.

Gaspard tumbled over the stool, and, seizing it by a leg, held it between himself and Sainte-Hélène.

"What is the matter, Gaspard?" exclaimed the officer, clattering his scabbard against the chair as he rose, his lace and plumes and ribbons stirring anew. Many a woman in the province had not as fine and sensitive a face as the one confronting the old habitant.

Gaspard stood back against the wall, holding the stool with its legs bristling towards Sainte-Hélène. He shook from head to foot.

"Have I done anything to frighten you? What is the matter with me, Gaspard, that people should treat me as they do? It is unbearable! I take the hardest work, the most dangerous posts; and they are against me — against me."

The soldier lifted his clenched fists, and turned his back on the old man. The fire showed every curve of his magnificent stature. Wind, diving into the chimney, strove against the sides for freedom, and startled the silence with its hollow rumble.

"I forded the St. Charles when the tide was rising, to take you back with me to the fort. I see you dread the New Englanders less than you do me. She told her father she feared you were ill. But every one is well," said Sainte-Hélène, lowering his arms and making for the door. And it sounded like an accusation against the world.

He was scarcely outside in the wind, though still holding the door, when Gaspard was ready to put up the bar.

"Good-night, old man."

"Good-night, monsieur, good-night, good-night!" called Gaspard, with qua-

vering dispatch. He pushed the door, but Sainte-Hélène looked around its edge. Again the officer's face had changed, pinched by the wind, and his eyes were full of mocking laughter.

"I will say this for a loup-garou, Father Gaspard: a loup-garou may have a harder time in this world than the other beasts, but he is no coward; he can make a good death."

Ashes spun out over the floor, and smoke rolled up around the joists, as Sainte-Hélène shut himself into the darkness. Not satisfied with barring the door, the old habitant pushed his chest against it. To this he added the chair and stool, and barricaded it further with his night's supply of firewood.

"Would I go over the ford of the St. Charles with him?" Gaspard hoarsely whispered as he crossed himself. "If the New England men were burning my house, I would not go. And how can a loup-garou get over that water? The St. Charles is blessed; I am certain it is blessed. Yet he talked about fording it like any Christian."

The old habitant was not clear in his mind what should be done, except that it was no business of his to meddle with one of Frontenac's great officers and a noble of New France. But as a measure of safety for himself he took down his bottle of holy water, hanging on the wall for emergencies, and sprinkled every part of his dwelling.

Next morning, however, when the misty autumn light was on the hills, promising a clear day and penetrating sunshine, as soon as he awoke he felt ashamed of the barricade, and climbed out of bed to remove it.

"The time has at last come when I am obliged to go to the fort," thought Gaspard, groaning. "Governor Frontenac will not permit any sorcery in his presence. The New England men might do me no harm, but I cannot again face a loup-garou."

He dressed himself accordingly, and, taking his gathered coin from its hiding-place, wrapped every piece separately in a bit of rag, slid it into his deep pocket, and sewed the pocket up. Then he cut off enough bacon to toast on the raked-out coals for his breakfast, and hid the rest under the floor. There was no fastening on the outside of Gaspard's house. He was obliged to latch the door, and leave it at the mercy of the enemy.

Nothing was stirring in the frosted world. He could not yet see the citadel clearly, or the heights of Levis; but the ascent to Montmorenci bristled with naked trees, and in the stillness he could hear the roar of the falls. Gaspard ambled along his belt of ground to take a last look. It was like a patchwork quilt: a square of wheat stubble showed here, and a few yards of brown prostrate peavines showed there; his hayfield was less than a stone's throw long; and his garden beds, in triangles and sections of all shapes, filled the interstices of more ambitious crops.

He had nearly reached the limit of the farm, and entered his neck of woods, when the breathing of a cow trying to nip some comfort from the frosty sod delighted his ear. The pretty milker was there, with her calf at her side. Gaspard stroked and patted them. Though the New Englanders should seize them for beef, he could not regret they were wending home again. That invisible cord binding him to his own place, which had wrenched his vitals as it stretched, now drew him back like fate. He worked several hours to make his truants a concealing corral of hay and stakes and straw and stumps, at a place where a hill spring threaded across his land, and then returned between his own boundaries to the house again.

The homesick zest of one who has traveled made his lips and unshaven chin protrude, as he smelled the good interior. There was the wooden crane. There was his wife's old wheel. There was the sacred row of children's snow-

shoes, which the priest had spared from burning. One really had to leave home to find out what home was.

But a great hubbub was beginning in Phips's fleet. Fifes were screaming, drums were beating, and shouts were lifted and answered by hearty voices. After their long deliberation, the New Englanders had agreed upon some plan of attack. Gaspard went down to his landing, and watched boatload follow boatload, until the river was swarming with little craft pulling directly for Beauport. He looked uneasily toward Quebec. The old lion in the citadel hardly waited for Phips to shift position, but sent the first shot booming out to meet him. The New England cannon answered, and soon Quebec height and Levis palisades rumbled prodigious thunder, and the whole day was black with smoke and streaked with fire.

Gaspard took his gun, and trotted along his farm to the cover of the trees. He had learned to fight in the Indian fashion; and Le Moyne de Sainte-Hélène fought the same way. Before the boatloads of New Englanders had all waded through tidal mud, and ranged themselves by companies on the bank, Sainte-Hélène, who had been dispatched by Frontenac at the first drumbeat on the river, appeared, ready to check them, from the woods of Beauport. He had, besides three hundred sharpshooters, the Lorette Hurons and the muster of Beauport militia, all men with homes to save.

The New Englanders charged them, a solid force, driving the light-footed bush fighters. But it was like driving the wind, which turns, and at some unexpected quarter is always ready for you again.

This long-range fighting went on until nightfall, when the English commander, finding that his tormentors had disappeared as suddenly as they had appeared in the morning, tried to draw his men together at the St. Charles ford, where he expected some small vessels would be sent to help him across. He made a night camp here, without any provisions.

Gaspard's house was dark, like the deserted Beauport homes all that night; yet one watching might have seen smoke issuing from his chimney toward the stars. The weary New England men did not forage through these places, nor seek shelter in them. It was impossible to know where Indians and Frenchmen did not lie in ambush. On the other side of the blankets which muffled Gaspard's windows, however, firelight shone with its usual ruddiness, showing the seignior of Beauport prostrate on his old tenant's bed. Juchereau de Saint-Denis was wounded, and La Hontan, who was with the skirmishers, and Gaspard had brought him in the dark down to the farmhouse as the nearest hospital. Baron La Hontan was skillful in surgery; most men had need to be in those days. He took the keys, and groped into the seigniory house for the linen chest, and provided lint and bandages, and brought cordials from the cellar; making his patient as comfortable as a wounded man who was a veteran in years could be made in the first fever and thirst of suffering. La Hontan knew the woods, and crept away before dawn to a hidden bivouac of Hurons and militia; wiry and venturesome in his age as he had been in his youth. But Saint-Denis lay helpless and partially delirious in Gaspard's house all Thursday, while the bombardment of Quebec made the earth tremble, and the New England ships were being splintered by Frontenac's cannon; while Sainte-Hélène and his brother themselves manned the two batteries of Lower Town, aiming twenty-four-pound balls directly against the fleet; while they cut the cross of St. George from the flagstaff of the admiral, and Frenchmen above them in the citadel rent the sky with joy; while the fleet, ship by ship, with shattered masts and leaking hulls, drew off from the fight, some of them leaving cable and anchor, and drifting almost in pieces; while the

land force, discouraged, sick, and hungry, waited for the promised help which never came.

Thursday night was so cold that the St. Charles was skimmed with ice, and hoar frost lay white on the fields. But Saint-Denis was in the fire of fever, and Gaspard, slipping like a thief, continually brought him fresh water from the spring.

He lay there on Friday, while the land force, refreshed by half rations sent from the almost wrecked fleet, made a last stand, fighting hotly as they were repulsed from New France. It was twilight on Friday when Sainte-Hélène was carried into Gaspard's house and laid on the floor. Gaspard felt emboldened to take the blankets from a window and roll them up to place under the soldier's head. Many Beauport people were even then returning to their homes. The land force did not reëmbark until the next night, and the invaders did not entirely withdraw for four days; but Quebec was already yielding up its refugees. A disabled foe — though a brave and stubborn one — who had his ships to repair, if he would not sink in them, was no longer to be greatly dreaded.

At first the dusk room was packed with Hurons and Montreal men. This young seignior Sainte-Hélène was one of the best leaders of his time. They were indignant that the enemy's last scattering shots had picked him off. The surgeon and La Hontan put all his followers out of the door, — he was scarcely conscious that they stood by him, — and left, beside his brother Longueuil, only one young man who had helped carry him in.

Saint-Denis, on the bed, saw him with the swimming eyes of fever. The seignior of Beauport had hoped to have Sainte-Hélène for his son-in-law. His little Clementine, the child of his old age, — it was after all a fortunate thing that she was shut for safety in Quebec, while her father depended for care on Gaspard. Saint-Denis tried to see Sainte-Hélène's face; but the surgeon's helpers constantly balked him, stooping and rising and reaching for things. And presently a face he was not expecting to see grew on the air before him.

Clementine's foot had always made a light click, like a sheep's on a naked floor. But Saint-Denis did not hear her enter. She touched her cheek to her father's. It was smooth and cold from the October air. Clementine's hair hung in large pale ringlets; for she was an ashen maid, gray-toned and subdued; the roughest wind never ruffled her smoothness. She made her father know that she had come with Beauport women and men from Quebec, as soon as any were allowed to leave the fort to escort her. She leaned against the bed, soft as a fleece, yielding her head to her father's painful fondling. There was no heroism in Clementine; but her snug domestic ways made him happy in his house.

"Sainte-Hélène is wounded," observed Saint-Denis.

She cast a glance of fright over her shoulder.

"Did you not see him when you came in?"

"I saw some one; but it is to you that I have been wishing to come since Wednesday night."

"I shall get well; they tell me it is not so bad with me. But how is it with Sainte-Hélène?"

"I do not know, father."

"Where is young Saint-Castin? Ask him."

"He is helping the surgeon, father."

"Poor child, how she trembles! I would thou hadst stayed in the fort, for these sights are unfit for women. New France can as ill spare him as we can, Clementine. Was that his groan?"

She cowered closer to the bed, and answered, "I do not know."

Saint-Denis tried to sit up in bed, but was obliged to resign himself, with a gasp, to the straw pillows.

Night pressed against the unblinded window. A stir, not made by the wind, was heard at the door, and Frontenac, and Frontenac's Récollet confessor, and Sainte-Hélène's two brothers from the citadel came into the room. The governor of New France was imposing in presence. Perhaps there was no other officer in the province to whom he would have galloped in such haste from Quebec. It was a tidal moment in his affairs, and Frontenac knew the value of such moments better than most men. But Sainte-Hélène did not know the governor was there. The Récollet father fell on his knees and at once began his office.

Longueuil sat down on Gaspard's stool and covered his face against the wall. He had been hurt by a spent bullet, and one arm needed bandaging, but he said nothing about it, though the surgeon was now at liberty, standing and looking at a patient for whom nothing could be done. The sterner brothers watched, also, silent, as Normans taught themselves to be in trouble. The sons of Charles Le Moyne carried his name and the lilies of France from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico.

Anselm de Saint-Castin had fought two days alongside the man who lay dying. The boy had an ardent face, like his father's. He was sorry, with the skin-deep commiseration of youth for those who fall, whose falling thins the crowded ranks of competition. But he was not for a moment unconscious of the girl hiding her head against her father from the sight of death. The hope of one man forever springing beside the grave of another must work sadness in God. Yet Sainte-Hélène did not know any young supplanter was there. He did not miss or care for the fickle vanity of applause; he did not torment himself with the spectres of the mind, or feel himself shrinking with the littleness of jealousy; he did not hunger for a love that was not in the world, or waste a Titan's passion on a human ewe any more. For him, the aching and bewilderment, exaltations and self-distrusts, animal gladness and subjection to the elements, were done.

Clementine's father beckoned to the boy, and put her in his care.

"Take her home to the women," Saint-Denis whispered. "She is not used to war and such sights as these. And bid some of the older ones stay with her."

Anselm and Clementine went out, their hands just touching as he led her in wide avoidance of the figure on the floor. Sainte-Hélène did not know the boy and girl left him, for starlight, for silence together, treading the silvered earth in one cadenced step, as he awaited that moment when the solitary spirit finds its utmost loneliness.

Gaspard also went out. When the governor sat in his armchair, and his seignior lay on the bed, and Le Moyne de Sainte-Hélène was stretched that way on the floor, it could hardly be decent for an old habitant to stand by, even cap in hand. Yet he could scarcely take his eyes from the familiar face as it changed in phosphorescent light. The features lifted themselves with firm nobility, expressing an archangel's beauty. Sainte-Hélène's lips parted, and above the patter of the reciting Récollet the watchers were startled by one note like the sigh of a wind-harp.

The Montreal militia, the Lorette Hurons, and Beauport men were still thronging about, overflowing laterally upon the other farms. They demanded word of the young seignior, hushing their voices. Some of them had gone into Gaspard's milk cave and handed out stale milk for their own and their neighbors' refreshment. A group were sitting on the crisp ground, with a lantern in their midst, playing some game; their heads and shoulders moving with an alacrity objectless to observers, so closely was the light hemmed in.

Gaspard reached his gateway with the certainty of custom. He looked off at both ends of the world. The starlit

stretch of road was almost as deserted as when Quebec shut in the inhabitants of Beauport. From the direction of Montmorenci he saw a gray thing come loping down, showing eyes and tongue of red fire. He screamed an old man's scream, pointing to it, and the cry of "Loup-garou!" brought all Beauport men to their feet. The flints clicked. It was a time of alarms. Two shots were fired together, and an under officer sprung across the fence of a neighboring farm to take command of the threatened action.

The camp of sturdy New Englanders on the St. Charles was hid by a swell in the land. At the outcry, those Frenchmen around the lantern parted company, some recoiling backwards, and others scrambling to seize their guns. But one caught up the lantern, and ran to the struggling beast in the road.

Gaspard pushed into the gathering crowd, and craned himself to see the thing, also. He saw a gaunt dog, searching yet from face to face for some lost idol, and beating the flinty world with a last thump of propitiation.

Frontenac opened the door and stood upon the doorstep. His head almost reached the overhanging straw thatch.

"What is the alarm, my men?"

"Your excellency," the subaltern answered, "it was nothing but a dog. It came down from Montmorenci, and some of the men shot it."

"Le Moyne de Sainte-Hélène," declared Frontenac, lowering his plumed hat, "has just died for New France."

Gaspard stayed out on his river front until he felt half frozen. The old habitant had not been so disturbed and uncomfortable since his family died of smallpox. Phips's vessels lay near the point of Orleans Island, a few portholes lighting their mass of gloom, while two red lanterns aloft burned like baleful eyes at the lost coast of Canada. Nothing else showed on the river. The distant wall of Levis palisades could be discerned, and Quebec stood a mighty crown, its gems all sparkling. Behind Gaspard, Beauport was alive. The siege was virtually over, and he had not set foot off his farm during Phips's invasion of New France. He did not mind sleeping on the floor, with his heels to the fire. But there were displacements and changes and sorrows which he did mind.

"However," muttered the old man, and it was some comfort to the vague aching in his breast to formulate one fact as solid as the heights around, "it is certain that there are loups-garous."

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

TWO MODERN CLASSICISTS IN MUSIC.

IN TWO PARTS. PART TWO.

That Franz's uncompromising classicism should have left him more and more solitary and out of touch with other musicians of his time was unavoidable; this introduced into his life an element of sadness that was still further darkened by his physical infirmity, gradually approaching total deafness. To find that the spirit of the time is not with him, to be more and more forgotten and ignored as old age advances, is sad for any man of genius; but to find all hands raised against him in a matter not his own, but which he with unselfish reverence has most at heart, — that infuses a drop of bitterness into the cup such as few men could bear to taste. Here are two letters by Franz, the first of

which I will quote entire, for it seems to me the most completely tragic I have ever read. These letters were in reply to my asking him, at the instance of the president of the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, if he would not write additional accompaniments to Bach's great B minor Mass for that society. He had already written his score to Handel's Messiah especially for the Handel and Haydn, and the president empowered me to promise him far greater pecuniary recompense for a similar score to the Mass than the society had been able to offer him for the Messiah. Franz's first reply was as follows: —

My dear Mr. Apthorp, — Honorable to me as the task you propose is, I unfortunately cannot accept it. To jot down note-heads with painfully cramped fingers is in itself one of the things at the very thought of which my hair stands on end; when to this is added a wholly destroyed head (*ein völlig destruirter Kopf*), that makes precise thinking impossible, then would it be sheer presumption to undertake a labor that demands the whole man! For the amplifications to the B minor Mass, it is not merely a question of restoring a congruous style, but, what means far more, of a fruitful and devoted absorption in the poetic essence of this composition; a working-out of the figured bass according to the rules of the craft fails utterly to hit the mark. My reconstructive labors, in so far as Seb. Bach is concerned, have struck out into paths that try to do justice to both demands; as a dead-tired man, I must now leave it to my colleagues whether they will condescend to follow me. That no working by pattern, such as the modern historical party ask for, will suffice here is abundantly proved by the bunglings of the "artists" who let themselves be guided by those pedantic fools; and to oppose more fitting forms for the B minor Mass to the above-mentioned bunglings was something for which I had neither incitement nor inclination, at a time when my additional accompaniments were bespattered with mud. Now, at last, people's eyes seem to be opened to the disconsolate quality of those machine-made articles (*jener Machwerke*); for in the course of the last several years I have been asked at least a dozen times about additional accompaniments to the B minor Mass. Of course I could give no other information than that contained in the above lines. To be sure, thirty years ago — my ears had not yet refused me their service at that time — the work was performed under my direction with an accompaniment to the first three numbers, the Credo, the Sanctus, and the Osanna, such as the extremest necessity demanded; but the forms were not ready for the press, and consisted only of fragments of parts, — all else was left for further elaboration. Even to-day I can remember the mystic sounds in the Incarnatus that dropped down over the voice-parts like a veil from the clouds! *Tempi passati!*

Be so kind as to communicate these lines to the president of the Handel and Haydn Society, to whom I permit myself to give the advice — in the interests of the B minor Mass, you understand — rather to give up the performance than to put it through with a "bad" organ-part[1] that can only injure the wondrous work.

What on earth has become of your article on Dresel?

Your Rob. Franz.

Halle, *May* 27, '92.

On my communicating this letter to the president of the Handel and Haydn Society, he begged me to write once more,

[1] Franz here seems to have overlooked the fact that I had not written him about a "bad organ-part," but about a "bad organ" (the doleful instrument now in the Boston Music Hall), upon which no organ-part of any description whatever could be effective.

and ask if the fragmentary parts mentioned therein could not be found and forwarded to Boston, as certainly half a loaf was better than no bread. Franz answered the second time thus: —

My dear Mr. Apthorp, — I am very sorry to be able to give you no information to correspond to the wishes of the president of the Handel and Haydn Society. Our performance of the B minor Mass came at a time when I was *in initiis* of my labors on additional accompaniments, and I could not turn out anything artistically complete. If I remember aright, little pieces of music-paper with the most necessary additions were inserted in the respective orchestral parts; what has become of them, Heaven knows! If the gentlemen are absolutely bent on repeating the wonderful work, then I agree with your opinion to have it performed rather *without* additions than with defective ones. In the former case, one can at least *imagine* what may still be wanting, whereas a working-out according to the ideas of the historians will only result in bunglings that will obliterate the outlines of the original parts themselves. A little while ago I saw some samples of various organ-parts to Bach's church compositions, of which one was ever worse than another; the most wretched of all, however, came from the high and mighty society in ——![1]

[Here follows a passage on another subject, too personal for present publication. The letter ends:]

Of the splendor of your "Indian summer" I have often read with rapture in the writings of Charles Sealsfield. If one could only see it, too!

With the fairest greetings,

Your Rob. Franz.

Halle, *October* 7, 1892.[2]

That Dresel sympathized completely with all Franz's feelings on the additional-accompaniments question need not be said again. He was one of the most ardent champions of Franz's scores to Bach's and Handel's works, made himself a masterly pianoforte score from his score to the Messiah,[3] and showed in his own pianoforte accompaniments to many of the airs from Handel's oratorios and Italian operas how entire this agreement was.[4] He, too, had that wondrous insight of genius into the essence of another's genius, and depended on it unreservedly. I remember his saying, one day, "It does not seem to occur to

[1] This was in response to an account I had given him of an experience of mine in Paris. The Société des Concerts at the Conservatoire had given some wonderfully fine performances of the B minor Mass, almost the only blot on which was the utterly unsatisfactory organ-part. I subsequently ventilated my feelings about this organ-part to M. Jules Garcin, the conductor of the society, to which he replied: "I don't blame you in the least; for we were all dissatisfied. But this is how it was: You know we are extremely careful to do everything as correctly as possible at the Conservatoire, so we were particularly anxious to do the B minor Mass according to the best traditions. We therefore sent to Germany for an organ-part, there being none written out in the score; but when it came, we found it so bad that we had to hand it over to M. Guilmant to revise it and make it even harmonically correct!" Remembering Franz's disgust at a copy of the Breitkopf & Härtel edition of Frederick the Great's flute sonatas being sent to Paris, and thus exposed to the scrutiny of French musicians, I wrote him this story.

[2] This, the last letter I ever received from Franz, was written little more than a fortnight before his death, October 24, 1892.

[3] The only thoroughly excellent pianoforte score of the Messiah in existence. But this is too faint praise, considering the quality of the others published.

[4] If any of my readers would have a realizing sense, by actual experiment, of the world-wide difference between the sort of work Franz and Dresel demanded and that asked for by the "historical" party, I would beg them to compare Dresel's pianoforte accompaniment to the favorite Sleep air in Handel's Semele with that which runs along the bottom of the pages in the edition of the German Handel Society published by Breitkopf & Härtel. If they do not then see how far the inanity of the one falls short of the wondrous grace of the other, then are they past praying for!

the idiots who object to Handel's scores being filled out orchestrally that it is an argument of some weight that a man like Mozart thought it a proper thing to do! Why, Mozart's opinion of what is right to do for Handel is worth that of a hundred thousand professors of musical history!"

In like manner, he said of the various editions of Bach's Well-Tempered Clavichord, with their mutually irreconcilable readings of certain passages, that, of all the editions ever published, the one edited by Karl Czerny almost invariably contained the best version. He was at the time engaged in preparing a new issue of the work together with Franz, and had all the different versions of disputed passages at his fingers' ends. In making their selections from these different versions, both he and Franz allowed themselves to be guided by their artistic judgment alone, regardless of all external evidence touching the authenticity or spuriousness of any of them; in short, they chose only those that were best and most like Bach. And in speaking of Czerny's edition, Dresel suggested that its excellence might not be owing to any special musical perspicacity or carefulness in research on Czerny's part, but that, as Czerny was a pupil of Beethoven, his manuscript might very likely have passed under Beethoven's eye, and "Beethoven's opinion on such a matter would necessarily be of inestimable value." In the same way, he thoroughly agreed with Franz in denying the authenticity of the St. Luke Passion.

"I know very well," said he, "that the score is undeniably in Bach's autograph, — it is his handwriting: all the experts agree on that point. But when Bach students like Mendelssohn and Franz unhesitatingly assert, after a careful examination of the work, that it is morally impossible that Bach ever *composed* it, that it swarms with whoppers (*Schnitzer*), such as we find in no other work by Bach written at any period in his life, you may be sure that their opinion is the right one. The fact that it is in Bach's own hand goes for nothing; he may have copied it, as he copied off many another thing. To pit such evidence as that and the mere knowledge that Bach did write a St. Luke Passion of some sort against the testimony of men like Mendelssohn and Franz is sheer insanity."

I do not know whether Franz was ever accused of inconsistency, as Dresel certainly was often enough; that both of them should have been accused of "narrowness" was not unnatural, — not unnatural, but intrinsically false. But men of very determined principles have been called narrow before. It may be that Dresel showed the scope of his musical appreciation more fully to those who knew him well than to people in general; he was by no means what one would call a guarded man in his conversation, and would often flare out with the most violent opinions on very slight provocation; but he was exceedingly careful about the influence he might exert upon others, and would think twice before expressing likings or dislikings — especially the former — where there was a chance of his being misunderstood. For several years after his first coming to Boston he was set on a sort of artistic tripod in certain circles, and made the object of no little hero-worship; his word was law. He was never in the least thrown off his balance by adulation, but he did take what was really serious in his position very seriously. He felt that he could exert a salutary musical influence upon his surroundings, and took great pains to do or say nothing that might interfere with the particular influence he wished to exert. He thus often gave a somewhat false impression as to what his feelings regarding certain composers really were; considering it needless to dwell upon the better side of men whose popularity was firmly established, and whose influence upon the public in gen-

eral he thought none of the best. I remember that, at the time when he used to play the pianoforte a good deal, both in public and at friends' houses, he was fond of playing one little piece, the name of the composer of which he kept a profound secret. No one could ever find out from him who wrote that piece. Years afterwards, when I reminded him, one day, of his whim for making a secret of the composer, and hinted that he might have written the little trifle himself, he laughingly answered: —

"Oh, no, it was no false modesty; I did n't write it. The thing is really charming; it was one of those happy accidents that sometimes happen to a thoroughly fourth-rate man. The man who wrote it was not in the least worthy of it. There was no need of letting people know his name and unsettling their ideas about him, which were in the main quite correct."

It was a counterpart of Rossini's "E troppo buono per questo c——" when he stole some other composer's aria and put it into one of his own operas. During the earlier part of Dresel's life in Boston, Italian opera, with Grisi, Mario, and others of the now vanished gods, was all the rage, and he deemed its influence upon the musical public rather debilitating. He accordingly did not give its devotees any encouragement, which led most people to imagine that he thoroughly abominated the whole business, and would have been glad to exterminate it, root and branch. But that was far enough from being his real feeling. In later years, he admitted to me that he had often played Bellini's "Casta diva," arranged by himself as a pianoforte nocturne.

"Not in public," said he, "nor to any one in private, — that sort of thing needed no 'booming' from me at the time, — but to myself, as a study in phrasing. The melody is divinely beautiful. You can see that Bellini did not have to rack his brains to find his second phrase, but that it grew right out of the first by the Heaven-sent impulse. Then that change to D minor is exquisite, a real stroke of genius!"

Another time he was glancing through the Ingemisco in Verdi's Requiem with me. His brow grew darker and darker, and at last, pointing with his finger to a certain passage, he cried out in utter disgust: —

"There! look at that! That is what we used to call, in Germany, regularly dirty (*schmutzig*) writing; it blackens the page without saying anything. The man wrote those middle-parts, not because he wanted to, but because he could not think of any other way of getting out of the scrape. But look here!" turning back to the beginning of the Requiem. "Where in heaven did Verdi find that C-sharp minor chord on '*et lux*'? That is one of the most impressive effects I know of anywhere! Aha! the old boy knew what he was about that time. He meant that, every note of it."

One Sunday afternoon I went up to him in the picture gallery of the St. Botolph Club, just after the first movement of Grieg's string quartet had been played, and asked him, jokingly, what he thought of that for a piece of modern writing. He made no answer, but looked unutterable things.

"Never mind," said I, still in fun, "wait till you hear the Romanza; that is something different."

I took a seat beside him, and the quartet of players began the Romanza. Much to my surprise, he whispered, after the first three or four phrases, —

"H'm! yes; that shows talent, that shows real invention. I do not like it; I very much dislike it; but it does show genuine talent; the man has something to say."

"It is graceful, at all events," I answered.

"Graceful? No, I do not call that graceful; it is too strained. It has a certain seductiveness, if you will; but

God help the man who needs wax in his ears for such a siren!"

The whole Wagnerian movement was naturally profoundly antipathetic to him, although he perfectly appreciated that there was that in it, and more especially in Wagner himself, which made pooh-poohing out of place. But Wagner's musical individuality was as distasteful to him as his style. Yet one morning, shortly after his return from a rather long stay in Europe, I met him at the Tremont Street corner of the Common, and, after the first greetings were over, said to him, —

"So I hear you've been to Bayreuth and heard Parsifal."

"Yes, I have heard Parsifal. I did not want to go, but they insisted so that I should be a fool not to that I gave in and went." Then, going on very seriously, almost reverently, "It was one of the most tremendous experiences of my life! There is a unity in the whole thing; it is enormously impressive; and it is all noble (*edel*) and on a very high intellectual and poetic plane. I am not speaking of the music, but of the whole impression. As for the music, you do not think about it at the time; you hear it, as Wagner says, 'consciously unconsciously.' Ah, Wagner was talking no nonsense when he invented that phrase, '*bewusstvoll unbewusst;*' and it only adds to the general impressiveness. To be sure, after you get home and to bed, you become conscious of having heard a great many very disagreeable things, which you try hard to forget. In the whole three acts I found only one really beautiful musical idea, that first phrase of the flower-girls, — '*Komm! komm! holder Knabe!*' That is one of those phrases that take hold of you to the marrow of your bones, — one of those phrases such as only Wagner could write. But it comes to nothing, it is not worked out; what follows it is absolutely weak."

His experience with Parsifal did not breed any such enthusiasm in Dresel as inspired Franz, in 1852, to dedicate a book of songs "to the Composer of Lohengrin;" in reality it did nothing to change his estimate of Wagner as a composer. After 1852, the year in which Lohengrin was first brought out in Weimar by Liszt, it did not take Franz long to get over his Wagner enthusiasm; and to their dying day both he and Dresel were strong anti-Wagnerites. It is somewhat curious, however, that, of all anti-Wagnerians who have been at performances of the Bayreuth master's music-dramas, Franz and Dresel should have been the ones who listened to them most in the way that Wagner himself wished them to be listened to, — giving themselves up unreservedly to the first total impression without listening critically to the music as such.

Dresel's "purism" was as thoroughgoing as possible, the more so that it was well past the self-conscious stage, — if indeed it had ever been through it, — and was functionally a part and parcel of his whole artistic nature. His demands on nobility of expression in music were to the full as exacting as those he made on purity of form. I have already quoted his "God help the man who needs wax in his ears for such a siren!" in relation to the Romanza in Grieg's quartet; in a similar spirit, I once heard him say of Grieg's favorite song, "Ich liebe dich!" that the expression was too overdone and ignoble, and that "a man who loved so would crack ribs"!

There was not the faintest tinge of the pedant in him; there was no merely "academic" side to his artistic bent. His æsthetic principles were so purely the outcome of his own nature that they lay in his consciousness in the condition of spontaneous instincts, — instincts which it might be worth his while logically to account for, it is true, but still retaining all their vitality and immediateness. For the letter of the law he cared less than nothing; the spirit was

all in all to him. One day he showed me a volume of Chopin's nocturnes, on the margin of a page of which was pasted a little slip of music-paper with a measure of music in writing.

"Look at the leading of those middle-parts," said he. "I once heard Saint-Saëns play that measure so, and got him to write it out for me; since then I have often played it so, too. It was a happy inspiration of Saint-Saëns's: it is Chopin through and through, Chopin all over; Chopin himself would have accepted it, if he had heard it!"

I suggested that that sort of thing might be a dangerous precedent; to which he replied: —

"I am not going to make a precedent of it, nor let anybody else make one, either. I have showed it only to you, and you do not play the pianoforte to people. Then, if any one should happen to catch me at it, and complain of my taking liberties with Chopin, I could answer back that at least I have never been guilty of playing that misprint D-sharp *acciaccatura* in the second measure of the Romanza in the E minor concerto, that is in all but the very latest editions, and has been played by pianist after pianist all over the world. I never made Chopin write such abominable harmony as that D-sharp in the right hand makes against the D-sharp in the bass. The thing ought plainly enough to be a B-natural, and nobody but a duffer could have taken it for anything else."

For a man of his naturally strong feelings and uncompromising views, he was remarkably free from prejudice. For instance, although he would never admit that Berlioz was a great nor even a good harmonist, in spite of all his subtlety, he one day pointed out to me a passage in Weber's Invitation à la Valse in which he showed that Weber had written a very bad bass, and then showed me how Berlioz "had perceived, and very properly corrected, the error" in his orchestral transcription of the piece. Most men with Dresel's dislike for Berlioz and admiration for Weber would have cried out against the former's "vandalism." With all his cool regard for the fashionable Italian opera composers, — I have already mentioned his practicing "Casta diva" as a pianoforte nocturne, — he would go into raptures over certain things of Rossini's; he had a special admiration for the overture to Guillaume Tell and the first act of the Barbiere. I remember his saying one day, about the opening "Piano, pianissimo!" scene, that it showed genius of the first water; "Mozart himself could not have written it better. Then the orchestration, that bassoon doubling the first violins in the octave, with its suggestion of darkness, is simply masterly."

During the earlier years of his life in Boston, it was only his intimate friends who associated him especially with Bach and Handel; to the musical public he stood much more as the champion of Chopin and Schumann, and of Robert Franz's songs. In those days, when he was still prominently before the public as a pianist, he used to play Chopin a great deal; he was also extremely fond of playing Liszt's transcriptions of Franz and Schubert songs, and that of Weber's Schlummerlied. In fact, he was generally accepted as a champion of the then "modern-romantic" school, but still with strong leanings toward the classics. He was rather chary about playing Bach or Handel in public, since the cultivation of a popular taste and appreciation for these masters was the object nearest his heart, and he saw how important it was not to excite any antipathy to them in the beginning; he knew he had a hard task before him, and was very circumspect about what experiments he made.

If the charge of "narrowness" so often brought against Dresel was really unfounded, this was not quite the case with the charge of "inconsistency." In truth, he often *seemed* the most inconsistent

man imaginable. But, in the last analysis, this inconsistency of his was more apparent than real. He would say one thing one day, and another diametrically opposite the next, and generally with a violence and frankness that left nothing to be desired. In his playing, and later in his conducting, he would take the same thing at a very different tempo on different occasions. He was no believer in the modern school of "emotional performance" and "rhythmic freedom;" he said repeatedly that a certain stability and unity of tempo was an essential part of that unity of form which all true music should have. But, as Franz said of him, he was an extremely "subjective" man, of very strong feelings and high-strung nerves, and could not help following the impulse of the moment. Although a man of wide intellectual scope, thoroughly logical in his cast of mind, and able to look at things from various points of view, as a rule he took only one point of view at a time, and for the moment that was the only one that existed for him. It was this, more than anything else, which gave him the appearance of inconsistency; and it took a long and intimate acquaintance with him to appreciate that this inconsistency with himself was only superficial, after all. For there was really a fine harmony underlying all he said and did; his seemingly irreconcilable and contradictory utterances were but momentary expressions of different sides of one and the same firmly convinced and unswervingly true individuality. He was a far more spherically developed nature than all but a few of his friends gave him credit for being, and saw clearly enough that the whole truth was never on any one side; but in his conversation he almost always gave voice to the truth that lay uppermost in his mind at the time. Sometimes he would make his friends stare. I shall never forget the impression made by one of his outbreaks at a meeting of the programme committee of the Harvard Musical Association at the time of the old symphony concerts. There had been a good deal of discussion about putting I now forget what composition on the programme, when Dresel suddenly sprang up and said: —

"Mr. President and Gentlemen: Let me remind you of the fact that, in making up these programmes, we should not consult only our own personal taste in the matter. If I consulted only my own pleasure, I should have no Beethoven, no Bach, no Mozart, no Schubert, no Schumann, no Handel, no Haydn, no Mendelssohn, nor Weber, nor Cherubini; but only Wagner and Berlioz and Raff and Liszt and Goldmark and Rubinstein and all the rest of them. But that would be a questionable education for our audiences, and we really must consider that."

Almost every one present thought he was joking, and his speech was greeted with a hearty laugh; but I heard him murmur, half to himself and half to me, as he turned away: —

"That rubbishy idea of taking *pleasure* in hearing the same old things played year after year in the same old way! I can imagine no more infernal bore — except listening to the *whole* of a Bach suite at a sitting."

He was really in earnest, or a good deal more than half in earnest; only those who heard him failed to detect what the real mainspring of his speech was. It is perfectly true that he did take pleasure in hearing new music, in knowing what was going on in the musical world, and getting new emotions. He was fond of hearing things that "had a go to them;" and I remember his frantically applauding a performance of Liszt's second rhapsody (the "young ladies' seminary" rhapsody) by Thomas's orchestra, — muttering the while, "Do you think I had not rather hear that than the fifth symphony all washed out with sentimentality?" To be sure, the performance of the fifth symphony

that evening had been rather lackadaisical.

But his enjoyment of the new music was *à fleur de peau*, a sort of superficial tickling; he had no sympathy with it nor its ideals. He strongly deplored anything like artistic omnivorousness in any one. He used to speak of Liszt as "absolutely a musical ostrich," who could digest anything. He spoke of Ferdinand Hiller's "having not entirely secret yearnings for the Italian siren," for which "Mendelssohn scolded him roundly, often enough." "Where things are irreconcilable, you must take one side or the other," he would say, "or else you lose all artistic spinal column, and become a mollusk." In speaking of the modern schools, he once said: "I find no lack of talent in these new lights, sometimes I even find hints at genius; but what seems to be utterly dead and gone is all real mastery. Of course I object to the things they do, but I should not object half so strongly, and sometimes I should not object at all, if they only did them better. Look here!" darting across the room, and taking up a volume of Bach's organ preludes (Choralvorspiele). "Look at this closing cadence, with its audacious transition through a distant key. Mr. Gounod and Mr. Bizet could not do finer than that! But old Bach did it well; there is some hang-together and reason in it; and it is divinely beautiful. The old boy knew it, too, perfectly well; for see, he has written '*adagiosissimo*' over it!"

After all, it was in talking about the great classic masters that Dresel showed himself thoroughly at his best; then his enthusiasm knew no bounds, and he would ransack three languages for glowing terms and striking similes. Yet, in the hottest blaze of his enthusiasm over these congenial themes, he would never for a moment lose his balance; even in argument and discussion he kept his head and heels to perfection. One day, when he was pointing out to me some particular beauty in the seventh symphony, I mentioned having just heard a certain lecturer call Beethoven "*the* greatest composer of all time."

"Now, what foolish talk that is!" cried Dresel, — "*the* greatest composer! He was the greatest in the symphony, in the sonata, and in the string quartet; but in Music's house there are many mansions. Bach and Handel did far greater work than he in oratorio and church music; where is he on the organ, compared with Bach? And with all his great pianoforte sonatas, he never wrote the Well-Tempered Clavichord, which is a work of a certain importance in its way. Then Mozart was a greater opera-writer than he, and surely Schubert pretty well knocked him out in song-writing. *The* greatest composer! Will you please tell me who *is* THE greatest composer?"

Upon the whole, it was in speaking of Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert that the sureness of his mental and emotional balance showed itself most unmistakably, and that his expression of opinion was least swayed by the mood of the moment. Not that his expression was less downright and violent, but that one found less apparent inconsistency in it. He ill brooked contradiction, especially on the subject nearest his heart, and anything touching the honor of his favorite composers would call forth the frankest and bluntest remarks from him. A certain musician once showed him arrangements for two pianofortes of Bach's concertos for three clavichords and strings that he had just added to his library, asking him if he knew these arrangements. "Yes," answered Dresel; "they are the most outrageous pieces of butchery ever committed."

His criticisms on musical doings in other fields, particularly on musical performances, were seldom so downright; but his caustic sarcasm would be none the less biting. Coming out one afternoon from a pianoforte recital given by

a certain young woman, I asked him what he thought of the pianist's future prospects.

"Ah, the beautiful young creature!" said he. "Her prospects, who knows? She plays with so much feeling, — such very wrong notes, and holds them so lovingly! . . . Whew!"

Another time I was looking over the score of a new symphony with him at a rehearsal. At a certain strenuous passage he began under his breath: —

"*Miaou! miaou!* we shall have to get another *mise en scène* for the concert; we ought to have a roof, with a ridgepole and some chimneys."

Later in the same symphony the repeated recurrence of a certain horn-phrase elicited from him: —

"It seems to me as if Mr. ——," naming the composer, "must find that very beautiful!"

Yet it was owing to an impetuous temper and an almost too ardent faith in his convictions that he sometimes gave offense, rather than to any innate want of tact. Very undiplomatic and wholly transparent he certainly was, and the truth — or what he saw as truth — took so fierce a hold upon him that he often seemed to see nothing else. His mind worked unswervingly toward one point, and in expressing himself earnestly, at times even violently, he forgot personal considerations; but no one could be more surprised and grieved than he when he found he had hurt any one's feelings, or had been thought to bear personal ill will. On the other hand, his tact in musical matters was often wonderful: the way in which he, when conducting rehearsals, coaxed his chorus to conquer difficulties and managed every singer who came under his influence was simply perfect. Singers felt they were doing their very best with him; he never let them for a moment feel overtired, dissatisfied, or discouraged, and was as careful that everything they sang should be effective for them and those who heard them as he was that it should be good. To bore people, to be socially or musically tedious, was for him an idea full of horror; he would really suffer at having what he thought a tiresomely put-together programme ascribed to him as his work.

Dresel was a firm believer in the conscious power of genius, and scouted the idea that the process of artistic creation goes on without the creator's understanding it. He would often say that the really great things were always written, not by any happy accident, but distinctly on purpose, and with a perfect knowledge on the writer's part of how and why they were great. He emphatically denied that a truly great genius was at the mercy of his inspiration; affirming, on the contrary, that a man was master of his inspiration in direct proportion with the greatness of his genius. "It is the little men who now and then do fine things by accident, and without knowing how they do them; the true masters always know what they are about."

As a pianist, Dresel was one of the most inspiring players I ever listened to. He was seldom at his best in public, being essentially what Berlioz called "an artist of the drawing-room." His extreme nervousness, his insatiate self-criticism, his exalted idea of an artist's responsibility, all militated against his being in good form on public occasions for which he had gone through a long course of preparation. On such occasions he was too frequently what athletes call "stale," — overtrained, with his nervous irritability in excess over his self-command. In this respect he was very like Adolf Henselt, who gave up playing in public early in his long artistic career. Dresel's best playing was done in private, when asked to play on the spur of the moment, — better still when he offered to play of his own accord. Then his playing would reach the very acme of inspiring beauty and vital force.

For true genius at white heat, yet controlled by the finest artistic sense of measure, I have never heard his best playing surpassed by any of the greatest pianists. Rubinstein himself could not outbid the afflatus with which Dresel would play at times. He had an incisiveness and brilliancy of tone, a vigor of accent, that carried everything before them. If his playing lacked any fine quality, it was perhaps that of *suavity;* as somebody once said of him, he played as if the keys were red-hot. Like Gottschalk, he had the peculiar power of producing a brilliant, ringing quality of tone even in the softest pianissimo. But his career as a concert pianist belongs to the first half of his life.

Dresel's musical influence upon those who came in contact with him was of the finest. To be sure, the circle of those who came under it grew more and more restricted as he grew older. Perhaps he himself unconsciously contracted it. He had lived to see Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Chopin well installed in their normal position in the estimation of the Boston musical public; Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven had always been held in honor; and the only field for musical propagandism left him was to encourage the cult of Bach and Handel. To preach Bach and Handel in Boston — or anywhere else, for matter of that — was to preach to few listeners. Handel, to be sure, had long been popular in Boston; at least the Messiah, Samson, Israel in Egypt, and some few of his other oratorios had been; but Dresel's ideas of doing full justice to the works of the great master differed widely from the current traditional ones, and his attempts to propagate them were, oftener than not, resented by people who thought that years of routine had taught them all they needed to know about Handel, and the general public were loath to welcome any influence that should disturb them in their old habits. With Bach, again, Dresel's work of propagandism was more difficult still; there was no popular interest in Bach of any sort, and what people did hear of him did not particularly attract them. In fact, music lovers in general felt more and more like letting Dresel have his Bach and Handel to himself, and not bothering their own heads about the two old masters. Dresel became more and more exclusively associated with them in people's minds, as a man who cared for little or nothing else in music, and was consequently more and more looked upon as one whose mental bias made him out of touch with the present musical world at large. His well-known opposition not only to Berlioz, Liszt, and Wagner, but to Raff, Rubinstein, Goldmark, Brahms, and others of the newer schools, only increased the distrust with which most people regarded his opinions. In a word, he preached more and more in the desert, and fewer and fewer music lovers were inclined to listen to him.

It was during only the last few years of his life that a happy circumstance enabled him once more to exert directly the influence he had always been most anxious to exert, — upon a small circle, it is true, but where it could bring forth some good fruit, and not be wholly wasted. This was the formation of the Bach Club: a choir of picked singers, many of them professional, who met at his house every Monday evening during the winter to practice choruses by Bach and Handel under his direction, accompanied by himself on the pianoforte, with a firmer background of tone supplied by a small pipe-organ he had had built in his music-room, which was played on these occasions by competent organists. Sometimes whole cantatas would be rehearsed, recitatives, arias, and all, — for some of the best singers in the city were members of the club. Twice or three times in the winter some twenty or thirty musical friends would be invited to hear a "performance;" and the musical influence of the club thus extended to a

larger circle. Although the scheme did not include any sort of orchestra, the conditions for musical effect were peculiarly and exceptionally fine: that small and carefully drilled chorus, singing in a room where the volume and vitality of tone suffered nothing from evaporation, the generally fine quality of the individual voices, — on this point Dresel was exceedingly fastidious, — and the contagious, masterly vigor with which the pianoforte accompaniments were played, together with the firm bass of the organ pedals, all united to make these performances, especially of the things by Bach, overwhelmingly impressive. All who had the good luck to be present at these gala evenings of the Bach Club could count them among the high tides of their musical experience. The best part of the influence was upon the singers themselves. Few of them joined the club with great expectations of enjoyment, and many were induced to come at first more because they were invited than for any other reason. But the overmastering charm of Dresel's personality, his communicative enthusiasm, and the new insight he gave them into the unaccustomed music held them fast. I have never spoken with a member of the club, no matter how slight his previous interest in Bach may have been, who did not count these evenings at Dresel's house as the most valuable and inspiring fact in his artistic education. The influence was doubtless upon a small circle; but it was of the very best imaginable, and an intelligent nucleus is always worth cultivating. Here were at least twenty-four or thirty singers who had been led on to find Bach and Handel not merely interesting and instructive, but a genuine source of musical enthusiasm and excitement. That was surely worth while.

And it may well be doubted whether any very fruitful influence, of just the right sort, could have been exerted in favor of a Bach and Handel propaganda in any other way. These great masters, notably Bach, were essentially musical aristocrats; they may be taken as supreme examples of what Franz wrote in one of his letters to me: —

"Art, as the noblest blossom of every age, is in its very nature aristocratic through and through, and must therefore not deport itself democratically in those of its achievements that aim at being monumental."

A Bach and Handel propaganda, especially nowadays, can hope to be truly and rightly efficient only in small circles; happy the propagandist of this high cult if he can get a few willing listeners to heed him and try to understand his teaching! In this way a nucleus of intelligent enthusiasm may be formed, and that nucleus may perhaps grow with time. Other hope of initiating the world into the higher and more sacred mysteries of Bach's and Handel's art there seems at present to be none.

Here we have, to my mind, the most valuable part of the life-work of both Franz and Dresel, — the work they did toward promoting a right understanding of the genius and works of Bach and Handel; sweeping away, as far as they were able, the accumulated rubbish of ever deteriorating tradition and routine stupidity under which the art legacy of these two supreme masters had lain half hidden for generations, and bringing its true worth and significance to the light of day. Their best work was to "exclude trash, and let what was genuine come into its rights." And of all men of their day, they were the best fitted for the task.

William F. Apthorp.

CATHOLICITY IN MUSICAL TASTE.

In the early years of our century, two German musicians were busy developing their respective and widely different gifts. Each genius was in advance of his day, and neither was very well able to comprehend his contemporary. One was at his best upon the stage, where he could take the written words of his librettists and make them more eloquent in the language of sound. It was in the concert-room that the other stood supreme, using this sound-language to express all that lies beyond reach of the written word. Both men were pioneers, steadily penetrating into solitudes of art never entered before; but the trails they cut lay wide apart, and so they discovered different countries. To-day, we can travel, for our enjoyment, to either we choose, as one goes to the seaside, and at some other time seeks the hills. But Beethoven and Weber could not do this. They followed different roads without turning aside, inevitably so compelled by their unlike natures; neither could have adopted the other's course without doing violence to his own instinct; without, in fact, abandoning the goal he was seeking. If one bears this wide divergence of aim in mind, the fundamental failure of the two men to appreciate each other becomes its necessary consequence, instead of an apparent sign of jealousy or enmity or narrowness. The dramatic composer finds the symphony writer confused, obscure, his later works a straining search for novelty, a bewildering chaos. He says: "My ideas are so opposite to Beethoven's that I cannot imagine it possible we should ever meet. . . . I, of course, cannot lay claim to the genius of Beethoven." It is further recorded of Weber that, upon hearing the seventh symphony, he exclaimed that Beethoven was now ready for the madhouse. Ten years later, Beethoven, far sunk in the depths of his vast explorations, pronounced Euryanthe a mere collection of diminished sevenths, — chords which may be recalled by remembering that one of them accompanies Mephistopheles as he laughs at the end of his serenade in Gounod's Faust.

These unjust, blind criticisms do not describe the symphony or the opera; they merely indicate how wide apart the two composers had journeyed. They could no longer discern each other. Beethoven respected Weber for Der Freischutz, and Weber could admire Beethoven's earlier compositions; but this was because, at those points, neither man had struck off far from the traveled road.

That these two great artists should not have seen the meaning and value of each other's work is not an isolated and accidental fact in the history of music; it is a significant symptom which reappears at once when we come to Brahms and Wagner. Setting aside any personal qualities which might have made the men enemies had they been, not musicians, but doctors, or attorneys, or merely men of leisure at the same club, they stood as the commanders in chief of two hostile camps in art, and they inherited their quarrel much as vendettas descend. They were bitter about each other's productions, and their lieutenants have been still more so. We find the chief henchman of Brahms, a clever and venomous person by the name of Hanslick, praising his master's new symphony with such heat that his criticism loses its fibre, and melts into silliness; while, on the other hand, he finds the first act of Die Meistersinger to be a wilderness, containing nothing but some rather happily devised stanzas for the hero. If we enter the enemy's camp, there is Liszt telling a French pilgrim that "Wagner has performed a new miracle, Parsifal;" while as to Brahms,

he informs a pianist, who was apologizing for playing badly a sonata by that composer, that she had played it "quite well enough for a dish of macaroni like that." "Ready for the madhouse" and "dish of macaroni" are chips from the same musical block; and after such anecdotes, it is pleasant to remember that, upon Wagner's death, Brahms sent a wreath to his tomb, and said, "After all, he was a master." The symphony writer had a respect for the dramatic musician, even if he could not sympathize with his compositions; and in that simple speech and act concerning his great contemporary, Brahms shows the same nobility and breadth which radiate from his music.

It is interesting to have known three generations of a family, or to get any other perspective of heredity, and note the likenesses between sire and son or daughter; not only how the nose of the old man who fought at Monmouth Court House may be seen in his portrait on the wall and on the face of the young woman who is giving you a cup of tea a century later, but also how the college boy writes a hand very similar to that of his ancestor in the letter lying before you, dated 1790. More interesting still are the coincidences of temperament, character, and intellect between grandfather and grandson, freakishly dislocated by the influence of an intervening strain of blood. But most interesting of all are the cases where there is no relationship in the ordinary sense; where blood has had nothing to do with it, but where art is the subtle medium through which the man who writes or paints or composes in one generation derives his faith and his methods from a long-dead predecessor, whose works alone survive to reveal his nature, hopes, and aims, and mark the kinship. Such lineal descendants are common enough in every art, and it is only necessary to take pains, and see the permanent reality of traits beneath the transient fashions of dress, for us to recognize members of the same stock.

Brahms is Beethoven's descendant, and the family likeness is patent. Both men have written vocal music, one has even left an opera; but how often is Fidelio performed, compared with several of its author's concert works? He is so much more identified with instrumental music that when we speak of "the" second or third symphony we mean Beethoven's, and not that of any of the half dozen other distinguished composers who have also written at least three symphonies. And the descendant has adopted his ancestor's models. The faith and methods of Brahms are the same as Beethoven's; his great work, too, is in symphonies, sonatas, quartets, and kindred forms, all expressing in the language of music those things which lie beyond reach of the spoken word. If we could imagine a gallery of musicians' portraits where the character of their music regulated their features, we should see Brahms retaining Beethoven's likeness, and suiting only his costume to the fashion of his time. He has not written even one opera; and as Beethoven condemned Euryanthe, so he condemns Wagner. On the other hand, this direct descendant of Weber tried the symphony, and abandoned it, as his ancestor did; but as Der Freischutz once won its way, so now Lohengrin and Die Meistersinger have swept the world.

From these two couples of distinguished opponents in the musical art of the early and late nineteenth century, we could continue with Haydn and Glück, and, proceeding backward along the parallel courses of musical development, trace the great men of each line, and their Montague-Capulet attitude, until we reached the town of Florence, three hundred years ago. We need not make this alarming excursion, deeply interesting though it would be to expose and discuss the feud from its beginning, the dissensions between the various Tybalts and Romeos, and what the matter was. At

the bottom it has always been the same: the fight lies between polyphonic, subjective, and absolute music on the one hand, and monodic, objective, and relative music on the other hand. These are dreary and ambiguous words, though convenient for doctors to disagree in. "Polyphonic," for example, gives no hint of its application in piano music, where it describes the compositions of Schumann, but not those of Chopin; nor would you, on the face of it, suspect this learned word of classifying the innocent gambols of Three Blind Mice as contrasted with the equally innocent Home, Sweet Home, which, like Chopin, is monodic. Again, if you tell an educated but not musical man that the sixth symphony is mainly objective and relative, but that the seventh is subjective and absolute, he will scarcely feel sure what you mean, until you say that the former is about things that may also be described in words, in the language of speech, such as birds and brooks, while the latter deals with that mysterious part of human nature for which music seems to be the only direct vehicle of expression.

Three Blind Mice and Home, Sweet Home have been chosen as types, because these humble lyrics have been with us since the nursery; and in pausing to think each one over, we see at once the very real difference in their construction. In the former, three singers begin, one after the other, to sing the same tune. It is like a handicap, only they do not race, but keep the same distance apart, as they cover the same circular course. Each sings the tune and words independently of his predecessor and follower, and their blending, though a collision of three sets of words and three sets of notes, is musically coherent. If you listen to the total effect, the words are incomprehensible, because, since the last singer began before the first had finished, each is at a different stage; but you can single out any one, and follow the thread of his discourse from the beginning of the verse and tune to their end. This species of music may also be compared with a rope, which, if untwisted, divides into a set of complete independent strands.

Home, Sweet Home is plainly different. Only one melody is going at once; and if it be silent, the instrumental or vocal accompaniment will fall meaningless as a sentence without a subject.

Here, then, are the two types whose upholders have quarreled, and they include all music, whether serious or light. A waltz, Schubert's Erl King, Handel's Largo, and Siegfried are on the Home, Sweet Home principle, monodic; while Offenbach's brigands, entering as beggars and asking for bread in Latin, sing a chorus that is burlesque polyphonic; and to this class of music belong Bach's fugues, and any symphony. No matter how long and elaborate a musical work may be, either Three Blind Mice or Home, Sweet Home contains in its primitive architecture the principles on which the more stately edifice is built. Just as blank verse is better for Hamlet than rhyme would be, so the polyphonic composers maintain, and rightly, that their style is necessary to express adequately the greatest and deepest musical conceptions, — those which other languages fail to touch. Their opponents are generally aiming at something quite different, — to express and intensify ideas already suggested by some other art. They have found monodic music better for this purpose. This controversy definitely began when Peri, in 1597, wrote an opera called Dafne, and intentionally disregarded polyphonic rules, thereby instantly scandalizing every one who believed in Palestrina. Monteverde followed his example. His operas took two cities captive; but since he had conspicuously failed in polyphonic music, the polyphonists concluded he could not write music at all. Since then, each side has been extravagant in its denial of the other's right to exist, down to Brahms and Wagner.

Such is the main controversy; and when divested of technical words its nature shows clear enough. But why it should be, for what reasons these composers could not find room in the world for each other, requires further analysis.

There seem to be two reasons. Musical art was born when all other arts were old. Humanity had been producing and understanding perfect sculpture for centuries before the year 1600, and by that time there was little left to discover in painting, poetry, or prose. But it took Western thought and civilization till then to render human apprehension sufficiently subtle to discover or understand the language of sound. It may be that other languages still more subtle are in store for us when we are ready for them. However that may be, all the music we listen to has been written since 1600, and consequently the field for exploration has been so vast that men have lost sight of one another in it. That is one reason; the second is still more cogent. The musician is the only artist whose vehicle of expression is not external to himself. The world provides the others with objects, animate and inanimate, and events and thoughts, which they record by using shapes or colors like those they see around them, or words which they hear. The painter expresses what he has to say by representing a tree or a face; but the melodies and harmonies of a Beethoven or a Wagner lie wholly within the man. By your sense of sight you may see around you the raw material that suggested any picture; but what sense shows you the material that went to make a symphony? There is absolutely nothing outside for the musician to listen to and imitate when he is composing; his whole fabric, raw material and finished work, emanates not only from the invisible, but from the inaudible. This unique source of music, isolating it among all arts, is so extraordinary and lies so far beyond research that no one has succeeded in doing more than point out the fact. Hence, since the musician must so dive into himself, — and the greater and newer his work, the deeper the plunge, — it is most natural that from his own depths he should find it more difficult to understand a different sort of musician than it is for one painter or poet to understand another

Hugo says that music is to poetry what reverie is to thought; Pascal says that the heart has reasons which Reason does not know; and it is Richter, I think, who bids Music depart, for she speaks to him of things which are not as if they had existence somewhere. These several remarks bound as precisely as can be done the absolute domain of music.

Every art, I take it, is chief holder of some territory, but I can think of none except music that is sole proprietor of a region which no other art can enter. Nature and the human face belong to painting, but sculpture has a share in one, and poetry in both. And so you may go on, finding the arts overlapping each other, Paolo and Francesca represented now on canvas and now by the orchestra, till you come to a symphony such as the seventh, — and who shall say what that is about? Its subject cannot be named, yet its eloquence is at once perfectly definite and entirely inexpressible. No dictionary contains its nouns and adjectives; the heart has reasons which Reason does not know, and music a language no tongue can translate. This "absolute" music has a grammar, a syntax, and a rhetoric of its own, which are as essential to its production as the rules of drawing and perspective are to painting. But directly a musician comes out of his exclusive territory, and enters the realm of painting or poetry, these rules either partially or totally cease to apply. When Schubert unites with Goethe to tell us of Gretchen at her spinning-wheel, he abandons the style of his symphony in C because it would swamp the song. He becomes monodic, and in his accompaniment even

imitates the whirring of the wheel. Here we are quite in the middle of that "relative" music so denounced by the other party. Yet who would lose Gretchen am Spinnrade because it is written in a style that cannot express the profoundest depths of music?

The steps from what may be called bed-rock nature up into grand opera are direct and easily traced, and such a song as this is one of them. Every race has its battle songs, love songs, death songs, where words and music have sprung from the national heart. Their brief strains contain the universal; the single blow they strike goes home to all mankind. It is difficult to argue away any such spontaneous beauty by calling it monodic or objective. The words seem to fall a little outside of common sense. The only difference between these folk songs and the poems of Goethe or Uhland set by Schubert or Schumann is, that in the latter we know the authors' names. Deliberate lyric art at its highest can sometimes pass for a folk song. These songs often contain a drama; and from such a song as the Erl King the step to the stage is logical and immediate. The personages shall speak for themselves, instead of a narrator speaking for all; and the only aim of the musician remains what it has been from the first, dramatic truth. Like Schubert in his Gretchen or his Erl King, the composer in his opera pays no attention to the rules that govern and limit a symphony, but varies his melody and harmony with the varying tone of word and situation; stringing new ideas along as they become appropriate, and, to speak roughly, following the Home, Sweet Home method because that of Three Blind Mice would in a very few minutes divorce him utterly from his drama. Don Juan opens with the comic complaint of an overworked servant; a murder follows almost at once. Mozart has to break the laws of strict polyphonic development which would compel him to continue his comic music, or at any rate soon to return to it.

The theoretical justification for each form of music has now been stated. One is better for revealing that world which no other art can bring before us; the other best expresses dramatic truth. But in art, as well as elsewhere, we can prove the pudding in the usual manner, and leave the theorist intelligently firing into the air his blank cartridges. And as symphony and opera have both had their audiences ever since they were invented, their lives are probably not in danger, even though Beethoven be ready for the madhouse, and Euryanthe is a collection of diminished sevenths.

For the service all these great men have done us, by providing hours of delight and refreshment forever, we could easily forgive them their lack of catholicity, even if this had not been the necessary consequence of the circumstances attending musical creation; but there is no such excuse for the rest of the musical world, the world of critics and of concert and opera goers. Yet the babel that goes on among them is portentous. Not only must the symphony and the opera be mutually exclusive forms of enjoyment, but also German and Italian, and old and new. These little people are perpetually taking sides, as if for them, too, art was life, and did not permit you to serve two masters. "I cannot listen to Trovatore, because I appreciate Tristan so acutely;" or, "Give me Mozart and Haydn, but remove Brahms and all such new-fangled dreariness."

Now, to a Beethoven art must indeed be life, and the Scripture rule about two masters cannot apply too solemnly; he is the august inhabitant of his lonely world. But for his audience, ourselves, what presumption to pretend or assume that art is our life; being at best nothing but appreciators, to pose as creators! We step aside from business, sport, society, family, — the regions where we really live, — to listen for a parenthetical hour to

music, and then complacently announce, not a preference, but a creed. "There is no god but Wagner, and I am his prophet!" Ridicule is a swift and searching Nemesis. Why the citizens, male and female, are not found out when they lay this humbug so bare to their neighbors would pass comprehension; only the neighbors are so busy exclaiming, "There is no god but Schumann," or somebody else, that they lack the leisure to take notice. It does not seem to occur to the evangelists of polyphony or monody, or of Verdi against Wagner, that Shakespeare and Homer, Goethe and Molière, are not mutually exclusive tastes; that the lovers of music, with other intelligent people, enjoy the drama, the novel, the lyric; yet their musical attitude is akin to the position that we cannot like Waverley because we admire Paradise Lost. For, you see, one is in blank verse, but the other is in prose, and breaks all the laws of iambic pentameter.

Thus is the spirit lost in the letter. Yet if catholicity exists in literary taste, why should it not in music? Is it not a pity that three quarters of those who enjoy poetry and prose, tragedy and comedy, a sonnet by Wordsworth and a story by Mark Twain, should not have an equivalently broad musical appreciation, and add just so much more enjoyment to their lives? If I believe that the Götterdämmerung is the sublimest height tragic opera has attained, I can still be happy on another night with Fra Diavolo or La Sonnambula; and Haydn delights me in spite of my admiration for Brahms. But so many go to the concert hall to gather figs of thistles!

The reason for all this is the fact that, to most listeners who would be thought music lovers, music is really alien, and they do not meet it as they meet literature. They know that a drama or a poem expresses human things, but they do not know that a symphony does, too. Music is a phenomenon to them, the fourth dimension of space. The man who has a real affinity for it; to whom it is not an exotic, or a rare, strange object, to be approached with respect because fashion says so, but is a mother tongue, a matter of course, received and understood, or not understood, just as he understands a remark, or requests the remark to be repeated that he may take it in, — such a man strikes no attitudes about this or that composer or kind of composition. Heavy or light, symphony or opera, Italian, French, German, or English, he stands ready to enjoy anything that comes, *if it be good of its kind.* That is all he demands.

Some day such listeners will be more numerous than they are at present. It has been easy for a long time to buy books and read them. But concerts and other means of growing familiar with music have been very scarce until recently. Also, a thousand people know how to read where one can play the piano. These considerations make the lack of catholicity in musical taste natural; but what a pity!

Owen Wister.

HIS VANISHED STAR.

X.

THE season seemed full of menace to the troglodytes of the Lost Time mine. The work went on about the still as hitherto, but with added precaution — various and vain, for the limits of their ingenuity had already been reached — and with a heavy sense of presage. The old moods that had prevailed here were

gone, whether of brag and bluster, or wild hilarity, or jocose horse-play, or the leisurely and languid spinning of yarns to help the hour to pass. Even the industry of old Zeb Copley, the veteran of the force, was mitigated by sudden long pauses and a disposition to hearken fearfully for unaccustomed noises, and by eager and earnest urgency that the work should be pretermitted for a time. The youngest moonshiner of all felt it a dreary world to look at with sober eyes, and, despite his morose abstinence and surly staidness, a less discerning judgment than Taft's might have foreseen the brevity of this enforced drought, and the danger of a relapse, with all his reminiscences at his thick tongue's end, were he free to fare about the world without. Espey's vacant place was ever significant of the reason for it, and Larrabee would sit for hours brooding over the untoward chances of his own fortunes; his gloomy eyes on the ever-glinting line of light playing through the furnace door, his motionless pipe full only of dead ashes in his heedless hand.

"Ye air a toler'ble dangersome neighbor," Taft remarked one day; for the complication of the mistaken identity had come to his ears during a sortie from his stronghold, and the threats of the deputy sheriff against the supposed Jasper Larrabee coupled with his suspicions as to moonshining.

Larrabee looked up fiercely. "Move, then, ef ye don't like yer neighbor."

He was like a fox run to earth; he had no further resource. His one idea of dealing with the law was by evasion and subterfuge and concealment. He had no remote expectation of justification. By a series of deceits he had persuaded his mother to go on an immediate visit to a bedridden great-aunt who lived in an adjoining county. The horse she rode belonged to a neighbor of the aged relative, who chanced to be in this locality, and who was taking home with him a led horse, a recent purchase. Jasper himself was to go after her in the indefinite period when the corn should be laid by and her own horse at leisure. The infant conqueror of the rickets went with her, mounted behind her, his chubby arms stretched at their utmost length clasping her gaunt waist, and with as unchastened a vainglory and pride in the earnest of this great journey and the envious wonderment of the other children as if his bourn were the north pole. Thus Mrs. Larrabee set out, with the grim-visaged neighbor of the aunt in advance, and with a frisky, dapper colt — already *en rapport* with the pilgrim youth by reason of mutual juvenility, irresponsibility, and frivolity — kicking up his admired heels in the rear. And Henrietta Timson reigned in her stead under the queer little sylvan roof that seemed no more made with hands than the cups of a triple acorn.

Thus it was that Jasper Larrabee was roofless for the nonce, save for the strata of the Lost Time mine.

That Lorenzo Taft would fain be rid of him he saw grimly enough, and this he grimly refused to heed. He had incurred the suspicion of moonshining by reason of Espey's choosing to wear his name for an hour or so. He had incurred it through no fault of his own. The infringement of the law was common to them all, and involved a danger which they should share.

At all events, there would be nobody to answer for harboring the fugitive, should Espey's true identity become known to the law, and Rodolphus Ross find his way again to the little house on its airy perch. Taft had thought it wise that Larrabee, already tainted with suspicion in the mind of the officer of the law, and so a source of great danger, should follow Espey to parts unknown. But the world, to the unlodged of earth, is doubtless of aspect like the face of the waters to the dove when first loosed from the ark, without foothold or friendly sign.

Larrabee replied even to the innuendo: —

"Go whar? An' leave you-uns a-cuddled down hyar so snug in the groun' that the devil hisse'f will sca'cely nose ye out on the Jedgmint Day? Naw, sir. I see nuthin' but resk fur me on all sides, but less hyar 'n ennywhars. I hev stood in ez much danger ez enny of ye. I hev tuk my sheer o' the resk 'thout wingin', but I won't be kicked out like a stray dog an' gin up ter the law 'kase you-uns air 'feared 'Dolphus Ross 'lows I be a moonshiner. He can't find or hear o' me hyar. I got ez much right hyar ez you-uns, 'Renzo Taft. I own my sheer in the business, an' hyar I be goin' ter bide."

The other two moonshiners, Copley and young Dan Sykes, regarded him askance and with sullen eyes. This minority might seem to be fraught with no small danger. His chief fear lest Espey should be overtaken, and the details of his refuge with the Larrabees be elicited, involving himself and his mother as accessories to the crime, he never mentioned. It so absorbed his thoughts, however, that for a time he did not observe a symptom of the serious antagonism of his *confrères*.

A shaft hard by the still-room, if such the nook where the apparatus was worked might be called, which was sunk into the very deepest limits of the mine, came near relieving them of their perplexity on this score, one day. Larrabee's foot slipped in the rotting refuse of pomace on the verge while he was handling the bags of grain, and as he came heavily to the floor, barely saving himself, he saw like a flash a sudden irradiation of hope on the flushed, foolish face of the boy, a keen expectation in Taft's eyes, and even in the old drudge's wooden wrinkles a sort of disappointed resignation as he scrambled to his feet, that daunted him more than the immediate danger.

His precious book he read no more by the light of the furnace flicker, after this. Not that he now brooded over his cares, but his watchfulness never flagged. Whether the accident suggested the idea to Taft, or whether it were the flimsy fiction of the inimical atmosphere and his own alert apprehensiveness, Larrabee thought that he was given several opportunities to take leave inadvertently of the world. Once, in cleaning a pistol said to be unloaded, the ball in the last chamber whizzed sharply by his head. Again and again he was set to handle the heavy bags of grain on the slippery verge of the shaft. After a time a new cause of alarm was developed. Despite his crafty vigilance in his determination to remain at all hazards, he did not notice, until it became very marked, their unwillingness that he should leave the still at all, and Taft's expertness in disallowing every pretext. The truth dawned upon him at last, with its most valid reason. Although they would be glad were he to quit the country, yet, since his permanent absence could not be compassed, any chance excursion into the Cove or neighborhood was fraught with danger, as he might be seen, identified as Larrabee, and followed by the man who had spotted him as a moonshiner to Taft's house, where, spending days and nights, the mystery would soon be unfolded.

Larrabee came upon this discovery with a suffocating sense as of a prisoner. Instantly he was possessed by a wild urgency for the outer air and the freedom beyond that seemed as if its own impetus might break through the barriers of a thousand feet of the solid ground. He almost felt the wind blow in the strength of his keen desire; and when he set himself instantly to compass his deliverance, eagerness outran tact in his first demonstration.

"Hello, 'Renzo," he said in a cheerful, incidental voice, strikingly at variance with the gruff tones that had of late served him in the absolutely essential colloquies between them touching the work.

Taft's keen senses instantaneously apprehended the difference. He glanced around with a quick eye, lit by the feeble white gleam of the lantern in his hand, for he had but just emerged from the tunnel. He did not simulate. He looked as he felt, interrogative, expectant, as he sat down on the side of a barrel without pausing to extinguish the lantern. Its pallid glow suffused his florid face and yellow beard, and brought out the tint and effect of translucency in his blue eyes. They were fixed steadily on Larrabee, who was suddenly out of countenance. He had intended a more casual disclosure of his project than the impending interview permitted, — a sort of unpremeditated announcement of his determination, as of being free to do as he would. He felt that his face had changed, and he knew that the change was noted. A new rush of alarm seemed to surge through his nerves. For, guarded as Taft evidently was, he too had betrayed somewhat the importance which he attached to the plans, even the words, of his employee, or his partner, or his prisoner, as Larrabee might be variously regarded. It daunted Larrabee: the latent ferocity that lurked in Taft's character, repudiated in his burly good comradeship of manner and in his florid face, — save for a certain beaklike outline of the nose that gave a rapacious, cruel intimation, — was instinctively known to the young mountaineer, who was not skilled in the craft of a knowledge of his kind, and had no habit of analysis. He somehow flinched to be made anew so definitely aware that he was a factor, and a troublous one, in Taft's schemes. He felt no match for the elder tactician. He wished he had gone long before, when the moonshiner sought so openly to be rid of him. At all events, he would go now, and without chicanery or subterfuge. He blurted out his plan, which he had intended to trench upon with great care and circumspection, and which should have appeared a natural evolution and outcome of the conversation.

"'Renzo," he said, with a distinct abatement of his former genial inflections, but still with a pliable, amiable tone, — and for his life he could not suppress an intonation of appeal, — "'Renzo, I 'm a-studyin' 'bout takin' yer advice. Ye air old'n me an' hev got mo' 'sperience an' " —

"What advice?" Taft interrupted succinctly. The sentence seemed very short in his big, mellow, sonorous voice; it was like a key struck inadvertently on some great organ; the heavy vibrations in themselves seemed to promise continuity.

"'Bout goin' out'n the Cove. I been studyin' it all out, an' I 'low 't would be safer fur all consarned ef I war ter cut an' run."

Taft remained silent. His illumined eyes were glassy and fixed; somehow, the absorbed, introspective thought seemed to eliminate their expression.

"Jes' cl'ar out," said Larrabee, as if in explanation; he could not repress the manner of asking a permission, although he raged inwardly at himself.

"Whar'bouts?" Taft's great voice boomed out once more as it were inadvertently.

"Ter Buncombe County in ole Car'liny, whar I got some kinfolks a-livin'," said Larrabee. "That 's what I war a-studyin' 'bout," he added, still striving for a more incidental effect.

The furnace door was open, for the fire was low, the still but just emptied, and the work intermitted for the nonce. The bed of red coals filled the place with a dull glow. In its dreamy light he saw suddenly the broad, flabby face of Dan Sykes, the youngest of the moonshiners, distorted with silent mirth, like the face of a caricature. He sat upon a billet of wood in a lowly attitude, froglike with his upturned head which was supported by his two hands, his elbows resting on his knees drawn high under

his chin. His distended grin of evident delight in Taft's answer showed that it was not unexpected.

"Why, law, Jasper," exclaimed Taft, — but the unctuous tone would not mix with the lie of the intent, and floated in its midst like oil on water, — "I could n't make out *now*, jes' *now*, 'thout you-uns. I be short-handed now, 'count o' Espey, an' I got word ter-day from the cross-roads fur two barrels o' corn juice quick ez it kin be got thar. Yer kin in Buncombe," — his eye twinkled, for he suspected the kin in Buncombe to be of that airy folk known only to dreams and deceits, — "they 'll keep. Ye 'll hev jes' ter put off goin' fur a leetle spell, — bein' so short-handed, ye know."

"What air they aimin' ter pay fur them bar'ls?" demanded Larrabee calmly.

Thus he drew the conversation aside to the commercial aspects of the situation, as if he acquiesced in Taft's view, and recurred to his proposition no more. He controlled his voice, but his heart sunk like lead. He had not dreamed but that they would be glad to let him go if he quitted the region. He had not even feared that this resource was in jeopardy. He could not imagine the turn of events which must needs preclude his flight abroad, as well as his familiar appearance in his wonted haunts about the Cove. He cursed his fatuity again and again that he had not escaped when he could. What were the dangers of the world at large in comparison with the mysterious menace that environed him here? He dwelt continuously on these thoughts for a time, and it was only gradually, and chiefly by reason of Sykes's leering grin and secretly gleeful eye, that he became aware that this Benjamin amongst them had been specially deputed to watch him. In the days of his own terrors of the world without he had ceased to go out for his meals or to sleep. He subsisted on "snacks" which Taft fetched down from his own table, — which abstraction caused no surprise to his small housekeeper, for Miss Cornelia Taft had long since exhausted her capacities for astonishment at any prodigies of food consumption on the part of her father, who took such big bites in comparison with old Mrs. Jiniway's custom, — and he slept at broken intervals, as his uneasy thoughts permitted, on the empty meal sacks in the shadow of the piles of barrels. This life continued now of necessity as formerly of choice. Larrabee's apparent acquiescence, he had a vague idea, surprised and perturbed the others. They were evidently prepared for resistance and harsh measures. They had lost their balance in some sort; their attitude was like that of one who makes ready for a running leap, and stops short of the jump. Thus, their unsteady, balked surprise bore scant relation to their persistent, unchanged purpose, for their watch upon him was not for one moment relaxed. Even in the network of wrinkles about the sunken eyes of the elder distiller a sort of staggered, dumfounded suspicion expressed itself, in conjunction with an observant heed of Larrabee's every movement which hitherto would not have been allowed to absorb so much of the attention he was wont to bestow on the still.

At first the discovery came near to breaking down Larrabee's reserve of endurance. His heart thumped so loudly, so heavily, that he sometimes thought they must hear its treacherous clamors as he sat and smoked in the dull red glow, assuming a calm and somnolent, satisfied aspect. Occasionally, with that terrible sense of the key turned, the door closed, the realization of restricted liberty, so overwhelming to the free habit of the mountaineer and the woodsman, with a charter to wander as wide as the wilderness, the blood would surge to his head, the copper boilers spin round and round, his companions slowly wheel about in that dim space of shadow and light; and he thought he lost consciousness at

these times. But always when he came to himself he was sitting as before, calmly smoking in his wonted place, seeming a trifle disposed to shirk his work, perchance; and latterly he had begun to drink heavily, as it were upon the sly. He could not have said how the idea had come to him: it was not gradual; the scheme was full fledged in an instant. He knew that his every movement was under surveillance, and that he was under the special guard of the young drunkard, who had been longer sober now, perhaps, than for many a month. Dan Sykes watched with glistening eyes Larrabee's furtive hand reaching for the jug of whiskey, the trick of the hasty swallow aside, and presently Larrabee had a companion in his covert potations. He trembled lest the young fellow's scanty powers of self-restraint should not be adequate to conceal long enough to serve his plan the swift ravages of drink in his recent abstinence. He seemed insatiable and frantically keen of thirst, and the necessity of concealing his indulgence from Taft, who had evidently sent forth some fiat against it, developed an almost incredible deftness of craft. On the day that the liquor was barreled and removed, he had been drinking almost without cessation. His share in the work was scant, his duties as guard serving in substitution. Perhaps for this reason, perhaps because of the absorption in the enterprise, neither of the two elder moonshiners noticed his condition; and indeed he had become singularly skilled in assuming a sort of veneer of sobriety. It passed muster in this instance.

Taft got away early in the night with his load, taking note, apparently, of nothing beyond some extra hazard of the enterprise, as Larrabee gathered from the caution with which he loaded his revolvers and his frequent conferences aside with Copley, who enjoyed his special confidence, being his near kinsman as well as coadjutor. The barrels were to be concealed in the wagon under bags of feathers, dried fruit, ginseng, and other strictly rural commodities of barter. Two barrels of innocent and saccharine sorghum found themselves, too, in the unholy company of those barrels that the still had furnished forth. It was somewhat difficult to make out the load. Copley was eager for it to be off, notwithstanding, but Taft persisted until all the probabilities had been satisfied. There was much passing back and forth in the tunnel; through its long lengths Larrabee could hear the commotion in the room beneath the store. When the preparations were completed at last, he knew as well as if he had seen it how the great white canvas-covered wagon looked, standing with its two stanch mules before the door of the store, under the early dusky night sky and the burly overhanging purple heights; the yellow light streaming out from the open door upon it, and all the cheerful bustle of departure rife as it were in the very air. Taft came back at the last moment for his coat. As he swung himself alertly into it, and crushed his big hat down on his big yellow head, he had all the breezy impetus of one who is about to start on a pleasant and successful journey.

"All loaded!" he cried cheerfully. "A kentry merchant a-goin' ter buy goods can't be too keerful — oughter take along all the gear he kin ter trade — ha! ha! ha! Good-by! Be good!"

And thus he strode out with his light, elastic tread. Larrabee listened as it beat on the dirt path, and then to the echoes that duplicated its progress, till it ceased to sound.

Somehow the void about the circle was not without melancholy intimations, the normal incident of departure, whether it be regretted or cause for gratulation. Perhaps because of the sudden disordered quiet and loneliness in the quitted scene, the unoccupied mind must always needs reach forward into the unknown journeyings, meeting in speculation the varied events denied to

the home-abiding. Larrabee sat still for a time in the low red glow of the furnace fire, exchanging now and again an incidental comment with his companions on the subject of the journey and its chances. The intervals of silence grew longer; the shadows gathered and deepened; the younger man's head occasionally nodded grotesquely in sleep, but more than once, as Larrabee was about to rise to his feet, he saw in the obscurity the large bloodshot eyes open and fixed soberly upon him. He had waited long: long for the certainty that Taft would not return on some forgotten errand; long for the drunken sleep that must needs overcome the inimical vigilance of the young moonshiner. He could wait no longer. With an abrupt, shrill cry like that of a savage panther, he flung himself upon his elder companion. Copley was a man of powerful physique, and his every muscle was developed by the heavy labor in which it was exercised. In his undiminished strength his age gave no advantage to his adversary, whose slight bulk he might have flung from him with a single arm but for the surprise and suddenness of the attack in which he was borne to the ground. All Larrabee's strength hardly sufficed to hold him there for a moment. There was a fierce struggle; a pistol ball whizzed by Larrabee's head, and the narrow precincts were filled with the echoes and with Copley's hoarse calls upon Sykes for help. The young fellow rose in response, stupidly echoing the cries of his own name, took one tottering step forward, and fell like a log, flabby, nerveless, helpless, on the floor. Larrabee wondered afterward that it could all be so quickly done. It was by virtue of surprise, desperation, sleight of hand, deftness, and quickness rather than by strength or courage. A meal bag served as a gag, and a rope, used in transporting the heavy barrels up the steep incline to the store, to pinion the arms and shackle the feet. Larrabee was almost exhausted by the capture of the first prisoner, and it was perhaps auspicious for his freedom that the young drunkard, beyond an ill-directed blow or two, could make no resistance. The rope was made fast around the solid masonry of the furnace; and as Larrabee contemplated his work he felt sure that the two prisoners, one yet vainly struggling, the other already sleeping the sleep of the very drunk, would find no means of deliverance till Taft's return the next day.

Again and again in his durance Larrabee had prefigured how swift would be his flight along the tunnel to the free outer air. Now he feebly plodded, and trembled, and faltered, and again went groping along the densely black way, essaying to keep a straight line, but feeling himself continually touching the wall, now on the right, and again on the left, in his zigzag course. Once he paused with an alert start. A sound of human voices had struck his ear, and at the merest possibility that his escape was not complete, certain, every flaccid, exhausted muscle was tense again. He lifted up his head, hardly breathing, that he might listen, but heard only the uncontrolled motion of his own heart plunging like an unruly horse. All else was silent in the black stillness of the deeps of the earth, save for the slight purling of the thread of a stream which farther on intersected the tunnel. No stir, no sound from the still-room, his late prison-house, where his jailers lay bound hand and foot; and yet he had thought he heard voices — human voices — words — he could almost have sworn it. And suddenly the sound came again. This time he recognized it, — louder than its custom, more distinct, for he had heard it before, — the sound of the strange, unexplained voices that at long intervals were wont to reverberate along the tunnel of the Lost Time mine, and that were accounted by the moonshiners echoes from their own wrangles or mirth or talk as they toiled. He was certain that it

did not come now from the still; his fear that his work had been slack, and that his comrades were liberated, was without foundation, but an earthly rational fear is a wonderful exorcist of a ghostly terror. Otherwise, when he thought of it afterward, he felt that he must have been struck dead with the horror of it, when he suddenly heard, close at hand, the sound dulled by the dense medium of the earth, a word of command, as it were, in a queer, strained, false-ringing voice, and then the regular strokes of a pick cleaving the earth with a workmanlike steadiness and precision. His blood ran cold; for his credulity harbored no doubts. It was the sound of the drowned miners, lost in the flooded shafts, still vainly digging the graves that the niggard earth denied them. The thought mended his speed; he flew like a shuttlecock from side to side of the narrow passage, where he could but grope, for the lack of a lantern; and although he often put forth his hands expecting to touch the boards of the partition at the further end, he thrust into his palms a score of the hairy splinters of the reverse side of the rude puncheons long before he could have reasonably expected to reach his goal. He observed none of the precautions and silence common to the moonshiners in their exits from the still; and indeed the feat was hardly expected to be attempted in the dense darkness. He dropped one of the boards, and the deep, cavernous, clamorous echo coming up from the hollow vaults below almost unnerved him, as it resounded again and again. He had lost control of his nerves. He stumbled over the empty boxes and barrels in the room beneath the store, tumbled up the ladder, and as he clambered from the door beneath the counter he realized for the first time that the room was built, as were many in the meaner cabins of the region, without a window, depending on the door for ventilation and light. This was a matter of precaution with Taft, and being a not uncommon feature in the district occasioned no surprise; but Larrabee's heart sunk as he remembered that it was Taft's cautious habit to lock the door when he himself was not in the store. Feeling that the bars were in place against the battens, he was apprised that it had been thus secured by the worthies down at the still, and perchance the key was now in Copley's pocket. His only resource would be to retrace his way, all the toil and risk of his escape to be repeated. But no, the bolt turned in his hand, and as he stepped into the passage without his eyes were dazzled almost to blindness by a tallow dip blazing in the hand of little Cornelia Taft, summoned by the noise to investigate its source. Behind her, looking over her head, was Joe's round, careless, plump face. Larrabee was little less staggered by the monition that there might be other persons at hand in the house than by the expression of Cornelia's prim, disapproving, unfriendly, intelligent little countenance. The next instant he cared for neither; a salient change in the aspect of the house claimed his attention. The open passage between the two rooms had been boarded up, and a stout door fitted in, barred and bolted, on which gleamed a strong new lock. There was no key visible. He gazed at the lock with greedy eyes, silent, till the girl's question had been twice repeated.

"Me — doin' hyar? Oh, I been doin' some work fur yer dad," he said, more at ease, for he had seen her occasionally as he came and went, presumably in the character of customer, and he detected recognition in her calm and non-committal countenance. "I got shut up in thar, — mought hev been noddin', — an' I war feared the door war locked." He advanced upon the outer door.

"Ye can't git out'n that one," said the little girl coolly; "hit 's locked on the outside, an' dad hev goned away ter the cross-roads with the key in his pocket."

Larrabee's first impulse was to try his strength to burst it open, and once more that salutary monition of the probable presence of others in the house controlled him. He turned toward the door of the opposite room, partly to settle this doubt, and partly to discover — it had never before occurred to him to notice — whether it had a window. The room was vacant, and his eager eyes ranged the walls in vain for an aperture.

"It 's like a trap," he muttered, as he sunk exhausted into a chair. "What ails 'Renzo ter lock up the house an' make off with the key, an' leave you-uns inside by yerse'fs?" he demanded.

The two children had followed him into the room. Joe stood by the door, holding by the frame, swaying back and forth, attempting some distortion of attitude impossible to the human configuration; but the little girl had seated herself staidly in a chair opposite, and showed herself not averse to conversation.

"'Kase thar be sech a lot o' strange, idle folks in the Cove," said the prim Miss Cornelia, with an expression of strong disapprobation.

Larrabee could not restrain an exclamation of surprise. It was indeed like a new world, the familiar Cove, so long he had been shut out of it.

"What folks?" he asked succinctly.

"Them ez hev been building the new hotel," said Sis. "Them, in course."

"What they doin' now? Ain't they buildin'?" he hazarded tentatively.

"Naw," — the small Cornelia Taft pursed up her lips contemptuously, — "jes' a-roamin' round the Cove in gangs, a-foolin' an' a-idlin', an', my sakes, a-drinkin' whiskey, thick ez bees!"

A new light was breaking in on Larrabee. Taft had at first desired that he should leave the Cove, — slip away quietly; now, since it was infested with a troop of scattered workmen, apparently out of a job, all of whom had doubtless spent an idle hour agape over the story of the supposed Jasper Larrabee, the last nine days' wonder of the Cove, — the facetious freak of the pretended arrest, the miraculous escape of the fall from the cliffs, the mysterious disappearance, the suspicion of moonshining, and the threatened vengeance of the deputy sheriff, — it was scarcely probable that he could get away without exciting notice which might lead to recognition, pursuit, and arrest. He was safer at the still, — this he himself admitted now, — far safer in the depths of the earth; except, indeed, for Taft and his fellows.

"Did you-uns see the fire?" demanded Joe suddenly, still writhing and twisting against the door frame. "*I* did!" in triumph.

"Ye would n't ef I hed n't a-woke ye up," said Sis, with acerbity. "I 'low ye did n't see much nohows, bein' so sleepy-headed."

Larrabee sat looking in surprise from one to the other, his questions anticipated by their eager relish of the subject.

"Dad never seen nuthin'!" cried the boy triumphantly.

"Dad would n't b'lieve thar war a fire till he went an' viewed the cinders of the hotel," said the girl.

The hotel! A sudden suspicion smote Larrabee, a recollection of the threat to burn the building which had originated amongst the moonshiners before a stone was laid in mortar or a timber lifted. He did the craft injustice in this instance; Taft and his confrères had no part in the conflagration. But with Espey out of control, and Larrabee touched with the suspicion of moonshining, a chance word might fix upon the distillers this far more serious crime known to them both to have already been broached here. There was much reason for his detention, — too much. He must be going, and that shortly.

"I wonder ye all ain't feared o' burnin' up in hyar, locked up," he said suddenly, the catastrophe seeming to render

the danger of fire more imminent, although he knew it to be the habit of the country folk to lock small children in when convenient to leave home without them.

The little girl's thin lip curled.

"Ef we-uns hain't got no mo' sense 'n ter set the house or ourse'fs afire, I reckon we 'd be wuth ez much roasted ez raw," she replied.

"Dad, he locked the door so we-uns kin tell them stragglers ez he be gone, an' they can't git in ter trade fur drink," put in Joe.

Larrabee said nothing more. He knew full well that the children were not so alone as they seemed, since old Copley was wont to be back and forth to the store, in Taft's absence, often enough to be at hand should he be required to suppress any disturbance; and being a near relative, he had a personal interest in their safety. Miss Cornelia Taft was a fine combination of her father's shrewdness and her grandmother's preciseness. As Larrabee felt her small discerning eyes studying him, he became conscious that he was looking about wildly and with manifest anxiety as to his next step. He made an effort to allay her dawning curiosity.

"Things look powerful nice an' cle'n up in hyar," he remarked casually.

He was unprepared for the effect of his words. If Miss Cornelia Taft had a soul, it was expressed in her housewifely instincts. In a dozen frantic and funny juvenile misconceptions the precepts brought from Mrs. Jiniway's domicile were put into practice here. The basis of them all, cleanliness and an effort for order, was plainly apparent, and Sis spent the better part of her days in seeking to impress upon Joe's unwilling mind the value of an occasional dish-washing, and the utility of wood ashes in scouring. An evil day, Joe considered it, when she came into his ragged, soapless, happy-go-lucky life; but Taft connived at their wranglings over their primitive housekeeping and Joe's subjection. "Keeps Sis busy, an' lets me git on her blind side, — ef she hev got enny blind side," he added grimly.

Her pallid face flushed, her eye sparkled; she cast a glance of triumph at Joe, who had seated himself in a chair, and was twisting his bare feet in and out of the rungs in a way painful to witness, if not to experience, writhing his body to and fro, and rolling his head from side to side over the high back of the chair in a restless frivolity of motion that certainly had no family resemblance to the staid "manners" which Mrs. Jiniway's disciple exhibited.

She had entered volubly upon a detail of her exploits here in reforming Joe's misrule amongst the pots and pans and kettles.

"Dad 's so 'way from home, an' Joe 's so tur'ble shif'less," she complained.

The task of redding up the Augean stables was slight in comparison, one might believe, to judge from her show of horror now and then, and there was considerable difference between the size of Sis and of Hercules. She had succeeded in reaching some sense of culinary propriety in Joe, or pride, for he now and again became sufficiently still to look poutingly sullen, and to ejaculate, "'T ain't true!" "'T war n't!" and similar disaffected negations.

"I l'arnt all that whenst I lived with my granny," she concluded her exposition of the true methods of dealing with the trivet and the skillet and setting the house in order. "An' when we war done, we 'd knit stockings an' tell tales."

"Tales 'bout what?" asked Larrabee, seeking to conciliate her, for he began to have a shrewd suspicion that she could aid him if she would. His interest was the more easily simulated, for he had a literary taste himself.

"Oh," she cried, with a little bounce forward, not unlike Joe's elasticity, "them in gineral we-uns hearn the rider read, — 'bout Sam'l."

"I hev read 'bout Sam'l," said Larrabee quickly, with an air of playing willingly to her lead; and indeed she had struck him on his strong suit. "An' old Eli. Eli war an able man, but he never 'peared ter me ter hev much jedgmint."

"I jes' *lo-o-oved* ter hear 'bout leetle Sam'l an' his mother, an' her a-bringin' him of new clothes. He wore a white shut, an' she brung him a leetle coat every year," continued Sis, with placid eyes shining with the delighted reminiscence of the little prophet's fine gear.

"Eli never could hev led the childern of Isrul through the wilderness like Moses done," said Larrabee meditatively, reverting naturally to the elder character; whereas with Sis the *personnel* of the Bible was chiefly juvenile, rarely attaining a greater height than four feet.

"Jes' ter think," she cried, "they put Moses whenst a baby in a leetle dug-out, an' anchored him 'mongst the willows under the ruver bank, an' lef' him by hisself! Don't ye know, he hollered an' hollered! An' he wondered whar all the folks war gone."

"An' Dan'l I hev read about," continued Larrabee.

"In the painters' den! Oo — oo!" The little girl shivered with a sort of enjoyment of the terror of the situation, drawing up her shoulders, and holding both hands over her mouth.

"He war n't feared. I reckon he mus' hev been a powerful hunter whenst young. I wonder ef he ever hed enny 'speriunce with wolf an' bar, an' sech?" Larrabee speculated.

"Them bars! War n't that awful, — plumb turrible!" exclaimed Sis suddenly, her scanty brows knitted as she frowningly recoiled into the back of her chair, and her small eyes grew large. "Them two bars what eat them forty childern, — though 't ain't manners, an' it never war, ter make game o' yer elders."

"'T ain't true! No two bar ever eat forty childern. They 'd hev bust!" Joe interposed realistically. "Sis jes' made that up out'n her own head."

"It air true," protested the little Biblical student. "I hearn the rider read it myself."

"Them childern war obleeged ter be sorter sizable ter hev quit bein' bald-headed tharse'fs, ef they war able ter run an' p'int thar fingers. An' shucks! I hev been sassier 'n that a many a time, an' no bar hev eat me yit," said Joe hardily.

"Ye air savin' up fur Satan, I reckon," retorted Miss Taft, with acerbity. "I hev a heap o' trouble with this boy," she added, turning a dreary, disgusted little face toward Larrabee.

Their unity of literary interest had fostered a degree of sympathy for her. "Ye oughter go down sometimes an' set at Tems's," he suggested. "He hev got a darter an' a niece, though they air older 'n ye be."

"I don't mind old folks," said Cornelia, evidently with no idea of the gradations of age. "I be used ter granny. I wisht dad would marry one of 'em at Tems's," she added.

Larrabee glanced keenly at her.

"What ails ye, ter say that?" he asked jealously.

"I 'd like ter see a tuck took in Joe," said Sis bitterly.

She obviously spoke without further information or meaning. Larrabee rose restlessly, the interest of the literary symposium at an end.

"I wisht ye could let me out'n hyar somehows," he said, glancing uneasily about. Then, with a sudden recollection, "Ain't you-uns got a key ez would open the sto' door, what ye brung from yer granny's house? Mebbe 't would open t'other."

"Dad took it; he did n't want the sto' do' opened whenst he hed locked it."

"Hain't you-uns got no mo' keys, no kind o' keys?"

She hesitated, but he had won upon her somewhat obdurate predilections;

his acquaintance with the heroes of the tales that she had learned at her grandmother's home was a pleasing and fresh bond of interest. She divined his sympathy, and had seen his approval of the works she had wrought in the service of order and cleanliness; he saw in her little prim face that she had keys at hand, and presently she nodded brightly.

"Let 's try 'em," he urged, as if the experiment had a mutual interest.

It was a bunch of two or three rusty old keys which she produced, held together with a rough leather string, but they meant liberty and life to Larrabee. He could hardly be still long enough to clean and oil them before the attempt which should be decisive. The little girl rubbed one with a will, while he busied himself with the other. She held the candle as he knelt tremulously on the floor and applied them successively to the lock. One slipped in and turned futilely all round, — too small. The other would not even enter the keyhole.

As he knelt there, the tallow dip showed a white, set face. He was remembering his comrades, bound hand and foot down at the still, and prefiguring Taft's alarm, — which was in itself formidable in its valiant disregard of all but his own safety, — his resentment and revenge, when their imprisoned estate should be discovered to him. Whatever might betide in the world without, it was death, indubitably, to remain. He rose suddenly, almost overturning the child at his elbow, starting toward the door of the store to get some implement to serve to break the lock.

"Try a file," said Sis reasonably, misunderstanding his intention.

She was still holding the candle as he came back, its white light on her precise little face and smooth hair put primly behind her ears, and a tall womanly caricature of her aped her gestures as her shadow stretched up on the new poplar weather-boarding of the partition.

Her suggestion worked like a charm. A few moments of a sharp, rasping noise, while she set her little teeth, a second essay at the lock: the bolt slipped back as if made for the rusty old key that had worked no miracles before save that of opening old Mrs. Jiniway's "chist;" the door swung open. A glimpse of the windy night, the clouds, the tossing woods, and Sis, putting up the bars again, heard the last echo of Larrabee's swift step as he strode away.

XI.

The day fixed for processioning Kenniston's land dawned with an element of perplexity all its own to add to the troublous questions which it was expected to decide. The weather was the aptest illustration of uncertainty. The first gray light came with a rolling cloud and a dank wind sweeping along quick gusts of rain; then the sun rose, diffusive, promissory, with a great lavishness of red and yellow suffusions, a range and degree of rank, heavy color that seemed nearer to the hues of sunset than to the luminous purity and delicacy of wonted matutinal freshness. The slate-tinted clouds were massed once more, the beams failed, the wind brought the rain anew, and when it ceased at last, light mists were stealing along the heavy purple mountains, and rising from every chasm and depression; even far away amongst those vague contours, gray and dun-tinted and brown, that were like the first lifeless sketch of the dazzling azure ranges that the sunny days were wont to paint with such brilliant softness upon the fair field of the horizon, these vapors, white, soft, opaque, flocculent, could be seen. So from the furthermost reaches to the nearest limits invisibility was visibly garnered.

As Kenniston, perturbed because of the weather signs, turned ever and anon in his saddle, as he rode up and up the mountain to the tryst at the Big Hollow

Boulder, he saw now the great outward bend of the mountain, with heavily wooded green slopes under the gray sky, all the coloring heightened by the impending tufty white of the masses of silent approaching vapor; the surly crags of the terrace dark with the moisture and the shadow; and the great black mass of the charred wood still sending up a slow, melancholy thread of smoke where the hotel lay in ruins. And again, looking over his shoulder to verify some half-forgotten detail of the scene, the trees twenty feet away were barely visible in the encompassing medium, so fleetly did the impalpable cloud press upon them. To him, unversed in mountain weather, the enterprise of the day seemed impracticable; and he was half surprised to see the surveyor, with his Jacob's staff and his chain-bearers, already waiting at the boundary corner. The figures of the group of men, with their horses picketed hard by, stood out against the inexpressive whiteness about them with the distinctness of sketches on otherwise blank paper. They were easily recognizable even from a distance, and Captain Lucy's slim proportions and grace of movement further served to differentiate him from the burlier forms of the others.

"Ah, colonel," called out Kenniston as he dismounted, "you here?"

It might hardly be believed by one who had experienced its causticity, but Captain Lucy's tongue was blunted of much of its capacities under his own roof-tree by the exactions of hospitality. Now he felt the franchise of the free outer air.

"I 'm a mighty confidin' young critter, I know," he replied, advancing a few paces with his hands thrust in his pockets, "but this hyar man" — he nodded at the surveyor and affected to lower his voice confidentially — "hev got the name o' bein' sorter tricky, an' I 'lowed I hed better kem along like a good neighbor ter holp ye some, else he mought cheat ye out'n a passel o' lan'."

The surveyor, a tall, saturnine, businesslike body, took not the slightest notice of this fling, but his two young chain-bearers grinned their appreciation, and the other men laughed outright with evident enjoyment, notably a tall, dark-eyed fellow, whom Kenniston presently recognized as the deputy sheriff, with whom he had already had some slight colloquy touching the possibly incendiary origin of the fire that had destroyed the new building. The recollection furnished him with a retort. He had flushed darkly, and his eyes were angry.

"I should n't be surprised to be ill treated in any way now in the Cove — after what *has* happened."

The laughter was checked by his tone. The men glanced at one another constrainedly. Before his coming, the event had promised to the volunteer assistants an episode of sociability affording the interchange of ideas and jocular converse, the interest of the developments sufficiently great to repay them for the hardship of the steep scramble down the mountain side. The significance of the proceeding was reasserted, and the silence was unbroken until the surveyor, busily adjusting his compass, remarked to Kenniston that he had noted one or two blazes indicating an old line, as he came up the mountain.

"Ye won't go a-nigh them blazes!" cried Captain Lucy sarcastically, waving his hand along an imaginary line. "Ye take my word fur it, ye won't see them blazes 'twixt hyar an' the mounting's foot."

Kenniston detected a covert meaning in the tone, and glanced keenly around at the speaker. But Captain Lucy's face was as enigmatically satiric as his laughter; and as Kenniston's questioning stare sought out the son, Luther turned away to avoid meeting his eyes, lowering, anxious, and it seemed somehow conscious. Conscious, too, was the hangdog manner with which the usually bluff young mountaineer spoke to the deputy

sheriff Ross, observing that he did not see how the surveyor could get his bearings such a shut-in day as this.

The deputy sheriff had found it easily compatible with his interpretation of his duty to spare the time to assist as idle spectator at anything promising so much interest and excitement as the processioning of the Kenniston tract. For the antagonism between the disputants had already been noised abroad, and Rodolphus Ross, albeit a "peace officer" within the meaning of the statute, was not so attached to the service of the white-winged goddess that he did not cherish a lively expectation of whatever sport could be extracted from Captain Lucy's and Kenniston's belligerent idiosyncrasies. He protested now so clamorously that it might seem he feared that this unique opportunity would be wrested from him, and, assuming the rôle of a trustworthy weather prophet, maintained that whenever it rained before twelve o'clock, noon, an early clearance was the certain sequel. The discussion and the aspect of the weather diverted the general attention from Captain Lucy's singular words, and from Luther's unwillingness to proceed and surly disaffection.

But Kenniston, whose already keen observation was whetted by the appreciation of the enmity he sustained and the magnitude of the disaster that had befallen him, followed Luther's motion with an alert, apprehending eye, and hardly lost sight of him even when the mists swept between them and gave him but a distorted looming presentment of the young mountaineer; though thus caricatured, Luther never lost for a moment his uncharacteristic and already significant demeanor. Small as the group was, the figures of two or three were now and again abstracted from it, as if literally caught up in the clouds, slowly materializing again as the mists shifted. The horses hard by were sometimes invisible in the dense white medium, and anon only their heads would appear here and there in various attitudes, like studies for a cavalry subject. So even with the Big Hollow Boulder: the corner of the lines seemed to recede, and again was near at hand, in a manner altogether inconsistent with its accepted attributes of immovability as a monument of boundary. The great felled trees, lying close by athwart the outcropping ledges of rock, — traces of the mountain tempest, — were obliterated and invisible in the encompassing whiteness. The chilly sound of the rain beating heavily below in the valley rose on the dank air, and more than once the white gauzy suffusions of the encompassing cloud were pervaded with a transient yellow glow, broad and innocuous reflections of the lightning of the storm cloud of the lower levels.

The surveyor was a tall, well-knit man of forty-five or fifty, with a square, short, grizzled beard decorating his chin, high cheek bones, a blunt nose, a far-seeing gray eye, and a quid of tobacco that seemed to render him indifferent to the joys of conversation. His high boots were drawn to the knees over his trousers, — a style affected by the rest of the party; Kenniston's correct equestrian garb being sufficiently dissimilar to give him that air of peculiarity and modishness that somehow seems so unworthy and flippant among plain and humble folk, as if they cared for better things than fashion. It made him a trifle ill at ease, and he had a sense of being out of his sphere, added to the conviction of the vicinage of enemies. He stood with his riding-whip in his hand beside the surveyor as he adjusted his instrument, conscious of sustaining the curious attention of the chain-bearers, two stalwart young fellows arrayed in brown jeans and heavy boots, amply competent for the task of carrying the chain through that rugged wilderness; conscious, too, of Captain Lucy's brilliant, laughing, handsome eyes, the doubtful, furtive glances of the others, and Luther's anxious, troubled gaze.

Suddenly, with an infinitely light, elastic effect that permeated all its vast area, the cloud began to uplift; the great grassy bald of the mountain towering above them showed its vast green dome as it were between precipitous white cliffs of still higher cloud mountains. An eagle's wing caught the sunlight as he soared above, beyond rifle range, and as he felt the rising wind his keen, exultant cry floated down to them. A tempered white glister suffused all the clouds about them; the sun was out, and as the illumined masses parted, the blue mountains afar off now glimmered with a dusky section of the quiet valley below, and again were veiled with the gleaming gauze. Between its shining folds a glittering green avenue opened out down the woods, as the surveyor, bending first to take sight, then holding his Jacob's staff stiffly before him, set out from the Big Hollow Boulder with a fair start and a long, elastic step; the two chain-bearers in file alertly followed, alternately bowing down and rising again, while the chain writhed through the grass between them like some living sinuous thing, ever and again drawn out tense and straight, and the echoes rang with the strophe and antistrophe of their sudden short cry, "Stick!" "Stuck!" "Stick!" "Stuck!"

It might seem that all the oreads of the Great Smoky were set to flight by this invasion of their sylvan haunts, so many a flitting white robe fluttered elusive among the dense shadows of the trees, gone ere you could look again; so often a glistening white arm was upflung in the deepest green jungle of the laurel. They sprang up by every shadowy cliff and lurking chasm, by every hidden spring and trickling stream, and fled with tattered white scarfs streaming in the wind behind them. All the way the rout continued as Science came down the slope, led by a compass rather than the sun or the shadow, and with her votaries to mete out the freedom of the wilds, and the grace of the contour of the slopes, and the beauty of herbage and flowering growth, and the largess of the gracious earth, and to reduce all to an arbitrary scale, and judge it by the rod or perch or pole.

The grizzly old surveyor saw naught of this, — not even when, in advance of all the company, he threaded the sun-glinted green glade, and strode almost in the midst of a bevy of white gauze-draped fleeing figures. Nor his chain-bearers, young though they were, and presumably impressionable, — not even when they rose from their alternate genuflections, and their sudden call "Out!" resounded on the air, though they stood idle and looked about them while the surveyor paused to mark the "out." Nor Captain Lucy, as light and swift on his feet as the youngest, fierce, jaunty, with his clear, defiant eye. Nor Rodolphus Ross, finding great opportunity for mirth behind Captain Lucy's back as he scuffled along amongst the knot of spectators, keeping up as best they might, skirting the barriers that the surveyor and his chain-bearers, constrained by duty, went over, and tumbling, pulling, and struggling with one another now and then for the best and foremost place. "Look at old Cap'n Tems!" cried Ross. "Ain't he the very model of a game rooster? He ain't big, an' he ain't strong, an' he ain't heavy, but Lord! how he thinks he is!" Nor Kenneth Kenniston, beginning to pause now and again, — albeit he did not flag, despite the hard pull over the impracticable ground, for he was a man of stalwart physique and a practiced pedestrian, — to look instead at the memorandum of the calls of the title deed, which original paper the surveyor held in his hand, in doubt at first, in growing dismay, then in hot and mounting anger. At the next "out," when the surveyor set down his Jacob's staff, Kenniston strode over and tapped him somewhat imperatively on the shoulder.

"My good friend," he said, with an

evident effort at self-repression, "are you not making some mistake? You surely are not following the calls as they are set forth in these papers?"

To the professor of an exact science the suggestion of mistake is an imputation of incapacity. The claims of the quid of tobacco were disregarded for the nonce. The surveyor spoke, albeit with his mouth full, and spoke to the point:

"I reckon I know what I 'm about, Mr. Kenn'ston. If you don't like the way I 'm runnin' this line, run it yerse'f."

"The blazes on those trees on the side of the mountain, that you called my attention to, indicating the old line, are away over yonder on that sharp ridge." Kenniston waved his hand with the paper in it toward a high rocky crest to the left; then he fixed insistent eyes on the surveyor, and stroked his full brown whiskers mechanically with the other hand.

The surveyor followed with perplexed eyes the direction pointed out. He gave a little puzzled sniff, as if he sought to smell the line. Then he reverted to that prop of common sense, his Jacob's staff.

"D' ye want me to run the line according to the compass and the calls of the title papers, or by the old blazes scattered about in the woods on the trees?" he demanded. "You don't know whether they ever were intended to mark the line, nor who put 'em thar, nor for what. I know they ain't no kin ter the line I 'm runnin' now, 'cordin' ter the calls an' the compass."

Once more he took his bearings, and, holding his Jacob's staff before him, walked steadily forward into the deeps of the wilderness; the two sworn chainbearers, who had listened with indignant, sullen brows to the wrangle and reflection on the work, again began diligently to bow down and rise up, as they ejaculated their "Stick!" "Stuck!" "Stick!" "Stuck!" — the clanking of the chain sounding loud and metallic in the sylvan quiet. The other men, with their shadows, all pressed forward in a close squad, for the pause had given the stragglers time to gather.

Kenniston was aware that Captain Lucy carried the sympathies and good wishes of all the company, save perhaps the impartial surveyor, who would suffer himself to be influenced by nothing less just than his compass. He realized that he was looked upon as the "town man," and a rich one, desirous of wresting, by a slight technicality of the law, a very little land from a poor man who had in good faith built his house upon it. He had grown extremely bitter in his sentiment toward the people of the section because of the fire in which so much of value had perished, for he believed its origin incendiary. He was conscious of sustaining much antagonism, and he had fiercely resolved to deserve it. He had, in his first uncontrolled rush of anger, declared that he would punish somebody, — the true culprit, if possible; but *somebody* should kick his heels in jail for a while, and go to the penitentiary if might be. He did not in reality go so far in feeling as in expression, but his was not a prudent tongue. He earnestly desired success in the matter of the processioning; the scheme of the new hotel had grown very close to him; it seemed to him that one log cabin might serve the mountaineer as well as another, and that, moreover, in justice to himself, he should claim his own. He had felt sure, perfectly sure, that his deed called for the land that Captain Lucy held. For the first time, as he clambered with the rest down the rugged slopes, a doubt of this entered his mind. It made him wince from the probable result. He was not prepared to occupy the position of having sought to despoil a man, and a poor man, of his own, his very own, and then to fail. He knew that if he succeeded the countryside would wish that he had failed, and Captain Lucy would be a popular and picturesque object of commiser-

ation. But he could not endure the idea of the rejoicings in his failure. To work a hardship to another was bad, indeed, and he had never contemplated it without the salve of an ample money compensation. To seek futilely to work a hardship was far worse. Again and again he knit his brows, as he gazed at the treacherous annotations in his hand, while the interchange of glances behind him commented on his attitude and his evident state of mind. Captain Lucy, who could not have read a word of the notes, strode on, apparently indifferent to fate, the "very model of a game rooster," esteeming Kenniston's show of anxiety the merest subterfuge; for would that monument of boundary known as the Big Hollow Boulder have become so nimbly peripatetic, despite its tons of weight, if the line run out therefrom were not to be materially altered for the betterment of the claimant at whose instance the processioning was held?

And still the chain clanked and writhed its length along the ground, and the cries "Stick!" "Stuck!" of the chain-bearers alternated as before, until the sudden call "Out!" resounded, and the surveyor paused to mark the "out" once more.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

COURTS OF CONCILIATION IN AMERICA.

LITTLE more than two years have passed since The Atlantic Monthly presented an outline of the courts of conciliation[1] in vogue in Norway and Denmark, and already the system has been transplanted to American soil. On March 10, 1893, the governor of North Dakota affixed his signature to "an act providing for the establishment of courts of conciliation, and prescribing the mode of procedure in same." This law, which is generally believed to be constitutional, will take effect next spring, when the first set of commissioners of conciliation will be elected.

Some years ago an effort was made to introduce similar tribunals in Iowa. A lawyer of ability, who had been afforded an opportunity to observe the beneficial working of such courts in the Danish West Indies, framed a bill for this purpose, which was introduced in the Iowa legislature. The measure was well received by the lawmakers, but its sweeping character and general cumbersomeness invited attack, and it failed to pass.

The next attempt was made in Minnesota. In 1891, a bill establishing a procedure of compulsory conciliation in all civil cases coming within the jurisdiction of the justices of the peace was introduced in the legislature at St. Paul. If it could have been brought to a vote on its merits, the measure would have passed, for it met with a very general and emphatic approval among the members of both houses. But it was strangled in committee.

Last winter, identical bills were introduced in the legislatures of Minnesota, Wisconsin, and North Dakota. In Minnesota, grain and elevator legislation consumed nearly all the time and attention of the lawmakers. In Wisconsin, the reform encountered but feeble open opposition, yet the passage of the bill was prevented. In North Dakota the measure was stubbornly fought from the beginning, but after a protracted struggle it passed both houses by overwhelming majorities, and became a law.

[1] Courts of Conciliation, The Atlantic Monthly, September, 1891.

The court of conciliation act of North Dakota provides as follows: —

"SEC. I. There shall be elected at the same time and in the same manner as the justices of the peace, in each town, incorporated village, and city, from the qualified voters thereof, four commissioners of conciliation, whose term of office shall be two years, and until their successors are duly elected and qualified. The term of commencement of their office shall be the same as that prescribed for justices of the peace.

"SEC. II. At the time of issuing the summons in any civil action begun before a justice of the peace, the justice shall issue a subpœna summoning two of the commissioners of conciliation elected for the town, village, or city where the action is brought, to appear before him at the time and place designated in the summons, which subpœna shall be served at least three days before the return day, and in the same manner as a summons is required to be served in actions in the district court. If either party fails to appear at the time designated in the summons, judgment shall be entered against the party so failing to appear, as is now provided by statute. If both parties appear, they shall then go before the justice and the two commissioners summoned, as aforesaid, and state their differences, which statements, or so much thereof as is necessary to show the issue between the parties, shall be reduced to writing by the justice and entered on his docket, and shall constitute the pleadings in the case. The parties shall then introduce such evidence as they may think proper in the order and under the restrictions prescribed by the commissioners and justice. It shall be discretionary with the justice and commissioners whether or not the witnesses shall be sworn before testifying.

"After hearing and considering all the evidence offered, it shall be the duty of the justice and commissioners, to the best of their abilities, to persuade the parties to agree to an amicable settlement of their differences on such terms as are just and equitable. If an agreement is reached, it shall be entered by the justice on his docket in the form of a judgment of the court of said justice: Provided, that no agreement shall be entered, unless it can be put in the form of a judgment now authorized by law to be entered by justices of the peace. At the hearing herein provided for, each party must appear in person, or by an agent duly authorized in writing to appear. No attorney shall be allowed in any way to appear or act in any proceeding for either of the parties or otherwise. If at such hearing the parties are not able to agree to an amicable settlement, the case shall be adjourned for trial for such time as the justice shall designate, which shall not be less than one week, and the justice shall allow the parties such time as he may think proper in which to file amended pleadings. The action shall then proceed to trial and judgment as is now provided by law.

"SEC. III. The commissioners shall receive the same mileage and per diem as is now paid jurors. The fees of the commissioners, justice, and officer shall be included in the settlement, and paid by the party designated in the judgment. If a commissioner disobey the subpœna of the justice, he shall be proceeded against in the same manner as a juror who fails to appear when summoned.

"SEC. IV. No part of the proceedings had before the justice and commissioners shall be admitted as evidence or considered at the trial of the case, nor shall the commissioners who took part in the hearing be allowed to testify."

As will be seen, this law is a tentative and modest measure. Its scope is confined to the narrowest limits possible, and within these limits it introduces only such changes in established modes of procedure as were considered absolutely necessary and indispensable. The cham-

pions of the reform understood perfectly well that if they attempted too much failure was inevitable. Preferring a humble victory to glorious defeat, they were content with securing the passage of any law which would put the principle of compulsory judicial conciliation to a practical test in North Dakota. They held, and with good reason, that, should the experiment prove successful, the scope of the law could be enlarged, as experience and expediency might suggest. Their aim was so to engraft the principle of conciliation upon the law of the State that the reform would appear in the nature of a growth from within rather than as an innovation from without.

Compared with the laws of Norway on the same subject, the statute of North Dakota is certainly a very unpretentious, not to say feeble enactment. The Norwegian law of 1824 is a carefully framed act of eighty-seven sections. It has been amended and improved from time to time, the latest amendment (made in 1869) materially enlarging the functions of the tribunals of conciliation. As the law now stands, these courts are statutory peacemakers in all civil cases, with some unimportant exceptions; hence a process of conciliation is, as a general thing, the first step in a civil action. If an adjustment is not reached, the commissioners of conciliation are empowered to arbitrate the controversy at the request of both parties, or to adjudicate the matter at the request of one of the parties, provided the amount involved does not exceed five hundred crowns. The development of the system in Norway clearly points to the final evolution of a thoroughly popular court of original jurisdiction in all civil cases, the aim and purpose of which will be to check the tendency to litigation, and to adjust all controversies upon the lines of the broadest equity.

From the publications of the Norwegian bureau of statistics it appears that during the year 1888 — the last year for which statistics of the civil courts have been published — 103,969 civil actions were begun in Norway. Out of this number 2300 cases were dismissed by the courts of conciliation for various reasons not specified, leaving 101,669 cases to be adjusted amicably, by arbitration or by judicial decision. In 81,015 instances a conciliation was effected between the parties. As an agreement of conciliation has the force of a final judgment, more than four fifths of all civil cases were thus finally disposed of without recourse to a trial of any kind in a court of law. In addition to this number, 7886 cases in which the parties failed to reach an agreement were adjudicated by the tribunals of conciliation. Of 101,669 cases, 88,901, or nearly nine tenths of the whole number, were thus adjusted for the most part amicably, all quickly and cheaply, with but little loss of time and money, and without severing old ties of friendship and mutual good will. Some 12,600 cases, or a little more than one tenth of the whole number, were unhealable, and had to be sent up to the regular district courts of law.

It must be admitted that this is cheap and speedy justice, and it may be added that it is justice of the very best kind, because every peaceable adjustment of a controversy rests upon the voluntary sanction of the contestants. The creditor obtains satisfaction more quickly than in any other way; the debtor avoids lawyers' fees and other expenses, which otherwise would be added to the amount due; and the courts of law are relieved of a tremendous load of irksome work, and are left free to devote their attention to really important litigation, which thus may be disposed of without unnecessary delay. By stopping frivolous quarrels at their very beginning, the tribunals of conciliation ease the working of the entire system for the administration of civil justice. Their wholesome effect upon the temper and social relations of the people is obvious; they repress strife,

and teach forbearance, equity, and common sense.

The court of conciliation law of North Dakota contains only four comparatively brief sections, and is incomplete in many respects. It does not provide for permanent boards of conciliation, sitting at designated times and places, and convening upon their own authority. The parties are not summoned by the commissioners to meet before them; on the contrary, the commissioners are summoned with the parties to appear before the justice of the peace whenever an action is begun. Tribunals thus appointed are necessarily lacking in dignity and independence, and their authority and influence are weakened.

Another defect in the law is embodied in the following clause: "At the hearing herein provided for, each party must appear in person, or by an agent duly authorized in writing to appear."

It ought not to be optional with the parties to appear by an agent whenever it suits their convenience not to appear in person. A personal meeting between the parties, under conditions highly conducive to a free and frank exchange of opinions, is the corner stone of the whole system. The Norwegian law is emphatic upon this point. Sickness and very pressing business engagements are the only excuses recognized for not appearing in person. If a party is represented by an agent when personal appearance is required, he is held to be absent without cause, and must pay the costs in the district court, even if he should win the case. But this defect in the statute of North Dakota, which evidently is due to an oversight, may be easily remedied.

However limited in scope, the court of conciliation law of North Dakota is looked upon as a distinct innovation by the legal fraternity. It has even been asserted that it is the greatest innovation made upon the common law of this country since the adoption of the code. In North Dakota, courts of justices of the peace have jurisdiction in all cases for amounts not exceeding two hundred dollars. As the State is preëminently a rural community, and is likely so to remain, the bulk of litigation comes within this limit. Hence the tribunals of conciliation will have a much wider jurisdiction than would appear from the text of the statute.

The new law was not favorably received by a majority of the lawyers; but nearly all the judges and a number of lawyers of high standing regard it as a step in the right direction. The farmers are well satisfied with it so far as it goes. The merchants were inclined to oppose it at first; but after a more thorough study of its provisions, they have wheeled around, and are prepared to give it their support. The press of the State received it with enthusiastic and all but unanimous commendation.

This friendly attitude of public opinion insures a fair trial of the new system, which is, moreover, more or less familiar to a large part of the population of the State. A far-reaching judicial reform could not be inaugurated under more favorable auspices.

Complaints of slow justice are, perhaps, not more common in the United States than in any other country. But they are much too frequent, nor can it be denied that they are well grounded. Judges are not less able than they used to be. They work as hard and are as industrious as ever, yet they are manifestly unable to keep their dockets even moderately well *à jour*. New courts are established and the number of judges is increased from time to time, but the arrears of cases grow larger instead of smaller; justice is compelled to wait with humble patience upon crowded courts, and pressing controversies grow dusty before they reach a decision.

This evil is a very serious one, especially in many large cities where it has assumed alarming proportions, and it is constantly growing worse instead of

abating. Litigation is increasing more rapidly than population or the general volume of business; hence the pressure upon the courts has a tendency to increase, also. Nor is it difficult to trace the source of the evil. Our modes and rules of civil procedure are a maze of cumbersome technicalities obstructing court business at every turn. When people were few and far between, with little to do and less to quarrel about, this system of civil procedure, so admirable in its logical architecture, undoubtedly served its purpose well; but it is utterly out of date in this age of electricity. It does not begin to meet the wants of crowded, restless modern communities, where people constantly run up against one another, and elbow one another from morn till night. The speed of life is increasing, and social and business relations are becoming more and more entangled. Everybody deals with everybody else. Legislation, in attempting to adjust itself to the constantly changing order of things, only adds to the confusion, because it grows more bulky and less skillful from year to year. While the pressure upon the courts is thus increasing from all sides, as it were, they are fettered by absurd technicalities. They get behind in their work, and justice is kept waiting. But justice delayed very frequently is justice denied.

Courts of conciliation serve the purpose of a judicial breakwater. They arrest the rising tide of litigation. They place no obstacle in the way of any citizen who seeks to obtain justice through the courts; yet, as has been shown, in Norway, nearly nine tenths of all cases arising are peaceably adjusted before these tribunals, while only one in every ten cases comes to trial. This certainly is an immense relief to the law courts. It takes away from them a very tedious and time-wasting drudgery; it keeps frivolous complaints off their dockets, and places the courts in a position for devoting their undivided attention to litigation of importance. With such a check upon pettifogging, annoying delays of justice are prevented; the efficiency of the courts is increased, their authority strengthened, and their dignity better maintained. The people enjoy the invaluable boon of cheap and speedy justice, while the tendency to needless litigation is repressed.

It will probably be generally admitted that the law courts stand in urgent need of relief in some shape. If courts of conciliation afford such relief, that in itself is a good reason why such tribunals ought to be generally established. They are, moreover, in perfect accord with tendencies which assert themselves with increasing emphasis in every sphere of life. To harmonize antagonistic forces, to secure coöperation between conflicting interests, to still strife, — is not this a predominating spirit of modern civilization? Tribunals of conciliation breathe this very spirit into the court-room. If strikes can be arbitrated, why cannot legal disputes be adjusted peaceably? Strikes and lawsuits are equally unprofitable to the parties directly concerned and to the public at large. As a matter of public policy, needless strife in all forms ought to be prevented so far as possible.

In passing, it may be observed that the principle of conciliation should be engrafted upon every system of public arbitration. If this were done, the most common objection to public arbitration of industrial controversies would fall to the ground, and strikes would be more effectually prevented. Strikes very frequently result from misunderstandings and prejudice. A board of conciliation and arbitration so composed as to command the respect and confidence of employers and workingmen would in many instances arrest labor troubles at their inception. If the opposing parties were compelled to appear before such a body before any decisive step were taken by either side, neither would have any ex-

cuse for withholding from the other the privilege of a calm, unprejudiced discussion of their differences. Aided by the friendly counsel and advice of the board, the parties would, undoubtedly, in many instances come to a peaceable understanding; and if they could not reach an agreement, their full and open discussion of the matter would give the board a better insight into the trouble, and thus enable it to arbitrate the matter more satisfactorily to all concerned.

As is well known, a large number of able lawyers maintain a kind of private court of conciliation in their offices. Many of the foremost and most successful lawyers in the country devote their time almost exclusively to the task of keeping intending litigants out of court. Numerous controversies are adjusted in this way, without the aid of courts and judges. Most of the clients of this class of lawyers are people of intelligence and means. They prefer conciliation to litigation, because it is cheaper, quicker, and more satisfactory in every way. Now, tribunals of conciliation will give the poor, ignorant litigants the benefit of a similar mode of settlement. Lawyers who deal with the poorer classes, as a rule, are not peacemakers. Instead of discouraging litigation, they very often incite to strife by playing upon the ignorance and prejudices of their clients. Tribunals of conciliation prevent to a large extent this kind of imposition, with attendant "fleecing." They enable the poor and ignorant to protect themselves by compelling them to stop and think and to appeal to their own common sense, which, if not very keen or reliable, is a better counselor than a pettifogger looking for employment.

As stated in the previous paper, the court of conciliation is a plant of Norse growth. But it is an interesting historical fact that the principle is really of French origin. The idea is a child of the great French Revolution. The tribunals of conciliation which were established in Denmark in 1795, and in Norway in 1797, were only an adaptation of a feature of the system of civil justice created in March, 1790, by the National Assembly of revolutionary France. In his Histoire de la Révolution Française, Louis Blanc gives the following outline of L'Organisation de la Justice by the National Assembly: —

"In conformity with the plan proposed by Thouret on behalf of the committee on the Constitution, the National Assembly created the admirable system of justices of the peace (*juges de paix*). It clothed them with the right to decide without appeal cases involving an amount not exceeding fifty *livres*. There was to be a justice of the peace for each canton, to be elected by the people (*citoyens actifs*) convened in primary assembly. His jurisdiction comprised actions concerning damages caused by man or beast to fields, fruits, or crops; usurpation of land, trees, ditches, hedges and other inclosures; undertakings for the irrigation of lands in the neighborhood; rents, indemnities claimed by tenants, wages of farm hands and other workingmen, libel by word of mouth, quarrels, fights, etc. The object in establishing this system was to rid the rural districts of a veritable scourge; for these paternal magistrates substituted for the strict rigor of the written law the softness of natural equity, and by causing justice to be loved they made it respected. The justices of the peace were considered as being outside of the judicial order, strictly speaking; they were placed on the threshold of the Temple of Justice to warn intending litigants away.

"To summarize, the remarkable system of civil justice established by the National Assembly comprised a judge to conciliate the people, a tribunal to judge them, a system for revising decisions, and a supreme court as guardian of the law for the protection of the people."

The precise character and functions

of these "justices of the peace" might have been better defined by the famous historian; yet it is clear enough that these cantonal courts served as models for the tribunals of conciliation established a few years later in Denmark and Norway. Thouret was evidently familiar with the English system of justices of the peace; he adopted the name of the petty English magistrates for his cantonal courts, and it is not improbable that the suggestive name may have conveyed to his mind an idea akin to the central principles of his courts of conciliation. However this may be, the main purpose of his *juges de paix* was, not to judge, but to conciliate *les citoyens*. They were not considered an integral part of the system of civil justice. On the contrary, they were "placed on the threshold of the Temple of Justice to warn intending litigants away." Here it is clearly expressed that their chief functions were those of a peacemaker. On the other hand, they were empowered to adjudicate a multitude of controversies, and their decisions in small cases were inappealable. But in giving such decisions they were not bound by the strict letter of the law. The first duty of these magistrates, then, was to conciliate litigants. If their efforts in this direction proved unavailing, they had the power to adjudicate the question at issue. But their decisions, if subject to appeal in some instances, were in fact verdicts of arbitration rather than judicial findings.

The Danish-Norwegian reformer, in adapting the institution, substituted for a juge de paix two commissioners of conciliation, who were clothed with no judicial power, and whose duties were confined exclusively to efforts of conciliating litigants by inducing them to adjust their differences peaceably on just and equitable terms, — thus substituting for "the strict rigor of the written law the softness of natural equity." It is curious to observe that the Oldenburg monarch borrowed even the preamble of his ordinance from Thouret's report. In Denmark and Norway, as in France, the object of tribunals of conciliation was expressly to rid the country districts of the scourge of petty litigation.

Meanwhile, the storm of the gigantic Revolution burst upon France. The old society fell shattered before the mighty flashes of avenging liberty, and the country trembled beneath the tread of marching hosts. The beautiful dream of Thouret paled before vistas of fire and blood; the archaic ideal of conciliation vanished during the raging storms of fierce conflicts.

But in the Scandinavian north the conditions were favorable to the growth of the tender, delicate plant. Blighted in the blazing sun of revolutionary France, it attained strength and robustness under the cooler skies of the far north. As the French Constitution of 1791 was revived in the organic law of Norway of 1814, so the most unique feature of Thouret's system of civil justice was destined to take practical shape and attain its most vigorous development in Norway. After the lapse of a century the idea has crossed the North Sea and the Atlantic. It has been embedded in the law of an American commonwealth, and has also been incorporated in the platform of the Liberal party in England, as a link in a series of reforms designed mainly to benefit the common people.

North Dakota is the most Norwegian State in the Union. Not less than one half of her population is of Norwegian birth or descent. This may account for her taking the lead in introducing the Norse system of courts of conciliation. Whether her example will be followed by other States remains to be seen. In any event, the courts of conciliation law now placed upon the statute books of North Dakota is a striking instance of the influence exerted by a body of adopted citizens upon American legislation.

Nicolay Grevstad.

SCHOOL LIBRARIES.

THERE is one function of our public schools which ought not to be overlooked by those who desire to see things in the large, to study tendencies, and to mark movements of progress or retrogression in our civilization: that function is to furnish compensations, to redress wrongs, to restore the balance. So near does this great system, without centralization, without uniformity, come to being the free, spontaneous, and full expression of the living organism of the nation that if one watches any widespread movement in the public schools, any reform, any new departure which is not local, but sporadic all over the country, one may pretty surely see in it an indication of popular thought, and not the theory of certain zealots, or the imposition of some master hand. For, in the effort of the people to right itself, the public school is almost necessarily called upon as an instrument to effect the readjustment.

For example, the kindergarten is not merely the demonstration of a philosophical theory regarding the foundations of education: it is a practical measure to restore to large numbers of little children what has been lost out of their lives through the pressure of toil weighing more and more heavily upon the mothers of these children. Given such a reform of social conditions as shall make the humblest mother both a homekeeper and one trained in the lore of childhood, and it is within the bounds of possibility that the kindergarten should shrink into smaller compass. Again, the introduction of manual training schools would have been an anachronism when every boy spent a large part of his time out of school in the handling of tools, and when the apprentice system was in vogue. So also the teaching of sewing, even of cooking, in city schools is an attempt to compensate for the loss of training at home.

In all such cases there is, indeed, a perfectly natural relation of these studies to the rounded education of the child, yet the point we make is that the assumption of the training by the public schools is in consequence of the failure, for one reason or another, of the family or the industrial society to provide for such training, as these forces once did, and may do again under changed conditions. The same may be said of what is regarded as more intimately and fundamentally a part of systematic school education. What is the meaning of that most interesting movement, now gaining great headway, by which enduring and noble literature is ousting the commonplace and ephemeral reading books from our schools? Undoubtedly a very strong impulse has been given by the reasonableness of the change as soon as the attention of teachers and others interested in education has been called to it. But aside from doctrinal arguments, the argument drawn from practical experience has been very powerful. It has been seen that there is a decay in the habit of strong reading out of school; that the child who does not find the best books in his school work does not find them in his home, and between the two misses great literature altogether. So the school comes in to redress this wrong; it even gives the child fairy tales and nursery legends, because he hears them no longer at home; it goes on step by step and initiates him into the mysteries of literature, because in a vast number of cases the school-teacher is the only priest of literature.

The incorporation of the best literature into the regular school curriculum is leading inevitably to another great advance in the enrichment of the school. Formerly, when the reading for an entire course was packed into a mechanical

series of school readers, the apparatus for reading was very simple; and as these readers had little inspiration in them, they created no want, and no want thus had to be supplied. But it is the great function of true education to create wants, and the moment books which had inspiration in them found their way into the schoolroom the want began to be felt for more books, — for books which took up the parable and went on expanding and enlarging it. Therefore schemes were framed by which the public library should be made more distinctly an adjunct of the schoolroom, and for several years the reports of the most active superintendents have abounded with lists of books advisable to be read by pupils in school.

Now, great as has been the advance in the public library system, we are still more or less under the influence of the old traditionary view of the library as a storehouse of books. We have unchained books, to be sure, and the greatest public libraries in the country are, with few exceptions, lending libraries. But it is chiefly in the libraries based upon commercial considerations, like circulating libraries and those of mercantile associations, that readers are regarded as customers, and books are provided to meet the demand for a great many of the same kind all at once. In such libraries, a new and very popular book is not kept singly, but by the shelf-ful; and if ten persons want it on the same day, nine do not have to wait for the tenth to read and return it. It is plain that if all the teachers in the city are recommending a particular book to their pupils, and the public library has but one copy, it is the boy with fastest heels who will get it, and the rest may wait till he is done with it.

We have spoken of the public library, but there is another consideration which should not be overlooked. Just as the child is now doing much in the schoolroom which under other conditions would be done at home, so the poverty of the home in the matter of books is likely to force the schools to make compensation. Indeed, the schools have hastened this movement by the widespread system of free textbooks. Once the child bought his books, and meagre as was the intellectual diet, yet the reader, the geography, the history, were his own, and often constituted the sole library possessed in his home. Now even this little supply has been cut off, and the city or town owns the books, and keeps them in use till they are worn out.

Again, therefore, we see the working of this law of compensation as a function of the public school system. The introduction into each schoolhouse of a collection of books to be borrowed and read by the children puts the pupils on the footing which children once enjoyed when a family collected books as a matter of course; and, rightly used, such school libraries will go far toward repairing the defect of homes without books. It was maintained with some sophistry, not long ago, in the London Spectator, that private collections of books were an anachronism; that it was as absurd for a man to buy a book when he wanted to read, with a public or lending library at hand, as to buy a horse and carriage when he wanted to drive, with a cabstand round the corner. What we believe may result from the widespread introduction of school libraries will be the ambition of one here and another there to own the best of the books he reads; and since he can borrow readily, he will naturally restrict himself in ownership to the books which he wishes to consult, or to read again and again.

It is a fact that the number of school libraries is rapidly increasing, and that the interest in them is widespread. California, Colorado, Minnesota, North Dakota, Wisconsin, Michigan, New York, and some other States are doing more or less, by direct or indirect appropriations and by legislation, to extend systems of libraries for schools. Missouri has a

"Library Day," when collections are taken for school libraries. In other States where there has been no special legislation, there are communities where collections of books are provided for the schools, and where people are making careful and intelligent studies of the growing body of good literature for young people. Publishers are studying the rapidly increasing demand for this kind of literature, and are causing teachers to be more exacting in their demands.

It is not to be supposed that this new movement is absolutely a new one. The idea of school libraries is an old one, and was long ago put into practice. It is the concerted movement and the closer relation to new methods of education that render this revival of importance.

When Wisconsin[1] was admitted to statehood in 1848, a large proportion of its most influential citizens were vigorous men, in the prime of early manhood, from central and western New York. In their schooldays libraries had been placed in nearly every school in New York. The volumes of these collections were excellent in character, and even when somewhat weighty in substance had attracted and inspired the more active-minded and ambitious young people of the schools, although they had proved too difficult to interest the smaller pupils. The influence of these men from New York led to the insertion of a clause in the constitution of Wisconsin which provides that part of the school fund income annually apportioned by the State shall be used for the purchase of a "suitable library" for each common school. In the early days of the State the school fund was small, and meagre libraries were bought. The volumes were copies of the books used in the New York libraries, but they were presented to a different public. Large numbers of Germans and Scandinavians were plotting the lands of the new commonwealth into farms. They and their children were learning a new language, and the books of the libraries contained too many unfamiliar words. And so it came about that the expenditures for libraries gradually diminished. The simpler books soon disappeared from the libraries first purchased, and with their loss nearly all the interest in school libraries faded out.

In 1887 the teachers of the State secured a law authorizing town officers to use certain moneys for township library funds. These funds were to be used to buy township libraries which were to be sources of supply for district schools. The volumes drawn by the districts were to be collected and redistributed occasionally, in order to give each district an opportunity to use all the books belonging to the central library. The books purchased for this library were to be selected from lists prepared by the state superintendent of education.

The first libraries procured under this law contained too large a proportion of difficult books; but this proved a means of securing better selections in later years. When the town officers attempted to collect and redistribute the books, they found teachers reluctant to turn back certain volumes which had proved of daily service in the schools. This suggested the thought that enough copies of such books should be purchased to supply each school. This change proved so satisfactory that the districts are practically obtaining permanent school libraries. The unwillingness of town officers to make the rounds of the town, collecting and redistributing, has aided to bring about this result.

Recent lists of books recommended by the state department of education do not contain the titles of more than one eighth as many books as were found in the first lists. While the law has not been compulsory, it has secured the in-

[1] The writer is indebted to Mr. F. A. Hutchins, Library Clerk, office of State Superintendent of Public Instruction at Madison, Wisconsin, for the interesting facts here recorded.

troduction of libraries in more than one half of the rural schools of the State. It has induced teachers to buy more books for school and private use, and has led them to buy more intelligently. It has provided more and better libraries in the city and village schools, and has incited an active interest in the matter of supplying good reading to young people.

Such a movement as this should be followed with the closest attention, that it may not, as in earlier instances, be started with enthusiasm, and then gradually lose its impetus. We do not think this will be the history, because, as we have pointed out, the movement has a deeper relation than previous ones to the actual condition of educational methods. But in order to its success not only should teachers and superintendents take a lively interest in the libraries; there should be a systematic endeavor to enlist the intelligent interest of pupils. That is to say, there should be a certain amount of formality in the treatment of the libraries. Regulations, not too petty, but looking toward the dignity of books, should hedge the use. The devices of larger libraries should be employed, not in the way of incumbering the administration, but of making it orderly. It would be well, indeed, if care were taken in the choice of editions, so that the scholarly treatment of books by editors and publishers should stand for value in the eyes of buyers and users. In a word, these libraries may well be made to conduce to the love of good books in good form, so that out of this movement shall spring individual regard for literature, and that educated interest in books which marks a high degree of civilization.

H. E. Scudder.

SPECTACLED SCHOOLBOYS.

Ordinary people are in the habit of regarding with some misgivings the constantly increasing use of spectacles. In earlier days, these rather unsightly lenses were reserved mainly for old age; and it is not without sadness that the uninitiated see innocent schoolgirls and sturdy schoolboys disfigured with these appendages. We had learned to speak with some compassion of the spectacled German nation as having fallen, perhaps by excessive tobacco-smoking and overstudy, into a state of possibly hereditary debility of sight, usually associated with the "slippered pantaloon;" so that the picture of a whole schoolful of children carrying the "satchel," with "spectacles on nose," seems incongruously to mix the symbols of the extremes of the seven ages. But we must learn to correct these old-world notions.

Mr. Williamson, the president of the ophthalmological section at the annual meeting of the British Medical Association, recently held at Newcastle, looks forward with hopeful satisfaction to a time when, as an evidence of increasing knowledge among the people and advancing civilization, we may ultimately reach a position in which "a man who goes about with his eyes naked will be so rare that the sight of him will almost raise a blush." The prejudice against glasses is still so strong that in some cases and in some public services a man may not wear them at work, even when they give him perfect sight. But this prejudice is lessening, and many people are inclined to think that the more men learn of the complexity of the mechanism of the eye as it is now studied and understood, and the more they recognize the

wide distribution of its various and multitudinous defects, and the accuracy with which these can, in each individual, be gauged and remedied, the more quickly it will happen that every person will have his eyes examined, tested, and reported upon early in life.

The new school of physicists and physiologists had prepared us for this. It used to be the way of the anatomist to lecture on the perfection of the eye and the hand as marvels of mechanism. These were the themes of Bell, Owen, and Acland in the days of the Bridgewater treatises. But the anatomists of the next generation began to see that there are in the human body rudimentary, vestigial, and superfluous parts — organs such as the tonsil, or the male mamma, or the cæcal appendix — to which it is difficult to assign a function; and further, that there were useless complexities observable in the comparison of the human hand with the seal's flapper, which betrayed imperfection, from the old and limited conception of design in creation. The transformations of type visible in the morphological changes of the embryo led to the recognition of developmental transitions represented in each individual of each species, which went hand in hand with the observations and deductions of Darwin; so that when physiologists such as Helmholtz came to investigate the function and construction of the eye, we were able to accept without shock their statement that the eye, wonderful optical instrument as it is, is far from being perfect, when examined in detail in the individual. In truth, the eyes of any man or child are rarely in such perfect correspondence as to be pairs in a rigidly physical sense. Nor is it other than an exception to find individuals whose eyes each possess perfectly accurate focusing power on the retina, precisely accurate curvature, vertical and horizontal, of the transparent cornea, and truly accordant and correct powers of refraction.

The methods of testing the defects of vision have, in the last two decades, been brought to a standard of accuracy and refinement previously unknown. Thus, many troubles, disabilities, and maladies hitherto suffered in patience, or treated incorrectly and in vain, are now traced to defects of the vision, and are quickly remedied by the use of appropriate glasses, concave, convex, cylindrical, or prismatic. The schoolboy's headache, the seamstress's browache, the convergent squint of childhood, so far as they are the results of faulty refraction, are beginning to be erased from the catalogue of human woes. On the other hand, many who, without sufficient relief, were wearing glasses which were either injurious or inadequate or useless for defects of the interior of the eye, for which such mechanical devices are unsuitable, now obtain complete and permanent relief in virtue of the fuller insight into the refraction and structure of the eye afforded by the ophthalmoscopic investigation by which modern science precedes, guides, and supplements the choice of glasses.

A great deal of harm is done, and still more good is left undone, by the gimlet-eyed jeweler or optician who, in ignorance, or in yet more dangerous half-knowledge, fits glasses by specious "advertisement of certain kinds of glasses superior to any others;" the man who babbles about "flints," or boasts a set of German "trial glasses" with achromatic lenses. He commonly will "fit" a customer from his trial frame with just enough accuracy to give some assistance in many cases, and some relief in others. But in many instances he will maltreat cases of disease by yielding in interested ignorance to the belief of the patient that all he requires is "a pair of spectacles," and in a large proportion — especially of children and adolescents — he will pass over all the more subtle defects which permanently affect the near and distant future of the eye as a life servant.

He does so — and this is a matter of daily observation among practicing ophthalmological physicians and surgeons — because the only complete examination of the refraction of the eye which can be made with a due appreciation of the physiological meaning, precise character, and the consequences of such defects is that made by the study through the ophthalmoscopic mirror of the interior structure of the eye, and the calculation by the same marvelously beautiful and simple instrument of the refraction of the imperfect eye.

The more general use of spectacles so often noticed nowadays, both by children and adults, is mainly the result not of any increase of eye disease or degeneration of vision, as the praisers of past times and the croakers about modern decadence delight to tell us. It is the index of the progress of a new and practical application of physical science to the relief of a widespread and very ancient series of troubles arising from defects which have always existed, but which are now far more readily tested and remedied than they were during the lives of the last and earlier generations. The science and art of examining, discerning, and treating eye diseases are now undergoing transformation. Diseases formerly incurable, such as the rapid hardening of the eyeball and destruction of the sight by glaucoma, are now curable. The early diagnosis of the varieties of cataract and its complications, and the new methods of extraction and dressing, now restore sight to at least ninety-five per hundred patients, where thirty years ago only about fifty per cent regained vision. Squints are sometimes cured in a few days by operation, which were heretofore a lifelong disfigurement and injury to vision. Other cases are more slowly arrested and remedied without operation, by glasses. Many unnecessary and distressing operations are no longer performed.

These are among the greater and more heroic triumphs of the modern ophthalmologist; but far beyond them in their frequency and extent, and the bulk of relief afforded and happiness conferred, are the modest achievements of the physician and ophthalmoscopist who patiently investigates and judiciously corrects the habitual and often slight, but always mischievous aberrations of the vision of young and old, who, being slightly far-sighted or near-sighted, or having asymmetrical vision, are often too insufficiently aware of their defects to call for such an examination. Mr. Williamson's dictum is that every person — and in this he would include school-children — should have his eyes ophthalmoscopically examined, tested, and reported upon. The optician's test will, by those who know, be unanimously and emphatically agreed to be practically useless, and often dangerous.

Obviously, then, the proposition of the lecturer at the British Medical Association has a solid basis, and much to recommend it. It must, of course, always be a matter of judgment how far the defects are minor deficiencies of "accommodation" by the muscular system of the eye, and how much it will be wise to leave the remedy to the efflux of time, and to trust to the process exemplified by the growth of the blacksmith's arm. Those are considerations which every trained surgeon will not fail to bear in mind.

But, making all allowances and deductions, it is plain that the increase of the use of spectacles is not an evidence of race degeneration, any more than the increase of lunatic asylums is a proof, as is often rashly assumed, of the increase of lunacy, or the growth of railroads a testimony to our inability to walk, or the use of steamships of our inability to sail. All are the outcome of higher knowledge, greater consideration for the needs of humanity, and improved capability of assisting those needs. It is quite possible, therefore, that we may, in the coming

years, see an increase both in the number and the proportion of spectacled school-boys, and a decrease of "naked-eyed adults." But we shall not necessarily be going to the dogs, for all that. "Nothing like leather" is likely to be the comment on the extremely modern oculist who foretells all this, and who urges that every school-child should undergo a properly skilled testing of his or her vision as a part of the physical examination which ought generally to precede school life. But sensible people, and those most experienced in school life and teachings, will easily recognize the element of serious value in the recommendation, especially in relation to town children and to the young adult of sedentary occupation. It is far better to discover visual defects and to remedy them at the beginning of school life than to have the child sent home after his sight has been seriously injured, as dull of vision, or unable to get through his studies, and the subject of periodical "bilious headaches," — matters nowadays of constant occurrence. Moreover, it is quite probable that the effect of such systematic visual testing of the school boy and girl would end by diminishing instead of increasing the frequency of the need of spectacles in the prime of adult life; for it is in the period of youth that suitable glasses often prove curative of defects which would otherwise become fixed or aggravated in later years. The plea for the purblind schoolboy is well worth acceptance, and its importance may be admitted without involving exaggerated inference.

Ernest Hart.

AN IONIAN FRIEZE.

Horses rampant and curbed, compactly close,
With polished hooves that quiver from the earth,
And mane-enfringèd necks whose rondure shows
In silhouette against the pale sky's girth.
Beneath chaste marble jeweled of chrysolite
A gracile girl with fillet-girdled hair
Stands half revealed through folds of shimmering white,
Her carmine lips wed to a silver flute,
As though their budding beauty to transmute
To music dying off along the air.
In sage processional pass bearded priests,
And acolytes with pink and boyish limbs,
Chanting to all the gods strange bardic hymns
Less tuned to sacrifice than fit for feasts.
And over all, the antique light, the old
Divine perfection, the lost art which drapes
In fairest majesty heroic shapes
Enwrought upon a field of beaten gold.

Francis Howard Williams.

THE HUNGRY GREEKLINGS.

A GREAT lawyer once acted as counsel to a learned man of letters, who had been drawn from the shelter of his library by an annoying bit of litigation. In his defense, the lawyer first disposed of the legal question in his usual neat and convincing way, and then went on to argue to a wondering jury that his client, as poet and scholar, was a public benefactor. Since the lawyer's eloquence was well known, this rather irrelevant defense was permitted, and became famous as literary criticism. But before he had fairly embarked in his panegyric it seems to have occurred to him that his enthusiasm for letters, including, as it happened, the study of Greek, might be the saving of his client, but could hardly fail to damage himself in the eyes of the practical business men who formed his audience; and he accordingly inserted a statement that he, personally, by no means went the length that he applauded in his client. "For my own part," said he, "I am fond of reading, but not to such an extent that it has ever interfered with my professional duties. I have given to it only the time that other men devote to athletics or gambling or dining out."

This famous confession of a taste for letters by a professional man, prefaced by a disclaimer of any intemperate use of the delightful stimulant, might have come from Rufus Choate before a Court of Common Pleas in Massachusetts, or from Thomas Erskine before King's Bench, so adequately does it express the attitude of a cultivated man of our era, to whom literature is much, but business is business. It was not spoken in English, however, but in one of the languages that we associate nowadays with useless knowledge and an unpractical education, by a man whose works are set before schoolboys as the ideal after which they must strive in acquiring the vain accomplishment of writing Latin prose. It was Cicero who spoke his appreciation of Archias, Greek poet and Roman citizen, but hedged with characteristic caution to save his own reputation as a man of affairs.

Now, the fact that the Romans themselves were by no means wholly in favor of a classical education, that a speaker on any purely literary or æsthetic topic, before an audience of unaffected Romans, would have to begin by apologizing for his own existence, precisely as he does among us to-day, ought to relieve ancient Rome of half its gloomy prestige. But the Greeks, as we know, have no extenuations to plead; they are wholly for the useless; and the divergence in temperament of the two nations, Greece and Rome, is so great that no amount of linguistic agreement quite reconciles the mind to their eternal pairing. We hear them spoken of as Saul and Jonathan by those who declare that lovely they were in life, and in death they should not be divided; but they seem rather like two noble rivals enslaved by a common foe, and walking in the triumphal march of our civilization handcuffed together by the bonds of philology.

Their acquaintance began in the Greek cities of Italy and Sicily, when circumstances were all in favor of the Greeks. These towns, with a native literature and imposing works of art, especially architectural, produced a great effect on the Roman imagination, and it is interesting to see a strong nation thus worked on by a superiority that it cannot even analyze. These Romans were of the early republican days, unconscious as yet of their high destiny, and these Greeks were still of the great time, still the most important people in the world. There is a tolerably clear notion in most people's

minds of what a typical Greek and a typical Roman of this time would be like. We think of the Greek as so endowed by nature that not only the Romans, but all races of men, must forever regard him with envy. He was, perhaps, not so beautiful as we used rather naïvely to infer from the Vatican marbles, but he certainly was gifted in that way beyond the common lot; and not by accident, but by the laws of physiology, because his ancestors had loved beauty and discouraged ugliness. And to the charm of form and color he added what counts for almost more in producing the effect of personal beauty, an accurate muscular adjustment, insuring precision of movement and easy attitudes, and a certain refinement in the commonest acts. The body was not the servant, but the friend and comrade, of that wonderful Greek mind on whose achievements we still live, dragging ideas from the débris of its literature as the later Romans carried off statues from the towns they sacked. But, beyond his body and his mind, he had, like every other man, his character; and here our ideas become confused, and we feel that he is different from us not only in degree, but in kind. Strange sins, and virtues almost as strange; a god who is at once the Zeus of Homer, the Zeus of Æschylus, and the Zeus of Euripides; a delicate perception of the joys of living, in which he surpassed other men; and an undercurrent of pessimism more unrelieved than the melancholy in which we moderns take so much comfort, — these things make us feel as though more than time and climate separated us from him. Between Helen of Troy and Tess of the D'Urbervilles there is a great gulf fixed.

But when we call up the popular notion of the ancient Roman we are troubled with no such unintelligible facts. Here is a person whom we perfectly understand, in whose place we should, very likely, have acted just as he did. He had the same ideals of courage and truthfulness that obtain among gentlemen to-day. He had no great turn for originating ideas, and he did not always go to the bottom of those he borrowed. He had the personal dignity which is the safeguard to this day of persons who feel it among the possibilities that they may become ridiculous. He substituted this irreproachable demeanor for the spontaneous grace of the Greek, and it wore better in the end. We know the simplicity of his dress, the aristocratic shape of his nose, and that unyielding pride of his, which, among the pagans, had to do the work of the Christian graces. And so we can see him quite vividly as he visited the Greek towns in Italy, saw the beauty of their buildings, and heard with imperfect comprehension the winged speech of the people.

It would make a moralist, for the moment, of the least imaginative, to think of the intercourse between the nations at this period, — all condescension on the part of the Greeks, and imitative admiration on the part of the Romans; to think of it in the light of their later history, when Rome had found her strength and mastered the world, and in the light, too, of their strange relation to-day, when Cæsar and Xenophon stand each at a gate of the classical paradise, brandishing the fiery blade of grammar against the schoolboy.

But it is the later stage of their active intercourse, the period when the genius of Rome prevailed, when her actions, her practical achievements, became as interesting and tremendous and quickening to the human mind as had been the ideas with which Greece fed the world, that is most suggestive to the student of national character. The Greeks could not attribute their fall to the mere numbers and strength of their enemy. It was also a fault of the intellect, a failure to keep pace with the political ideas of the world, a stupidity: and there lay the incurable chagrin.

In the first days after the conquest of

Greece, the Romans still preserved an admiring attitude, not altogether condescending. We all know so well the spirit of the great literary Hellenists at Rome — Cicero, Virgil, Horace — that it is hardly worth stopping to say that style, subject matter, inspiration, and, to an appreciable extent, vocabulary were furnished by the vanquished to the victor. But the Romans knew well enough, even if Virgil had not told them, that their function was to govern the world. A great army, good roads, a higher degree of personal security than other races had effected, — these were the works that Romans thought of when their patriotism was stirred; and their enormous success brought to pass as complete a reign of the practical as the Anglo-Saxon world is enjoying at present.

At this time every educated Roman learned Greek, native masters being plenty. But we must remember that Greek was not only the German of the world, the language of learning, of specialists in all subjects, but also the French, as French stood to the world twenty years ago, the universal medium of commerce and polite society as well as the vehicle of a piquant contemporary literature. A man of business to-day may find it convenient to be able to write a letter in French, and still more convenient to skim a French novel with some approximation to the author's meaning, or to laugh at the right time when he goes to see Coquelin, without any idea of attempting Descartes or Voltaire or Racine. To a much greater degree was it necessary for a Roman to understand contemporary Greek. Not only the Greeks spoke it, but the races that had come under their influence. The Latin language imposed itself only upon the barbarous tribes who had no Greek, and it commanded so small and inferior an audience that Cicero declared Greek the more appropriate tongue for celebrating Roman achievements of which the whole world ought to know. The Greeks, who were henceforth condemned to get their living from the Romans by their wits, would have found it to their advantage, we should think, to learn their masters' tongue, but they did not do so in any numbers. It was then a matter of every-day convenience that a Roman boy should study Greek; but he learned it as we do modern languages, not necessarily with any literary aim.

The character of both Greek and Roman had, of course, been considerably modified by the surprising change in their fortunes. Matthew Arnold has pointed out to us how little provision Hellenic ways of thought made for being sick or sorry. Greece, at this time, was both. If the gracious youth of the earlier day had hardened into tragic mood when misfortune fell, if he had veiled his face and fallen on his sword as the Roman would have done, we could have forgiven his blunders and admired him without pause. But, with a levity which makes us impatient and ashamed, he pulled his tattered cloak about him, and made himself as comfortable as the circumstances would permit. Then, when his poverty and misery at home became intolerable, when one or two hysterical outbreaks had made him feel the iron hand that held him, he shrugged his shoulders, turned his back upon Greece and the past, and set out for Rome, to make his living out of the stupid race who had unaccountably become lords of the earth.

The Roman, on the other hand, had grown to be a splendid and impressive person, who was not so sensitive about flaws in his culture as he had been earlier. Like the people of a nation of our own day, which shall be nameless, he could fall back on the enormous number of square miles under his control and the unheard-of material prosperity of his race, when his taste in æsthetic matters was questioned. He was a liberal if indiscriminating patron of the arts, and loved to have scholars about him to carry

his learning for him, as a slave might carry his cloak. Still holding to the traditional admiration of the Greek intellect, he appropriated its works wherever he found them. His view of the Greek at this time is as famous as Juvenal's genius could make it. The Greek was, to begin with, a political and financial failure, and we know what a great and successful nation thinks of such a being. And the Greek was not only poor, but venal, whereas a rich man respects only what he cannot buy. He could do a hundred things with cleverness which the Roman could not do at all, but his very ability was the badge of his profession. Lastly, he was undoubtedly a rather untrustworthy and disreputable person, and here the Roman took a high moral stand and castigated him. We all know what Juvenal has to say about him; and if we fail to catch his tone of contempt for even the graces of the weaker race, Dr. Johnson has translated it into words that bring it home at once to our Anglo-Saxon imaginations. With all his cleverness, the Greek could not in the long run hoodwink his shrewd, contemptuous patron. The descendants of Æneas knew all about the wooden horse. Not even a gift-bearing Greek could have won a welcome from them, still less a whining beggar with a greedy eye. This aspect of the matter has been dwelt on by historians and essayists until we are almost driven to side with these unhappy Greeks, as a right-minded schoolboy sides with Catiline after he has read two or three orations against him. It is true that we are told how the Roman of this age was none too upright a person himself. His cruelty, avarice, and brutal excesses are pictured as colossal, to match his empire and his wealth. But after all he is the strong man, the Atlas who steadies the world on his broad shoulders, and he rules Greece better than she could rule herself.

This is Juvenal's idea of the situation, and his scourge falls on Roman backs as well as Greek, with an impartial thoroughness often engendered by the handling of a scourge. But Juvenal is preoccupied with the moral aspect of things. He is an artist only as the headsman is an artist who scorns to lift his axe twice for the same victim. His coarse, downright, thoroughly Roman pen is not the one to state truly the delicate case between Greece and Rome. It is from Greek writers themselves that we must learn not only how complete was their spiritual collapse, but also how they ventured, in spite of their low estate, to form an opinion of Rome in her splendor, in her wealth, strength, inventive energy, and success.

Halicarnassus was a Greek town of Asia Minor, and rich in literary associations. Here Herodotus was born, and here reigned the King Mausolus whose obituary was written by the foremost authors of his time. From this far-away town Dionysius came to Rome just after the accession of Augustus, and took advantage of the quiet time to write a history of Rome, and a number of essays in criticism and rhetoric. He was a scholar, pure and simple, with a patriotism of so bloodless and literary a quality that we find him acquiescing in Roman supremacy because it offered opportunity for a revival of letters. In the preface to one of his books, he describes with delight the amendment he observes in general literary style, and especially in oratory, and he goes on to say: "The cause and mainspring of this change I believe to be the universal dominion of Rome, who compels all nations to look to her as their model. Her rulers, too, are men of culture and just judges, administering affairs with a strong hand and an upright purpose, so that intelligence grows in the state under their governance, and the unintelligent are constrained to good sense."

So speaks the successful Roman Greek in a work dedicated to a Roman friend, and it would be unfair to imagine that his

sentiments were conceived to suit his public. In the first place, being a Greek, he had no scruples of sentimentality to hamper his opinions; and if he found no solid reason for regretting the supremacy of Rome, it would not have occurred to him to pretend that he did. This disinterested candor of statement strikes coldly on Anglo-Saxons, whose feelings ever lag behind their reason; in whose eyes a thing is "none the worse for being an anomaly." But, in the second place, Dionysius' allegiance was to Greek letters, not to the soil of Greece, and we are ready to admit to-day that he was right. At all events, we find no bitterness in him; only a philosophical admiration for the genius of the Romans, and a feeling of pleasure that he was there to see. But his easy, unquestioning acquiescence in the situation, merely expressed *en passant* as he writes of weightier matters, marks for us more sharply than any repining could do the change that has come over the Greek spirit. Here is Phœbus Apollo turned pedant and quietist, at peace with all the world except those who write bad Greek.

But his case is worse than this, for we presently find that his inspiration is so unfettered that it condescends to the use of works analogous to a product of our own age, the Polite Letter-Writer. In the textbook of rhetoric formerly attributed to Dionysius, and certainly the work of Greek hands at about the opening of our era, a book which is one of a large class, rules are laid down for the composition of orations on various occasions, among them the arrival of an official in his province, and it is hard to say whether it is comic or pathetic reading. "If it is necessary," says the author, "to use courtesy in greeting all we meet, even private persons, so as to get their good will, how much more needful is it when we have to salute men in authority, and particularly those who are sent by the Emperor to our various nations and states, so that we may win them to a kindly feeling for us and our country! Doubtless this ceremony has now come into use with all nations, and a sort of fixed form has been adopted, by which a city gives official greeting to such persons at the moment of their entry through her gates, so to speak, using as a mouthpiece one of her most scholarly citizens. Let us then consider the best and easiest way to compose speeches of this character."

We are told that the orator must begin without fail by speaking of himself, telling how he came to be chosen. And here he will insert some flattery of the great man, praising his condescension in permitting this function and meeting the people halfway, and saying that while his reputation for kindliness is heard on all sides, his nature can also be seen in his face, whose brightness cheers the heart, and where his upright soul is seen as in a mirror. "This," says the wily author, "will make him more attentive." Next should come a compliment to the Emperor; but this, we are told, may be briefly dismissed by saying that all time would be too short to tell his merits, which must therefore be postponed to another occasion. But it is essential to say that this, too, is one of his gracious acts, to send to the nation the very man they would have chosen. At this point must begin the real encomium of the official. He must be praised for his birth, his natural endowments, his culture, if these are conspicuous. The orator must go into detail about obvious circumstances. If, for instance, the official is young, the orator must ask, "What are we to expect from his full powers?" If old, he should say that such an office is rightly bestowed upon one who has shown his metal in so many trials. If his personal appearance is impressive, the orator must not fail to comment on that; "and if his reading is in the Roman tongue," goes on this unscrupulous document, "then compare him with the great Romans; if in the

Greek, with the great Greeks. By this means show him to be just and prudent and a careful judge. Compare him with Aristides and Themistocles, and show him to be a better man than they."

We can imagine this little ceremony without much trouble, whether it took place at the actual moment of arrival, or on a later day, fixed to suit the convenience of the honored object. At all events, some

> "little town by river or seashore,
> Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,"

pours all its folk, on that momentous morn, forth to the gates or into the market-place to see the great man from Rome. He comes at the head of his suite and body-guard, a bewildering vision of magnificence. His proud, self-contained demeanor has its full effect on the impressionable people, and inspires a certain sincerity of admiration. And then the proud spokesman of the favored town stands forth and delivers his spontaneous compliment, garnished, we may be sure, with the utmost propriety of gesture. We have no rules in this treatise to show us how the grandee returns thanks. Perhaps his eye has wandered over the roofs before him during the address, seeking out what loot his predecessors may have left, and perhaps his mind has wandered to the bright-eyed, admiring crowd, wondering how such people live. But there is no doubt that his dignified mien is unaltered, and that when he speaks it will be with decorum.

But what are we to make of such a Greece as this, of this orator who has been selected as the flower of local culture? Let us assume that the book was never used, or was intended only for school exercises. At all events, let us not be so heartless as to apply the author's own maxim and compare him with Aristides and Themistocles. We can only moralize about him, and wish that Greece in captivity had played Prometheus. Then failure and imprisonment might have become the fashion. But she showed instead the temper of Picciola's master, and was not unhappy.

Here, then, we see the inspiration of Greece dried up, her special glory gone. The next two centuries saw her become the vagabond that Juvenal knew, and her degradation was complete. Let us take this moment, then, to see what she thought of the Romans.

In the same textbook of rhetoric of which I have spoken we have a recipe for a funeral oration, in which we are told to speak of the ancestors of the deceased; and if they were not immigrants, we are to praise them for belonging to the soil; but if they were immigrants, we are to point out that they became citizens of the best country in the world by choice, and not by accident. It was in this way that Lucian of Samosata, born of Syrian parents, was a Greek; for as soon as he was old enough to choose for himself he left his Syrian birthplace, and lived in one Greek town after another, acquiring a culture altogether Hellenic. It was an age of travel, and he fell in with the current, making his living as he went by public recitations of his rhetorical works. We may imagine him, after his reputation was made and the tumult of his personal battle with the world was over, looking calmly at the show of life. He found his happiness, as did Dionysius, in the complete detachment which the Greek achieved so easily, and in the belief that life cannot be so bad while men can write and read. Indeed, viewed as material for literature, the world was never more entertaining than when he entered it, and he mastered it from end to end, so that, while Dionysius wrote about books, Lucian wrote about men.

"For my part," says one of his characters, "when I was approaching Rome again after my first journey to Greece, I came to a halt, and asked myself what motive I had for coming hither, and I quoted the words of Homer: 'Why,

wretched man, have you left the sunlight' (meaning Greece and the happy, unconventional life there), 'and come hither to behold' this noisy town, the blackmailing and the riotous living, the dishonesty and the feigned friendship?" Now, part of this, of course, expresses the natural jar of a great town on nerves soothed by provincial quiet, and part of it is merely rhetoric, for blackmailing and hypocrisy were never exotic at Athens; but let us hear the same man after he is once more *orientirt*. "I plucked myself from the fight," he says, "and now I live in quiet with philosophy. I feel as though I had taken my seat in a great theatre, and were watching events from a coign of vantage: some of them highly diverting, so that I laugh, and some such as to try a man's metal. For if we must give even the devil his due, you can hardly conceive a more crucial test of character than life in this city." We may believe that here we have the real impression that Rome made on a man of sensitive temperament, the seduction of her luxurious ease, and the antidote furnished by her sordid ways and the stupidity of her excesses. Perhaps nothing shows a man's gifts in the matter of taste so plainly as his choice of bad habits.

We remember what Lord Chesterfield, himself no precisian, said of a man who would boast of drinking six or eight bottles of wine at a sitting, — "Out of charity I will believe him a liar." Morally we may question this dictum, but æsthetically it is beyond dispute. So a Greek, with no moral superiority to back him, might yet take exception to the doings he saw at Rome. When, with all his own fastidious follies in the matter, for instance, of eating and drinking, he found that, at Rome, quantity was the thing, we may fancy that he had one temptation the less. As Pepys said of the bull-ring, "it is a very rude and nasty pleasure." Another notion the Romans had with regard to food and its accessories scandalized these Greeks of the lowest period. "They buy only the most costly provender," says Lucian; "they serve their wine at table mixed with spices, and they fill their houses with roses in winter, taking pleasure in them because they are scarce and unseasonable; but when a thing is in season and natural, they turn up their noses at it because it is cheap. They do not understand the laws of pleasure, but transgress even here. It is a solecism to take one's pleasures in that fashion."

In this phrase, we may believe, the Greek lays down his canon of social criticism. Juvenal has plenty to say on similar themes, and says it with splendid invective and crucifying wit. But his eye is ever on the ethics of the matter. These dinners are bad for the people who eat them, and they come out of the mouths of the poor. They help to build false social ideals and form a plutocracy. This is what the practical Roman critic has against them. But the Greek does not concern himself with all this. It was an age when there was no outward stimulus to virtue worth mentioning. A man might be born with a taste for right living, as Juvenal was and Marcus Aurelius, but he got little encouragement, and found himself an anachronism; and in default of this innate bent he was beyond the reach of argument. But the Greek had something in him not unlike a conscience, though its domain was different, and it was only accidental that it sometimes decided questions which we should call conscientious. But when this inner standard, this absolute court of appeal, was violated, the Greek said, "This is a solecism."

Lucian, as a celebrity, saw society from above, and did not feel its slights. That he never ranged himself on its side, but stood obstinately on his own merits, and encouraged other Greeks to imitate him, we learn in plain terms from his advice to a young man who was thinking of becoming private secre-

tary to a great Roman. He tells him that it is a mistake to suppose that living in a rich man's house, sitting at a luxurious table, driving out in a smart carriage, and drawing his salary will constitute his duties. Juvenal has his sneer for these hungry Greeklings who will do anything for a living. We all scorn their want of spirit as we read the hard, strong lines. There is another light on them, the light in which Lucian looked at the crowd of his young acquaintance, sometimes gifted, always hopeful, streaming up to the capital laden with that manuscript which is ever so pathetic, whether it distends the breast of Chatterton's frock coat or protrudes from the fold of a chiton.

The comedy of jarring national temperaments which we watch so eagerly to-day was daily played in Rome, as the Greeks, after failure had robbed them of their easy serenity, struggled vainly to impress on the Romans their traditions of art. The Romans listened to them, stole or bought their works, and hired philosophers to attend their persons, but the rest was froth and foam. "It is for your beard and your scholar's gown that they hire you," said Lucian, "not for your philosophy." Juvenal says that a Greek will turn his hand to anything. Lucian says that a Roman master will use his dependents like dogs, treat them to all sorts of hardships and humiliations, and haggle with them about their pay. He tells the candidate for such an office that attendance on a great Roman is slavery, — and that word brought a hotter flush to a man's face then, for it was not safely laid away among the figures of speech for any but a Roman citizen, — but that its yoke is light compared with the service of a great lady. For a woman of fashion "reckons it among her ornaments," says he, "if it be said of her that she is well read and a thinker, and writes lyrics almost worthy of Sappho; and so she too must have her hired escort of rhetors and teachers and philosophers, and listen to them now and then, while she is having her hair dressed or at table. At other times she is too busy. And often while the philosopher is discussing high ethical themes her maid comes in with a love letter, and the argument must wait till it is answered."

This wretched life is bad enough while it lasts, but the end is worse. The tutor is superseded by a new-comer, and dismissed on some frivolous charge. His accuser, being a Roman, is believed without saying a word in proof. "But you," says Lucian bitterly, "you are a Greek. You have the facile Greek temperament and readiness for every crime. That is the character they give us all, and it is natural they should; for numbers make their way into Roman houses with no real knowledge, but professing magic and witchcraft, charms for lovers and lures for enemies, although they claim to be scholars, and wear the gown and beard of the profession."

This has the air of being a fair statement of the case. Not all monks of the Middle Ages were profligate, not all American Indians are treacherous, nor were all the Roman Greeks impostors. But the popular mind has not time to make these fine distinctions.

Juvenal was given to saying that Greeks did not tell the truth, and I am afraid no one would be willing to contradict him; but let us hear the Greek's retort in this interesting controversy between pot and kettle. "The Romans," says Lucian, "tell the truth just once in their lives, namely, in their wills, for there they are safe from the consequences."

The whole matter of will-making, and the Roman preoccupation with this and with matters concerning burial, diverted the Greeks excessively. "They like to have their want of taste set down in writing," says their critic, "for they order their clothes to be burnt with them, or anything else that they valued in life,

and flowers to be placed on their tombstones, — carrying their stupidity with them to the grave."

This stupidity of the Romans was what confounded and bewildered the unhappy Greekling. He broke and spent himself like a wave of the sea against its unyielding granite. But, baffling as it was, it left him a pride of his own to stand upon; and while man can criticise, he is not wholly lost. It is satisfactory to see that these Greeks were not so cowed by failure that they could not enjoy that sense of innate superiority which is ever the dearest pleasure of sojourn in a strange land. Although Rome drew them and held them, they lived to remember that life was simpler at Athens, and conversation better. We have a traveler's story that shows how well that quiet town held to its traditions. A rich foreigner, presumably from Rome, came to Athens with the intention of impressing the simple provincials with the splendor of his clothes and the number of his servants. He appeared to an astonished public at the gymnasium with a certain solemnity, followed by a little army of slaves, and blooming in costume like a brilliant flower. The Greek youths paused, and looked in silence on the bright apparition, and then one whispered — but audibly — to his fellow, "Spring has come." "Hush," said the other in reproof; "perhaps it is his mother's."

Emily James Smith.

A FEW STORY-TELLERS, OLD AND NEW.

When the king, or the chief, or whoever had the ordering of his own entertainment, sent for the skald, the improvisator, the story-teller, or the jester, in the days when men were listeners, and not readers, there must have been moments when his majesty, as he saw the familiar figure approach, doubted if he were not to hear the same old story once more; even the story of one's prowess or the prowess of one's ancestors loses its charm after indefinite repetition. And what must have been the emotions of the story-teller at the same moment, as he looked anxiously on the man who was at once listener, critic, and executioner, and reflected that the story in hand was but a variation on an old theme? Yet even absence of novelty, in those days as in these, must have had its compensation in grace of story-telling. The listener may well have said to himself, The same old story, to be sure, but at any rate I know he will tell it clearly. And the story-teller may have felt a consciousness of power, as he selected one incident after another from his memory, and used his best words in narrative. As Emerson said of the stories he heard at English dinner tables, they "are so good that one is sure they must have been often told before, to have got such happy turns."

Here, for example, is the modern skald, Mr. Crawford, coming before his many-headed listener — the more heads to hear, the more to nod sleepily if driven to it — with a new and yet old story in Pietro Ghisleri.[1] San Giacinto, Gianforte Campodonico, Spicca, Sant' Ilario, — these and other names which occur in the new story are familiar enough to readers of the Italian stories which were brilliantly introduced by Saracinesca. Mr. Crawford has made a section of Italian society as thoroughly his own as Trollope and Mrs. Oliphant have done with English and Scottish society. The figures in one book may be principals, in another

[1] *Pietro Ghisleri.* By F. Marion Crawford. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

subordinates, according to the exigencies of the narrative. But one does not think of these figures as passing from one book to another; he thinks of the books as more or less complete records of the experience of this or that person. The reality of the persons who carry on the society is in the novelist's mind before he has undertaken to reproduce these persons in his books, we may say; consequently, he moves with such certainty in the world which he has called into being out of the unordered individualities of modern Italian life that he imparts his confidence to the reader. Nothing is more comfortably assuring to a reader than to know, when he puts himself into the hands of an author, that he will be held firmly, and carried straight to the conclusion of the whole matter. Mr. Crawford's readers know from the start that he has thought his story out to the end, and will tell it clearly, without circumlocution, yet with sufficient fullness of detail. Herein, we think, lies the secret of this writer's genuine popularity. He refuses to fall into classification as a realist or romanticist; but he avoids the schools not by aiming at some individualism of his own; he secures his place by a regard for the fundamental canons of the art of fiction. He conceives his characters; he regards them in their relation to one another and to an actual world; he selects, — what true artist does not select? — and his characters and incidents fit into and explain one another. Always there is evidence of the cool-headed, keen, alert judge of men and women and their actions; always the narrative moves forward, even in the passionate passages, with a reasonableness which commends itself to the intelligent reader.

It is in this skill of construction that we think Mr. Crawford's peril lies, and we cannot help sounding the note of danger after reading Pietro Ghisleri. Let the reader recall Anthony Trollope's novels, and he will be aware that the Englishman, though in a way the prophet of matter of fact, was possessed by his stories; that something very like a Greek fate seized his characters, after the author of their being had once set them on foot, and hurried them forward to an inevitable end. Mr. Crawford, on the other hand, seems never to lose his hold of the fortune of his figures. He moves, directs, arranges, completes. It is true his figures are not puppets, and his ordering of their ways is masterly. But the exercise of this controlling power breeds the desire for more power, and leads almost by necessity to delicacy of manipulation, to intricacy of plot. Now, the more human a novelist's figures are, the more the reader instinctively resents a too subtle disposition of their actions, and an attempt at adjusting nicely all their relations. Let one compare Pietro Ghisleri with Saracinesca, and he will see that the strong, broad lines upon which the earlier story was built have given place to slender, well-knit, indeed, but apparently fragile supports; and by an almost necessary connection the men and women have not the freedom of movement in the later novel which they enjoyed in the former. There is still the suggestion of nobility in the best women. Laura belongs to the world in which Corona holds sway, and the men act forcefully; but Pietro himself strikes us as an over-refined character, the attempt on Mr. Crawford's part to mix his metal with more alloy, and yet to offer the same attractiveness to the other honest people of the Crawford world. As a curious commentary on the author's difficulties when he abandons a consistent for a merely balanced character, the reader will observe the almost total suppression of the husband of the woman whom Pietro has wronged. Possibly all this is due to Mr. Crawford's desire to work out his rather artificial plot, with its spring in hate, not love, in a field where he is entirely at home, and among a people whose nature reduces the artificiality to its lowest terms.

Mr. Gilbert Parker has this in common with Mr. Crawford, that he loves a story; but if we are to take his latest novel[1] as witness, he has also that love of his characters, of the scenes they enact, and of the very field of their action which seems lacking in the older novelist. There is, indeed, a fine flavor of youth about the book, with its wide sweep of adventure, and its insistence upon the elemental forces of love and physical courage. The scene shifts from Scotland to the lone northern land about Hudson's Bay, and the characters are mainly Scottish, with one of those Indian maidens, so dear to the romancer, who embodies all the graces of nature which logically belong to a child of savagery. The contrast between the dense village in Scotland and the vast reaches of the north, with the drama acted now in the one, now in the other, is an effective piece of art, and the reader is not likely to trouble himself much over the conventionality of the incidents which set the actors in motion. The characters, too, are well conceived and clearly defined; but, above all, the reader rejoices in that large, out-of-door spirit which impels the writer, and gives promise of even stronger, freer life. One thinks of Cooper, but remembers that Cooper was more ponderous, moved more heavily, and dwelt upon his scenes, for the most part, with a slow deliberation which quickened only when there was the necessity for prompt action. Mr. Parker is not likely to diminish his force by overvaluing the description of nature, and if with increase of practice he can secure greater freedom from artificiality in his plot, we are sure that his stories will come to the confined dweller in cities like a vacation in the woods.

It is a sign of the expansion of the novel, and its emancipation from the tyranny of fashion and prevailing schools, that side by side on our shelves to-day lie stories which depend for their attractiveness upon the adventures they relate: novels which are dramas turned into narrative, character studies which are almost reports of the latest investigation in psychology, historical studies thrown into the form of fiction, cross-sections of society to illustrate sociological problems, and in fine almost all the varieties possible of the exhibition of life through parable. It is hard to say, when one regards only the best writers of the day, what is the prevailing mode, and the new writers may follow their bent resolutely, sure of sympathy in some quarter. It is, we think, quite thirty years since Mr. Henry James began to delight cultivated readers with his sketches of the human soul as seen through the more or less opaque veil of the flesh. Himself a student of older masters, he has in this period seen disciples of his own; and his work to-day, if it varies from his earlier work, does so through the natural process by which the subtle grows more impenetrable, and the delicacy of shade is divided by still finer discrimination. We confess to liking this author best in his larger books, because with greater space there is more room for his characters, built up out of an infinity of particulars, to show themselves for what they are, and because we think Mr. James himself therein brings into play powers of composition which scarcely have scope in his shorter stories. Nevertheless, he remains to-day, in some respects, the consummate artist in miniature story-telling of this generation. Here, for example, are the latest collections of his scattered work, eight stories in two separate volumes,[2]

[1] *The Chief Factor.* A Tale of the Hudson's Bay Company. By Gilbert Parker. New York: The Home Publishing Company. 1893.

[2] *The Real Thing, and Other Tales.* By Henry James. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1893. *The Private Life, and Other Stories.* By Henry James. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1893.

— stories which have an unmistakable individuality, and intimate, moreover, an inexhaustible vein of criticism of life. Inexhaustible, we say, because the writer discloses an increasing power of penetration, not because his range of observation appears to be widening. Mr. James has made excursions into somewhat obscure quarters of life before this, especially in his longer novels, but in these later short stories he seems rather disposed to resume his studies in certain familiar fields, and to see how far he can push them. Here is The Real Thing, for instance, which is the story of the perplexity experienced by an artist who is confronted by a pair of human beings, deliciously conceived as the product of a highly conventionalized society, a man and woman of unquestionably good form, wholly dependent on society, yet driven by necessity to offer themselves as models to the artist, their recommendation being that they are the real thing, and therefore preëminently useful to him in his delineation of people of their order. The story is wrought with good-humored skill, and is a most ingenious satire on realism in fiction. We say this boldly, though ten to one the author of the tale could find us a dozen other interpretations of the parable. That is the bewildering and teasing effect of Mr. James's recent fiction. The palpable story seems almost a screen behind which the real story is going on, and the curious spectator constantly desires to get behind the screen. Readers of The Atlantic will recall an almost insoluble story with which he diverted them some time ago, and has printed in one of these volumes, The Private Life. A more elusive tale in its actuality it would be hard to find; yet one might affirm with considerable confidence that he saw clearly what was the moral contained in it. Is it not the result of a steadfast search for the real thing that Mr. James has finally come very near to squaring the circle in fiction?

It is a commonplace that the disciples of a master catch his manner, but not his style; yet discipleship is the best training for mastery, and it is interesting sometimes to note how master and pupil part company at some point, and follow different roads. This we fancy to have taken place in the relations of Miss Annie Eliot to Mr. James. White Birches[1] is, we believe, Miss Eliot's first book, but her work in minor form has been familiar to readers of magazines for some time past. It is no reproach to her that she has read her James faithfully; but this book looks to us like a resolute effort to assert her own individual power. As such it has an interest not perhaps justified by the performance alone. The story is not wholly new in its main theme. An artist summering in the country falls in with one of those heroines who have piqued the curiosity of other novelists, a girl who is of dewy freshness of nature, country born and bred, but not rustic; certain to be transferred by the exigencies of fiction to city surroundings, in order that contrast may heighten her charms, and new environment test and confirm her integrity. The inevitable happens in this case, also. In telling her story Miss Eliot uses a good deal of skill, and shows her power chiefly in the sketches she gives of subordinate characters. Miss Matilda, in particular, is capitally studied, and suggests that in the management of the side of country life which is marked by dry humor Miss Eliot might achieve her best success. But what impresses us most in the book is the deliberation with which Miss Eliot avails herself of the stock properties of novelists for the purpose of setting forth her simple drama. There is hardly an attempt to introduce novelty, unless it be in the half-foreign circus scenes, but her interest is centred, apparently, upon her characters, and especially upon the contrasted ones of Rhodope, the country maid, and Mrs. Needham, the

[1] *White Birches.* By Annie Eliot. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1893.

artificial, highly accented woman of society. She wishes to denote the shades in each character, and to do it not by the use of exaggerated scenes, but by the ordinary conventions of current life. It seems sometimes as if she had cautioned herself against being oversubtle, as if she were aware that brilliancy of tone was rather wearisome to the reader, and so had aimed at reasonableness, and at keeping the main figures in good and appropriate attitudes. The result is a careful but somewhat timid story. Its artificiality is superficial, for the writer plainly does not set a high value on her plot; she is concerned for her persons. But she has scarcely yet discovered the art of making her characters disclose themselves through act; they are still dependent mainly on dialogue. The interest for us is in the sincere attempt to model her figures in the round, to give them independent life, instead of being contented, as before, with figures in low relief.

If we were seeking for contrast, we could scarcely find a more striking one to White Birches than Old Kaskaskia,[1] already known to our readers in its serial passage through The Atlantic; contrast in motive, in style, and in material. Miss Eliot, fastening her attention upon the people about her, is keenly interested in their behavior under circumstances very familiar to her readers. Mrs. Catherwood takes her pleasure in that which is unfamiliar so far as externals go, in vivifying it through the imagination, and in presenting it in its most picturesque and dramatic scenes. The study which the former gives to the trivial expression of social life the latter bestows upon historical monuments and records. Persons, however, can be made in both ways, though Mrs. Catherwood has this advantage, that, since her figures are dressed in old clothes, and play their part in a past period, any singularity of behavior will make less impression of inaccuracy on the reader than will a departure from good form in the case of men and women dressed in the costume of to-day, and living as the reader lives. But the charm of Mrs. Catherwood's book does not lie in its fidelity to historic fact. One recognizes constantly the touch of a writer who is a conscientious student of her material, and feels thus a confidence in her accuracy: yet he does not read to inform himself of the actualities of a bygone period; he reads her romance as he would read a poem, for its lyrical beauty, its imaginative power, its reproduction of human passion in a form all the more impressive that it is remote from the accidents of present fashion. There have been historical romancers in abundance, and dreary have been the results of many painstaking students who have thrown their work into the form of fiction; but Mr. Arthur Hardy in Passe Rose, and Mrs. Catherwood in her three or four books, show us the genuine thing, — history passing through the alembic of fine poetic imagination.

Is it not the love of the past which, after all, lies at the bottom of success in such work? We mean sincere affection and pride in men and women who are dust, so that the novelist who recreates in fiction their analogues is really reinforced by these emotions. Certainly this thesis might be maintained if one confined one's self to the noticeable contrast existing between two books[2] by one writer, appearing almost together, and presumably representing her habit of mind. In one book Mrs. Harrison has told with tender charm of the life centring about the old Virginian town of Alexandria, thinly disguised by its other

[1] *Old Kaskaskia.* By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

[2] *Belhaven Tales; Crow's Nest; Una and King David.* By Mrs. Burton Harrison. New York: The Century Company. 1892. *An Edelweiss of the Sierras; Golden-Rod, and Other Tales.* By Mrs. Burton Harrison. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1892.

name of Belhaven. These sketches — they can scarcely be called tales — are fragrant with memories; they embalm an actual life, and belong on the same shelf with the New England tales in which Miss Jewett has set forth the decayed gentility of another section, with certain stories by Miss Grace King, of New Orleans, and with other stray bits of fiction which inclose as in amber persons and scenes which appeal with a melancholy tinge to one's sympathy. There is a slight scent as of a remote perfume, say of lilacs not too close at hand, about these delightful sketches. But when one opens the other book, he perceives, to carry out the figure, a rather strong odor of patchouly. Mrs. Harrison's charming sentiment becomes somewhat ordinary sentimentalism. The whole effect of this second collection of tales and sketches is of carelessness, almost indifference to good art; an idle playing with themes for stories. There are clever bits, as in the travel part of Golden-Rod, but they seem to have little relation to the story as a whole; and one comes to open dissatisfaction with a writer who has real gifts, and is content with them as toys.

It is not this fault that we should find with Octave Thanet's stories.[1] Here is a positive delight in her work by a writer who brings to the task a healthy interest in the not over-refined activity of a semi-frontier civilization. One feels that Octave Thanet recognizes the rawness of much of the material she is handling, but looks farther into it, and perceives certain signs of fundamental virtues which she is eager to introduce to the knowledge of others. She is a reporter of life, it is true, rather than an artist. She is content with obvious construction for her stories, if so be she can convey to others something of the genuine interest which has been awakened in her by contact with the busy, alert folk of a Western town, and the inevitable contrasted personalities which are knocked over and hustled out of the way or good-naturedly set aside by all this energy. There is a warm current of life running through this book, which atones for much that otherwise would affect the reader as somewhat commonplace, and we cannot help thinking that if the author poured the best contents of two or three stories into one, and refined that by repeated processes of writing, she might produce work which would not only reflect the life in which she is so much interested, but have a lasting life of its own, such a life as fine art alone can give. Indeed, one need scarcely go beyond this book for the commentary we have made. Some of Mr. Frost's drawings, with their humor, their good modeling, their admirable selection, their exclusion of the unnecessary, are capital exhibitions of artistic story-telling.

Mrs. Deland made herself known to readers by a little volume of verse and two full-grown novels before she essayed the short story. At least we think nearly all of the five stories which appear in her recent collection[2] saw the light in magazines after her novels were published. This reversal of the customary order may have no special significance, yet we think it throws a little light upon her art. Her novels show that her interest is in ethical and spiritual problems, and they read as if the problems presented themselves to her in abstract form, and that then she set about the solution through imaginary cases. This would account, possibly, for the ghostliness which hangs about her main characters, as if they had not perfectly "materialized;" but what is more interesting is the strong artistic sense which so nearly triumphs in such personages, and is wholly delightful in the creation of the minor

[1] *Stories of a Western Town.* By Octave Thanet. Illustrated by A. B. Frost. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1893.

[2] *Mr. Tommy Dove, and Other Stories.* By Margaret Deland. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

characters in her novels. The reader must have been struck with the mellowness of those parts of her novels in which she is unincumbered by great spiritual problems, but evidently exceedingly interested in her persons. In one aspect, these episodical passages, so to speak, are foils to the over-serious contentions. The reader feels this relief, and we suspect the writer must also have felt it. At any rate, there is a spontaneity about them, a natural expression of the persons in act and speech and manner, which seems to show she had seen these people, and had not been obliged to create them for great moral purposes.

The volume before us contains something of a commentary on this view. Mr. Tommy Dove, the title story, is a bit out of that entertaining world to which Mrs. Deland has heretofore escaped when she wished to plant her feet on solid ground. It might have been a bit of byplay in a larger novel, and as such we suspect it would have had more value, since one almost needs an overwrought situation to reduce the faint touch of farce in this otherwise idyllic tale. It makes us wonder if the humorous and lighter portions of the larger books have not gained almost as much as they have given in the way of contrast. In The Face on the Wall, on the other hand, we seem to see one of the large novels in miniature. We are very glad we have not to read it *in extenso*. Here there is the same use of contrast, but it strikes us as a deliberate use, and for this reason not nearly so effective. Mrs. Deland only works in her pastoral ladies because without them the story would be what it is the custom to call intense, but what in this case may sharply be called unreal and unnatural. If the poor fellow whose soul is here placed on public exhibition had had a book to himself, he might have been tremendous; here he is simply unpleasant. We cannot take up the stories in detail, but if any one wishes to read a little masterpiece, which shows Mrs. Deland at her best in construction, in pathos, in delicate humor, and in a genuine humaneness, let him read A Fourth-Class Appointment.

IRISH IDYLLS.

It is recounted of the late Mr. Darwin that, on finding a lump of earth adhering to the leg of a wounded pheasant, he placed it beneath the glass of a forcing-house, and from the seeds it contained raised no less than eighty-two separate plants of five distinct species. Similarly, the author of these sketches,[1] in studying the life that goes on in a handful of cabins among the boglands of Connaught, discovers a vast amount of human experience summed up in the histories of the scanty population; human experience, we may say, bereft of its glitter, of its visible halo, and fined down to its elementary needs, to the capacity for happiness, passion, and heartbreak which are its essence.

The test of a new writer must always be the new light which he is able to throw on the familiar; his creative and dexterous handling of themes otherwise outworn by time and use, making them appear fresh as untouched sculptor's clay. Miss Barlow stands this test well. Her Ireland is not the rollicking Ireland of Charles O'Malley, and in the widest reach of her orbit she hardly more than intersects the world-wide sweep of Miss Laffan's Hogan, M. P., and The Honor-

[1] *Irish Idylls.* By Jane Barlow. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1893.

able Miss Ferrard. Miss Lawless, in Hurrish and Grania, has taken a background not wholly unlike that of these Idylls, with something of the same suggestion and interpretation of motive and feeling; but her characters are chosen with a view to the development of a central imaginative theme which leads up to strange situations and powerful dramatic climaxes.

Miss Barlow, on the other hand, might say, with De Musset, "Mon verre n'est pas grand, mais je bois dans mon verre;" and just as the Greek pediment represented to Greek minds the law of fate confining human actions within limits not to be passed beyond, she works within the narrowest possible circle. Her distinct gift is shown in the way she takes any chance material that comes first to hand, and constructs out of it a drama not only full of significance, but giving to each character, no matter how insignificant, some moment of relief which lifts, individualizes, and often glorifies it. The personages, too, accomplish their functions without apparent analysis or description on the author's part, and our understanding of them seems to be a matter of pure perception and sympathy, as if they lived, breathed, moved, and had their being before our eyes. Her effort appears to be merely to show, as in a magic mirror, a clear image of the little Connaught village and its daily life. She enforces no dogma; she proclaims no theory; she suggests no remedy. The Irish Question does not seem to reach the matter. Home Rule is a fallacy to smile at in this forlorn, makeshift, casual little settlement of Lisconnel, with its three habitations on one side of the road, a couple opposite, not exactly facing the others on account of a swampy patch, two more a little farther on, and then "Ody Rafferty's" and "the Widow M'Gurk's" "a trifle back o' the road up the slope," and nothing else save bog and sky.

To make clear the conditions of life in Lisconnel, let us go on to state that these cabins are built of rough stones without mortar, and with not even sufficient mud to close the chinks thoroughly. The roofs are thatched with rushes, not straw, for straw costs money at Lisconnel. They are held down by stones, for stones are plentiful. Indeed, the cottage is apt to be built on some more or less flat rock, not only in order to secure a ready-made flooring, but that the rare patches of soil may not be diverted from the "craps." The frequent and otherwise superfluous boulders, too, are rendered useful in backing up the walls, thus keeping off the wind, which blows as generously as the rain falls in this country. One of the cabins rejoices in a "rale window," — that is, a pane of glass nine inches square; but, as a rule, openings for light are filled in with some more opaque substance. A stack of turf (turf is the only fuel) stands near the door of each domicile, and — perhaps as an emblem of hospitality — a big black pot is apt to sit continuously on the threshold, peered into, with a triumph of hope over experience, all day long by the "childer" and the "live stock;" said live stock consisting, when times are at their best, of about a dozen goats, pigs, and "chuckens," liable in a bad season — and what season was ever good at Lisconnel? — to be prematurely carried off to market "down beyant."

Notwithstanding this bareness, the inhabitants of Lisconnel possess the happy knack of finding their lives extremely interesting and very precious in spite of their limitations. In fact, may we not say because of their limitations, when we consider how, amid the superfluities of wealth and civilization, the cleverest among us set about Hamlet-like ponderings as to whether life is worth living, while in Connaught a good year for "pitaties" makes everybody contented, and how, on the occasion of the Widow M'Gurk's receiving a legacy from America of fifteen shillings, she is able to ex-

ercise a munificence which leaves that of princes poor? Indeed, pessimism dies a natural death in contact with these humble destinies which show that the actual compensations of existence are appointed to those who possess little.

Dim intimations of wealth, plenty, and ease keep alive imagination and hope. Old Mrs. Kilfoyle, for example, is able to tell how, in her youth, she lived on a countryside where grass grew as tall as rushes, and potato and barley fields were that sizable you could hardly see to the end of them. Such statements beguiled the ears of her listeners, but were hardly considered credible when she went on to allude to cows, calves, firkins of butter, let alone "lashins and lavins" of skim milk and whey, as if such luxuries rained down from the skies; big potfuls, too, of oatmeal stirabout for breakfast every morning, and often as not a bit of bacon for Sunday; then houses with three rooms, and one of them with a boarded floor! In corroboration of which "quare old romancin'" about the days before she was married and came to Lisconnel, Mrs. Kilfoyle, "a little old woman with white hair like carded bog-cotton, and a sweet, piping, high voice like a small chicken's," would point to a battered pewter mug, the unique relic of this bygone grandeur.

Whatever admiration and wonder are stirred by these suggestions of a better state of things, there is little envy, or even restlessness, in the minds of her hearers, who hate strange places where they feel lost and helpless, like a leaf in a storm, while in the worst privations of their own surroundings they can perceive clear "sinse and raison." Creatures wholly of the affections and of the senses, the solid, tangible facts of life for each of them are his "bit o' land," the familiar landscape about it and the familiar beings upon it. As the author says: "Should a sequence of calamity such as Job's overtake him, sweeping away his flocks and herds and children, no eventual doubling of his live stock could console him as it did the more philosophic sheikh. His last days would still be made darker by many a regret for the 'ould white heifer,' or 'the little rid cow,' or 'the bit of a skewbald pony, the crathur.' And as for the ten new sons and daughters, Molly and Biddy and Katty, they would be a failure indeed."

Too far from chapel to go often, and too poor to contribute to the triumphs of ecclesiasticism, religion becomes a simple matter to the people at Lisconnel. Good old Father Rooney, when called from "down beyant" to ease the dying, answers the request when he is able to do so. As he said to Mrs. M'Gurk when her husband lay ill, "Send for me, of course, me good woman, and if by any chance I can come up to you, well and good; but if I 'm prevented, you 've no call to be supposing you 'll be left without any sort of assistance for that reason. Likely enough I may be riding off Drumesk ways as fast as I can contrive; but I 'm not taking the blessed saints and the Mother of Mercy and the rest following along with me, same as if I was, so to speak, showing them the road. They know where they 're wanted as well as you or I, you may depend, and won't be asking either of our leaves to get there." Mrs. M'Gurk, even if slightly shocked, was relieved by this statement. Nevertheless, such equanimity of mind may have been of detriment to her orthodoxy; for, after poor M'Gurk had died without benefit of clergy, with only a "Glory be" on his lips, we find his widow, on one occasion, bestowing some rather free criticism on the higher powers when the continual rain was blighting the potatoes, and the "win' and wet" together "devastatin' all before them," particularly Hughey Quigley's "dacintist little strip of oats."

"I 'm sure I dunno what plisure Anybody," observed Mrs. M'Gurk, secretly attaching a definite idea to her indefi-

nite pronoun, "can take in ruinatin' a poor person's bit o' property. If I was one, now, that had the mindin' of such things, and took notice of a little green field sittin' in the black of the bog, it 's apter I 'd be to let it have its chanst, at any rate, to ripen itself the best way it could, than go for to sliver the great dowses of rain on top of it, and lave it all battered and bet into flittherjigs like yon." And when Mrs. Kilfoyle, always an apologist and a peacemaker, tried to argue that it was probably, on the part of the powers above, a mere promiscuous spilling over, an accident like, with no clear intention of "ruinatin' anything," Mrs. M'Gurk answered ruefully, "It maybe might be an accident, but, bedad, 't would be a great differ to the likes of us if they 'd be a thrifle more exact."

Naturally, the irresistible logic of the Widow M'Gurk's windfall of fifteen shillings, to which we have alluded, — incorruptibly laid up in heaven by her good deeds to her neighbors, — was to make everybody desire to have a legacy from the other side of the world. The people of Lisconnel, however, regard emigration in much the spirit of Artemus Ward's burst of patriotism when he consented that all his wife's relations should go to the war. Those who were free to emigrate were apt to hold back, arguing that dollars seemed to be scarce even in America, since Terence Driscoll wrote to his mother that "the dareness of some things is intense." But in proffering advice to others, it was safe to quote another emigrant who sent word home that "the States was not too quare to live in."

Every reader who has watched the stream of steerage passengers boarding a Cunarder at Queenstown, with their sticks of blackthorn and their little pots of shamrock, will have thought of the heartbreak which lies back of this wrench away from the old life, and which is pathetically described in the two stories entitled One Too Many and Herself. "The poor children," to quote from the latter, "protested that they would be writing home continual, — ay, and sending over the money for the rint; if it was n't on'y for the sake of helping out that-a-way, sorra the thing else would take them out of the old place. But suppose, now, the pitaties took and failed agin this summer, how could herself and father get on at all? Not that they themselves could do a hand's turn if they sted, except to be aiting all before them."

But the reader must go to the Idylls themselves to appreciate not only the pathos, the vital and mobile characterization, but the author's delicate and penetrative touch. Her first book, Bogland Studies, written in a flowing, many-syllabled rhymed measure, showed a happy dexterity in fitting her story to verse, and in using the dialect she knows so well with force and picturesqueness. But in these prose sketches she has appointed to herself a higher standard. Her equipment is more original; her passionate belief in her subject better concealed by her art, and more interfused with humor, — humor half inherent in the author's own mind, and half caught from the transfiguring play of fancy over every personage and every incident, and with rare grace and delicacy of touch maintained as the very essence of the life she describes.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Fiction. The Refugees, a Tale of Two Continents, by A. Conan Doyle. (Harpers.) In saying that this exceedingly clever and entertaining tale is a novel of incident rather than of character, we do not mean to insinuate that many of its personages are not instinct with a good deal of vigorous life. It is at once Dr. Doyle's fortune and misfortune that his pictures of the court of Louis XIV. cannot fail to recall to many readers certain immortal works of the great Alexandre ; but for our part we are glad to take the good provided us without indulging in invidious comparisons. We must own that we cannot share the author's evident admiration for Madame de Maintenon, nor find the spectacle of the granddaughter of Agrippa d'Aubigné urging the revocation of the Edict of Nantes an edifying one ; but it is consolatory to note that even the writer's excellent intentions and skillful performance fail to make her an attractive figure. The book has almost the effect of two separate narratives, so sharp is the distinction between the French and American portions of the work ; but though this is undoubtedly an artistic defect, few readers, we imagine, would be willing to spare the closing chapters. The author of Micah Clarke has shown that he has rare gifts as an historical novelist, and despite some well-conceived and brilliantly executed episodes in his latest volume, we think, remembering the former book, that his best work will be done on his own soil and amongst his own people. — The Dictator, a Novel of Politics and Society, by Justin McCarthy, M. P. (Harpers.) This story has no reference to the late Irish leader or to recent parliamentary history, as we might hastily infer from a glance at the title page. The hero, the son of an English father, is the exiled Dictator and would-be regenerator of the South American republic of Gloria, and he is adored more or less enthusiastically by all the *dramatis personæ* save a cynical gentleman, his rival in love, and certain criminals from Gloria. The latter appear in London, with murderous intent, in the very probable disguise of simple scholars from Denver and Omaha. It is needless to say that the Dictator escapes unharmed, and he finally returns in triumph to Gloria, taking with him the beautiful daughter and heiress of a distinguished cabinet minister. One of the minor characters is an American duchess, and the writer, while insisting on her beauty and good nature, forbearingly gives no hint, except in her colloquialisms, as to the lowly conditions from which she must have risen to her present altitude. The story is, of course, well written and readable, but the author's literary skill and agreeable style fail to make the all-conquering Dictator an interesting or impressive figure to the reader, or to give the men and women surrounding him any real existence. Otherwise we might perhaps wonder that so ordinary an occurrence as a South American revolution should be a subject of such absorbing interest to the world of London. — Heather and Snow, by George Macdonald. (Harpers.) The powers of Good and Evil who are fighting for the soul of Francis Gordon, the uninteresting hero, though by no means the central figure of this tale, may be said to be personified, on the one hand by the peasant girl, Kirsty Barclay, athletic and vigorous as the heroine of a Norse saga, and deeply imbued with that religious sentiment — in this case but slightly tinged with mysticism — familiar to all readers of Dr. Macdonald's books ; and on the other by the young gentleman's extremely unpleasant mother. The character on which the writer has bestowed the most loving care is the half-witted brother of Kirsty, as strong spiritually as he is weak mentally ; but the result is not altogether fortunate. The strongest portion of the work is the wonderfully vivid description of the snowstorm in which Steenie loses his life, after vainly endeavoring to save the pretty, shallow Phemie, with whose butterfly nature the author deals with almost feminine hardness. Of course the speech is "the broad Saxon of Aberdeen," a different matter from the classic lowland Scotch which two great writers have made so pleasantly familiar. Even the well-born Gordon seldom deviates into English. That his mother habitually uses that language is, we fear, not the least of her misdemeanors. — Sweetheart Gwen,

a Welsh Idyll, by William Tirebuck. (Longmans.) A slight story, or rather sketch, giving glimpses of Welsh rural life as seen through the eyes of a child ; the main theme being the boy's love for the pretty grown-up cousin who has charge of him. The childish mental outlook is very well indicated, but the reflections of the mature Mark in the concluding chapters might have been omitted without harm to the book. — A Leafless Spring, by Ossip Schubin. Translated by Mary J. Safford. (Lippincott.) The story of a prodigal who, after squandering his patrimony in the most approved fashion, and endeavoring with but ill success to live by art, is induced to marry a rich wife whom he does not love ; the speedy result being that he and the woman whom he does love, and cannot marry, die together. He and most of his fellow-actors are supposed to be English, generally types ; all Britons having been assorted and labeled by the author, greatly to his own satisfaction. — Only a Flock of Women, by Mrs. A. M. Diaz. (Lothrop.) Mrs. Diaz takes for a title the slighting remark flung at a woman's club, and in two-score brief papers demonstrates by her own pungent observations the capacity of women to strike at the heart of social problems, great and little, and to disclose some of the solutions. For, in dealing with these problems in real life, it is conscience, sensitiveness to responsibility, unselfish and quick regard for others, that do the work, while intellectual subtlety is analyzing and formulating ; and these qualities are feminine qualities, even when found in men. — Elizabeth, Christian Scientist, by Matt Crim. (Webster.) The makers of fiction are not slow to avail themselves of the progress of science, Christian or physical. This time it is a beautiful young Southern woman in New York who heals the bodies, restores the souls, and wins the hearts of men, women, and boys. There is less extravagance in the telling of the story than its theme would lead one to expect, but in spite of the straightforwardness, be it said, less power to move or convince than one might wish. — Mr. Billy Downs and his Likes, by Richard Malcolm Johnston. (Webster.) When the Comparative Anatomy of American Dialects comes to be written, — a work of vast proportions, — Colonel Johnston's people will have their separate chapter. In this new volume of the Fiction, Fact, and Fancy Series they talk as of old. The humor, too, is their own, but it seems to us that they have shown more of it before. — Val-Maria, by Mrs. Lawrence Turnbull. (Lippincott.) The figure of Napoleon seems to lose none of its charm for writers of historical romance. In its historical character, this story, of the period in which the Consul became the Emperor, makes the familiar endeavor to put an estimate upon the true greatness of the man. This attempt does not lighten the story's other part, which has to do with the devotion of an artistic, short-lived boy to Napoleon as his hero. The book, indeed, has rather too much the character of an essay and a short story poured together to attain the success either story or essay might possibly have made alone. — Late additions to the uniform edition of the works of William Black (Harpers) are : Judith Shakespeare, with its charming pictures of the country by the Avon and its attractive heroine, who, though she bears a strong family resemblance to many other young women to whom Mr. Black has introduced us, has a certain quality not unbefitting the daughter of the man who is only spoken of in the romance as "Judith's father ;" and The Wise Woman of Inverness, and Other Miscellanies, which includes not only short stories and sketches, but also rhymes, as the author modestly calls them. — The Nameless City, a Rommany Romance, by Stephen Grail, and Half a Hero, by Anthony Hope, have been added to Harper's Franklin Square Library.

Literature and Literary History. Books in Manuscript, by Falconer Madan. (Imported by Scribners.) This last addition to the series of Books about Books is concerned mainly with the days before printing began to make books common. The facilities for making and keeping books in ancient times, the ways of the monastic scribes, and even of that more recent penman, the literary forger, are among the subjects treated. As in a previous volume of the series, the ground the book has to cover is almost too extensive for a work of its length. It will serve well, however, as what the writers of textbooks would call An Introduction to the Study of Ancient Manuscripts. — Leigh Hunt's What is Poetry ? edited by Albert S. Cook. (Ginn.)

To strengthen one of the accepted, elaborate definitions of the undefinable, Coleridge and Wordsworth on Imagination and Fancy are brought forward. Hunt's careless quotations from the poets are put right, judicious notes of reference are added, and all is set forth for the use of schools and colleges. — A Short History of English Literature for Young People, by Miss E. S. Kirkland. (McClurg.) A rapid survey of names and epochs, not ill done, and generally sensible in point of judgment, though with perhaps some tendency to commonplace moralizing. It is hard to regard the book otherwise than as a convenient handbook of reference. Certainly no child should be set to studying it; for such an approach to the enjoyment of literature would, we fear, be almost fatal in its effect on the interest. As well introduce one to music by compelling him to read Beethoven's letters. — Stories from the Rabbis, by Abram S. Isaacs, Ph. D. (Webster.) Here is another reminder that the Orient is the source of everything. Faust, Brer Fox, Rip Van Winkle, and other old friends of tradition appear side by side in this group of little stories from the Talmud and Midrash. The tales are judiciously chosen and simply told. The book will appeal particularly to the students of comparative folklore, and the amateurs of this science have so grown in numbers as to make a decent audience for any modest work. — The Gods of Olympos, translated and edited from the twentieth edition of A. H. Petiscus by Katherine A. Raleigh. (Cassell.) A work on mythology which has run through twenty editions in the land of the German universities surely has sufficient excuse for making its appearance in English. In its new language, the book is enriched with additions of text, illustrations, and notes, to say nothing of an ample index. It is intended primarily for elementary learners, who, if they will, may make their beginnings as specialists with the aid of the references supplied by the translator. — English Prose, Selections with Critical Introductions by Various Writers, and General Introductions to each Period, edited by Henry Craik. (Macmillan.) It is enough to say, in vouching for this book, that it undertakes to do for English prose exactly what Ward's English Poets does for poetry. Only the first volume, Fourteenth to Sixteenth Century, is before us. Its arrangement, the character and the authorship of its critical sketches, all show the identity of its plan with that of the English Poets. It would be unreasonable to expect equal satisfaction from such a treatment of English prose, except in the case of writers of whom a mere nibbling is a sufficient taste; but the new series gives promise of accomplishing its task as well as it can be done. — Columbia's Emblem, Indian Corn. A Garland of Tributes in Prose and Verse. (Houghton.) The needs of the buttonhole are not considered by the advocates of corn as a national flower. Another part of the coat is provided for, however, by this pretty little volume, which will slip into any reasonable pocket. The book contains an excellent selection of short prose passages and bits of verse — kernels, they might be called — in praise of corn, either for its own sake or as a "candidate for national honors." — Other Essays from the Easy Chair, by George William Curtis. (Harpers.) For the second time a collection of Mr. Curtis's Easy Chair papers is given to the public. Since the Chair is no more, all who cared for it must be glad to see its memory preserved in books, small though they be. Perhaps it is better that little essays should be kept in little books. Certain it is that the art of doing little things well was beautifully practiced by Mr. Curtis in his monthly papers. Whether American manners provoked him to good-natured reprimand, or the greatness of a contemporary brought forth his words of appreciation, — as in the admirable paper on Emerson's death and life, — his touch was the touch of a master. His art, adapted to the times in which it throve, was worthy of its succession from the first Spectator.

Magazine Books. The fashion of making little books of reprints from periodicals has grown so rapidly within a year or two that one may hope it has reached its height. We have before us specimens of three attractive series of such "vest-pocket" works: Stories from Scribner, collecting from Scribner's Magazine the best stories of the Sea, of the South, of the Railway, and so on; the Black and White Series, reprinting from the Harper periodicals all manner of grave and gay productions that will be likely to sell alone; and the Distaff Series

(Harpers), comprising the New York classified exhibit at Chicago of the contributions of New York women — not always spinsters, be it said — to periodical literature. To comment upon these miniature volumes separately is to divide a magazine by ten, or to deal in decimal fractions. Of course there are a few, a very few magazine papers, such as the best biographical articles and the best short essays of our greatest writers, which well deserve little covers of their own. But the multiplication of books by the use of every conceivable piece of work, which had its sufficient excuse for being when it appeared with other little works in a magazine, or may reasonably be used again in a collection of its author's writings, seems to us a wrong rather than a service to the public. It is carrying the magazine principle of reducing the difficulties of reading a step too far. The magazines have enough to answer for in the unfitting of many minds for the continued reading of books. Can it be that the publishers, in order to disprove this charge against them, have set about supplying the public with books in comparison with which the magazine is a *magnum opus?* Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad. Let not the reader, unsettled by periodicals, rush upon ruin with a "booklet" in his hand.

Theology, Ethics, and Manners. The Divinity of Jesus Christ, by the Authors of Progressive Orthodoxy. The editors of the Andover Review, professors in the Andover Seminary, collect in this volume a series of papers one might call the Lux Mundi of the New Orthodoxy. The authors think the time has come for a fuller discussion of their previous statement: "The Jesus of history is the Christ of faith; the Christ of faith is God revealed and known." This dogma they confirm undogmatically, in that the book is free from the spirit which has given dogma its bad name. — Straight Sermons, by Henry Van Dyke, D. D. (Scribners.) The unfortunate title of this book recalls the man who objected to the shape of his rector's sermons, in that they were long and narrow. The quality of straightness, however, does not keep Dr. Van Dyke's college sermons from being also short and broad. They were therefore well adapted to the undergraduate congregations of Cambridge, New Haven, and Princeton, and now, appearing between covers, have as much of force and directness as any such discourses can retain in print. Their straightforward manliness gives them their right to preservation. — An Agnostic's Apology, and Other Essays, by Leslie Stephen. (Putnams.) A group of seven papers bound together in thought by the intellectual attitude of the writer toward Christianity. The convenient name which he accepts for himself implies a certain amount of negation in his philosophy; the papers are rather critical of the explanations of Christianity than of Christianity itself. Indeed, there appears to be a wariness in approaching the central ideas of Christianity; it may be doubted if the name of Christ appears in the book. The closing paper, with its somewhat amusingly condescending title, The Religion of all Sensible Men, is scarcely more positive than the others. In fine, the work represents the reflections of a man comfortably inclosed in Christianity, and hardly aware of what would happen to him were the fifteen pounds to the square inch suddenly removed. — Patriotism and Science, by William Morton Fullerton. (Roberts.) The sub-title, Some Studies in Historic Psychology, the title of the first study, On a Certain Danger in Patriotism at the Present Time, and the gratuitous use of quotation marks in the title of the second "study," English and "Americans," are slight but significant marks of a certain preciosity which pervades this book. Attempts at Appreciation of the Time, Mr. Fullerton also calls his work. However sincere the attempts may be, — and they are by no means without evidences of clever observation, — they all suffer to some degree from the impression they produce of the author's overserious taking of himself, so to put it, and of something savoring rather strongly of literary affectation. — The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (10 East 22d St., New York) has issued Kindness to Animals, a Manual for Use in Schools and Families. It is a catechism with fifty-two lessons, no weekly vacations being allowed. The logic is sometimes not carried its full length. We suspect some bird-lovers would have inserted a lesson upon the English sparrow not quite in accordance with the 46th lesson, but logically following out the 45th. — Everybody's Book of Correct Conduct,

by Lady M. Colin and M. French-Sheldon. (Harpers.) It is hard to believe that a man can go astray with this book in his pocket, provided he will take it out from time to time for consultation. It is a compact volume, and yet every department of a man's civilized life is provided with rules through its means. Any one, for example, in doubt as to his duties As a Husband will find first of all that "it is the correct thing to marry for love;" nor will he be left without the knowledge that In General it is "the correct thing to avoid cheap stationery," and "never to commit the *gaucherie* of using a post card" in accepting formal invitations. In short, the book is a fair specimen of its kind, telling many things most people know already, and some things which the socially ambitious may find convenient to learn. — The Maxims and Reflections of Goethe, translated by Bailey Saunders. (Macmillan.) The translator gives his readers, by way of preface, what is practically an essay on Goethe, after saying he will do nothing of the sort. Many people have acted thus before, but nobody, we believe, has undertaken to put into English the body of these remarkable sayings of Goethe. It was only in 1870 that they first appeared in separate form in Germany. They are wonderfully full of suggestion upon all the subjects of life, art, science, and nature with which they deal. Most of them are so quick with the wisdom of experience that they may serve as "points of departure" for much argument between men of vastly wider knowledge than the youth, well known to story, who put a light value upon the proverbs of Solomon, and was advised to "write a few." — The World of the Unseen, by Arthur Willink. (Macmillan.) Mathematics looks one way toward music, another toward metaphysics; in this book the exact science is called upon to support the unknowable. Mr. Willink asks his readers to assume the conditions of a Fourth Direction, or Dimension, involving a Higher Space into which man might enter by a single step if he but knew which way to face and see the door. Assuming this new Direction, the author undertakes to show how every puzzling spiritual phenomenon, past and present, is merely the reasonable fulfillment of law. The speculation and its suggestions are interesting, but the scientific reader is not easily convinced by deductive reasoning, and the unscientific asks, Why so much ado about a door which, after all, cannot be opened? — Golden Rule Meditations, by Amos R. Wells. (United Society of Christian Endeavor.) This little book takes its title from the weekly journal in which the Meditations first appeared. They are short, purely religious self-examinations upon many of the actual trials, petty and great, of daily life, and must depend for approval upon the reader's own depth of nature and the demands he makes upon his spiritual guides. They have the inalienable merits of sincerity and of the absence of bad taste. — Religio Poetæ, etc., by Coventry Patmore. (Bells.) Religious and poetical feeling alike distinguish this little book of short essays. Their atmosphere, indeed, is delightful. Christian morality, love, and literature may be said to be the prevailing themes of the book, which, on the whole, possesses something very like distinction. One need not implicitly follow Mr. Patmore in his conservatism or in his adherence to the religion of authority to feel the genuine quality of refinement in these papers. Vigorous manhood, however, has not been refined away, and that cannot always be said of the few who stand aside, in these hurrying days, and tell the world it is making a sad mistake. Such is the burden of the book's message. In the matter of love, the message is indirect; but it is easily understood, and none can doubt that if men and women in general could know the love Mr. Patmore extols — sometimes, perhaps, with too elaborate analogies between the "natural" and "divine" — the number of angels in our houses would be infinitely greater.

History and Biography. William George Ward and the Catholic Revival, by Wilfrid Ward. (Macmillan.) In a previous volume Mr. Ward narrated the course of events which landed his father in the Roman Catholic Church. It was a brilliant report of the Oxford movement, but it had not the value of this book, because the Oxford movement has had many historians, and Church, Shairp, Mozley, Newman, and others have by their skill given it a distinction even beyond what it possessed in nature. The value of the present book lies in its disclosure of the life which opened to the men who shut behind them the door into the English Church, and,

above all, in its interpretation to a Protestant public of the processes of mind in English and French Roman Catholicism of the present day. Its analysis of the several schools of thought is masterly, and the work should do much toward giving intelligent readers a clearer knowledge of men whose religious faith seems superficially to set them apart. The figure of W. G. Ward, moreover, is a unique one, and however one may dissent from his intellectual positions, one cannot fail to take an extraordinary interest in the vivid personality here presented. Nor can one lay aside the volume without admiration for the candor, the impartiality, and the literary skill of Mr. Wilfrid Ward, the biographer and critic of his father. — The first volume of a new edition of The American Commonwealth, by James Bryce (Macmillan), has been received, a little less than five years after the publication of the original edition. As a survey of the United States in its political nature, Mr. Bryce's work has within this time become standard. It is so much more than the philosophical study of a single man; it embraces, that is to say, so large an induction from a multitude of sources. Mr. Bryce has shown himself so patient a listener to other men, and so judicious an appraiser of their judgments, that the book seems to be rather the growth of a political thought common to the most intelligent minds in America and England. As such a standard work, it will doubtless call for revision, more or less close, from time to time. Mr. Bryce, fortunately, makes the first. Long may it be before we have Bryce's American Commonwealth edited by So and So. — John Amos Comenius, Bishop of the Moravians, his Life and Educational Works, by S. S. Laurie. (C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, N. Y.) A new edition of the accepted Life, with portraits, photographic reproductions, and a bibliography. The tercentenary of Comenius's birth brought his figure into momentary prominence. The problems with which he dealt differed in some respects from problems of this day, yet his view was so comprehensive and he touched so many fundamental considerations that it is by no means a profitless task to go back to his life now. Dr. Laurie has sifted the voluminous product of Comenius's fertile mind, and the reader is greatly indebted to him for this result. — Princeton Sketches, the Story of Nassau Hall, by George R. Wallace. (Putnams.) This is essentially a book for Princetonians. In a manner inorganic enough to give the title, Sketches, its justification, it brings out of the past many bits of history and tradition, and has its share of assertion regarding the present, and of prophecy for the future of Princeton. The loyal love of Dr. McCosh which animates a large portion of the book speaks faithfully and well for the spirit of Princeton to-day. It is a rare touch which gives the local the quality of the universal, and this the young writer has not wholly succeeded in bestowing. — The Work of Washington Irving, by Charles Dudley Warner. (Harpers.) A commemorative discourse on Irving, in which Mr. Warner touches lightly on New York as it was at Irving's birth, and then, sketching Irving's career, makes some acute observations on his intrinsic literary qualities and the initiative which he took in literature. — Edwin Booth, by Laurence Hutton. (Harpers.) Among the memorials to Mr. Booth springing up on all sides, Mr. Hutton's paper, reprinted in the Black and White Series from Harper's Weekly, has its value in its orderly and, one may well believe, trustworthy presentation of the main facts of the great man's life.

Art. Art for Art's Sake, by John C. Van Dyke. (Scribners.) It is not an unheard-of thing to choose the title of a book more because it is already a familiar phrase than for its special fitness as a definition of the book's contents. So it is with this volume, which is more accurately described by its title's better half, Seven University Lectures on the Technical Beauties of Painting. The lecturer's object was to make his hearers regard pictures as with the eyes of artists, to bring the atmosphere of the studio out into the air of the world. His spirit is temperate and appreciative, and an inward digestion of what he says would keep many an amateur critic from foolishness in the utterance of terms imperfectly understood. — Art Out-of-Doors, by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer. (Scribners.) That art should not be confined within doors, nor that nature should always be given her own way without, is the burden of Mrs. Van Rensselaer's book. It is a plea for landscape gardeners and their art, — surely no mean one, — and is full of suggestions for the

beautifying of private and public places. Sober good sense and taste are the distinguishing qualities of the advice, which, we cannot help thinking, would be no less widely heeded if the manner of its imparting could have taken on a brighter color.

Travel and Science. On Sledge and Horseback to the Outcast Siberian Lepers, by Kate Marsden. (Cassell.) Aided and abetted by Queen Victoria and the Empress of Russia — of whose "unbounded graciousness" a very simple little telegram is given in evidence — Miss Marsden, an English nurse, accompanied only by men, made an extraordinary journey far into Siberia. Her purpose was to learn the means of helping the outcast lepers. The exuberance of her narrative may be excused by the zeal which prompted the expedition; but after the long recital of preliminaries and exploits by the way, after the "peculiar thrill" that passed through Miss Marsden's "whole frame" when she found herself near the lepers, it is a little disappointing that so small a bit of the book is left for the time remaining to her before the homeward journey must be begun. There is quite enough, however, to remind one anew of the horrors of leprosy; and when, in conclusion, Miss Marsden tells of the active measures on foot to relieve the sufferers, one can only wish the good work all success, and refrain from remarks upon the literary production of a woman who is not a trained writer. — Modern Meteorology, an Outline of the Growth and Present Condition of Some of its Phases, by Frank Waldo. (Imported by Scribners.) A volume in the Contemporary Science Series. The sources of modern meteorology, the apparatus and method, the thermo-dynamics of the atmosphere, the general and the secondary motions of the atmosphere, are all considered, and a final chapter is devoted to applied meteorology, especially in the field of agriculture. The book is freely illustrated by charts, diagrams, and figures of instruments. — How to Know the Wild Flowers, a Guide to the Names, Haunts, and Habits of our Common Wild Flowers, by Mrs. William Starr Dana. Illustrated by Marion Satterlee. (Scribners.) A sensible and well-arranged handbook; for the compiler, though possessed of botanical knowledge, approaches her subject from the point of view taken by the uninformed observer, and thus is able to answer the questions likely to be raised by those using her book. It is a pity that, on economical grounds, it was not found expedient to color the illustrations; but they are bold and intelligible in other respects, and the color is described in the text. — Work for the Blind in China, by C. F. Gordon-Cumming. (London, Gilbert & Rivington, Ld.) This little book is professedly hardly more than an appeal for help in the missionary work of the Rev. William Murray among the blind in China. But, in showing how excellent a work it is, Miss Gordon-Cumming tells of the wonderful success Mr. Murray has had in reducing the intricate Chinese language to terms that are easily readable by the fingers of the blind; and this adds a chapter to the story of great achievements.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Against being Clever.

It is a significant fact that the word "clever" in its proper sense is only of recent use in this country, and that use is even now very much restricted. To most Americans "clever" signifies good natured or kind. Thus, horse dealers say "clever as a kitten," meaning that the horse in question is safe in harness, and free from tricks. The simile is an absurd one, by the way, for a kitten the size of a horse would be about as dangerous an animal as one could imagine. But let that pass. We have had little use for the word "clever" in its true sense in this country, because, Heaven be praised! we have had but a small amount of the quality which the word indicates. Cleverness belongs only to an urban, an ultra-sophisticated, an idle, a luxurious, a superficial population. What is it to be clever? I hardly dare to define the word, for definitions are dangerous things to put forth; but when we speak of clever people, the reader and I know whom we have

in mind. We are thinking of that girl who always has something bright and metallic to say; of that young man who talks about Ibsen and Browning, who has no settled opinions upon any deep subject, who has the latest boots from England and the latest slang from the studios of Paris, who goes "over" to New York.

The worst accusation that we can bring against clever people is this: they do not care about the truth; their ambition is not to say what is true, but to say something ingenious and entertaining. "'What is truth?' said jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer." In this single sentence Bacon depicted a clever man. It has been suggested, not without reason, that in so doing he misrepresented Pilate. Pilate may have spoken in a sad or bitter rather than in a jesting mood. Be that as it may, the clever man is a jester who does not care for truth. However, let us not make the mistake of taking him too seriously. No terrible responsibility rests upon his shoulders; he simply desires to make the time pass pleasantly for himself and his friends, and, more especially, to acquire a reputation for being literary, or artistic, or witty. Why, then, should we complain of him? The great trouble is that he has got into literature.

In writing of George Meredith, Miss Repplier remarks, in her usual acute manner: "There is such a thing as being intolerably clever, and Evan Harrington and The Egoist are fruitful examples of the fact. The mind is kept on a perpetual strain, lest some fine play of words, some elusive witticism, should be disregarded; the sense of continued effort paralyzes enjoyment; fatigue provokes in us an ignoble spirit of contrariety, and we sigh perversely for that serene atmosphere of dullness which in happier moments we affected to despise."

Another form of objectionable cleverness is that of far-fetched imagery, of which the following is an example: "It should seem that if it be collision with other minds and with events that strikes or draws the fire from a man, then the quality of those might have something to do with the quality of the fire, — whether it shall be culinary or electric." That sentence was written by an exceptionally clever man.

Here is another example: "But whatever we might do or leave undone, we were not genteel, and it was uncomfortable to be continually reminded that, though we should boast that we were the Great West till we were black in the face, it did not bring us an inch nearer to the world's West End."

And I will add a further instance from the same writer: "Dr. Holmes tells us that we change our substance, not every seven years, as was once believed, but with every breath we draw. Why had I not the wit to avail myself of the subterfuge, and, like Peter, to renounce my identity, especially as in certain moods of mind? I have often more than doubted of it myself." This is clever, no doubt, but it is ultra-sophisticated and artificial, and it serves not to enrich or stimulate the intellect, but simply to give it a languid pleasure.

In literature, still more in conversation, cleverness often takes the trivial form of expressing some commonplace thought in big language, thus raising an amusing contrast between the idea and the words. This was a favorite practice with Dickens. Here is an illustration, though not perhaps a very good one, from a contemporary writer: "When we reflect on the dismal fate of Uriel Freudenberger, condemned by the canton of Uri to be burnt alive in 1760 for rashly proclaiming his disbelief in the legend of William Tell's apple, we realize the inconveniences attendant on a too early development of the critical faculty." This is very good in its way, but one can easily get a surfeit of the trick. There are people, Boston-bred people especially, whose whole idea of conversation is to manufacture little verbal sweetmeats like the foregoing specimen, and hand them to you with a pleased smile. Ah, the ennui, the fatigue, the despair, that I have suffered at their hands! They are brilliant, — I acknowledge it; they have brains; they outshine me; perhaps, indeed, I am envious of their talents. Nevertheless, I can lay my hand upon my heart and declare that it is not envy, but resentment, that moves my pen against them. The great fault that I find with clever people is this: they do not help us to get "forrard;" there is nothing to be learned from them, nothing to be got out of them. All mankind may be divided into two classes: (1) those from whom ideas or facts can be derived; (2) those

from whom neither ideas nor facts can be derived. Of course this division is supplemental to the still more important one which depends upon the affections. The chief use of human beings to one another is to supply an object upon which affection can be bestowed, and from which it may be received. For this purpose do we have wives, husbands, children, lovers, and the like. Some persons maintain dogs, and some cats, for the same reason. But, apart from this relation, the most important use that one has for human beings — at least I find it so — is as feeders for the mind. A man is like a book, — to be read, and then either to be put back on the shelf for future reading, if he deserves it, or, as is more likely, to be got rid of; not rudely, of course, but gently, and with due consideration for his feelings.

There are certain men — to know them is a great privilege — whom you cannot open at random, so to say, without finding a jewel; men in whose company one never spends half an hour without hearing something to remember for a lifetime. But how few they are! As I look back, I count in my own experience only five such. They are as follows: a poet and patriot; an admiral in the United States navy; a preacher and writer; a lawyer; a young fellow who wrote squibs and verses for the magazines and papers. This completes my list, unless I should add to it, as I might not unreasonably, a littérateur who died, indirectly, of drink. Samuel Rogers declared, toward the end of his life, that he had learned far more from men than from books; but his list of friends and acquaintance held such names as Fox, Burke, Grattan, Porson, Tooke, Talleyrand, Erskine, Sir Walter Scott, and the Duke of Wellington.

Something can be learned from a man who knows but one thing, provided he knows it sincerely, and is not clever. I have a neighbor who knows only cow, but on that subject he is profound, and it is a kind of education to talk with him. The diet of cows, their mental and physical nature, their peculiarities of temperament, their habits, their diseases, their vices and virtues, their similarity to human beings, the wiles and tricks of men who deal in cows, — the subject, particularly the last-mentioned branch of it, is inexhaustible; and I would rather hear my neighbor talk cow than listen to a whole dinner table of clever people. From such a man I can obtain facts, ideas, points of view, whereas from the clever man I can derive nothing except passing amusement. His concern is not with substance, but with form; not with things or thoughts, but with the particular mould in which he can cast his thoughts. Hence, as I say, you get nothing out of him. When society is in earnest, there are never any clever people about. They spring up in times of feebleness and decadence. The sophists were clever men; there were clever verses written in the last days of the Roman Empire. In our own day we have had some monumental examples of cleverness; such, for example, as Mr. Mallock's New Republic. In fact, we might take Mr. Mallock as the ideal clever man. Was it not he who said, "A man's mother is his misfortune; but his wife is his fault"? And this, also, "A woman of the world should always have a grief, but never a grievance"? Mr. Mallock has indeed made frantic efforts to be serious and profound, to be something more than clever, but the fates are against him. He remains a creature of the age.

Cleverness, as I have suggested already, is a fault of the city. In the country there are plenty of people who are idle enough to be clever, but, lacking the requisite cultivation and book-learning, they become humorous instead, which is something far better. It is the fact, the thing in itself, which pleases a countryman; he simply calls your attention to that in his own dry, inimitable way; whereas the clever city man uses the fact merely as a peg on which to hang his clever remarks. I was once the witness of a little scene, the recounting of which may serve to illustrate my point. It was on the wharf at Bar Harbor, and a citizen of Philadelphia, with his wife, a pretty, lively woman, and a *tertium quid*, were just starting off in a rowboat. There had been some quarrel between man and wife, but it was conducted so decorously as to escape my notice. Not so, however, with the two or three long, lanky natives who were lounging on the wharf, apparently lost in whittling their customary sticks. They had taken in the situation perfectly. The husband sat down in the bow by himself, grim and sulky; and as the boat, rowed

by the tertium quid, passed out of earshot, the oldest of the natives remarked, — his hands still busy with the knife, his eyes still fastened upon the stick, — "He 's mad clean through." The tone as well as the words showed a keen enjoyment of the ludicrous aspect of the affair, tempered by some sympathy for the unfortunate husband. Transplant that man to the city, give him the pursuits and advantages of a dilettante, and instead of dismissing a humorous incident with a single apt remark, he will make it the text for a series of clever phrases.

"But what are you going to do about it?" some impatient member of the Club will inquire. Well, what I propose is this, — a crusade against clever people. We dull, serious, plodding fellows are superior to them in numbers as in everything else. Why should we not cast them out? There is a fashion in forms of intellect just as much as there is in forms of clothes. It is the fashion nowadays to be clever. Whether they read or whether they talk, people care only to be amused. I propose that we, the majority, shall change all this: let us make it fashionable to be serious, to be modest, to be instructive, to be learned, — in short, to deal with facts rather than with phrases suggested, sometimes very remotely, by facts. Too long have we suffered the tyranny of the clever, the rattle-headed, the superficial. Let us arise in our might, and sweep them out of the drawing-rooms, out of the magazines, out of the books of the day. I hope and believe that I shall live to see the time when a man will blush to say a clever thing, just as now he would blush to say a solemn one.

Wanted a few Heroes.

— A little time ago there appeared in the Contributors' Club papers one which, I think, was hardly up to the standard of that agreeable and piquant collection. It purported to discuss the age of the heroines of the Waverley novels; and though that portion of it was well enough, it was introduced by a slur upon modern girlhood, and the very objectionable position was taken that it would be difficult nowadays to discover any such ideals of womanhood as those which Sir Walter has drawn. The writer was manifestly of the broadcloth section of humanity. We who "walk in silk attire, and siller hae to spare," have a right to be heard in reply. We propose to view the world from the top of a coach or from the deck of a yacht whereon we are placed, displaying the colors of our chosen college, and whence we "rain influence and judge the prize" over the regatta, the baseball diamond, or the football field. As a fact, we do nothing of the sort, and, so far as my limited reading goes, we never have been allowed to do it, either in Milton's day or since. But the pleasing fiction is kept up, and, I suppose, will be till the end of time or the advent of female suffrage. Of course the heroes of the athletic strife are heroes, but they are not our heroes; that is to say, the ones to whom we talk, on whom we smile, and who, theoretically, sigh at our feet. It is to the lookers-on, the betters and abettors, who shout and yell the university war-cry, who are faultlessly appareled and glib of tongue to utter the technicalities of the sports they do not share, — it is to these that we are expected to look for the possible lord and master, who, with help of his best man, shall agitatedly await us at the chancel rail, amid the provisional palms and evanescent smilax. These gentlemen do not offer to make us famous by their bat or glorious by their oar. We know that they are not unregardant of the *beaux yeux du notre cassette*, and that the A. B. which their diplomas entitle them to write after their names but too often may signify that they have stopped short at the first alphabetical stages of literary acquirement.

I am tempted to ask of my cynical brother of the Club where he proposes to find for us the counterparts of the heroes whom the author of Waverley pictured, — the heroes who set our young hearts throbbing, and became the light of our dreams when the painful hours of French verbs and the hatefulness of mathematics gave way to balmy sleep. Where are the Ivanhoes, the Bois-Guilberts, the Harry Bertrams, the Quentin Durwards, the Julian Peverils? Where, let me ask, shall we find the considerate courtesy, the modest valor, the deep, unstained, honest devotion, which shine so conspicuously in the young gentlemen throughout that delightful row of volumes whose titled backs look down on me as I write?

Nay, I am willing to avow (in the confidential secrecy of the Club) that I would

not disdain even the unsuccessful suitors. I could put up with Master Tressilian, or Edward Glendinning, or Hector MacIntyre, or Darsie Latimer, or Lord Evandale.

In vain my governess, to whom I have confided these earlier lines, reminds me that the old order changeth, giving place to the new. If my brother Contributor turns up his nose at the morning procession of boarding-school girls, I misdoubt that he does it under spectacles which are like those of Major Pendennis, "artfully disguised as a double eyeglass." I do not wish to be personal, but I suspect that his may be the vulpine reason for pronouncing us so far inferior to the incomparable heroines (dowdy little dunces, some of them) of the Waverley gallery.

This is not, however, what I set out to write when I suffered my just indignation to get the better of me. It was rather to note how little, as a rule, Sir Walter tells us of the feelings and inner life of these paragon damsels. Were we to try to pattern after them, we might find a rather vague outline. In several instances their perfections are simply taken for granted, and their whole part in the story consists in being made love to, and consenting, at the right time, to reward the fortunate wooer. In the majority of the novels the lady stands committed before she enters upon the stage. Julia Mannering, Lucy Bertram, Isabella Wardour, Edith Bellenden, Jeanie Deans, Edith Plantagenet, Amy Robsart, Rowena, Clara Mowbray, Alice Lee, make their début with the engagement diamond, so to speak, already on the proper finger. Of the rest, Die Vernon has no real choice. She must marry an Osbaldistone or take the veil, and Frank is the only possible *parti* in the lot. Isabella Vere and Rose Bradwardine are mere lay figures; Mary Avenel, Alice Bridgenorth, and Brenda Troil practically accept the fate which follows them from their infancy. This leaves, properly, but five, — Catharine Seyton, Margaret Ramsay, Anne of Geierstein, Isabelle of Croye, and Catharine Glover, — who seem to undergo a normally conducted love-making. Of these, Margaret Ramsay is hardly a model maiden, as even my brother Contributor will concede, and the countesses of Croye and Geierstein are little more than passive occasions for their lovers to distinguish themselves. Catharine Seyton and Catharine Glover are almost the sole examples of womanly feeling in the development of the affection. Lilias Redgauntlet is indeed a very nice girl, but what we know of her is entirely through her brother. Alan Fairford and she meet only in the closing scenes, where the interest is entirely in another channel.

The modern novel is vastly different. Where it deals at all with the tender passion, it certainly gives the lady her full share of attention. Not infrequently it displays its best power in antagonizing the complex and conflicting workings of a woman's heart and mind. Of course, we women are writing the best novels of to-day, and in this we show that we know what we are describing. To borrow a phrase from the other (and sporting) sex, we can give points to the best of them. Mr. James and Mr. Howells are acute observers, though swayed, naturally, by their masculine incapacity of fairness. Even Thackeray — whom no woman can forgive — has not wholly missed the mark. Ethel Newcome, Beatrix Esmond, and, in spite of her prudery, Laura Pendennis are not absolutely disagreeable women.

I do not like George Eliot's women; I should not care to have any one of them for my sister, still less for my sister-in-law; but they are women through and through. As for Miss Austen, I confess that I have read Emma and Pride and Prejudice once a year since I first made their acquaintance. To say how many times that is would be to betray a secret which only the Census Bureau has a right to ask.

But the point here made is that modern fiction deals less with the aspects of life than with the facts. It may view these facts through a distorted medium, or it may be moved to rebel against some prevailing conventionality. This only the more compels the nice drawing of character. Everything hinges on the point that it is one of ourselves, and not an imaginary impossibility, who is trying conclusions with some part of the decalogue. The question is, How, in view of the unprecedented, is a woman to act without forfeiting her womanliness? Like Rosalind and Viola, the doublet and hose are assumed only as disguise.

In the novel restricted to normal life the only escape from the commonplace is by the most thorough insight and the most dexterous handling. The greater number of

Scott's heroines are not works of high art. He showed what he could do in such characters as the Deans sisters, Minna Troil, Rebecca, Catharine Seyton, and Mary Queen of Scots; but as a rule he reserved his power for other personages in his story-telling. That which he alone did or could do was to make real the surroundings of all eras and times from the Crusades to the Stuart rebellion, so that we feel ourselves to be brought in touch with the actual life of the day.

Therefore, when my brother Contributor asks of us girls that we emulate these heroines of the past, we think we have a right to ask of him to restore that fairy-land of Eld, not as it appears in history, but as it is glorified in the pages of Sir Walter.

A Nice Question. — The case concerns my friend, who is at present suffering too severely to discuss it himself. Indeed, he maintains that it is not a case for discussion at all. If I so much as breathe the word "casuistry," he retorts fiercely, "Common morality!" and then goes on mumbling something about possession being nine points of the law; at which I suspect him of getting off his own argumentative base. But I really think him nearer right when he is off than when he is on, and *I* am going to argue the matter from the point of view of long possession.

My friend kindly permits me to narrate his story, for which I thank him, as by this means the question can be better understood.

He wrote something, — no matter what, — introducing a stanza from a Great Poet, one who not long ago joined the choir invisible. He knew his poem well, had known it from early childhood, and quoted it as he had learned it. The article comes out in print, when he discovers that he is made to appear guilty of a misquotation. He hastens to apprise all his acquaintance that the error is not his; he makes still greater haste to inform the editor of the ignorant carelessness of the ——'s proof-reader. "I surely wrote so and so," says he. To which Mr. Editor responds, "Yes, you did, but the poet wrote thus and thus." Then does my friend, chagrined yet positive, seek his own familiar edition, to find himself in the right; but he is likewise in the wrong, for "the latest, revised and testamentary edition" reads just as the editor had said, "thus and thus." The early line was rich, resonant, virile, perhaps even a trifle rough, but so harmonizing with the rude, strong music of the rest of the stanza, which is full of forceful consonantal combinations and open-mouthed vowels. The later line is weak, flat, thin, and, without a commentary, senseless.

But this is neither here nor there. Let us suppose that the revision is an improvement. There yet remains the question, Has a poet any right, after a certain period of years has gone by, and his words have become familiar quotations to a whole generation and part of another, — has he any right to tamper with his own poems to the extent of altering well-known lines so that the peculiar melody which made them beloved shall be utterly destroyed?

My afflicted friend, in a tone more objectionable than profanity, says *No;* and, making every allowance for the temporary indisposition of his judgment, I must confess that I think he is correct.

Can there be a more ruthless proceeding than the destruction of a beloved association, particularly when it dates back to one's infancy? And this is what the favorite passages of our poets are to us. The very words and their cadences, apart from their meanings, come to have for us *ein Klingen* (if I knew a good English word for this, I would use it), which we hold dear as life-memories, and can no more submit to seeing changed than we could submit to a variation in the essential melody of The Last Rose of Summer.

What if Beethoven were to return, and insist upon rewriting the final bars of the Allegretto, eighth symphony, bringing it to a dead, formal stop on the tonic, before sailing forth on the smooth waters of the Minuet? What would the civilized musical world say? This is what it would say: "The eighth symphony is our property now, not yours. Hundreds of thousands of ears have been familiarized with the indeterminate, hemi-demi-semi-quaver flurry which finishes without finishing the eerie exquisiteness of this movement. None of us wish any improvement; we prefer to have it sound just the way it always has sounded."

Yet it would be a far less serious matter to change a musical composition than a poem, for the familiar quotations have passed into proverbs; they have become

incorporated in all literature. Would we not now resent an attempt on the part of Shakespeare to mend his metaphors, anachronisms, or even his geography? We cannot give up that seaport in Bohemia; we have no desire that Lear and the Fool should talk as kings and fools talked — according to the extant records of that time — in the year 800 B. C.; we would favor no proposition to turn Sir Toby and his knightly companion into veritable Illyrians; and we feel that it is far better to take arms against a sea of troubles, difficult as the feat might prove, than to have our most precious possessions taken from us. And that is what it really amounts to when we look into "a latest, revised and testamentary edition" to find lines that were household words gone or altered past recognition. If this sort of thing is permitted, there is no telling where it may stop. We are pretty sure of the dead, the long since dead, though the Spiritualists give us a scare now and then; but it were well to keep a watch upon aged and declining bards. Suppose Lord Tennyson's views to have modified during the last years of his lordship's life, so that to him it should seem only good to be noble, coronets rising in his estimation as being superior to kind hearts. It is then conceivable that he might have sought to amend Lady Clara Vere de Vere in accordance with such views. From one standpoint he would have the right to do so; but would we, his lifelong readers, concede him that right? I trow not. Lesser men may do what they choose, but the Great Poet, by very reason of his greatness, has not this privilege. His words are gifts to mankind, and mankind resents "Indian giving."

But one says, "Would you then deny a poet all chance of bettering his verses? Must there be *no* revised editions?" "Certainly there must," says my friend, who, though still suffering, acknowledges to some abatement of the agony, "but not after the poems have stood untouched for half a century. By that time they have become the spiritual and æsthetic chyme and chyle of the age; you cannot root them out by reprinting them, any more than you can deprive a man of well-digested nourishment." "But at least," continues the other, "you are at liberty to read your old edition." "Yes," replies the Sufferer, "and so I always mean to; you could n't hire me to read anything else. But if you concede to the Poet the right to alter his poems *ad libitum*, that permission robs the old editions of his sanction, and, to that extent, of their essential flavor. It is like calling the divine William by the name of Francis; he *does not* smell so sweet, argue as you may."

At this point my friend walked suddenly away, as if unable longer to dwell upon the painful subject. I watched him enter a bookstore, and followed him. He was buying a certain "latest, revised and testamentary edition."

Color Language. — I gladly respond to the invitation extended to the "friends of the Club" to "tell their experience" respecting color language.

From early childhood I have been impressed with the imaginary colors existing in words, whether spoken or written or printed. In my case it is not only the vowels which sound and show color: each letter of the alphabet has its own hue, so that all the books I read are "illuminated" to my eye and mind. The alphabet looks and sounds to me as follows: *a*, pale yellow; *b*, dark blue; *c*, orange; *d*, black; *e*, bright red; *f*, yellow; *g*, blue; *h*, dark red; *i*, blue; *j*, dark blue; *k*, dark red; *l*, sky blue; *m*, yellow; *n*, pale yellow; *o*, white; *p*, red; *q*, gray; *r*, brown; *s*, yellow; *t*, blue; *u*, pale blue; *v*, red; *w*, gray; *x*, black; *y*, pale yellow; *z*, red.

The numerals also offer the same suggestions. 1 is black; 2, dark red; 3, pink; 4, pale yellow; 5, orange; 6, bright red; 7, purple; 8, gray; 9, dark blue; 0, white. These colors remain the same in all combinations of numbers. Green is not suggested by any letter or figure.

Words, when read rapidly, usually take the color of the first letter, especially if that letter be a capital; but the other letters modify the shade, and upon examination each hue asserts itself fully. Thus, for instance, Charles and Caroline are both yellow words; but Charles is a much deeper yellow than Caroline, because its second letter is dark, while in the other name the second letter is very pale.

With me, words possess not only imaginary color, but also imaginary form, suggesting things quite different from the ideas comprised in their real meaning. Thus, the name Arthur presents a beautiful boy with

long yellow curls; the word teach, in all its modifications, shows an ugly face with conspicuous teeth; technical is a cross-eyed person; biography, an exceedingly corpulent man, etc. Truth is a face with a harelip; study, a face with a very large, rounded nose; instruction, a man walking in a pompous manner. These last three words, taken at random from a printed page now lying open before me, give a clue to the association of ideas which produces the impression. The word truth suggests a lisp, and a harelip always causes indistinct speech; the letter *u* in study is the middle letter, and is not unlike a nose in shape, especially if it be a capital *u*. Instruction contains the word street.

A German poetess told me, recently, that the vowels have color to her, while the consonants have form, some suggesting a camel, others an elephant, others a giraffe, etc.

The Popular Science Monthly for February, 1893, contains an elaborate article on Number Forms which bears upon this subject, such demonstrations being therein considered as affording useful data for further psychic discoveries.

In my opinion, this tendency, which seems in every case to show itself in early childhood, is merely an indication of the artistic temperament (active imagination and creative power), and it probably exists in various degrees in the minds of many persons who either are not in the habit of examining their mental processes, or do not think it worth while to record and publish these apparently motiveless intuitions.

Judging from my own experience, I am disposed to look upon such fancies as the immature products of an exuberant imagination which has not yet been trained for perfected work. The habit once formed may continue through life; but it is less heeded as thought expands, and in many recorded instances is entirely laid aside in mature years.

I still retain my childish idea respecting printed characters; but I do not stop to think about it, now that I can gratify my intense love of color and form in the practice of artistic painting.

Beside the Marsh.

— I am sitting upon the upland bank of a narrow winding creek. Before me is a sea of grass, brown and green of many shades. To the north the marsh is bounded by live-oak woods, — a line with numberless indentations, — beyond which runs the Matanzas River, as I know by the passing and repassing of sails behind the trees. Eastward are sand-hills, dazzling white in the sun, with a ragged green fringe along their tops. Then comes a stretch of the open sea, and then, more to the south, St. Anastasia Island, with its tall black-and-white lighthouse and the cluster of lower buildings at its base. Small sailboats, and now and then a tiny steamer, pass up and down the river to and from St. Augustine.

A delicious south wind is blowing (it is the 15th of February), and I sit in the shade of a cedar-tree and enjoy the air and the scene. A contrast, this, to a man fresh from the depths of a Massachusetts winter.

As I approached the creek, a single spotted sandpiper was teetering along the edge of the water, and the next moment a big blue heron rose just beyond him and went flapping away to the middle of the marsh. Now, an hour afterward, he is still standing there, towering above the tall grass. Once when I turned that way I saw, as I thought, a stake, and then something moved upon it, — a bird of some kind. And what an enormous beak! I raised my field-glass. It was the heron. His body was the post, and his head was the bird. Meanwhile, the sandpiper has stolen away, I know not when or where. He must have omitted the *tweet, tweet*, with which ordinarily he signalizes his flight. He is the first of his kind that I have seen during my brief stay in these parts.

Now a multitude of crows pass over; fish crows, I think they must be, from their small size and their strange, ridiculous voices. And now a second great blue heron comes in sight, and keeps on over the marsh and over the live-oak wood, on his way to the San Sebastian marshes, or some point still more remote. A fine show he makes, with his wide expanse of wing, and his feet drawn up and standing out behind him. Next a marsh hawk in brown plumage comes skimming over the grass. This way and that he swerves in ever graceful lines. For one to whom ease and grace come by nature, even the chase of meadow mice is an act of beauty, while another goes awkwardly though in pursuit of a goddess.

Several times I have noticed a kingfisher hovering above the grass (so it looks, but

no doubt he is over an arm of the creek), striking the air with quick strokes, and keeping his head pointed downward, after the manner of a tern. Then he disappeared while I was looking at something else. Now I remark him sitting motionless upon the top of a post in the midst of the marsh.

A third blue heron appears, and he too flies over without stopping. Number One still keeps his place; through the glass I can see him dressing his feathers with his clumsy beak. The lively strain of a white-eyed vireo, pertest of songsters, comes to me from somewhere on my right, and the chipping of myrtle warblers is all but incessant. I look up from my paper to see a turkey buzzard sailing majestically northward. I watch him till he fades in the distance. Not once does he flap his wings, but sails and sails, going with the wind, yet turning again and again to rise against it, and passing onward all the while in beautiful circles. He too, scavenger though he is, has a genius for being graceful. One might almost be willing to be a buzzard, to fly like that!

The kingfisher and the heron are still at their posts. An exquisite yellow butterfly, of a sort strange to my Yankee eyes, flits past, followed by a red admiral. The marsh hawk is on the wing again, and while looking at him I descry a second hawk, too far away to be made out. Now the air behind me is dark with crows, — a hundred or two, at least, circling over the low cedars. Some motive they have for all their clamor, but it passes my owlish wisdom to guess what it can be. A fourth blue heron appears, and drops into the grass out of sight.

Between my feet is a single blossom of the yellow oxalis, the only flower to be seen; and very pretty it is, each petal with an orange spot at the base.

Another buzzard, another marsh hawk, another yellow butterfly, and then a smaller one, darker, almost orange. It passes too quickly over the creek and away. The marsh hawk comes nearer, and I see the strong yellow tinge of his plumage, especially underneath. He will grow handsomer as he grows older. A pity the same could not be true of men. Behind me are sharp cries of titlarks. From the direction of the river come frequent reports of guns. Somebody is doing his best to be happy! All at once I prick up my ears. From the grass just across the creek rises the brief, hurried song of a long-billed marsh wren. So *he* is in Florida, is he? Already I have heard confused noises which I feel sure are the work of rails of some kind. No doubt there is abundant life concealed in those acres on acres of close grass.

The heron and the kingfisher are still quiet. Their morning hunt was successful, and for to-day Fate cannot harm them. A buzzard, with nervous, rustling beats, goes directly above the low cedar under which I am resting.

At last, after a siesta of two hours, the heron has changed his place. I looked up just in season to see him sweeping over the grass, into which he dropped the next instant. The tide is falling. The distant sand-hills are winking in the heat, but the breeze is deliciously cool, the very perfection of temperature, if a man is to sit still in the shade. It is eleven o'clock. I have a mile to go in the hot sun, and turn away. But first I sweep the line once more with my glass. Yonder to the south are two more blue herons standing in the grass. Perhaps there are more still. I sweep the line. Yes, far, far away I can see four heads in a row. Heads and necks rise above the grass. But so far away! Are they birds, or only posts made alive by my imagination? I look again. I believe I was deceived. They are nothing but stakes. See how in a row they stand. I smile at myself. Just then one of them moves, and another is pulled down suddenly into the grass. I smile again. "Ten great blue herons," I say to myself.

All this has detained me, and meantime the kingfisher has taken wing and gone noisily up the creek. The marsh hawk appears once more. A killdeer's sharp, rasping note — a familiar sound in St. Augustine — comes from I know not where. A procession of more than twenty black vultures passes over my head. I can see their feet drawn up under them. My own I must use in plodding homeward.

Idols of the Tribe. — Prominent among the fallacies "having their foundation in human nature itself" is the belief that, when any uncommon event has happened, a recurrence of it becomes more remote or improbable. A man has two narrow escapes from being struck by lightning; forthwith he imagines that he is in less danger than his neighbors from thunder-

storms. A whist-player gets an entire suit of trumps, or, as was recorded in the London Times in the spring of 1892, four players each get an entire suit of cards, though the pack has been duly shuffled. The players feel certain that this is less likely to happen to them again than to others. A church or school has an annual outing, held always about the same time of the year. It has been favored with fine weather half a dozen times in succession. If, on the previous day, the sky looks threatening, the remark sure to be made is that, after so many propitious holidays, bad weather must be expected. If, again, your newspaper fails to reach you one morning, you count on a long period of regularity. Yet a little reflection shows that a man who has been in two thunder-storms is as likely as anybody else to be caught in a third; that one deal of cards has not the slightest traceable influence on the next; that the weather of one church outing does not affect its successor; and that a post-office miscarriage, provided it does not lead to increased carefulness, is no guarantee of prolonged regularity.

Yet we are all apt to confuse sequence with causation, coincidence with correlation. Worthy Thomas Fuller ridiculed the Kentish belief that the Goodwin Sands were caused by the erection of Tenterden steeple, but there are still multitudes of people who imagine that the moon's quarters govern the weather of the ensuing week, and elaborate attempts have been made by pseudo-scientists to associate droughts, and even revolutions, with sun spots; as though the moon's disk were not constantly changing, the quarters being merely arbitrary divisions; as though weather were uniform over the world or over a particular country; as though sun spots could cause a drought in India and a wet summer in Europe. In like manner, astrologers failed to see that an infant's horoscope ought to have applied to every other infant born at the same moment. It may be urged, indeed, that the universe is a web in which every thread is related to every other; but when we speak of a coincidence, we mean that our limited knowledge and faculties can detect no link between two events. It is the only term we can apply to the storm which followed (it did not precede or accompany) the defeat of the Armada, to the storm at Cromwell's death or at Pius IX.'s proclamation of infallibility, to the death of Jefferson and Adams on the jubilee of independence.

That time is causative is another general fallacy into which Bacon himself, curiously enough, fell; for, speaking of innovations, he says, "Time is the greatest innovator, . . . but quietly, and by degrees scarce to be perceived." Now, time really does nothing. Time works no marvels, though marvels may happen in its course. If buildings decay, it is not from the ravages of time, but it is the result of agencies working in time. A condemned man who trusts to time to demonstrate his innocence trusts to things which will happen in the course of time. Closely connected with this fallacy is the notion that cities or states are bound to perish. Macaulay's New Zealander — borrowed from Hannah More, who borrowed it from Volney, who borrowed it from Plutarch's picture of Marius seated on the ruins of Carthage — implies that time is an agent of inevitable decay. But cities and states perish only if there are causes of destruction, operating perhaps for a long period. Rome is a thousand years older than London. Is it therefore doomed to an earlier fall, or must either necessarily fall? So, again, to speak of time as passing quickly is really to say that the earth's diurnal or annual revolution is accelerated. All these expressions, it may be pleaded, are elliptical or metaphorical. Yes, but there is a general tendency to take them literally.

Another prevalent fallacy is that reforms are a going back to the past; not a progress, but a recovery. Magna Charta barons fancied that they were contending for the laws of Edward the Confessor. The first Protestants thought they were restoring the purity of the primitive church; yet Renan, who had surely studied that period, smiled at such a notion. The Roundheads believed themselves to be reasserting old liberties. Louis XVI. was styled, in his brief heyday of popularity, the "Restorer of French Liberties." The extension of the suffrage in England used to be demanded as a reversion to the past. Vegetarianism is advocated as a return to pristine diet. All this proceeds from the belief in the good old times. Yet, though, as St. Simon says, "the golden age lies before us," progress might have been more difficult but

for the belief that man was "advancing backwards."

An Artist of the Monostich.

— The artist received us in his workshop. We entered, — the Censor and myself, — and cast wondering looks about us. The artist's chief excellence and delighted vocation consisted in producing the finest effects with the least visible material. Where other metrical lapidaries demanded a Kohinoor, he asked only the thinnest lamina of diamond, which he would cut and polish with consummate patience. The most precious scintillation of fancy, of wit, of philosophical thought, could be embodied, so he maintained, in the mere point of the brilliant; and with all the reverence of his craft for the inspired workmen of the elder day, he yet thought it possible to achieve fine and harmonious results without the bulk of material by them deemed necessary. Generally speaking, an epic was his abhorrence; he considered that the reader labored under its superincumbent weight as did the painter of mediæval times who succumbed beneath the silver burden of a prince's gratitude. The ode was an amorphous aggregation, at best. The sonnet, even, was too extensive and diffuse. He had found the quatrain something too prolix for his needs, and the couplet he had finally discarded for a neater and compacter form, more in consonance with the high-pressure tendencies of his Muse. He was an artist of the monostich. As such alone, he modestly complied with our request that he would permit us to inspect his workshop, and carry thence some specimens of his craftsmanship. These, without further comment, are here subjoined.

THE IMPROVISATOR.

He hung up his harp in the breezes of heaven, and noted the sounds it gave.

A MAN OF DESTINY.

And all the planets trembled at his star.

DAWN.

Over the dun horizon flows in the tide of day.

SUNSET ORB.

'T is a molten ore of the skies, — of a metal unknown on the earth!

FORGIVENESS.

He grudges the word, forgiveness, for it hints of a debt unpaid!

IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

He beheld the Aurora, and thought that the Day had come!

THE MARTYR.

Cost what it may — I see Him face to face.

WEARY UNTO DEATH.

If rest ye seek, what need to live again?

FOREIGN BLOWS.

They taught him patriotism with foreign blows.

ABANDONED.

An abandoned place prefers abandoned gateways.

DISAPPOINTED CADENCE.

A pang of music brought her sorrow back.

LOVE AND SILENCE.

Speaking or mute, Love's silence hath a tongue.

A Field for Investigation.

— Now that the investigation of what we agree to call occult phenomena is growing respectable, I wonder if it would be possible to get any one to look into certain tolerably familiar and very curious experiences of levitation.

I say tolerably familiar experiences, because from childhood I have heard of them, and oftener than not, when I have mentioned this hearsay to other people, they too have been acquainted with it, as a hearsay. Occasionally, some one's knowledge of the matter goes further; he has seen or experienced levitation, usually when a child, under circumstances harmonizing with the children's tradition.

The tradition may be put in this way: if John, — or let us say Mary, as the feminine human being is more apt than the male to make scientific experiments that are banned by science; if Mary will lie down, and we four stand around her, each of us putting one finger of one hand under her body, say one finger under each shoulder and one under each knee, and then if we will each draw a long breath at the same time, — Mary, too, — and hold it, Mary will go up in the air.

Now, the interesting point is that Mary will go up in the air several feet, I know; and another member of the Club tells me that she has often seen the Mary of the occasion go above the heads of the other experimenters. After, as I say, having heard

all my life of children's accomplishments in this phase of the incredible, I suddenly, some months ago, arrived at such a pitch of intelligent curiosity that I determined on a course of original investigation.

I have already, I fear, stated pretty much the whole result of my crusade: Mary will rise in the air.

I was the subject of the first of these successful experiments, and it was conducted under the management of that other member of the Club already quoted, and whose name I long to mention, that it may sustain me in my deviation from that wise rule which bids us, for the good of our reputations, to tell, not necessarily what is true, but always what is credible. Still, my best safeguard is in the ease with which any one can make similar experiments.

Generally speaking, the only difficulty, obviously a slight one, is to get five people to draw and hold long breaths in unison. The instant one "lets her breath go," as the children say, down tumbles Mary.

I am not at all sure but that various other considerations, considerations of weight, perhaps of the weight of the subject relative to the size of the lungs of the experimenters, — considerations of I know not what, — enter into the problem; but I am not fitted for scientific investigations, and having once levitated and seen others levitate, my patience for collecting facts is at an end. Usually four persons, taken as they come, can accomplish the levitation of a fifth picked up at haphazard, — of so much I am sure. Yet though I am not scientific, and am too femininely mindless to investigate conditions myself, I am not at all too modest to entertain a little contempt for those gifted beings, at once masculine and scientific, who let such things as this go on under their noses for generations without more attention than an ignorant assertion that they are not so.

Now, however, even if the denial direct is given my own experience, and to me personally, I can bear it with tolerable equanimity, if only some creature does not wave his ears in triumph and advance me the "explanation" that I was lifted, in a horizontal position, straight up two feet in air by the strength of four young women's right forefingers. If any one tells me that, I find myself justified in wishing him such an illness as may give him a chance to measure the difficulties of lifting an inert adult human being one inch from his bed.

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THE MAN FROM AIDONE.

VII.

At Castrogiovanni, the harvest had been gathered, and the Madonna del Carmine had sent a fine day for the procession. Felice Mendola carried the banner, which was blue like the skies and golden like the wheat, all embroideries and fringes and tassels, and so heavy that only by miracle he did not break his back handling the standard in all sorts of ways to make a fine show before the people. Then there were hundreds of bags of grain to be carried to Caltanisetta, — because in the country they toil, and in the towns they eat, — so that Felice and his horse went up and down the road like the souls of purgatory; only that the carrier and the roan were content and worked with a good will, not discounting their sins. Instead there was a fine little heap of money in the bottom of the poplar-wood chest.

"I don't know, Riuzzu, whether I have a heart of leather, but so it is, the disappointment about mistress Marina no longer torments me," Felice told the horse.

Indeed, that love had been like a fire of straw, quickly lighted and soon spent; and who knows that, if Felice had had it to do over again, he would have wanted Marina? "She was not made for me," he said to the roan. "She was like a lady, with certain qualities — I don't know what — that I never could succeed in understanding."

Sometimes, in the evening, Riuzzu was allowed to graze by the roadside, and he would run away to the inn, where Rosaria was always glad to see him.

Rosaria became more beautiful; she was like a woman, and also like a child. But toward the brigadier and others who came to the tavern she was reserved; so much so that, if they paid her compliments, she would have her mother carry the dishes to the table. With those whom she knew well she was always the same little Rosaria.

It happened, one evening, when Felice came to take the horse after he had made the usual visit to the girl, that all at once Rosaria said: —

"I 'm always thinking about a thing that I do not know how to disentangle: whether horses think and talk like Christians, but in their own way. Here 's Riuzzu who never fails to whinny at sight of me, — sometimes on one tone, sometimes on another; so that he must mean different things. I should like to know what the good horse wanted to say to me this evening; he spoke plainly, if only I had the faculty of comprehending him."

Now one of those rare moments of wit came to Felice Mendola and made him a fine surprise.

"I can tell you what Riuzzu says, if you like, comare Rosaria."

"I ought to have thought of that, because you, who stayed so long with the horses of master Turi, must, better than others, understand their speech."

"This time," Felice congratulated

himself, "my thick head does n't lack ideas, as a pumpkin does n't lack seeds." And he said aloud, "Listen, little comare: Riuzzu says, 'Mistress Rosaria, if you will marry my master, here present, you will do us a fine honor.'"

"Did he say that?"

"Surely he said it. He speaks for himself and for me, that horse. He has great judgment, and knows how to make the choice for me."

"But — I have no intention to marry, compare Felice. I have always said so."

"That makes no difference. I and Riuzzu beg you to change your mind."

"And you were to marry my sister."

"And 't is true that I would have married her, but she would not have me, and preferred master Morreale. No harm she did me, Rosaria; the love which I felt for her I feel no longer. It was like the plough that in autumn breaks up the ground, so that later, with the blessing of Maria del Carmine, there may sprout the beautiful grain. And that grain is like the love which now I bear to you, who are grown into a fine little woman. If you will, Rosaria, we shall bind that wheat before the altar of the Queen of Castrogiovanni."

"All this is said to me, compare Felice, but I do not merit so much."

"And if you will marry me, you know, you will also command Riuzzu, who will be proud to obey the dear little mistress."

"And I could feed him, and curry him, and take him out of the shafts when he returned from the journeys?"

"As it may please you. But listen, Rosaria. We know that you are fond of Riuzzu; are you a little fond also of me? It is this that I must know."

"And if I don't know, myself?"

"Shall we ask Riuzzu?"

"No, because he might say what is not true."

"And the truth?"

"Oh, why will you tease me so, compare Felice? You are good to me always, and I should like to take care of your horse, and I don't wish him to answer for me — because" —

"Tell me why, Rosaria."

"Because — he might say that I am not fond of you, compare Felice."

At this Felice gave a great laugh. He took Rosaria in his arms and placed her on the back of the horse. Riuzzu, who was cropping clover, looked around to see what might be this new load. "Now you are mistress of the horse as you will be of the master. If you wish to dismount, I 'll set you on the ground after payment of a fine kiss," said Felice.

"The fact is, here one is n't so well off without a saddle, and I wish to dismount, but I do it for myself," she said roguishly; and before Felice had taken the thing into his mind Rosaria had slipped from the back of the horse and had run into the house.

"Here dexterity is wanted," thought Felice, "just as when that pretty white filly of old Baia's would not be caught, and flung her heels in the air, and there were needed patience and more than one sieveful of grain before she would wear the bridle. But for this one Riuzzu has been the sieve of oats, eh?" And he caressed the neck of the roan as he led him along the street.

The next day, comare Nunziata Mendola went again to the tavern. Seeing her come, Rosaria ran out to the hen-coop, as if she wished to know nothing of the matter.

"Oh, mistress Nunziata, you are truly welcome," said mamma Agata Borello.

"And don't call me importunate if I come also this time for the loan of the weaving-comb!"

"Also this time, if you like, I lend you the comb of *sidici* (sixteen). And you appear to me a holy woman, after all the displeasures caused to you by the folly of my daughter Marina."

"This time it is your Rosaria whom I ask in my son's name."

"Too young, Rosaria."

"Eh, with time she will be a serious woman like another, for she is a good little girl."

"She is only fourteen years old, and she seems to me always my baby."

"But Felice will wait until it shall please you to give her to him, comare Agata. He had the heedlessness to speak to Rosaria of his love last evening."

Now the mamma called Rosaria; and the girl came with a fresh egg in each hand, as if she had no thought outside of the hencoop. "Here I am, mamma."

"Mistress Nunziata does us the fine honor to ask for you in the name of master Felice."

"Yes, also master Felice spoke to me last evening."

"And you did n't tell your mother!"

"And what had I to tell you? He asked me if I would like to help him to take care of Riuzzu, and the idea pleased me. Compare Felice is so kind."

"You 're a silly thing. Now you see, comare Nunziata, that I must keep her with me a while yet, to make a housewife of her."

And it was settled that, although the notary and the dressmaker should come again to the tavern, — this time for the appraisal of the dowry of Rosaria, — nothing should be said about fixing a day for the marriage. Comare Nunziata went home content to tell the news to daddy Calogero and to Caterina. And they wished that evening would soon arrive, when also Felice would be at home to hear the result of the second asking for the weaving-comb.

Now Caterina knew well what lovers feel, for Lorenzo Burgio had asked her of the father, and they were betrothed, so that every Saturday, when he returned from the meadows of Aggira, he came to pay her a visit. He had told her that for a long time he had loved her, but had said nothing, because he had no trade only to help in his father's wine-shop; but now, with the place which Felice had held for him with master Turi Lucernini, and the little field for which he took rent, he could think of marriage. And Caterina told Lorenzo that from the day when he set out on the donkey, with that ailing leg, to take her brother's place with the horses, she had esteemed him very much, seeing him so loyal and courageous. Also he had appeared to her so handsome in that moment that, in short, she would not exchange him for the son of a king.

And the girls wondered what beauty or sympathy compare Lorenzo found in Caterina Mendola, who appeared like a little nun, and, moreover, had a mouth so wide that it was like that of an oven.

"That is well," said Lorenzo, when his sisters repeated to him these things. "And you other girls with the pursed-up mouths, beware that the devil does n't come to sew them with wires, for evil speaking."

The fact is, newly betrothed persons have need of the cunning of a magpie in order to reply to what is said about them. It was told, for instance, of Rosaria that her man would have to cook the minestra and mend his clothes for himself. And not altogether without reason; for when mamma Agata recommended to Rosaria that she study in order to become a good housewife, the girl answered, "But when I am Felice's wife, I shall not stay in the house all alone. That would n't please me. Instead, I intend to go in the cart with Felice and Riuzzu when they are on the road."

"Blessed souls!" cried the mother, "how am I to do in order to put judgment into this girl? With this daughter who is too stupid, and that other who was too shrewd, I 'm never out of troubles and confusion."

But Felice appeared satisfied with Rosaria just as she was; and as for her, she loved him from day to day always a little more.

"This time," said daddy Calogero to his friends in the piazza, "my son makes

no blunder. That other girl was like a day when the four winds blow as if all the devils were at the bellows, and Heaven sends the unexpected from every quarter. But Rosaria is like a fine morning, when you know that as the day began, so will it end. This time, I tell you, Felice has made a good choice."

It was on a Friday that Antonio had the bad luck to kill don Cosimo Mascarelli, and by the morrow the news of it was spread as far as Aggira, where master Turi Lucernini heard it. So it happened that when Lorenzo Burgio returned, Saturday evening, to Castrogiovanni, he carried the tidings to his town.

"At least do not tell it until to-morrow," Caterina Mendola begged him. "Let the poor mother of Marina sleep in peace one night more." And he agreed.

Sunday, as comare Agata passed through the piazza to go to church, it appeared to her as if people looked at her with compassion, and then turned away their eyes. Padre Serafino, in the pulpit, was eloquent upon the duty of Christians to maintain peace among themselves and to forgive injuries, citing many holy examples. He blamed those who carried weapons, because, as is the saying, opportunity makes the thief; and to have the knife in the pocket there comes the temptation to use it. So much he said about it that master Neddu Longo, the sacristan, picked up a good number of clasp knives, left under the benches by persons who were persuaded that the flesh is weak when somebody gives you ugly titles, or lets his cattle get into your kitchen garden. Afterward, master Longo gained a fine heap of soldi selling all those knives. And because he was sacristan, he recommended to uncle Giosuè Costa, the dealer in second-hand goods, not to sell them to persons who might have the look of being quarrelsome. "For this way the sin of one man may be for the salvation of many who have thrown away their clasp knives," said master Longo, counting his pence.

That Sunday, nothing was talked of except how Antonio Morreale had killed don Cosimo Mascarelli. When padre Serafino learned that nobody had dared to tell mistress Agata Borello, he himself went after her to let her know it with words of consolation. The people saw him overtake her.

"Now he is about to tell her."

"No, he is speaking to Rosaria about the medal of the Daughters of Mary, for she holds it in her hand to show it to him."

"Now he will tell them."

"Mercy! not in the middle of the road!"

"O Madonna! they are gone into the house and have shut the door. Poor mother! She will have like the seven swords in her heart."

And the women repeated the rosary for sake of comare Agata, whose daughter now must follow her man into hiding-places, always fleeing in fear and shame, until that wolf should be taken in some trap and go to an ill end. There were persons who said that Marina had deserved as much for betraying compare Felice, but not even these denied pity to her. When padre Serafino came out of the house of mistress Agata, it was seen by his eyes that he had wept.

"Even saying good words, I had bitterness in the heart against my daughter," comare Agata had confessed. "Marina, I wished her, may you return to my arms."

"And let us hope so, good woman," padre Serafino had answered her gently.

The poor mother could not give herself peace. In the long sleepless nights it was as if she saw roads and fields and woods and rocky steeps, and streams with eddies where one might whirl around until the breath was out of the drowned and broken body. It seemed to her that Marina was here and there, wan-

dering like a lost soul, and Antonio, dark and cruel, leading the girl to an evil death. And in the days, at work, mamma Agata appeared to listen always, and to look far away as if to see and hear more than was real. Now it snowed upon her roof, as is the saying, for with grief her hair became white; and to have buried Marina would have seemed to her a consolation, instead of that sorrow which renewed itself every moment in her heart.

Rosaria talked of these things with Felice, and told him how the mamma appeared as if always seeking Marina.

"And I will search for her indeed," said Felice; "I will inform myself in every way possible; and if Marina can be found, I will bring her to the mother's house."

"And if you bring Marina home, I will love you so much, and so much!" Rosaria promised, clasping his hand.

Also, Lorenzo Burgio, who went to his work by an opposite road, said that he would seek for Marina. Meanwhile, all through the province of Caltanisetta the carabineers were out in search for Antonio Morreale, with handcuffs in their pockets. The brigadier, don Carmelo Fantozzi, with his men, patrolled the country around Castrogiovanni, so that not even a rabbit, he said, could pass without "Who goes there?"

One day, however, he made a blunder, saying to Rosaria, "Do you know, my pretty little girl, that a hunted wood pigeon flies to her nest? And so will mistress Marina Morreale return to her mother's house. In that case, provided you will put me on the track of Antonio, I'll give you a coral necklace for the wedding outfit."

"And without waiting, I'll give you my ten fingers!" cried Rosaria at such perfidy. And she scratched his face with holy reason and force of hands; so much so that the brigadier went away with a handkerchief at his cheek, which was bleeding.

"A real wildcat, that girl!" muttered don Carmelo Fantozzi.

"I've written on his face my opinion of him," said Rosaria to Felice, that evening. "A Judas he is, that would have me betray Marina's husband!"

VIII.

For Antonio and Marina, in the black hut, the Sunday passed like a dream. Far away, the bells of Caltanisetta called Christians to church.

"But these holy voices are no longer for us," said the man from Aidone. "For you, Marina, I don't say it, because you have no fault only that you would follow me."

"And yours I am always," she answered him.

All day they stayed in the house. Only at nightfall, when the swallows circled around the roof, and everything was silent under the vast skies where the stars began to appear, they came out and sat on the threshold. They looked across the dark, lonely country that seemed endless, where the fireflies went flitting about like souls of dead miners with their lamps.

"Except ourselves, it appears as if there were nobody in the world," said Marina.

But when one must work in order to live, these melancholies pass like the shadows when the sun comes to drive them away. Already before the dawn of Monday, on the road from Caltanisetta was heard a noise like the rush of a river, the tramp and the voices of thousands of men who were going to the mines.

"Now I go with them," said Antonio. "I leave you the gun, in case there should ever be need of it, hung on the wall; and the revolver I have in my pocket. Farewell, my Marina."

"Your saint accompany you," she replied.

To give no suspicion that he dared not

look people in the face, Antonio joined a company of miners. "Who of you goes to the Casa di Cifaru?"

"I," and "I."

So Antonio walked with the other men of the contractor Dauria.

Around the mouth of the mine in the northern side of the mountain the men were breakfasting in groups. The miner with whom Antonio had spoken on Saturday recognized him, and made him a sign that he should come to eat in company. Antonio took out some black bread, and shared with the new friend the companatico of raw onions grown at Aidone, which had a taste of the good earth of those fields that he should never see again.

Now that it was time to begin work came the overseers, moving about in order to know if any miner were missing. Master Vito Dauria rode Mureddu; the horse whinnied at sight of Antonio Morreale.

"Where is the new picconiere, he of Saturday?" demanded master Dauria.

They pushed Antonio forward. "Here I am, your worship."

"And have you thought about the boys? You want carusi, you know. You might take those of the miner who was killed in a fight Saturday evening. Who knows where the boys of Pietro Persico are, say?"

A little way off was a group of children, some of them so young that they had not yet taken the hump and the cough which awaited them. They sang and danced, beating their feet noisily on the rough soil; with strange cries they urged each other to make great leaps. Near by were the women and girls, who worked outside the mine, taking in baskets the sulphur as it was brought up by the boys from the galleries, and carrying it to the furnaces. Among these, but a little apart, was a woman rather young, though blighted by the life which she led there. She sat leaning her elbows on her knees, with her chin between her palms. Under the tangled hair, her great black eyes with yellow gleams were fixed upon Antonio Morreale. He appeared to her so handsome, with the ruddy bronze of his cheeks, and his tall person robust from the sun and the wind of the fields of Aidone! He resembled a king, as he stood talking with the contractor, among the hardened forms and wan yellow faces of the other miners. The woman did not take her eyes off from him. She remained as if in a dream; her full, scorched lips were apart, as if she would like to eat him with her pointed, broken teeth.

As master Dauria asked for the boys of Persico, the woman arose and came forward.

"I know them, excellency, and will call them."

She shot a glance at Antonio; then ran about like one possessed, to gather the boys by means of cries and gestures. Soon a dozen, younger and older, surrounded the new miner.

"Here we are at your service, master picconiere."

"That is well. I take you all."

Then the woman ran to the group of children, who were still playing. She seized one of them by the arm and dragged him before Antonio.

"Here is my son. For him master Persico was killed. Another miner had taken him, because he has shoulders better than a donkey's. And they came to knives, out there on the waste. For cause of my boy, I tell you, your worship!"

She stood in front of Antonio, and hindered his steps. She was horrid, with her gown ragged and filthy, and her hands and arms knotted like cane-stalks with inhuman toils.

"Take him, — take my son. He is twelve years old, although he looks so small. He has worked since he was nine; he has made his skin tough for the loads and for the blows. Take him; do me the favor, your worship!"

"Do you swear to me that in taking him I do not rob any miner of the boy? For I don't wish to hurt any one, out there on the waste, nor to get myself laid out cold, like poor Persico, you understand."

"My son was truly Persico's caruso, and no other miner has rights over him, your excellency."

"Well, I take him. What is he called, and what is your name, good woman?"

"Me they call la Taddarita. My boy's name is Nuddu."

In fact, "Nobody" was the only name which the poor woman had the right to give to her son; and who knew whether he had been baptized or no? "The Bat" they called her; and a bat indeed she appeared, flitting around the edge of the pit, clutching the fragments of sulphur with her crooked fingers. Now she turned to her child.

"Put on your shoulder the pickaxe of the master, for you must serve him with good will."

To look at the little Nuddu caused a shudder to Antonio, although at Girgenti he had had experience of the mines. Nuddu was stunted, wan, with legs bowed and knee joints enlarged, so that he hardly appeared human. His thin lips were drawn away from the teeth, the great sad eyes were set in livid rings. This sorry figure saluted the new master.

"He can work," said the mother, "and he is not of those who, when you give them the handle of the pickaxe on the ribs or a kick, return you an ugly answer. He is used to it, that one!" For in her own way the poor Bat was proud of her child.

"And provided he does his duty, I 'm not the fellow to beat him," Antonio replied. "Come, take your lamp, for already they are going down."

Nuddu, on his shoulders like those of a worn-out donkey, loaded the pickaxe and the hempen sack. He took the oil lamp in his hand, and joined the boys of master Antonio. On the first step that led down to the galleries they crossed themselves, before the slippery descent in the air full of bad odors and sulphur fumes. Some recited the creed in voices broken by the jolts of the difficult stairway.

"I believe, I, in a devil who has brought me to this ill pass," muttered Antonio. As he reached the last step he cried, "Go each to his own place, boys!"

As they scattered through the gallery where he was to cut, he thought, "Those fellows work out the evil that they have done, here as in purgatory. But I who have committed a mortal sin, and do not repent it, because I killed him for the sake of Marina, — I from this hell must go to another, where the labor is never finished, and those at the furnaces do not make holidays. Marina, for you I 've damned myself; and true as I live, you are worth it to me!" And he stretched out his arms as if she stood before him and waited for his embrace. Then he took up the pickaxe and dealt blows that split the sulphur rock, which fell rattling about him.

The boys worked near the miner. The dull red flames on their foreheads resembled will-o'-the-wisps. They wore a single garment, either shirt or drawers; for both would be over-heavy in that heat. They loaded themselves with the sulphur cut on the Saturday before by poor Persico, helping one another to adjust the leather straps that steadied the sulphur sack, and the pad which they put under it by way of keeping a little flesh on their shoulders. As is the custom, they kissed the miner's hand before making the ascent; and he responded, "Go on lively," or, "The saints accompany you." For it was so long that Antonio was unused to the life of the mines that he pitied the boys, to hear them sob and moan in the darkness as they went away loaded, in a line, up so many steps.

No one dared to stop, not even though he felt as if dying, and the shapes and the little flames whirled before him in a mist; though the blood went to the head, bent under the weight of the load, and the knee trembled, and the foot slipped on the slimy, broken stairway.

As Nuddu came out at the mouth of the mine, his mother, who worked for Vanni, the burner, ran to meet him. "Give here the sulphur in my basket. Has the master spoken to you?"

"He has said to me, 'Go with the saints.'"

"Tell him that for so much kindness your mother will kiss his hands. Tell him that."

"He pleases you, eh, mamma?"

"Yes, he pleases me," said la Taddarita.

Nuddu turned and went by leaps down the steps, singing in a voice like the howl of a vagrant dog, "I go to take the fourth load in good time;" while down below the lamentations of other boys answered his chant.

Because master Antonio was good to the boys, Nuddu quickly took to loving him. If the miner wished to drink, Nuddu ran nimbly to fill the jug with water. He took the loads as they were put on his back, and even said, "I could carry a little more, your worship."

Down there in the bottom of the gallery it was hot; and when Antonio scraped with a piece of wood his arms and sides, which dripped with sweat, Nuddu looked at him with pity, and wished to console him, saying, "Poor master miner! 'T is hard when one is new to it. But with time we get used to everything."

Antonio gave such strong blows with the pickaxe that they called him "master Spaccamuntagna," for indeed he appeared to wish to split the mountain down to the centre of the world. Nuddu, without knowing why, did not repeat to him the message of la Taddarita. Some persons, when he had said such things, had gone to her in order to know what she had to say to them. And afterward she had given to her son a penny to buy a cake for himself. Whatever she might be, Nuddu was fond of his mother, because, in short, she was his mother. Often he had driven people away, by throwing stones and fragments of sulphur at them, when they pointed at her, saying, "There 's la Taddarita. When the Lord created the good beasts, the devil, not to be outdone, made the bat." Or, "I should like to throw her on the fires of the furnace there, to know if it is true what is said, that a burnt bat will utter five curses." Even the small boys would run after her, shouting the verses as when they chased a real bat, "Come, bat, come, I will give you a crumb!" And they cried, "Uh! uh!" at her, flapping their hats as if to catch a bat under the crown. Some of the women — the wife of Vanni, the burner, and the sister of Pasquale, the water-carrier, and others — urged on their children, and said, "If that Bat were nailed under the eaves of a house, with her arms stretched out as upon the cross, that would be a pleasure for me." For with those yellow eyes, and the things which she whispered, the Bat had turned many honest fellows out of the right way, who, because they were broken with toil, and with the foul, hot vapors of the mine, let themselves go where the devil willed. For in those depths, if it is not hell, it is little short of it; and the darkness, and the strange pillars that uphold the galleries, and the wooden beams that cross in a confusion, and the wandering flames of the lamps that show so many arms striking, so many shapes running about, — all this sometimes overturns the judgment of a Christian, and there are no longer saints that may withhold him. An ugly word is said, and the lights turn red and dance before your eyes; and up with the pickaxe, and you 've killed your man! And there are not

lacking holes to put him in, nor earth to cover him. Or they will carry him away into an old gallery no longer worked, and leave him there to join the other dead miners, who sometimes, when a pillar is about to fall or the earth to slide, try to warn the living by great sighs or by knockings.

So many evil things Antonio saw and heard in the mine that he came to believe murder to be a common affair. Only he was sorry that he had killed a man up there in the beautiful sunlight, where such deeds are without reason. He did not wonder at the miners when, as they worked, they cursed the day that they were born; and he said, "When my death comes, I will have them lay me on the waste land, face to the moon and the sun, without earth to cover me, for buried I have been in my life."

Some of the men blasphemed as if they were in that place where no other language is spoken. To this Antonio became accustomed; and equally to those who confessed that they had sinned, and offered to the Lord, as penance, all that they were suffering.

"But as for me, I neither curse nor pray," thought Antonio. "What I did was for sake of Marina; and I have nothing to say about it, neither to the Lord nor to the devil." And he would redouble the fury of the pickaxe.

So day by day Antonio, the mountain-splitter, toiled. He was never unkind to his men and boys: they had enough to suffer, he thought. And the sorrows that hollowed out his spirit, just as he dug in the heart of the mountain, were not such as could vent themselves in tyrannies to carusi. His work finished, he would throw down the pickaxe, to be taken in care by Nuddu. "So many reeds' length I have dug out to-day!" he would say, as he put on his clothes to go home.

Near the mouth of the pit was always awaiting him la Taddarita. "To-day, has my son done well, master Spaccamuntagna?" or, "'T is plain that you have arms of bronze and the heart of a lion, master miner!" Sometimes she said other things, broken phrases, fixing her great eyes on his face. But Antonio only answered, "He has done well enough, your son," or, "Good-day," and did not heed her.

Still far from the house, he would begin to run, in order to see Marina the sooner; and because of his great love for her he did not perceive that every day she seemed more weary and cold when he took her in his arms.

One fine day, early in October, Felice Mendola had driven the cart to Caltanisetta with a load of wine for the shop of master Memmu Dauria, who was brother to the contractor of the mine of the Casa di Cifaru. As Riuzzu stopped before the door of the shop, from an alley another horse sent him a cheerful neigh by way of greeting. Riuzzu quickly responded. Felice looked through the narrow passage between two buildings, and saw there a black horse tied by the bridle.

"Do you mean to say, Riuzzu, that we have met our friend Mureddu? If that is so, also Antonio Morreale must be in these parts. As I live, I do not know whether I should be glad to find him or not, because I foresee trouble. But certainly I should like to carry news of Marina to the poor mother who always searches in the air for her daughter."

The horses exchanged many salutations. The black tugged at the bridle, beating his hoofs on the pavement, so that his master came out of the shop to learn what was the matter with the horse. Having seen that this man was not Antonio Morreale, Felice approached him. "Your servant!"

"Good-day, master carrier. What do you want of me?"

"Excuse me, is he yours, that horse?"

"Surely he is mine. I bought him last month. Have you anything to say against it?"

"I, nothing. But I should like to know how he came into your hands, because it was I who trained him as a colt. My horse, there with the cart, recognized him before I did. Your excellency will have heard them neigh to salute each other. They were both of the herd of master Turi Lucernini of Aggira; and with my hands I put on them for the first time the bridle and the saddle."

"You are of Aggira?"

"Nossignore, of Castrogiovanni. For several months I have been at the carrier's trade. Master Memmu Dauria will speak well of me, for I have brought many loads of wine and meal to his shop. I beg of you, tell me how the horse came into your hands."

The contractor looked with suspicion at Felice, and was silent.

"Do me the favor. Who sold him to your excellency?"

"'T is better not to mention names. The ox has a great tongue and speaks little, says the proverb. Rather, I don't know who the man is."

"I swear to you that I ask for no evil purpose. I believe that he who sold you the horse may be an acquaintance of mine, to whom I wish well."

"I tell you that I do not know his name. Last month he came to the mine of the Casa di Cifaru, which I am working, down there toward Pietraperzia. He wanted work as a miner; and my horse having lately died, I bought this horse and cart."

"And he still works at the mine?"

"Yes, he works there."

"You must know his name. Tell it to me, excellency, for it is very important to me."

"I swear to you that I don't know it. At the mine they call him 'mountain-splitter,' because of the strong blows that he gives."

"Ah! And he is, then, powerful and robust of person?"

"As a bull of Modica."

"With black curly hair and great eyes?"

"Exactly. Now tell me, you, what his name is."

"We will let alone the name."

"As you like."

"Do me the favor to tell me where he lives."

"Neither are houses pointed out. I don't say it to offend you, master carrier, but as a fellow of honor, you understand."

"Of course. But if I swear to you by my saint that I will do him no harm"—

"I believe you. Well, the house of Spaccamuntagna is beyond the town. Take the turn to the right, where the roads cross near a thicket of Indian figs, and a hundred paces will bring you there."

Felice caressed the neck of the black horse. "I thank your excellency. I shall go there. I salute your worship. Good-by, Mureddu; 't is plain that you lack neither hay nor oats." He kissed the forehead of the horse; then ran to unload his own cart, seeing that master Memmu Dauria and some porters were come to the door to receive the casks.

When they had taken off the load, "Now, Riuzzu," he said, "we will go to find mistress Marina."

Up and down along the hilly road the cart passed the miners' houses scattered over the country. As they reached the turn near the Indian figs, Felice drew the rein. "Go easy, Riuzzu," he told the horse, for here was only a rough path, with grass growing between the wheel-tracks. They came to the hut; a few dusty plants of wallflower and rosemary were in front of it.

"Marina always would have flowering plants," said Felice to himself. "Surely I have found her this time."

It did not appear to him real, that fortune of finding her, although it oppressed his heart, so kind and without bitterness, to see the ugly, miserable house that she lived in. That beauty

who would have merited a palace! "Poor girl, it was not I who reduced you to this," he thought.

Almost he expected that at the sound of Riuzzu's hoofs Marina would appear at the window. But there was no sign of a living soul, not even a thread of smoke from the hearth. Felice dismounted and went to knock, calling Marina by name. Then the door was partly opened, and he saw her face, pale and astonished.

"Oh, compare Felice, is it you? Have you not forgotten me?"

"Never, comare Marina, as you see."

She trembled as if with cold. "If you wish me ill, I will run to get Antonio's musket from the wall, that you may kill me for having betrayed you. But I pray you with clasped hands, do not let the carabineers know that he is here! Felice, do me this one charity!" She threw herself on the ground, and clung to his knees.

"Come, mistress Marina! To Antonio I wish no harm. I am here only to bring you greetings from your mother and from Rosaria, who will be content if they hear that you are well and think of them."

She arose to her feet and looked him in the face. "Ah, I think of them always! Tell them that. But do not let them know where you have found me. And they must not wish me to return to Castrogiovanni; for I will stay with my husband."

"You do well, Marina; it is your duty. And how is master Morreale?"

"He is well. But he works enough for ten men down there at the mine."

"The Casa di Cifaru?"

"O Madonna! why do you say so?" She appeared frightened.

"It is near here." Felice judged it better to say nothing about the meeting with the black horse and master Vito Dauria.

"Yes; and you would not know him, all soiled with the clay. And he has lost the smile, and he has a heavy step, and when he comes home at Ave Maria he neither sings nor laughs. He is no more the handsome Antonio of Aidone. O Madonna!" Marina wept, standing on the threshold of that mean hut.

Felice's throat was hot and dry. At least he would change the subject. "Will you give me a swallow of water, mistress Marina?"

She dipped it from a jar. "We have no wine in the house — I am sorry," she stammered.

"And water goes better for thirst."

She filled a dish with water. "Also Riuzzu will be glad to cool his mouth," she said. "Good beast, I did not believe that I should see him again." And as she had never done before, she kissed the black muzzle of the roan.

Felice would at all costs be cheerful. "There you find a kiss from your sister," said he.

"She was always fond of Riuzzu."

"I wager! Bread and kisses she never fails to have for the horse!" And Felice could not give himself a reason why he did not tell Marina that Rosaria was betrothed to him. Perhaps for delicacy, not to speak of happiness to the unhappy.

Marina asked after every one, and received answers. Felice had even seen cousin Barbara Santorelli and aunt Lucia, when he had occasion one day to go to Calascibetta.

Finally he said, "Now, farewell, mistress Marina, for I have to go as far as Castrogiovanni. I will not speak of you to any one, only to your mother and your sister, nor tell even them where you are. I shall be loyal, I give you my word. Salute master Morreale for me, and assure him that he can count upon my silence, and that I have sworn to you: a bolt on my mouth!"

So Felice went away, saying that he would return before many days. Marina went into the house, sad, for the memories of her happy times appeared to diminish with the sound of the wheels

that became always more distant on the road.

When Antonio came home, he was in the worst humor. "Has any one been here?" he asked his wife. So frowning was he that she dared not answer. "Inasmuch as I see the marks of wheels and hoofs at the door. And master Dauria has told me that at the shop of his brother there was a man who wished to know about the horse, and for good or evil at last was told the way to my house. Who was it, Marina?"

Now he took her by the wrists and forced her to reply. "It was compare Felice Mendola."

"And he would have me die a rat's death! He will send here the carabineers!"

"No. On the contrary, he has said that you may count upon him. And 'a bolt on the mouth,' — so he has sworn."

"Did he say that? Then I must look out for him later. Says the proverb, The Turk waited seven years to give a reply."

"Felice Mendola is not like that."

"At least we will hope."

That night Marina dreamed of the beautiful cornfields of Castrogiovanni, and wept in her sleep.

After a few days Felice came again, bringing messages and gifts from mamma Agata and Rosaria. They were content, now that they knew that Marina was safe and well. They would have come to see her, but Felice had told them that it would be at the risk of making themselves observed by the brigadier and his men, who were cunning, worse than so many foxes, and misfortune might come of it. So, too, he explained to Marina; and she was of his opinion.

As Felice went away along the cart-path, neighbor Vanni, the sulphur-burner, passed by. He looked at the stranger with the fine horse and cart. Vanni wished ill to master Spaccamuntagna, because, now that the Bat had taken a fancy to the new miner, she had turned her shoulders to Vanni, who formerly had pleased her.

"There 's Spaccamuntagna's wife standing in the doorway, looking after that cart. She, who is kept like a little madonna under a glass bell, does not appear to me different from other women." And when he met Antonio, who was coming home, — for that week Vanni had night work at the furnace, and his turn began at Ave Maria, — he grinned in saluting master Spaccamuntagna.

Having reached the mine, Vanni went to the furnace just as la Taddarita brought there the last load of her day. As she was about to go away, "Listen, la Taddarita," said Vanni to her.

"What would you say to me, compare Vanni?"

"I would ask you why you no longer speak two words to those who wish you well."

"They are few, master Vanni."

"But I 'm one of them; and since Spaccamuntagna is here, you cannot look at me because of him, who does not think of you more than of the ground where he treads. Meanwhile, I, for sake of the friendship we had, am ready to tell you a thing that you would pay something to know."

"Tell it to me, Vanni."

And he told her of the handsome carrier with the roan horse and the red cart painted with images, and master Spaccamuntagna's wife who stood at the door of the house as long as the cart could be seen upon the road. "Look, we are all unlucky, Bat. Spaccamuntagna's wife does not care for him, as he does not care for you, nor you for me. And this that I tell you can be like a weapon in your hands."

"Thanks, compare Vanni," said the Bat, and went away.

"Now something I've certainly done," thought Vanni. "'T is like setting fire to a fuse down there in the

mine; we shall see the rocks fly! And la Taddarita will have no pity." Vanni stood there scowling, with eyes fixed on the molten sulphur which poured like oil into the troughs. The men had to speak twice before getting a reply from him whether he had all that was needed for the night.

Now that Felice Mendola had found Marina he came to see her as often as appeared to him prudent, and to bring her gifts and greetings from her mother. She did not fear to speak to her husband of those visits, and he was now persuaded that Felice wished him no ill. Rather, he would have liked to thank the carrier in person for the present of a cask of wine. Of that kind it was which was brought to the shop of master Memmu Dauria, and of good quality. The miners bought goods from master Dauria, pledging their wages, or paying with money advanced upon the work of their children bound out to labor in the Casa di Cifaru. Afterward, the accounts were balanced between the brothers Dauria. At that shop the books could show a whole system of loans and credits that was like a tangled skein of miseries, and nobody would have been able to find the clue to wind it up.

One day, la Taddarita, who had awaited her occasion, met Antonio near the mine, and said to him, "Master Spaccamuntagna, who is that fine fellow that comes to your house when you are not there?"

"That is a carrier, a friend of mine, who brings certain things which are wanted from the town."

His reply was so frank that the Bat went to Vanni, the burner, and told him, "This time, compare Vanni, you have given me a gun without a bullet. Master Spaccamuntagna is content that the carrier comes to his house. They must be sworn compari between themselves; and so much they respect San Giovanni that there are no doubts."

"But meanwhile, what you have said will set him thinking."

In the evenings, Antonio and Marina sat at the door looking across the country that spread black and wide, with a few lights in houses, as the skies were wide and black, dotted with stars. Antonio no longer found fine things to say to Marina. At Aidone, the odors of the fields and the hedges in bloom, the little sounds from the beasts in the stall or from the birds in the nests, had awakened in him so many words to tell her of his love. So that when they talked together, even about ordinary things, it was as when two lovers alternate the verses of a song, and the guitar beats like their hearts. Now Antonio's bones ached from the pickaxe and from the length of the road; his head was heavy, and even his love for Marina was dulled with weariness. She was submissive and kind, but offered no caresses; and when he spoke to her, it appeared as if her mind were set elsewhere.

One evening he asked her, "What is the news from Castrogiovanni?"

"They are ploughing the land. Lorenzo Burgio has bought the fenced field of daddy Calogero, the one that was planted with lupines, and he will soon marry Caterina Mendola. It is plain that Lorenzo pleases daddy Calogero, for 't is much that even to a son-in-law he sold the land at a low price."

So at Castrogiovanni, now that it was late autumn, they were preparing for the harvests of the next year, in the fields blessed by Maria del Carmine. But in the waste lands of the mines summer and winter were the same; nothing would be reborn there, neither grain nor hope. It was a desolation. Marina felt it, but she would stay with Antonio, for that was her duty; also Felice had said so.

"If one day the carabineers should take me, you must return to your town, Marina," said Antonio. "You would be like a widow, the widow of a living

man; but with the mother you would be well off."

"I shall follow you," she said, as always.

One day, as Marina was spreading out the wash to dry, there came a neighbor, the wife of Vanni, to have a chat. "Bless you, comare Marina!" said she.

"Oh, be blessed and quite well yourself, comare Concetta!"

"You have linen so fine that it appears woven of the Madonna's threads. Happy you, mistress Marina, provided the woes don't come to you later, as to the rest of us."

"How, woes?"

"Eh, I don't know. We all have to bear the cross in this world. Look at the wife of poor Persico, who is in the middle of the road with so many children; so that she has pledged her oldest boy to the miner Mocaro for twenty lire. And the sister of Pasquale, the water-carrier! He no longer gives her any part of his wages because of la Taddarita, who has bewitched him. Rather, I warn you, comare Marina, that your man stays talking with la Taddarita. And to listen once to her is like giving a hair to the devil, who soon takes you, soul and body."

"Of la Taddarita I have not even heard speak."

"And indeed, to tell the truth of her would not be for your ears, comare Marina; for 't is plain that you were brought up delicately, as a daughter. But this I will say: that she was born to do evil, and there is nobody who can give her a good word." And warming up, comare Concetta said so many things about the misdeeds of the Bat that it appeared like a dance of the mortal sins in a mystery play. "And now you can judge if I have reason to warn you that you tell your man not to give heed to la Taddarita! Moreover, she practices charms, paying an odd number of coins to a witch, that she should burn the black candles, and pray to the moon and to the holy devil. I have seen her with my eyes, in full moonlight, in the thicket behind the house of zia Marù, the witch. And that is why I say, look out for yourself. Have you understood me, comare Marina?"

Now Marina was weeping. "I shall tell Antonio not even to look at la Taddarita."

"And you will do well. I don't say that your man is not better than others; but so, you will not let his soul be lost, nor the peace of your house. I salute you, comare Marina, and take leave."

When Antonio came home, weary and hungry, Marina, with red eyes, began to accuse la Taddarita before dishing the minestra. "I don't say that harm is already done, Antonio. But with that bad woman I won't have you even speak. Such are a shame to Christians who look at them. I don't know how she has the boldness to pretend that an honest man should say good-day to such a black beetle as she is."

"And you bring the dish to table."

"You must swear to me that if the Bat speaks to you, you will turn your shoulders to her."

"What is the Bat to me? By the bread that I 'm eating, I swear that I don't wish to talk to her; nor yet to another woman that says foolish things, of whatever sort." And he was in such ill humor that he lost respect for that good gift of the Lord, the loaf, turning it upside down as he cut it.

"He means that he does not wish to speak to me," said Marina within herself; and therefore she was silent.

"She must have heard some chatter of the women. But meanwhile, who knows what they say about the handsome carrier who comes so often to my house? Evil tongues have a two-edged blade," thought Antonio.

Marina, looking at him askance, felt as it were a dull rage against the rough, dark man who kept her in that ugly place like a prison. He did not appear

to her the same as when he had pleased her at the fair of Castrogiovanni. "If girls only knew how well off they are with their mothers! But they vie with one another who shall be married first. Also to marry in one's own town, 't is not bad. But to live among strangers, and my man at work all the day, does not suit me," Marina decided.

The next day, when Felice came, he wore a fine carnation in the buttonhole of his jacket. Marina looked at it eagerly.

"Will you have the carnation? My little Rosaria will not be displeased that I give to her sister the flower that she gave to me."

"How, Rosaria?"

"Surely. I almost thought that I had told you, comare Marina, that I am betrothed to Rosaria. Only your mother says that the little one is too young yet."

It appeared to Marina that many thoughts all became clear in a moment, and then fell into a confusion worse than before. She felt that she no longer loved Antonio. Since the blow given by him to don Cosimo Mascarelli her affection had diminished little by little, like blood trickling from that wound. And now she could not give herself a reason for it, but that which Felice had told her seemed to squeeze out the last drops of her love and her pride for Antonio. Even when her husband had recommended her to return to her mother, in case that justice should put hands upon him, she had believed her love to be enduring. Up there among the beautiful fields she would think only of him, and pass her life praying for the man who was lost for love of her. Now she felt that this resignation had been because she knew that at Castrogiovanni she could return to the past. Near her would be her mother, her sister, Felice Mendola, the people of her town, while poor Antonio would be, instead, the memory. Between shame and surprise, she stammered, "Felice, if you do not wish me evil, take me to my mother's house."

"You would leave master Antonio? Is he unkind to you, Marina? Does he beat you, perhaps?"

"Never. But mine was an error, and I repent it. For the harm that I did you, compare Felice, I am punished." She shredded the carnation between her fingers, without knowing what she did, so agitated she was.

"You did me no harm. We were not made for each other, and you preferred master Morreale. I did not merit all your beauty, for you are like a princess. Better for me my little Rosaria, who every day has two kisses, one for me and one for the horse. 'And this time it is Riuzzu's turn first,' she says, in order to madden me, the roguish one." For Felice did not understand Marina's caprices, and therefore wished to divert her with little stories about her sister.

"With Antonio I will stay no longer. I am tired of everything. Take me to my mother, compare Felice, or I will make an end of myself; for I cannot lead this life any more. I am as if in a prison; I dare not go out. The people frighten me only to look at them."

"And you must think of your husband. You speak wrongly, comare Marina."

"We do not care for each other now. He thinks only of the work, — so many reeds' length dug in the new vein that he has taken on contract. It is so long since he has said a good little word to me! See, Felice, to what condition he has brought me. Have you no pity for me?"

"Yes, I have. But says the proverb, Between wife and husband do not put in a finger. Neither does it appear to me that I come into the affair."

"But if I beg you to take me to my mother! Otherwise you will be my death, Felice."

He stood in thought. "Listen, Marina. I will not take you with me now,

lest people should say that it was on my own account. But I will do what I have said that I would not do: I will bring your mother here to take you home, as an honest daughter should go. Now be content, comare Marina; for I would not have you blamed for leaving master Morreale."

"And for this nothing of a scruple you leave me in so many troubles!"

"A day more, a day less, does not count. Think rather of your credit, comare Marina."

"You are right. I know it. But to see you is like seeing again my own town. And when you go away, here I am lonelier than before."

"And if I promise you that the day after to-morrow, at four in the afternoon, I will bring mistress Agata to take you?"

"I will thank you forever, compare Felice!"

As he went away, Marina stood at the door to look after him, and with her fingers she replied to the sign which he made to her, turning himself in the cart, "Two days, four o'clock."

That evening Antonio repeated to his wife, "In case the carabineers should take me, one of these days, you must return to your mother. Rather, it would be better for you that I should go to end in the galleys. In prison, I would die the soonest possible, in order to leave you free. And then you could marry Felice Mendola." For what la Taddarita had said worked in Antonio's mind. Marina was silent; and he went on to say, "Not that I have doubts about you, Marina, for honest you are and will be. But for you it would be better if I were dead, and you returned to the beautiful fields of Castrogiovanni."

Although he spoke kindly, Antonio did not give Marina a caress or a kiss. He spoke with a great melancholy, as if, whatever happened, for him it was the same.

"He cares no more for me, as I care no more for him," said Marina to herself.

The next morning, as Antonio approached the mine, came la Taddarita to wish him good-day. "Master Spaccamuntagna, why don't you wear in the buttonhole of your jacket the red carnation that yesterday the carrier had at his coming, and, going away, wore no longer?"

For that base soul of Vanni had lain in wait among the prickly pears in order to have a story to tell to the Bat.

"I should make a fine appearance, dirty as I am, with a flower to adorn my rags," answered Antonio. But he thought within himself that Marina had neither worn it nor spoken of it.

"It has been told me," said the Bat, "that, as the carrier went away, he made a sign with the fingers to your wife that he would return in two days at four o'clock; and that she imitated the sign in order to let him know that it was agreed. Shall you be at home at that hour, master Spaccamuntagna?"

"No. In these days, now that I'm cutting on contract, I work more than usual. I have taken other boys, and must keep them all busy."

But that night the suspicions thronged in Antonio's head like miners in the Casa di Cifaru; and so they battered there that he lost sleep, and the next morning went to work with his bones sorer than from the toils of the day.

"Master Spaccamuntagna," la Taddarita said in his ear, "if to-day you go home early, at least you could get these doubts out of your mind. And then you could work doubly to make up to yourself for the time lost."

"Even the devil can, upon occasion, proffer good counsels," thought Antonio. And now that the little jealousy — to which, however, he would not give belief — spurred him, it appeared to him that he loved Marina more than ever. So that if, by chance, sufferings had cooled her love for him, and turned her affec-

tions somewhat toward Felice Mendola, Antonio felt capable of taking her all to himself again by force of that great love, as once he had stolen her and carried her with him to Aidone.

"'T is I who know how to love Marina mine!" he said proudly, and began to hum a song as he descended the stairway. He had trust in Marina. He would not return to the house to play the spy upon her. Also Felice Mendola was a fellow of honor, an old playmate of Marina, who now wished to do her a favor, bringing her the news of her family. Yet the hints of la Taddarita remained in his mind to sting him like the thorns of a prickly pear. And meanwhile, to this torment of Antonio were added other annoyances, as when a donkey has a sore spot on his shoulder the flies settle there. Every time that little Nuddu came to have the sack filled, he made to master Spaccamuntagna a gesture which meant, "Four o'clock today!"

"Also you, little imp!" muttered Antonio; and he did not say, "The saints accompany you," but instead, "Go along, beast!"

Nuddu was callous to hard words as to everything else, and took it in holy peace. And when he returned with the empty sack, he would laugh, and make to the miner the sign, "Four o'clock today!"

Moreover, the marl was mixed with greasy clay, and the small part that there was of sulphur showed no fine crystals. "Who knows that I do not lose by it?" said Antonio.

In one place the water flowed in faster than it could be carried away in kegs, although the men made haste. "Patience!" Antonio recommended to himself.

But just at a moment when Antonio's pickaxe was stuck in a cleft of the rock, so that the iron flew off the handle, and only by fortune did not dislocate his shoulder, came leaping that possessed Nuddu to take a load, and shook his hand at the mustache of master Spaccamuntagna.

"This time you absolutely would have it!" howled the miner. He seized Nuddu by one arm, and gave him a kick that made the boy fly through the air. As Nuddu crawled toward the master, whining like a beaten dog, Antonio repented of what he had done.

"Oh, why do you give me kicks? It was mamma who told me, 'You must keep in mind to the master, Four o'clock to-day.' I don't know why, but so she said," whimpered Nuddu.

"And I have hurt you who are not in fault!" Antonio hastily dressed himself; for he had education, and would not let himself be seen without a shirt and jacket, up there in the light of day. Then he took Nuddu in his arms. "I ought not to have done so. In fact, this is no place for children. And if I did not believe that I am soon to come to an ugly end, I should take you out of it and teach you a decent trade. Now hang on to my shoulders, for this time I 'm the caruso, and you are the load. Up we go!" And he went to the stairway, carrying Nuddu on his back.

To the boy it did not seem real that one should repent of a blow given to him; the kind words of the miner were like a plaster to his bruises. As they came out of the pit, the Bat approached, running.

"Here, la Taddarita, take your son," said Antonio. "It lacked little that I did not spoil him for the holidays, by cause of the accursed things that you teach him."

The Bat snatched her child from the miner and clasped him to her breast. She turned a wicked look upon Antonio. "Now run to your house, master Spaccamuntagna, if you would have the pleasure to meet the handsome carrier who has promised to be there at four o'clock. If not, there 's your wife at home to receive visits."

"May your throat wither that you

name my wife! I curse you from true rage of heart!" replied Antonio.

A woman stood near, filling a basket. "May the angel pass and say Amen!" she responded to Antonio's malediction.

La Taddarita spat three times in the air. "Water and salt!" said she. Then she fixed her great eyes upon Antonio. "I have no fear of you, nor of your saint!" She began to examine whether her child were hurt, shaking the joints of his arms and legs. "Since you have no broken bone, Nuddu, go back to work. If not, you will not make the twenty trips to-day."

To Antonio it appeared that those malign eyes of the Bat put new suspicions into his heart, and imposed it upon him to go to his house in order to meet Felice there. He left the mine, and walked along with hurried and uneven steps, his mind disturbed with anger and doubt. He repeated to himself, "Not that I have distrust of Marina, but it is better to get these ideas out of my head once for always." And it seemed as if the yellow eyes of the Bat went before him to lead him to ruin.

When he had passed the Indian figs, he made a turn around the house of neighbor Vanni, so as to come to his own house without letting himself be seen. The horse and cart of Felice Mendola stood before the door. Antonio, having arrived behind the house, went forward, grazing the wall.

"This time the Bat has said the truth," he thought. "They had given each other the hour. Also for me the hour is come. But this I did not expect, that Felice Mendola would have betrayed me." Then he took himself up for the disloyal thought. "No, 't is not true. Felice will have come for a good purpose, to cheer Marina with news of her family. But why then did they give each other the hour?"

The door was heard to creak on the hinges, and Felice came out of the house, turning his head as if to speak to a person within. "Make haste, Marina. Give here your bundle. We must go quickly; if not, we might meet your man on the way."

So Felice was taking Marina off!

Antonio felt like a dead man. It was as if he had got a blow on the belt; a dull pain took away his breath; the blood rose to his head; he saw everything red, and lost the light of his eyes, from the great rage that mastered him. He drew the pistol. "And you've met him!" he howled as he fired.

It appeared to him that at that moment a shadow came out of the door and fell forward with a shrill scream. Then he saw clearly: Marina lay on the ground; Felice was lifting her, while mamma Agata ran from the house and threw herself on the ground beside her daughter.

"She is dead," said Felice.

"And so you return to my arms, my poor Marina!" lamented the mother.

Mamma Agata was with those two: then there was no wrong. Antonio perceived that, but too late. Everything whirled around him. He made a few steps forward, staggering and groping. Then he felt himself thrown to the earth, and Felice Mendola's knee upon his chest.

"You have killed your wife, devil that you are!" shouted Felice.

"I swear to you that the bullet was not for her, but for you who were robbing me of her."

"Don't you see that here is her mother? Since you say that the bullet was for me, I forgive it; but that you made Marina so unhappy that her mother had to come to take her, — for that you must answer at your last hour!"

"If you have a knife, Felice, make an end of my troubles. Here is my breast for the blow."

"No, I let you live. From now I will do you neither harm nor good."

Felice went toward the women. With an effort Antonio rose to his feet, and

stood with bent head and folded arms. "I will not touch her, not even for the last kiss, for I am not worthy of it. Marina, you know that I would not have harmed you! You know it!" he raved.

Felice lifted the body of Marina into the cart; then he helped the mother to mount, and to lay her daughter's head upon her knee. The poor Agata was wailing, with the dry eyes of the old who have spent their tears.

"Courage, poor mamma!" said Felice. "There is our Rosaria waiting for you at home, and here am I who love you like a second mother."

As he seated himself on the shafts, he dried his eyes with his sleeve and spoke to Riuzzu. The cart went away carrying home the dead and the living: the daughter to sleep in the churchyard, and the mother to darken the windows of her house and veil the fire with ashes. And much time must pass before the care of Rosaria and of Felice would be able to console her; because it is the young who hope, but the old remember, for their best days have been.

Antonio watched until he could no longer see the cart. Then he threw himself upon the earth that had the imprint of Marina's person, and lay there, face downward, kissing the ground in desperation. It appeared to him that bells were tolling inside his head. Shivers ran over him, although his flesh burned as if in a fever. He could not collect his thoughts, wandering and confused. He did not know how long he lay there. At last he drew a great sigh, and arose to his feet.

"Now I will make justice upon myself. I do not merit to die by the pistol that sent the beautiful soul of Marina to fly through the air. I will give myself up to the carabineers."

Neighbor Vanni, about to set forth for the mine, saw Antonio, who passed by, running with arms raised. "One would say that the devil was at his heels!" noted Vanni.

Antonio, out of breath and with a haggard face, reached the barracks of the carabineers at Caltanisetta. "I give myself up," he said to the sentinel.

The captain was called, and before he could ask a question Antonio said, in a hoarse voice broken by dry sobs: —

"I am the man whom they seek for the murder of don Cosimo Mascarelli of Aidone. Antonio Morreale I am. I give myself up of my own will. Not for cause of don Cosimo; otherwise I should have stayed underground, in the Casa di Cifaru, and not let myself be taken. But for the wife I have killed, whom I love more than myself, — do me the charity, signor captain, send me to prison. I want the punishment!"

When they handcuffed Antonio, he kissed the irons. "These go well for me," he said. So broken he was that they had to help him walk to the prison.

The advocate who was to make his defense came to talk with him; but Antonio insisted, "Say nothing in my favor, your worship." So that the advocate, who was used to help people get out of things smoothly before justice, did not know what to do with this fellow, and washed his hands of the affair, saying, "That is a simpleton worse than a rat which has only one hole. He does not merit that I should give myself trouble about him. But because it is my duty I shall display my eloquence in his favor." And he went away irritated.

Also to the father confessor Antonio said, "'T is useless, reverendo. For what I meant to do, and for what I did not mean to do, let justice punish me. Already I am so scorched with sorrows that the pains of hell will appear to me little more. If only I could know that Marina forgives me, up there!"

The good priest comforted Antonio as he could, and, because divine mercy has no limits, exhorted him to repentance.

"But don Cosimo spoke evil of my wife," the poor fellow answered, "and for that I killed him; so that I do not repent of it, reverendo."

There came to visit Antonio the officers of justice, the big pieces who know all about the law. For when, in the province, there is a person accused of a grave crime, so that the judgment of Solomon is wanted to disentangle the matter, the prisoners are brought to Caltanisetta. For a petty thief of poultry or green stuff, or for a quarrel and some broken heads, any village brigadier whatever knows what to do.

Don Carmelo Fantozzi, who still bore the marks of Rosaria's nails, came from Castrogiovanni to look at Antonio Morreale. "So that wolf has let himself be caught," said the brigadier.

There came from the police office of Aidone half a dozen carabineers, fine in new uniforms. Lawyers were not lacking, who tormented Antonio with questions, while he, with his head heavy and confused, went on repeating, "It is true, your excellency, I killed them." Nor could he ever understand why an advocate was to speak in his favor, when he had said so many times that he was guilty.

He was tried at the assizes of Caltanisetta. He stood there in a cage, like a wild beast at a fair, with all the people looking at him. The movement of the fans of the ladies, who came there as to a theatre, made his head turn round. The judges were terrible, so that they appeared like the hand of the Lord. The jury had faces of stone. Many persons were called as witnesses, and there were others who wrote what was said with pens that scratched upon the paper. All the people seemed to Antonio as if they were far away.

First were called to witness the peasants who were working near the hedge when don Cosimo was killed in the olive grove; but these would not depose anything that was worth the trouble of making them open their mouths. As the proverb goes, they had bought three grains of speak-little; and they kept their eyes fixed on the ground, so that justice could not learn anything even by a wink of theirs. They were agreed that, as is the saying, testimony is good so long as it does not harm the neighbor; and the dead is dead, and we must give help to the living. So they had not recognized who was in the olive grove with don Cosimo Mascarelli, nor seen Antonio Morreale pass along the road. They knew nothing at all. To ask them questions was like trying to squeeze wine out of a turnip.

"They are imbeciles," said the government attorney, as he saw them shake their heads, persisting, "I don't know, your lordship." For silence is a fine possession that cannot be taken away from poor men.

Donn' Anniria Mascarelli was there, dressed in mourning, with a face like yellow wax, holding to her eyes a pocket handkerchief with a wide black border. Felice Mendola sat beside mamma Agata, poor old woman, who trembled so that her voice failed, and more than once the magistrate was obliged to say to her, "Speak louder, good woman;" for they wished to know how it was that Antonio Morreale had taken away Marina from her town. And when it was answered that he, although overbearing, had done nothing unworthy of an honest man, the ladies, who had scented a little scandal, were disappointed, and murmured that peasants are stupid. Master Vito Dauria deposed that Antonio was a brave young fellow who worked like ten, and was not quarrelsome, but, on the contrary, kind even to the carusi.

They threw the words back and forth like balls, until not even Antonio knew what he had or had not done. The advocate of the defense called him a martyr of love, and the ladies applauded with their hands, and then he proceeded to speak with such tenderness that Antonio thought, "I ought to have cut don Cosimo into little pieces, not only killed him once!"

Then the government attorney described the death of the proprietor, the

honored head of the distinguished gentleman fallen upon the earth, while from that great heart the blood streamed, making a sinister pool at the roots of the ancient olive-tree, — the olive-tree, sole and incorruptible witness of the deed. Also he spoke of the despair of donn' Anniria and of the orphaned son, not mentioning any family dissatisfactions on account of the latter.

"This one is right," said Antonio to himself, "and if justice knows its trade, I shall go straightway to the galleys."

After they had finished the trial for the murder of don Cosimo, and Antonio believed that all was at an end, and he could go at once to prison without any more annoyances, they began anew for cause of Marina. And this was like a fire, which burned Antonio without consuming him. He let his head fall between his palms, pressing hard at the temples in order not to go mad. For he must make it understood that he loved Marina; he loved her truly, so that he would have died a thousand deaths rather than twist a hair of hers. And the bullet, — he had sped it in order to save her honor, as he had given the blow with the knife to don Cosimo Mascarelli.

Finally, after so many long-windednesses and delays, sentence was given: Antonio Morreale was condemned to the galleys for life. In the crowd that pressed to look at him there was no one who gave him a word of pity. Only when Antonio came out of the court house of the assizes, handcuffed, between two brigadiers, master Vito Dauria's black horse, that was tied there by the bridle, stretched out the neck toward him and whinnied.

"Good-by, Mureddu, for we shall never see each other again," said the man from Aidone.

And he went away, with bent head, to punishment.

Elisabeth Cavazza.

THOREAU AND HIS ENGLISH FRIEND THOMAS CHOLMONDELEY.

In one of his published letters to his most constant correspondent, Mr. Harrison Blake, of Worcester, Henry Thoreau said (October 1, 1854), "A young Englishman, Mr. Cholmondeley, is just now waiting for me to take a walk with him." This date and slight mention mark the beginning of perhaps the most serious of Thoreau's later friendships, which was accompanied with a long correspondence during the later years of his life, and brought to the Concord recluse tidings from the great world in which he was so resolved to have but a small share. Thomas Cholmondeley was the son of a sister of Bishop Heber, who had married into an old county family of Shropshire, England. Graduate of Oxford, friend of Arthur Hugh Clough, student of philosophy in Germany, — such was the brief account given of him by himself, in September, 1854, when he first visited Concord, bringing letters to Emerson, as so many young Englishmen did. He declared that he was unknown in England, having lived for a time in New Zealand, about which he had just printed a book called Ultima Thule. He now wished to see America for himself, and would like to take lodgings for a while in Concord. It does not appear that he had ever heard of Thoreau till he met him at dinner in Emerson's house; but when his host learned of his wish to remain in the little town, he advised Cholmondeley to apply to Mrs. John Thoreau, who sometimes took lodgers. The mother

of Henry Thoreau received him into her family for a few weeks; and there began an intimate acquaintance between the two men. The difference in their ages was less than that between Emerson and Thoreau; each had an original character and history, and the son of the Shropshire squire did not long outlive his New England friend. Thoreau died in the spring of 1862; Cholmondeley (he had changed his name to Owen, as a condition of inheriting an estate in Shropshire) died in Florence, two years later, and is buried in the churchyard near Condover Hall, his house in the neighborhood of Shrewsbury.

I suppose that Cholmondeley, who was religiously educated, with a bias towards ritualism, went to New Zealand among the so-called Canterbury Pilgrims who founded there the colonial, High-Church province of Canterbury in 1851; as Merivale says,[1] "in a spirit of enthusiasm unequaled in modern colonial enterprise, which carries the mind back to the days of Raleigh and his contemporaries." At any rate, he had been experimenting in founding a state there, where most of the landed gentry were savages, and had been cannibals; and he came to New England, which Raleigh's contemporaries had colonized, to look into the foundations of our American polity, against which he found his admired Thoreau had been protesting by emancipation speeches, refusal to pay taxes, and other conduct which must have startled the Oxford graduate not a little. But he was that rare creature, an *ideal* Englishman, who valued the institutions of his great country more for the spirit out of which they grew than for their current form, which that spirit was even then hastening slowly to destroy. Like Thoreau, he was of the Elizabethan period in mind, though modern and liberal in culture.

He left Boston in December, 1854, to take part in the Crimean war, then going badly for England, as he thought, and this was his first letter: —

[1] Colonization and Colonies, page 128.

HODNET SALOP,
Tuesday, *January* 20, 1855.

MY DEAR THOREAU, — You will be glad to hear that I am safe at my brother's house in Salop, after a most disagreeable passage to England in the steamer America.

I have accepted the offer of a captaincy in the Salop militia, and it is probable that we shall be sent before very long to relieve other troops who are proceeding to the seat of the war; but if the strife continues to consume men at its present rate of one thousand a week, we shall be involved in it, I hope, before the year is out, by volunteering into the line. Meanwhile, I shall use my best diligence to learn all I can of my men, etc., and prepare myself for the active service to which I impatiently look forward. Nothing can be more awful than the position of our poor army. In the present rate of mortality, they will be finished up by the time they are next wanted; and it will be reserved for the French to take Sebastopol. We are learning a tremendous lesson: I hope we shall profit by it, and, so far from receding, I trust we shall continue hostilities with greater energy and greater wisdom than before. *I would rather see the country decimated* than an inglorious or even an accommodating peace. My passion is to see the fellow crushed, or to die in the attempt. Lord John has resigned, and the Ministry is, we all think, breaking up. It was high time, considering the mismanagement of Newcastle.

We are in the midst of a great snow (great at least for us). Colds are rife in the parish, so that "coughing drowns the parson's saw." I find the red brick houses are the most striking feature, on revisiting this country. Though a great deal smaller than your elegant villas, our cottages, on the whole, please my

eyes, and look more homely and very suggestive of good cheer. There is such a quietness and excessive sleepiness about Shropshire — the only excitement being an occasional alehouse brawl — that it is hardly possible to imagine we are at war! The fact is, the common people never see a newspaper; and such is their confidence in "the Queen's army" that they believe prolonged resistance on the part of any power would be impossible and absurd. My cousin in the Crimea still survives, contrary to my expectations. We have heard a good anecdote from him. Early on Christmas morning, the remains of the regiment to which he belongs gathered painfully together, and, as day dawned, they all sung the fine English carol, Christians, Awake. It is rather touching.

I find all here quite well and hearty, and hope your people will be the same when this arrives at Concord, — a place I shall often revisit in spirit. Pray remember me to your father, mother, and sister, to Mr. Emerson and Channing, and do not forget your promise to come over some time to England, which you will find a very snug and hospitable country, though perhaps decaying, and not on such a huge scale as America. My romance, the dream of my life, without which it is not worth living for me, is *a glorious commonwealth*. I am persuaded that things must, in their way to this, be greatly worse before they can become better. Turn it how you will, our English nation *no longer stands upon the living laws of the eternal God;* we have turned ourselves to an empire, and cotton bags, and the leprosy of prodigious manufacture. Let that all go, and let us grow great men again, instead of dressing up dolls for the market. I feel we are strong enough to live a better life than this one which now festers in all our joints. So much for the confessions of a thorough English conservative, as you know me to be.

You have my direction, so pray write. Your letter will be forwarded to wherever I may be.

Dear Thoreau,
Ever affectionately yours,
THOS. CHOLMONDELEY.

HENRY THOREAU, ESQRE.,
Concord, Massachusetts,
U. S. North America.

To this epistle Thoreau replied with a longer one, sufficiently curious on some accounts. The period in our history was that in which the slaveholders, who controlled the feeble administration of General Pierce, were seeking to annex Cuba and to carry slavery into Kansas. Hawthorne was in Liverpool, making observations on England; the rest of the Concord circle were still at home, except Alcott, who was making preparations to return, as he did in 1857.

CONCORD, MASS., *February* 7, 1855.

DEAR CHOLMONDELEY, — I am glad to hear that you have arrived safely in Hodnet, and that there is a solid piece of ground of that name which can support a man better than a floating plank, in that to me as yet purely historical England. But have I not seen you with my own eyes, a piece of England herself, and was not your letter come out to me thence? I have now reason to believe that Salop is as real a place as Concord; with at least as good an underpinning of granite, floating on liquid fire. I congratulate you on having arrived safely at that floating isle, after your disagreeable passage in the steamer America. So are we not all making a passage, agreeable or disagreeable, in the steamer Earth, trusting to arrive at last at some less undulating Salop and brother's house?

I cannot say that I am surprised to hear that you have joined the militia, after what I have heard from your lips; but I am glad to doubt if there will be occasion for your volunteering into the line. Perhaps I am thinking of the

saying that it "is always darkest just before day." I believe it is only necessary that England be fully awakened to a sense of her position, in order that she may right herself, especially as the weather will soon cease to be her foe. I wish I could believe that the cause in which you are embarked is the cause of the people of England. However, I have no sympathy with the idleness that would contrast this fighting with the teachings of the pulpit; for, perchance, more true virtue is being practiced at Sebastopol than in many years of peace. It is a pity that we seem to require a war, from time to time, to assure us that there is any manhood still left in man.

I was much pleased with [J. J. G.] Wilkinson's vigorous and telling assault on Allopathy, though he substitutes another and perhaps no stronger *thy* for that. Something as good on the whole conduct of the war would be of service. Cannot Carlyle supply it? We will not require him to provide the remedy. Every man to his trade. As you know, I am not in any sense a politician. You, who live in that snug and compact isle, may dream of a glorious commonwealth, but I have some doubts whether I and the new king of the Sandwich Islands shall pull together. When I think of the gold-diggers and the Mormons, the slaves and the slaveholders and the flibustiers, I naturally dream of a glorious private life. No, I am not patriotic; I shall not meddle with the Gem of the Antilles. General Quitman[1] cannot count on my aid, alas for him! nor can General Pierce.

I still take my daily walk, or skate over Concord fields or meadows, and on the whole have more to do with Nature than with man. We have not had much snow this winter, but have had some remarkably cold weather, the mercury, February 6, not rising above 6° below zero during the day, and the next morning falling to 26°. Some ice is still 30 inches thick about us. A rise in the river has made uncommonly good skating, which I have improved to the extent of some 30 miles a day, 15 out and 15 in.

Emerson is off westward, enlightening the Hamiltonians [in Canada] and others, mingling his thunder with that of Niagara. Channing still sits warming his five wits — his sixth, you know, is always limber — over that stove, with the dog down cellar. Lowell has just been appointed Professor of Belles-Lettres in Harvard University, in place of Longfellow, resigned, and will go very soon to spend another year in Europe, before taking his seat.

I am from time to time congratulating myself on my general want of success as a lecturer; apparent want of success, but is it not a real triumph? I do my work clean as I go along, and they will not be likely to want me anywhere again. So there is no danger of my repeating myself, and getting to a barrel of sermons, which you must upset, and begin again with.

My father and mother and sister all desire to be remembered to you, and trust that you will never come within range of Russian bullets. Of course, I would rather think of you as settled down there in Shropshire, in the camp of the English people, making acquaintance with your men, striking at the root of the evil, perhaps assaulting that rampart of cotton bags that you tell of. But it makes no odds where a man goes or stays, if he is only about his business.

Let me hear from you, wherever you are, and believe me yours ever in the good fight, whether before Sebastopol or under the wreken,

HENRY D. THOREAU.

[1] Quitman, aided for a time by Laurence Oliphant, was aiming to capture Cuba with "filibusters" (flibustiers).

THOMAS CHOLMONDELEY, ESQ.,
Hodnet, Market Drayton,
Shropshire, England.

Cholmondeley was so occupied with his drilling and making ready for the campaign that he seems to have written no more till he was about to set forth for the Black Sea. But he had gathered together, with much care and cost, a box of books relating to India and Egypt, such as he fancied Thoreau might like, and sent them to Boston in the autumn of 1855, preceded by this letter: —

October 3, 1855.

My dear Thoreau, — I have been busily collecting a nest of Indian books for you, which, accompanied by this note, Mr. Chapman will send you, and you will find them at Boston, carriage-paid (mind that, and don't let them cheat you), at Crosby & Nichols'. I hope, dear Thoreau, you will accept this trifle from one who has received so much from you, and one who is so anxious to become your friend and to induce you to visit England. I am just about to start for the Crimea, being now a complete soldier; but I fear the game is nearly played out, and all my friends tell me I am just too late for the fair. When I return to England (if ever I do return), I mean to buy a little cottage somewhere on the south coast, where I can dwell *in Emersonian leisure*, and where I have a plot to persuade you over.

Give my love to your father and mother and sister, and my respects to Mr. Emerson and Channing, and the painter who gave me Webster's head.[1] I think I never found so much kindness anywhere in all my travels as in your country of New England; and indeed, barring its youth, it is very *like our old country*, in my humble judgment.

Adieu, dear Thoreau, and immense affluence to you. Ever yours,

Thos. Cholmondeley.

P. S. Excuse my bad writing; of course it is the pen. Chapman will send a list of your books, by which you can see whether they are all right, because I hate to have anything lost or wasted, however small.

[1] Rowse, who engraved Ames's head of Daniel Webster.

These two notes from Dr. Chapman, the London publisher and bookseller, show with what pains the Crimean soldier provided for his friend's reading: —

London, 8 King William St., Strand,
October 26, 1855.

Dear Sir, — Enclosed is the list of books referred to in Mr. Thos. Cholmondeley's note. The parcel I have forwarded to Messrs. Crosby & Nichols & Co., of Boston, and have requested them to deliver it to you, free of all expense. As Mr. Cholmondeley has gone to the East, I should be glad of a note from you, acknowledging the receipt of the parcel. . . .

November 2.

The parcel of books advised by me on the 26th of October as having been sent by the Asia steamer, from Liverpool, has been shut out of that vessel on account of her cargo being complete several days previous to her sailing. Under these circumstances, I have therefore ordered the parcel to be shipped by the Canada of the 10th proximo, and trust that you will not experience any inconvenience from this unavoidable delay.

John Chapman.

The books arrived in Concord, finally, November 30, 1855, and I saw them soon after, in the attic chamber where Thoreau kept his small library, in cases made by his own hands. After receiving the first announcement of their coming, and before they came, he had fashioned for these treasures a new case, out of driftwood that he had brought home in his voyages along the Musketaquid, thus giving Oriental wisdom an Occidental shrine. Writing to Mr. Blake, December 9, he said: "I have arranged my books in a case which I made in the

mean while, partly of river boards. I have not dipped far into the new ones yet. One is splendidly bound and illuminated. They are in English, French, Latin, Greek, and Sanskrit. I have not made out the significance of this godsend yet." None of these languages were strange to Thoreau except the Sanskrit, and in this there was only a volume or two.[1] He at once acknowledged the receipt of the books, but before Cholmondeley could receive the letter he had reached the seat of war, but only in time to see the last act of the great drama that had included Inkerman and Balaklava, and the romantic deeds of Florence Nightingale, in the earlier acts. Cholmondeley replied, a year later, from Rome.

In the mean time Thoreau had written him another and longer letter, and the reply covers both, and how much besides!

ROME, *December* 16, 1856.

MY DEAR THOREAU, — I wish that I was an accomplished young American lady, for then I could write the most elegant and "recherché" letters without any trouble or thought. But now, being an Englishman, even my pleasures are fraught with toil and pain. Why, I have written several letters to you, but always, on reading them over to myself, I was obliged to burn them, because I felt they were bad letters, and insufficient for a passage of the ocean. To begin, then, a new and a good letter, I must acquaint you that I received your former communication, which gave me *the sincerest pleasure*, since it informed me that the books which I sent came to hand, and were approved of. I had indeed studied your character closely, and knew what you would like. Besides, I had, even from our first acquaintance, a previous memory of you, like the vision of a landscape a man has seen, he cannot tell where.

As for me, my life still continues (through the friendship of an unseen hand) a fountain of never-ending delight, a romance renewed every morning, and never smaller to-day than it was yesterday, but always enhancing itself with every breath I draw. I delight myself, I love to live, and if I have been "run down" I am not aware of it.

I often say to God, "What, O Lord, will you do with me in particular? Is it politics, or philosophical leisure, or war, or hunting, or what?" He always seems to answer, "Enjoy yourself, and leave the rest to itself." Hence everything always happens at the right time and place, and rough and smooth ride together. There is an old Yorkshire gentleman — a great-grandfather of ninety — who promises to see his hundred yet, before he flits. This man was asked lately (he has had his troubles, too) "what of all things he should like best." The merry old squire laughed, and declared that "he should like of all things to begin and live his life over again, in any condition, almost, — he was not particular." Now, I am like the squire in my appreciation of life. It is so great a matter to exist pleasurably. The sensation of Being!

Thus much about myself. As for my Phenomena, I have seen and thought and done quite up to my highest mark; but I will not weary you with descriptions of the Crimea, Constantinople, or even Rome, whence I am now writing.

But one thing I will attempt to tell you. I saw the great explosion when the Windmill Magazine blew up. I was out at sea, a good ten miles from the spot. The day was fine; suddenly the heaven was rent open by a pillar of

[1] In a letter to Daniel Ricketson, of New Bedford (December 25), Thoreau says that he has had "a royal gift, in the shape of twenty-one distinct works (one in nine volumes, — forty-four volumes in all), almost exclusively relating to Hindoo literature, and scarcely one of them to be bought in America. I am familiar with many of them, and know how to prize them. I send you this information as I might of the birth of a child."

fire, which seemed ready to tear the very firmament down. It was like the "idea" of the hottest oven. As it hung (for it lasted while you might count) on the horizon, the earth shook and the sea trembled, and we felt the ship quivering under us. It was felt far and wide like an earthquake. We held our breath and felt our beating hearts. Presently we recovered, and the first feeling in every heart was, "Better go home after that!" The *roaring noise* was, I am told, tremendous. Strange that I cannot at all recollect it! I only saw the apparition and felt the shock. . . .

The English temper keeps very warlike. They want another turn with Russia. But since Europe is now pretty well closed up, it seems to be the general impression that Asia will be the field of the next Russian war: and who knows how long it may last when once it begins? They descending from their Riphean hills, hordes of poor and hardy Tartars, — Gog and Magog and their company; we ascending, with the immense resources of India behind us, towards the central regions, the scarce-explored backbone of Asia. The ruins of long-forgotten cities half buried in sand, the shattered temples of preadamite giants, the Promethean cliffs themselves, will ring with the clang of many a battle, with the wail of great defeats and the delirious transports of victory. There is a very old English prophecy now in circulation, "that the hardest day would come when we should have to fight against men having snow on their helmets." So that superstition swells the anti-Russian tide.

I have seen something of Turks, Greeks, Frenchmen, and Italians, and they impress me thus: the Turk, brave, honest, religious; the Greek, unclean, lying, a slave, and the son of a slave; the Frenchman, light-hearted, clever, and great *in small things;* the Italian, great, deep, ingenious. I would put him first. He is greater than the Frenchman.

Having been in the Redan, the Malakoff, etc., I am truly astonished at the endurance of the Russians. The filth and misery of those horrid dens were beyond expression. Even the cleanest part of our own camp swarmed with vermin. I caught an aristocrat — a member of Parliament — one day stopped for a flea-hunt in his tent. Though too late for any regular engagement, I managed to experience the sensation of being under fire. It is only pleasurable for about a quarter of an hour; in short, it soon fatigues, like a second-rate concert. The missiles make strange and laughable sounds sometimes, — whistling and crowing and boiling. Watching them moving through the air from the north side of the harbor, they seemed to come so slow!

The Crimea is a beautiful country, — the air clear, hilly, clothed with brushwood; the pine on the hill, and the vine in the valley. It is a fine country for horseback, and many a good ride I had through it. I see that I am falling into description, whether I will or no. The Bosphorus and the Sea of Marmora — indeed, all the neighborhood of Stamboul — are charming, in spite of rags, dirt, and disease. Nature has done her utmost here, and the view from the Seraskier's Tower is the finest in the world. The Turkish ladies (for I saw plenty of beauties in the bazaars) are, in figure, like our own; that is, "very fat." The Turk and the Briton seem to agree that a good breed cannot be got out of lean kine. In the face, however, they excel ours; the lines are more regular. In expression, *babies;* in gait, waddling; the teeth often rotten from too much sweetmeat.

There was an English lady at Stamboul who had traveled with a bashaw's favorite wife. They were put in one cabin on board a ship. She told us how the favorite behaved: how she was laughing and crying and praying in a breath; how she was continually falling fast asleep and snoring loudly, waking

up again in a few minutes; she was the merest infant, and as fat as a little pig; lastly, how the bashaw was always popping into the cabin, to see what she was about, at all hours, and cared nothing for the English lady, though she was sometimes quite *en déshabillé*.

I met Abdel Kadir in the East. He is a very handsome man, with mild, engaging manners, a face deadly pale, very fine eyes, beard, and hands. Very like one of your Southerners, some of whom are not to be surpassed. He is now residing at Damascus. I noted the Circassians to be a fine race, very tall and well made, with high features; grave and fierce, and yet sweet withal. They wear high caps, and carry an armful of daggers and pistols. The feet and hands long and small. They have, too, a fine, light, high-going step, full of spring and elasticity, like the gait of a high-mettled horse. "*Incessu patuit.*" But every nation has a motion of its own. Among the boatmen on the Bosphorus I saw many faces and figures very like the same class at Hong-Kong and on the Canton River in China. Both have a Tartar look. Mongolians, I imagine.

I think I should like, as I grow older and more stay-at-home, to pay attention to the subject of "breeding." Astonishing facts come out upon inquiry. Now, *sheep, horses, dogs, and men* should be more closely watched. I see already some things. I see that Nature is always flowing. *She will not let you fix her*, and she refuses to be caught out by any process of exhaustion. There is always somewhat unknown, and that somewhat is everything. You may think that you have exhausted the chances of vice and disease by putting the best always together. Now, if you merely put the best together, you will have either no breed or a very bad one. There is something in the "black sheep" which the better one loses. There is something divine, which is pity to lose, even in the most barbarous stock. Lord Byron said that the finest man and the best boxer he ever met told him that he was the offspring of positive deformity, and that he had brothers still finer than himself. On the other hand, I know a young gentleman who is an absolute baboon, but the son of a good-looking father and a mother of a race famous for beauty. But the family crest is a baboon, and it came out after the lapse of centuries.

A student of family pictures will observe, in a good gallery, how the same face comes and goes. It will sometimes sleep for three hundred years. A certain expression of countenance is in a certain family; some change takes place, — perhaps they lose an estate or gain a peerage; it goes, and turns up again in another branch which never had it before. Is not Walker[1] the best representative of old Rolf Ganger? I think that both *gang* the same gait.

This is enchanted ground, — St. Peter's, the Pantheon, the Coliseum, etc. But let me tell you what attracts me most in Rome and its neighborhood. It is the lake and woods of the ancient Alba Longa, the mother city of Rome, which you see clearly and well in the distance (about 14 miles off). The lake, which is very large, many miles round, is in the crater of an old volcano, and therefore high up. It is surrounded by woods, chiefly of holm oaks; but here are also the stone pine, the common deciduous oak, and other fine trees. These woods are pierced by numerous beautiful walks.

[Here follows a sketch of the neighborhood of the Alban lake.]

This little map will give you some inkling of these beautiful hills, of the lake of Alba and its sister Nemi. You will see that the colonists moved northwest to found Rome; you will imagine, when you stand on the bank of the lake, where is the long ridge or street whence the old city (all long ago gone) took its name, that you are at a height sufficient

[1] The Central American "filibuster."

to see all the country round; yet you have got the Monte Calvo, with the old temple (now a convent) of Jupiter Latiaris at your back and many hundred feet above you (perhaps a thousand). What a position for a city! What an eagle's nest! Here is every variety of scenery, with the sea quite plainly seen to the west. Hence you wind up through a modern town, called Rocca di Papa, and across a section of *Hannibal's camp* (you remember when he came so near Rome), which is another mountain basin, towards the temple aforesaid, where the thirty Latin cities used to sacrifice. The holy road to the top of the mountain still remains. It is very narrow, and flagged with great uneven stones. Algidus (not so high) lies behind. To the east, across the Campagna, are the Sabine hills, with Tibur in their bosom, and the old temple of Bona Dea on a great hill near it. The Etrurian hills are to the north, behind Rome, and Soracte, a little isolated shelf of rock, stands midway between them and the Sabine. Snow on Soracte marks a very hard winter. You remember the ode, "*Vides ut alta, etc., . . . Soracte.*"

And now to come to yourself. I have your two letters by me, and read them over with deep interest. You are not living altogether as I could wish. You ought to have society. A college, a conventual life is for you. You should be the member of some society not yet formed. You want it greatly, and without this you will be liable to moulder away as you get older. *Forgive my English plainness of speech.* Your love for, and intimate acquaintance with, Nature is ancillary to some affection which you have not yet discovered.

The great Kant never dined alone. Once, when there was a danger of the empty dinner table, he sent his valet out, bidding him catch the first man he could find and bring him in! So necessary was the tonic, the effervescing cup of conversation, to his deeper labors. Laughter, chatter, politics, and even the prose of ordinary talk is better than nothing. Are there no clubs in Boston? The lonely man is a diseased man, I greatly fear. See how carefully Mr. Emerson avoids it; and yet, who dwells, in all essentials, more religiously free than he? Now, I would have you one of a well-knit society or guild, from which rays of thought and activity might emanate, and penetrate every corner of your country. By such a course you would not lose Nature. But supposing that reasons, of which I can know nothing, determine you to remain in "quasi" retirement; still, let not this retirement be too lonely. Take up every man as you take up a leaf, and look attentively at him. This would be easy for you, who have such powers of observation, and of attracting the juices of all you meet to yourself. Even I, who have no such power, somehow find acquaintances, and nobody knows what I get from those about me. They give me all they have, and never suspect it. What treasures I gleaned at Concord! And I remember at Boston, at my lodgings, the worthy people only held out a week, after which I was the friend of the family, and chattered away like a magpie, and was included in their religious services. I positively loved them before I went away. I wish I lived near you, and that you could somehow originate some such society as I have in my head.

What you are engaged in I suspect to be Meditations on the Higher Laws as they show themselves in Common Things. This, if well weaved, may become a great work; but I fear that this kind of study may become too desultory. Try a history. How if you could write the sweet, beautiful history of Massachusetts? Positively, there is an immense field open. Or take Concord, — still better, perhaps. As for myself, so enamored am I of history that it is my intention, if I live long enough, to write a history of Salop; and I will endeavor

to strike out something entirely new, and to put county history where it ought to be. Take the spirit of Walton and a spice of White! It would be a great labor and a grand achievement, — one for which you are singularly qualified.

By being "run down" I suppose you mean a little "hipped," — a disorder which no one escapes. I have had it so badly as to have meditated suicide more than once. But it goes away with the merest trifle, and leaves you stronger than ever. Ordinary men of the world defeat the enemy with a sop, such as getting drunk or having a woman; but this is a bad plan, and only successful for a time. He is better defeated by sobriety or a change of scene, such as your trip to the Connecticut River. "*He is beginning to preach now*," you will say. Well, then, let us have a turn at politics and literature. I was certain from the first that Buchanan would be President, because I felt sure that the Middle States are not with the North. Nor is the North itself in earnest. You are fond of humanity, but you like commerce, and a great heap, and a big name better. Of course you do. Besides, your principle and bond of union appears to be most negative, — you do not like slavery. Is there any positive root of strength in the North? Where and what? Your civilization is all in embryo, and what will come out no one can predict. At present, is there not a great thinness and poverty? *Magnas inter opes inops!* You have indeed in New England the genius of liberty, and for construction and management; you have a wonderful *aplomb*, and are never off your feet. But when I think of your meagreness of invention, and your absurd whims and degraded fancies of spirit-rapping, etc., and the unseemly low ebb of your ordinary literature, I tremble.

You have one Phœnix,[1] — the greatest man since Shakespeare, I believe, — but where is the rest of the choir? Why, the men that promise best — such as Channing, some of whose poems are admirable — do not go down; and they never will as long as newspaper novels are in request. It is the same as in England, — all is fragmentary, poor, and draggletail. There is no continence. A perfectly beautiful conception, generously born and bred, such as Schiller's Cranes of Ibycus or The Diver, is simply impossible in such a state of things. And observe, I would affirm the very same thing of England as it is at this hour. There is no poetry, and very little or no literature. We are drenched with mawkish lollipops, and clothed in tawdry rags. I am sorry to see even in Mr. Emerson's Traits of England that one or two chapters are far inferior to the rest of the book. He knows it, no doubt. He has sinned against his conception herein in order to accommodate the public with a few sugarplums. Those chapters will hurt the book, which would otherwise be, like his Essays, of perfect proportion and of historical beauty. I have seen some fragments by a certain W. Whitman, who appears to be a strong man. But why write fragments? It is not modest. Completeness of conception is the very first element of that sweet wonder which I know not how to call by its right name. There is a man we both of us respect and admire, — Carlyle; but has he not damaged his own hand beyond cure? He drives a cart, and strikes against every stone he sees. He has no "perception" of the highest kind. A good preacher, but after all a creaking, bumping, tortuous, involved, and visionary author.

I wonder what Emerson will give us for his next book. The only new books in England I have seen are Froude's History, of which I cannot speak too highly, and a report on India by Lord Dalhousie, very able and businesslike. There are also the Russian accounts of the battle of Inkerman (which were printed in the Times), curious and able.

[1] Emerson is meant.

Grey's Polynesian legend is getting old, but we have Sandwich on Kars and Russell's admirable account of the Crimean campaign, of which I need say nothing. His excellent letters from Moscow will also form a good book. I had forgot Maurice's and Kingsley's last, and Mansfield's Paraguay. (Read that.) Truly the list grows. Our poems, such as Arnold's, Sydney Dobell's, and Owen Meredith's, are the very dregs and sweepings of imitation. Alexander Smith's last I have not seen, but it is no great haul, I hear, — small potatoes! But they talk of a Catholic priest of the name of Stoddart, — that he has written well.

Burton's African and Arabian travels, Arthur Stanley's Palestine, Cotton's Public Works of India, are all good and sound. We ought to have a book from Livingstone before long. He is now on his way home, after having succeeded in traversing Africa, — a feat never accomplished before. (He is at home, and going out again.) Newman on Universities ought to be good. The other day a man asked me, "Have you ever read the Chronicles of the Emperor Baber?" I had never even heard of them before. He said they outdid Cæsar's. Was he imposing upon my ignorance?

The books above mentioned I will endeavor to get when I visit England in the spring; some indeed I have already, and will send them to you. I want you to send me a copy of Emerson's Poems, which I cannot obtain, do what I will. Also please obtain for me a catalogue (you 'll hear of it at the Boston Athenæum) of your local histories in the United States. There are hundreds of them, I believe; a list has been made which I want to examine. I suppose you are well versed in the French works written by early travelers and missioners on America. Would you tell me one or two of the best authors of Canadian or Louisianian research? I am at present working at an essay on America, which gives me great pleasure and no little pain. I have a conception of America surveyed as "one thought;" but the members are not yet forthcoming. I have not yet written above a page or two. I have also been engaged upon Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra, and indeed in other ways. For my daily reading I am taking Tasso's Jerusalem, Chateaubriand's Génie, and sometimes a little Tacitus; and I also read the Bible every day.

Farewell, dear Thoreau. Give my best love to your father, mother, and sister, and to old Channing; and convey my respect to Mr. Emerson and Mr. Alcott; and when next you go to Boston, call at my old lodgings, and give my regards to them there. If you write to Morton, don't forget me there. He is a clever lad, is n't he? Also my respect to Mr. Theodore Parker, whose sermons are rather to be heard than read.

Ever yours, and not in haste,

THOS. CHOLMONDELEY.

Posted in London February 22, 1857.

However, this astonishing epistle did not end even here. On reaching London Cholmondeley continued it thus:—

TOWN, *February* 22, 1857.

DEAR THOREAU, — You see I 've *saved* this letter, which is the best I ever wrote you (for I burnt the rest), and posted it in town. For Rome being so uncertain a post, I thought, "better wait till I get to town," and send it properly.

I am just going now on an expedition to search for a little cottage somewhere in Kent or Sussex, where I may henceforth dwell and endeavor to gather a little moss. I hope to get a few acres of land with it on lease; for as to *buying*, it is almost out of the question. They ask about £500 an acre now for anything like decent land in England. (I mean within hail of town, for I don't

want to settle finally in Wales or Yorkshire.) In fact, land is worth too much. It is a shame. I suppose I could buy a good *farm* in New England for £2000, could n't I? I should n't wonder if I were to settle in New England, after all, for the ties which hold me here are very slender. However, if I *do* succeed in getting my cottage in Kent, remember there will be a room for you there, and as much as ever you can eat and drink. I am staying in town with my brother Reginald, who is a painter, and has very agreeable rooms. He is very good to me, and trots me out to see people whom otherwise I should scarcely be able to meet.

I heard Maurice preach to-day in Lincoln's Inn. It was on Faith, Hope, and Charity. He explained that this charity is not human, but divine, and to be enjoyed in communion with God. It was a good and strictly orthodox sermon, and not extempore in any sense.

I called at John Chapman's the other day, but he was out, being, they said, engaged in one of the hospitals. He has turned doctor, it seems. The fact is, I fear that Chapman has done himself mischief by publishing books containing new views and philosophy, which the English, from the lord to the cabman, hate and sneer at. The very beggars in the streets are all conservatives, except on the subject of their sores. To speculate in thought, in this country, is *ruin*, and sure to lead — if pursued long enough — to the Queen's Bench or Bedlam. I am persuaded that the Turks and the Chinese are *nothing* to us. Perhaps we are more like the Japanese than any other people, — I mean as regards what Swedenborg would call "our interiors." The prophets prophesy as they did among the ancient Hebrews, and the smooth prophets bear away the bells.

I met Spedding the other day, and had much talk with him, but nothing real; but he is a good man, and in expression like your Alcott. He is now bringing out his Bacon, the work of his whole life. Farewell.

Ever yours,

THOS. CHOLMONDELEY.

Upon the receipt of this long letter, Thoreau sent to his English friend four American books, — Emerson's Poems (the first volume only), his own Walden, a book on the Southern States by F. L. Olmsted, and the first edition of Walt Whitman's Leaves of Grass. Thoreau's letter accompanying the books is still undiscovered among family papers at Condover Hall, but here is the reply:

LONDON, *May* 26, 1857.

MY DEAR THOREAU, — I have received your four books, and, what is more, I have read them. Olmsted was the only entire stranger. His book, I think, might have been shortened, and if he had, indeed, written only one word instead of ten, I should have liked it better. It is a horrid vice, this wordiness. Emerson is beautiful and glorious. Of all his poems, the Rhodora is my favorite. I repeat it to myself over and over again. I am also delighted with Guy, Uriel, and Beauty. Of your own book I will say nothing, but I will ask you a question, which perhaps may be a very ignorant one. I have observed a few lines about —— [so in original]. Now there is *something here* unlike anything else in these pages. Are they absolutely your own, or whose? And afterward you shall hear what I think of them. Walt Whitman's poems have only been heard of in England to be laughed at and voted offensive. Here are Leaves, indeed, which I can no more understand than the book of Enoch or the inedited poems of Daniel! I cannot believe that such a man lives unless I actually touch him. He is further ahead of me in yonder West than Buddha is behind me in the Orient. I find reality and beauty mixed with not a little violence and coarseness, both of which are to me effeminate. I am amused at his

views of sexual energy, which, however, are absurdly false. The man appears to me not to know how to behave himself. I find the *gentleman* altogether left out of the book! Altogether these Leaves completely puzzle me. Is there actually such a man as Whitman? Has any one seen or handled him? His is a tongue "not understanded" of the English people. It is the first book I have ever seen which I should call "a *new* book," and thus I would sum up the impression it makes upon me.

While I am writing, Prince Albert and Duke Constantine are reviewing the Guards in a corner of St. James Park. I hear the music. About two hours ago I took a turn round the park before breakfast, and saw the troops formed. The varieties of color gleamed fully out from the uniforms. They looked like an army of soldier-butterflies just dropped from the lovely green trees under which they marched. Never saw the trees look so green before as they do this spring; some of the oaks incredibly so. I stood before some the other day, in Richmond, and was obliged to pinch myself and ask, "Is this oak-tree really growing on the earth they call so bad and wicked an earth, and itself so undeniably and astonishingly fresh and fair?" It did not look like magic; it was magic.

I have had a thousand strange experiences lately, most of them delicious, and some almost awful. I seem to do so much in my life when I am doing nothing at all. I seem to be hiving up strength all the while, as a sleeping man does who sleeps and dreams and strengthens himself unconsciously; only sometimes half awakes with a sense of cool refreshment. Sometimes it is wonderful to me that I say so little, and somehow cannot speak even to my friends! Why, all the time I was at Concord, I never could tell you much of all I have seen and done! I never could, somehow, tell you anything! How ungrateful to my guardian genius to think any of it trivial or superfluous! But it always seemed already told and long ago said. What is past and what is to come seems as it were all shut up in some very simple but very dear notes of music which I never can repeat.

To-night I intend to hear Mr. Dow, the American, lecture in Exeter Hall. I *believe* it is to-night. But I go forearmed against him, being convinced in my mind that a good man is all the better for a bottle of port under his belt every day of his life. I heard Spurgeon, the preacher, the other day. He said some very good things; among others, "If I can make the bells ring in *one* heart, I shall be content." Two young men not behaving themselves, he called them as sternly to order as if they were *serving* under him. Talking of Jerusalem, he said that "every good man had a mansion of his own there, and a crown that would fit no other head save his." That I felt was true. It is the voice of Spurgeon that draws more than his matter. His organ is very fine, but I fear he is hurting it by preaching to too large and frequent congregations. I found this out because he is falling into *two voices*, the usual clerical infirmity.

The bells — church bells — are ringing somewhere; for the Queen's birthday, they tell me. I have not a court guide at hand to see if this is so. London is cramfull. Not a bed, not a corner! After all, the finest sight is to see such numbers of beautiful girls riding about, and riding well. There are certainly no women in the world like ours. The men are far, far inferior to them.

I am still searching after an abode, and really my adventures have been most amusing. One Sussex farmer had a very good little cottage, close to Battle, but he kept "a few horses and a score or two of pigs" under the very windows. I remarked that his stables were very filthy. The man stared hard at me, as an English farmer only can stare; that is, as a man stares who is

trying to catch a thought which is always running away from him. At last he said, striking his stick on the ground, "But that is *why* I keep the pigs. I want their dung for my hop-grounds." We could not arrange it after that.

I received a very kind note to-day from Concord, informing me that there was a farm to be sold on the hill just over your river, and nearly opposite your house. But it is out of the question, buying land by deputy. I have, however, *almost* decided to settle finally in America. There are many reasons for it. I think of running over in the trial trip of the Great Eastern, which will be at the close of the year. She is either to be the greatest success, or else to sink altogether without more ado. She is to be something decided. I was all over her the other day. The immense creature, musical with the incessant tinkling of hammers, is as yet unconscious of life. By measurement she is larger than the Ark. From the promenade of her decks you see the town and trade of London, the river (the sacred river), Greenwich with its park and palace, the vast town of Southwark and the continuation of it at Deptford, the Sydenham Palace, and the Surrey hills. Altogether a noble poem.

Only think, I am losing all my teeth. All my magnificent teeth are going. I now begin to know I *have* had good teeth. This comes of too many cups of warm trash. If I had held to cold drinks, they would have lasted me out; but the effeminacy of tea, coffee, chocolate, and sugar has been my bane. Miserable wretches were they who invented these comforters of exhaustion! They could not afford wine and beer. Hence, God, to punish them for their feeble hearts, takes away the grinders from their representatives, one of whom I have been induced to become. But, Thoreau, if ever I live again, I vow never so much as to touch anything warm. It is as dangerous as to take a pill, which, I am convinced, is a most immoral custom. Give me ale for breakfast, and claret or port and ale again for dinner. I should then have a better conscience, and not fear to lose my teeth any more than my tongue.

Farewell, Thoreau. Success and the bounty of the gods attend you.

Yours ever, THOS. CHOLMONDELEY.

The "very kind note" mentioned in this letter was one from me in regard to his purchase of the Nashawtuc farm of four hundred acres, which was then for sale; and I perhaps pointed out that, if a portion of it only were wanted by him, the rest could be sold for buildings. He did not quite understand my suggestion, and replied, *more Anglico*, thus: —

June 9 [1857], Oxford & Cambridge Club, Pall Mall, London.

MY DEAR SIR, — I thank you for your letter; but I must say at once that my thought of a pleasure farm in America has nothing to do with any building speculation. I confess I hate anything approaching to "business" or "investments" to bring in ever so much more than they ought. I assure you it is with the utmost difficulty I can manage what little I possess already, without a thought of increasing it. A single care would rob me of the gayety and ease of my life. If I were to settle in America, or to buy land there, it would not be with any such view. But I have sometimes thought of turning "hunter;" and in that case I should like a nook (a cabin and a flower garden, nothing more) in which to pass my vacations. As for universities and magazines, God knows I am tired of the very names.

Would you tell dear Thoreau that the lines I admire so much in his Week on the Concord River begin thus? —

"Low anchored cloud,
Newfoundland air," etc.[1]

[1] This is doubtless the passage omitted in the letter to Thoreau of May 26, 1857, — left out, I suppose, because Cholmondeley had not the book at hand to quote from.

In my mind, the best thing he ever wrote.

I find it was the Prussian, and not the Russian duke who reviewed the Guard in the Park.

Your letter shows a very forecasting and ambitious soul! Why should you, my friend, roll the stone up the hill? Leave it to Sisyphus. You will never be happy and virtuous till you cast out the fiend; and when he is once gone, you will have no occasion to ask for anything. God will so fill your hand from morning to night that you will only say, "Hold, hold! give me less at a time." He is like the air, and we live in him from day to day. I would have you do the same, and not forecast. To forecast is a delusion of the fiend, and likely to rob you of your delicious youth. If you must have a solace prepared for your age, learn to play the fiddle; and then, even if your eyes fail, you will have a friend, supposing you keep the use of your fingers.

I have lately seen the celebrated Horse Fair of Rosa Bonheur, which one of your countrymen has bought; and upon my honor, it is magnificent. Having seen that and read Aurora Leigh, I begin to think that the day is coming when women will take the lead of our sex altogether. We are engaged with our races at present, and, as usual, "dark" horses generally win. Parliament is also going on, but nobody seems to care much about it. Pam seems Dictator for life, unless he goes mad.

Tell Thoreau that I am reading the memoirs of the Emperor Baber with great satisfaction. He was no doubt a conqueror among wits, as well as a wit among conquerors. His description of the gardens he found or made is of the best! He is translated by Erskine and Leyden. Perhaps the strangest part of the fellow is the mixture of religion and licentiousness. He was rigid in his prayers by day and night; while, on the other hand, he actually gives an account of an infamous passion he fell into as if it was the most reasonable thing in the world. English and Irish words occur in his vocabulary. *Kuragh* means a meadow; perhaps you have heard of the Curragh of Kildare. *Oti* is wild grass of a certain kind, which is indigenous in parts of Central Asia.

I find I must stop. On looking back, I see I have written exactly what I think about your letter. But nobody ought to resent simplicity.

I am, my dear sir,
Yours very truly,
THOS. CHOLMONDELEY.

P. S. I should be glad if Thoreau would write to me that long letter he owes.

P. S. On looking back a second time, I feel that if your view should really be an aspiration, I am wrong in treating it as an ordinary ambition; but how can I tell?

The next that was heard from Cholmondeley was a rumor that he was to revisit America; and accordingly, Thoreau received this note, late in November, 1858: —

DONEGANA HOUSE, MONTREAL,
Friday, 26 *November*, 1858.

MY DEAR THOREAU, — I am at Montreal, and I think I shall pass south not far from you. I shall be on Tuesday evening at the Revere, at Boston. I am going to spend the winter in the West Indies. What do you say to come there, too? Yours ever,
THOS. CHOLMONDELEY.

Early in December he appeared at the Thoreaus' in Concord, and a few days later Thoreau wrote to Daniel Ricketson, at New Bedford, under date of December 6, 1858: —

FRIEND RICKETSON, — Thomas Cholmondeley, my English acquaintance, is here, on his way to the West Indies. He

wants to see New Bedford, a whaling town. I tell him I would like to introduce him to you there, thinking more of his seeing you than New Bedford. So we propose to come your way tomorrow. Excuse this short notice, for the time is short. If, on any account, it is inconvenient to see us, you will treat us accordingly. . . .

The visit was made, to the satisfaction of all; but as Thoreau's father was then in his last illness, and Thoreau himself far from well, Cholmondeley did not remain long in New England. His last words with me were to request that I would buy for the father some grapes, as an alleviation of his invalid diet. He soon returned to England, by way of Jamaica, and this was the brief comment of Thoreau in a letter to Mr. Blake (January 1, 1859): "It may interest you to hear that Cholmondeley has been this way again, *via* Montreal and Lake Huron, going to the West Indies, or rather to Weiss-nicht-wo, whither he urges me to accompany him. He is rather more demonstrative than before, and, on the whole, what would be called 'a good fellow;' is a man of principle, and quite reliable, but very peculiar. I have been to New Bedford with him, to show him a whaling town."

He reached England before Theodore Parker — visiting Europe for health — arrived in London (June 1, 1859), and soon after called on Parker, with offers of service. In the following November, Edwin Morton, making a tour in Europe, to avoid testifying in the matter of John Brown and Gerrit Smith, was invited to Shrewsbury, where Cholmondeley then lived, and was captain of a volunteer rifle company. Morton spent some part of the Christmas holidays at Hodnet, — the house of Cholmondeley's mother, who had married for a second husband Rev. Zachary Macaulay, a cousin of Lord Macaulay, — and was indebted to his friend for many hospitalities, such as Cholmondeley would gladly have bestowed on Thoreau, could he have induced him to visit England. Morton carried to Shropshire the latest news from Concord that Cholmondeley received, until the tidings came of Thoreau's fatal illness in the summer of 1861. Three years after, in the summer of 1864, Reginald Cholmondeley wrote to say that his brother had died in Florence, mentioning some affecting circumstances of his marriage, illness, and death. Sophia Thoreau, in a letter of March, 1865, thus expressed the feelings of his Concord friends: "I cannot tell you how startled and grieved we all felt to hear of Mr. Cholmondeley's death. His brother's letter impressed me as a painful chapter from some romance. It is hard to realize that he has left us. We have always had the truest regard for him, as a person of rare integrity, great benevolence, and the sincerest friendliness; and I am sure his loss must be very great to those who knew and loved him best."

The letters here printed will throw some light on the nature and pursuits of this one English intimate friend of Thoreau. Those who knew Thomas Cholmondeley could not easily forget him; those who had only a common acquaintance with him would perhaps wonder how any one should remember him. So rare were his gifts, and so well did his ordinary manner conceal them, that few suspected him for the ideal Englishman that he was, or perceived under the humorous mask he wore the sweet simplicity, the magnanimous eccentricity, of his national and individual character.

F. B. Sanborn.

BIRDS AT YULE-TIDE.

I.

SUNLIGHT.

At the northern end of the wren orchard there is an angle in the stone wall where the autumn winds pile dry leaves. The wall at this point is five feet high and very thick, and no breeze finds a way through it. Above and behind the wall a dozen or more ancient white pines rise high into the air, cutting off all view of the northern sky; but southward the orchard falls away in grassy terraces, and through the vistas between the old gray trunks and tangled branches far glimpses of Cambridge and the Charles River meadows greet the eye. Christmas, 1892, had come and gone, but New Year's Day was still in the future. There were snow banks in the shadows, and back of the wall, under the pines, the north wind bustled about on winter errands. Weary with a long walk, I had sunk deep into the dry leaves on the sunny side of the wall, and had found them warm and comforting. The sun's rays had brought heat, and the brown leaves had taken it and kept it safely in their dry depths.

At first, as I lay there, the world seemed lifeless, so utterly silent was it. No insect's wing gleamed in the sunlight, no squirrel ran on the wall, no bird spoke in the treetops. There are wonderfully still moments in midsummer, when the breeze dies away, the sun's rays glow like fire in the lake, and the birds sit motionless and drowsy in the thickets. In those moments, however, the watchful eye can always see the dragonfly darting back and forth over the water, the inch-worm reaching out its aimless and inquiring arm from the tip of a grass stalk, or the ant marching back and forth with endless patience under the stubble forests. Still and seemingly dead as was this winter morning, I had faith that if I listened attentively enough some voice would come to me out of the silence; and sure enough, as soon as my presence was forgotten, two or three golden-crested kinglets began lisping to each other in the nearest cedars. Soon they came into view, hovering, fluttering, clinging, among the evergreen branches; sometimes head downwards, often sideways, always busy clearing the foliage of its insect dwellers.

While I was watching these tiny workers, now and then catching a glimpse of their bright yellow crown-patches, I saw a much larger bird alight in a leafless ash-tree about fifty feet from me, near the orchard wall. The next moment the harsh cry of a jay came through the still air, and as I brought my glass to bear on the visitor I expected to recognize the gay plumage of the crow's festive cousin. The bird in focus was no jay: that was clear at first glance. It was shorter than a blue jay by two inches or more; it was not blue, and its head was not crested. Presently another bird of the same species joined the first comer, and the two sat quietly in the bare tree, doing nothing. Far away a flicker called, and then in the pines the clear *phœ-bē* of the titmouse came like a whiff of perfume. One of the strange birds dropped suddenly to the foot of the tree, and began moving over a broad snow bank which lay in the shadow cast by the wall and a bunch of privet and barberry. The snow was sprinkled with the winged seeds of the ash, and the bird picked these up one by one, neatly freed each seed from its membrane, and swallowed it.

While the bird remained in shadow she looked gray; but whenever the sun-

light struck her, rich olive tones glowed upon her head, back, and rump, while traces of the same coloring showed upon her breast. Beautiful water-markings rippled from her neck downward over her back. Her wings were dark ashy gray marked by two white wing bars and white edgings to the stiff feathers, and under each eye a white line was noticeable. Her feet showed black against the snow, in which they moved regardless of cold or dampness. The bird in the tree was not favorably placed for me to see his colors, so, rising softly from my leaf-bed, I moved silently towards him until he came against a dark background. Slowly raising my glass, I leveled it upon him, and brought out to my admiring eyes the exquisite tints of his plumage. Where his mate had glowed with olive, he blushed with rosy carmine. Head, nape, rump, throat, and breast alike were suffused with warm, lustrous color. Here and there, white, gray, and ash struggled for a share in his dress, but the carmine outshone them. There could be no doubt as to the birds' identity, — they were a pair of pine grosbeaks.

My approach to a point not more than twenty feet from the feeding bird did not disturb her. She watched me closely, but continued to gather the ash seeds. At times she even ran towards me a foot or two. Suddenly a dark shadow crossed the snow drift, and both birds started apprehensively, as though to fly away; but they quickly regained their composure as a ragged-winged crow sailed close above the treetops and disappeared behind the hill. A nearer approach to the birds showed me how massive were their bills; the upper strongly arched mandible forming a sharp hook far overhanging the blunter under one. Their tails, too, were noticeable, being plainly and quite deeply forked.

Advancing step by step, I came at last so near these confiding birds that, had they been domestic fowls, they would have avoided me. The one on the ground flew into the ash-tree, and both moved a little higher among the branches as I walked directly beneath them. Of nervous fear they gave no sign, although both uttered short musical notes in a querulous tone. This trustfulness is characteristic of many of the migrants from the far north which suddenly, and for causes not yet fully understood, sweep over fields and forests in midwinter. Many a time I have stood beneath a slender white birch in whose branches dozens of pine siskins were resting, or red-poll linnets feeding. I have leaned over the upper rail of a fence and looked down upon red crossbills eating salt and grain from a cattle trough on the ground on the other side of the fence, while they watched me with their bright eyes, yet did not fly. Chickadees and Hudson Bay titmice have chided me while they perched upon twigs, only a foot or two from my head; and nuthatches, kinglets, purple finches, goldfinches, and snow buntings have in a less noticeable way shown far less fear of me than any summer migrant or resident bird would display.

II.

MOONLIGHT.

Sunset in late December comes long before tea time, so I lingered in the wren orchard while the orange light came and went in the west, and until the big yellow moon swung free from the eastern elms, and began her voyage across the chilly sky. I had been worrying the crows at their roost in a grove of pitch pines on the very crest of the Arlington ridge. Just as they skulked into the grove on one side, I glided in from the other. Silently they floated through the twilight, and gained a thickly branching pine. In its upper foliage they crowded together and prepared for sleep. Then they heard my footsteps on the twigs

and snow crust below, and suddenly a great stirring, and rubbing of wings and twigs told of their flight. At first they said nothing, but when they had reached the upper air they circled over the grove cawing spitefully. A small flock of pine grosbeaks dropped into the grove, and after the brightest of the golden light had faded from behind far Wachusett I heard a small troop of kinglets come in for their night's lodging. The crows came back to their favorite tree, and when I disturbed them a second time nine of them flew away full of wrath.

Leaving the pines to darkness and its birds, I came back to the wren orchard. As I ran through a savin-dotted pasture, a lonely junco flew from beneath a juniper bush, and lighted upon the ground. I stopped and watched him. For a while he kept very still, but at last he showed his white tail feathers in flight, and vanished among the cedars. Under the cedars I found a dead bird, lying on its back upon the snow. It was a grosbeak, with almost every feather, except those on the breast, intact; yet, strange to say, its body had been eaten, — probably by mice, for no creature less tiny could have removed the flesh so completely without injuring the plumage. I fear the trustfulness of this gentle migrant caused its death. Mice can eat birds, but they cannot shoot them first.

The apple-trees in the wren orchard seemed even more grotesquely gnarled as they lifted their distorted limbs against the moonlit sky than they had in the pale winter sunshine. They are very old trees for fruit trees, and many a dark cavern in their trunks and larger limbs offers shelter to owls, squirrels, and mice. Leaning against one of their broad trunks, I imitated the attenuated squeak made by a mouse. Again and again I drew breath through my tightly closed and puckered lips, feeling sure that if Scops and his appetite were in company anywhere within an owl's ear-shot of my squeaking, I should hear from the little mouser.

Once, twice, perhaps three times, there fell upon my ear what seemed like the distant wailing of a child or the faint whinnying of a horse. All at once it came over me that the sound was not distant, and I held my breath and listened intently. It came again, — faint, tremulous, sad. My ears declined to say whether it came fifty feet or a quarter of a mile. I stole softly towards the point from which it proceeded, but before I had gone a rod I heard the same or a similar sound on my left. This time it was more distinct, and I knew it to be the quavering whinny of a screech owl. Stooping to the ground, I scanned the apple-trees with the white sky for a background. In the third tree from me I saw a dark lump on a branch. I crept towards it, and at the first sound I made, the bunch resolved itself into a broad-winged little owl, which flew across to the next tree. Rising, I walked straight towards it, until I stood close beneath the bird, who watched me without moving.

Although I could see only his silhouette, I knew well what his expression was like, having had several of his family as pets. His feathery ear-tufts were depressed, and his head was set down closely upon his shoulders. Could I have seen his face, I should have met an impish glare in his small yellow eyes, and a look about his mouth suggestive of sharp bites. The screech owl fears the barred owl as much as a robin does; so when I hooted like his big cousin, and spun my hat into the air over him, he flew down almost to the ground, made a sharp angle, and rose into a tree at a little distance. After I had followed him from tree to tree for several minutes, he finally succeeded in dodging me, and I left the orchard to the quiet of the winter's night.

In the morning, when I rolled into the pile of leaves by the sunny side of the wall, the day seemed bereft of incident and color; but as I ran down the

frozen hillside, hurrying more to regain warmth than to gain time, the day appeared, in retrospect, to be well filled with incident and life. Not only had there been crows, jays, flickers, chickadees, kinglets, and a junco busy about their respective tasks of food-finding, but the charming pine grosbeaks had gathered the ash seeds from the snow, a few feet from where, as soon as moonlight replaced sunshine, Scops set himself to gather his nightly harvest of mice. Vegetation, as a rule, is dormant in winter; most of the insect world selects winter for its period of repose and transformation; snow, ice, and lack of food drive certain birds into migration, and cause reptiles and a few species of mammals to hibernate. Beyond these limits Nature keeps on her way untroubled; and even within these limits there is less stagnation than most men suppose. If man were not himself so much in dread of the snow, he would not credit the lower animals with undue fear of wintry elements.

Frank Bolles.

THE BLAZING HEART.

WHO are ye, spirits, that stand
In the outer gloom,
Each with a blazing heart in hand,
Which lighteth the dark beyond the tomb?

"Oh, we be souls that loved
Too well, too well!
Yet, for that love, though sore reproved,
(Oh, sore reproved!) have we 'scaped hell.

"'Scaped hell, but gained not heaven.
Woe, woe and alas!
Only, to us this grace is given,
To light the dark where the dead must pass.

"Behind us the shadows throng,
And the mists are gray;
But our blazing hearts light the soul along
From grave to yon gate that hides the day."

Who may this lady be
At my right hand?
"This is the heart which for Antony
Changed from soft flesh to a burning brand."

"This for Æneas glowed,
Is glowing still."
"This kindled for Phaon; the flame it showed
No waters of ocean could quench or kill."

This shape, with the flowing hair?
"She loved so much
That even the Sinless heard her prayer,
Pitied her pangs, and suffered her touch."

Bid the sounds of crackling cease!
"They blaze, they burn!"
Let me flee back to my coffined peace!
"Pass on (they beckon); there's no return."

Spirits, why press ye close?
I am faint with fear!
"Already *thy* heart like an ember glows;
Pluck it forth from thy bosom; thy place is here."

Happy Francesca! thine
Is the fairer lot.
Better with him in hell to pine
Than stand in cool shadows by him forgot!

Alice Williams Brotherton.

OF THE ETERNAL FEMININE.

I.

WHAT every intelligent foreigner dwelling in Japan must sooner or later perceive is, that the more the Japanese learn of our æsthetics and of our emotional character generally, the less favorably do they seem to be impressed thereby. The European or American who tries to talk to them about Western art, or literature, or metaphysics will feel for their sympathy in vain. He will be listened to politely; but his utmost eloquence will scarcely elicit more than a few surprising comments, totally unlike what he hoped and expected to evoke. Many successive disappointments of this sort impel him to judge his Oriental auditors very much as he would judge Western auditors behaving in a similar way. Obvious indifference to what we imagine the highest expression possible of art and thought, we are led by our own Occidental experiences to take for proof of mental incapacity. So we find one class of foreign observers calling the Japanese a race of children; while another, including a majority of those who have passed many years in the country, judge the nation essentially materialistic, despite the evidences of its religions, its literature, and its matchless art. I cannot persuade myself that either of these judgments is less fatuous than Goldsmith's observation to Johnson about the Literary Club: "There can now be nothing new among us; we have traveled over one another's minds." A cultured Japanese might well answer with Johnson's famous retort: "Sir, you have not yet traveled over *my* mind, I promise you!" And all such sweeping criticisms seem to me due to a very imperfect recognition of the fact that Japanese thought and sentiment have been evolved out of ancestral habits, customs, ethics, beliefs, directly the opposite of our own in some cases, and in all cases strangely different. Acting on such psychological ma-

terial, modern scientific education cannot but accentuate and develop race differences. Only half-education can tempt the Japanese to servile imitation of Western ways. The real mental and moral power of the race, its highest intellect, strongly resists Western influence; and those more competent than I to pronounce upon such matters assure me that this is especially observable in the case of superior men who have traveled or been educated in Europe. Indeed, the results of the new culture have served more than aught else to show the immense force of healthy conservatism in that race superficially characterized by Rein as a race of children. Even very imperfectly understood, the causes of this Japanese attitude to a certain class of Western ideas might well incite us to reconsider our own estimate of those ideas, rather than to tax the Oriental mind with incapacity. Now, of the causes in question, which are multitudinous, some can only be vaguely guessed at. But there is at least one — a very important one — which we may safely study, because a recognition of it is forced upon any one who passes a few years in the Far East.

II.

"Teacher, please tell us why there is so much about love and marrying in English novels; it seems to us very, very strange."

This question was put to me while I was trying to explain to my literature class — young men from nineteen to twenty-three years of age — why they had failed to understand certain chapters of a standard novel, though quite well able to understand the logic of Jevons and the psychology of James. Under the circumstances, it was not an easy question to answer; in fact, I could not have replied to it in any satisfactory way had I not already lived for several years in Japan. As it was, though I endeavored to be concise as well as lucid, my explanation occupied something more than two hours.

There are few of our society novels that a Japanese student can really comprehend; and the reason is, simply, that English society is something of which he is quite unable to form a correct idea. Indeed, not only English society, in a special sense, but even Western life, in a general sense, is a mystery to him. Any social system of which filial piety is not the moral cement; any social system in which children leave their parents in order to establish families of their own; any social system in which it is considered not only natural, but right, to love wife and child more than the authors of one's being; any social system in which marriage can be decided independently of the will of parents, by the mutual inclination of the young people themselves; any social system in which the mother-in-law is not entitled to the obedient service of the daughter-in-law, appears to him of necessity a state of life scarcely better than that of the birds of the air and the beasts of the field, or at best a sort of moral chaos. And all this existence, as reflected in our popular fiction, presents him with provoking enigmas. Our ideas about love and our solicitude about marriage furnish some of these enigmas. To the young Japanese, marriage appears a simple, natural duty, for the due performance of which his parents will make all necessary arrangements at the proper time. That foreigners should have so much trouble about getting married is puzzling enough to him; but that distinguished authors should write novels and poems about such matters, and that those novels and poems should be vastly admired, puzzles him infinitely more, — seems to him "very, *very* strange."

My young questioner said "strange" for politeness' sake. His real thought would have been more accurately rendered by the word "indecent." But when I say that to the Japanese mind our typical novel appears indecent, highly in-

decent, the idea thereby suggested to my English readers will probably be misleading. The Japanese are not morbidly prudish. Our society novels do not strike them as indecent because the theme is love. The Japanese have a great deal of literature about love. No; our novels seem to them indecent for somewhat the same reason that the Scripture text, "For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall cleave unto his wife," appears to them one of the most immoral sentences ever written. In other words, their criticism requires a sociological explanation. To explain fully why our novels are, to their thinking, indecent, I should have to describe the whole structure, customs, and ethics of the Japanese family, totally different from anything in Western life; and to do this even in a superficial way would require a volume. I cannot attempt a complete explanation; I can only cite some facts of a suggestive character.

To begin with, then, I may broadly state that a great deal of our literature, besides its fiction, is revolting to the Japanese moral sense, not because it treats of the passion of love *per se*, but because it treats of that passion in relation to virtuous maidens, and therefore in relation to the family circle. Now, as a general rule, where passionate love is the theme in Japanese literature of the best class, it is not that sort of love which leads to the establishment of family relations. It is quite another sort of love, — a sort of love about which the Oriental is not prudish at all, — the *mayoi*, or infatuation of passion, inspired by merely physical attraction; and its heroines are not the daughters of refined families, but mostly *hetœræ*, or professional dancing-girls. Neither does this Oriental variety of literature deal with its subject after the fashion of sensuous literature in the West, — French literature, for example: it considers it from a different artistic standpoint, and describes rather a different order of emotional sensations.

A national literature is of necessity reflective; and we may presume that what it fails to portray can have little or no outward manifestation in the national life. Now, the reserve of Japanese literature regarding that love which is the great theme of our greatest novelists and poets is exactly paralleled by the reserve of Japanese society in regard to the same topic. The valiant woman often figures in Japanese romance as a heroine; as a perfect mother; as a pious daughter, willing to sacrifice all for duty; as a loyal wife, who follows her husband into battle, fights by his side, saves his life at the cost of her own; never as a sentimental maiden, dying, or making others die, for love. Neither do we find her on literary exhibition as a dangerous beauty, a charmer of men; and in the real life of Japan she has never appeared in any such rôle. Society, as a mingling of the sexes, as an existence of which the supremely refined charm is the charm of woman, has never existed in the East. Even in Japan, society, in the special sense of the word, remains masculine. Nor is it easy to believe that the adoption of European fashions and customs within some restricted circles of the capital indicates the beginning of such a social change as might eventually remodel the national life according to Western ideas of society. For such a remodeling would involve the dissolution of the family, the disintegration of the whole social fabric, the destruction of the whole ethical system, — the breaking up, in short, of the national life.

Taking the word "woman" in its most refined meaning, and postulating a society in which woman seldom appears, a society in which she is never placed "on display," a society in which wooing is utterly out of the question, and the faintest compliment to wife or daughter is an outrageous impertinence, the reader can at once reach some startling conclusions as to the impression made

by our popular fiction upon members of that society. But, although partly correct, his conclusions must fall short of the truth in certain directions, unless he also possess some knowledge of the restraints of that society, and of the ethical notions behind the restraints. For example, a refined Japanese never speaks to you about his wife (I am stating the general rule), and very seldom indeed about his children, however proud of them he may be. Rarely will he be heard to speak about any of the members of his family, about his domestic life, about any of his private affairs. But if he should happen to talk about members of his family, the persons mentioned will almost certainly be his parents. Of them he will speak with a reverence approaching religious feeling, yet in a manner quite different from that which would be natural to an Occidental, and never so as to imply any mental comparison between the merits of his own parents and those of other men's parents. But he will not talk about his wife even to the friends who were invited as guests to his wedding. And I think I may safely say that the poorest and most ignorant Japanese, however dire his need, would never dream of trying to obtain aid or to invoke pity by the mention of his wife, — perhaps not even of his wife and children. But he would not hesitate to ask help for the sake of his parents or his grandparents. Love of wife and child, the strongest of all sentiments with the Occidental, is judged by the Oriental to be a selfish affection. He professes to be ruled by a higher sentiment, — duty: duty, first, to his Emperor; next, to his parents. And since love can be classed only as an ego-altruistic feeling, the Japanese thinker is not wrong in his refusal to consider it the loftiest of motives, however refined or spiritualized it may be.

In the existence of the poorer classes of Japan there are no secrets; but among the upper classes family life is much less open to observation than in any country of the West, not excepting Spain. It is a life of which foreigners see little, and know almost nothing, all the essays which have been written about Japanese women to the contrary notwithstanding.[1] Invited to the home of a Japanese friend, you may or may not see the family. It will depend upon circumstances. If you see any of them, it will probably be for a moment only, and in that event you will most likely see the wife. At the entrance you give your card to the servant, who retires to present it, and presently returns to usher you into the *zashiki*, or guest-room, — always the largest and finest apartment in a Japanese dwelling, — where your kneeling-cushion is ready for you, with a smoking-box before it. The servant brings you tea and cakes. In a little time the host himself enters, and after the indispensable salutations conversation begins. Should you be pressed to stay for dinner, and accept the invitation, it is probable that the wife will do you the honor, as her husband's friend, to wait upon you during an instant. You may or may not be formally introduced to her; but a glance at her dress and coiffure should be sufficient to inform you at once who she is, and you must greet her with the most profound respect. She will probably impress you (especially if your visit be to a *samurai* home) as a delicately refined and very serious person, by no means a woman of the much-smiling and much-bowing kind. She will say extremely little, but will salute you, and will serve you for a moment with a natural grace of which the mere spectacle is a revelation, and glide away again, to remain invisible until the instant of your departure, when she will reappear at the entrance to wish you good-by. During other successive visits

[1] I do not, however, refer to those extraordinary persons who make their short residence in teahouses and establishments of a much worse kind, and then go home to write illustrated books about the women of Japan.

you may have similar charming glimpses of her; perhaps, also, some rarer glimpses of the aged father and mother; and if a much-favored visitor, the children may at last come to greet you, with wonderful politeness and sweetness. But the innermost intimate life of that family will never be revealed to you. All that you see to suggest it will be refined, courteous, exquisite; but of the relation of those souls to each other you will know nothing. Behind the beautiful screens which mask the further interior all is silent, gentle mystery. There is no reason, to the Japanese mind, why it should be otherwise. Such family life is sacred; the home is a sanctuary, of which it were impious to draw aside the veil. Nor can I think this idea of the sacredness of home and of the family relation in any wise inferior to our highest conception of the home and the family in the West.

Should there be grown-up daughters in the family, however, the visitor is less likely to see the wife. More timid, but equally silent and reserved, the young girls will make the guest welcome. In obedience to orders, they may even gratify him by a performance upon some musical instrument, by exhibiting some of their own needlework or painting, or by showing to him some precious or curious objects among the family heirlooms. But all submissive sweetness and courtesy are inseparable from the high-bred reserve belonging to the finest native culture. And the guest must not allow himself to be less reserved. Unless possessing the privilege of great age, which would entitle him to paternal freedom of speech, he must never venture upon personal compliment, or indulge in anything resembling light flattery. What would be deemed gallantry in the West may be gross rudeness in the East. On no account can the visitor compliment a young girl about her looks, her grace, her toilette, much less dare address such a compliment to the wife. But, the reader may object, there are certainly occasions upon which a compliment of some character cannot be avoided. This is true, and on such an occasion politeness requires, as a preliminary, the humblest apology for making the compliment, which will then be accepted with a phrase more graceful than our "Pray do not mention it;" that is, the rudeness of making a compliment at all.

But here we touch the vast subject of Japanese etiquette, about which I must confess myself still profoundly ignorant. I have ventured thus much only in order to suggest how lacking in refinement much of our Western society fiction must appear to the Oriental mind.

To speak of one's affection for wife or children, to bring into conversation anything closely related to domestic life, is totally incompatible with Japanese ideas of good breeding. Our open acknowledgment, or rather exhibition, of the domestic relation consequently appears to cultivated Japanese, if not absolutely barbarous, at least uxorious. And this sentiment may be found to explain not a little in Japanese life which has given foreigners a totally incorrect idea about the position of Japanese women. It is not the custom in Japan for the husband even to walk side by side with his wife in the street, much less to give her his arm, or to assist her in ascending or descending a flight of stairs. But this is not any proof upon his part of want of affection. It is only the result of a social sentiment totally different from our own; it is simply obedience to an etiquette founded upon the idea that public displays of the marital relation are improper. Why improper? Because they seem to Oriental judgment to indicate a confession of personal, and therefore selfish sentiment. For the Oriental the law of life is duty. Affection must, in every time and place, be subordinated to duty. Any public exhibition of personal affection of a certain class is equivalent to a public confession of moral weakness. Does this mean that

to love one's wife is a moral weakness? No; it is the duty of a man to love his wife; but it is moral weakness to love her more than his parents, or to show her, in public, more attention than he shows to his parents. Nay, it would be a proof of moral weakness to show her even the *same* degree of attention. During the lifetime of the parents her position in the household is simply that of an adopted daughter, and the most affectionate of husbands must not even for a moment allow himself to forget the etiquette of the family.

Here I must touch upon one feature of Western literature never to be reconciled with Japanese ideas and customs. Let the reader reflect for a moment how large a place the subject of kisses and caresses and embraces occupies in our poetry and in our prose fiction; and then let him consider the fact that in Japanese literature these have *no existence whatever*. For kisses and embraces are simply unknown in Japan as tokens of affection, if we except the solitary fact that Japanese mothers, like mothers all over the world, lip and hug their little ones betimes. After babyhood there is no more hugging or kissing. Such actions, except in the case of infants, are held to be highly immodest. Never do girls kiss one another; never do parents kiss or embrace their children who have become able to walk. And this rule holds good of all classes of society, from the highest nobility to the humblest peasantry. Neither have we the least indication throughout Japanese literature of any time in the history of the race when affection was more demonstrative than it is to-day. Perhaps the Western reader will find it hard even to imagine a literature in the whole course of which no mention is made of kissing, of embracing, even of pressing a loved hand; for hand-clasping is an action as totally foreign to Japanese impulse as kissing. Yet on these topics even the naïve songs of the country folk, even the old ballads of the people about unhappy lovers, are quite as silent as the exquisite verses of the court poets. Suppose we take for an example the ancient popular ballad of Shuntoku-maru, which has given origin to various proverbs and household words familiar throughout western Japan. Here we have the story of two betrothed lovers, long separated by a cruel misfortune, wandering in search of each other all over the Empire, and at last suddenly meeting before Kiomidzu temple by the favor of the gods. Would not any Aryan poet describe such a meeting as a rushing of the two into each other's arms, with kisses and cries of love? But how does the old Japanese ballad describe it? In brief, the twain only sit down together *and stroke each other a little*. Now, even this reserved form of caress is an extremely rare indulgence of emotion. You may see again and again fathers and sons, husbands and wives, mothers and daughters, meeting after years of absence, yet you will probably never see the least approach to a caress between them. They will kneel down and salute each other, and smile, and perhaps cry a little for joy; but they will neither rush into each other's arms, nor utter extraordinary phrases of affection. Indeed, such terms of affection as "my dear," "my darling," "my sweet," "my love," "my life," do not exist in Japanese, nor any terms at all equivalent to our emotional idioms. Japanese affection is not uttered in words; it scarcely appears even in the tone of voice; it is chiefly shown in acts of exquisite courtesy and kindness. I might add that the opposite emotion is under equally perfect control; but to illustrate this remarkable fact would require a separate essay.

III.

He who would study impartially the life and thought of the Orient must also study those of the Occident from the Oriental point of view. And the results of such a comparative study he

will find to be in no small degree retroactive. According to his character and his faculty of perception, he will be more or less affected by those Oriental influences to which he submits himself. The conditions of Western life will gradually begin to assume for him new, undreamed-of meanings, and to lose not a few of their old familiar aspects. Much that he once deemed right and true he may begin to find abnormal and false. He may begin to doubt whether the moral ideals of the West are really the highest. He may feel more than inclined to dispute the estimate placed by Western custom upon Western civilization. Whether his doubts be final is another matter; they will be at least rational enough and powerful enough to modify permanently some of his prior convictions, — among others his conviction of the moral value of the Western worship of Woman as the Unattainable, the Incomprehensible, the Divine, the ideal of "*la femme que tu ne connaîtras jamais*," [1] the ideal of the Eternal Feminine. For in this ancient East the Eternal Feminine does not exist at all. And after having become quite accustomed to live without it, one may naturally conclude that it is not absolutely essential to intellectual health, and may even dare to question the necessity for its perpetual existence upon the other side of the world.

IV.

To say that the Eternal Feminine does not exist in the Far East is to state but a part of the truth. That it could be introduced thereinto, in the remotest future, is not possible to imagine. Few, if any, of our ideas regarding it can even be rendered into the language of the country: a language in which nouns have no gender, adjectives no degrees of comparison, and verbs no persons; a language in which, says Professor Chamberlain, the absence of personification is "a characteristic so deep-seated and so all-pervading as to interfere even with the use of neuter nouns in combination with transitive verbs." [2] "In fact," he adds, "most metaphors and allegories are incapable of so much as explanation to Far-Eastern minds;" and he makes a striking citation from Wordsworth in illustration of his statement. Yet even poets much more lucid than Wordsworth are to the Japanese equally obscure. I remember the difficulty I once had in explaining to an advanced class this simple line from a well-known ballad of Tennyson, —

"She is more beautiful than day."

My students could understand the use of the adjective "beautiful" to qualify "day," and the use of the same adjective, separately, to qualify the word "maid." But that there could exist in any mortal mind the least idea of analogy between the beauty of day and the beauty of a young woman was quite beyond their understanding. In order to convey to them the poet's thought, it was necessary to analyze it psychologically, — to prove a possible nervous analogy between two modes of pleasurable feeling excited by two different impressions.

Thus, the very nature of the language tells us how ancient and how deeply rooted in racial character are those tendencies by which we must endeavor to account — if there be any need of accounting at all — for the absence in this Far East of a dominant ideal corresponding to our own. They are causes incomparably older than the existing social structure, older than the idea of the family, older than ancestor worship, enormously older than that Confucian code which is the reflection rather than the explanation of many singular facts in Oriental life. But since beliefs and practices react upon character, and character again must react upon practices and

[1] A phrase from Baudelaire.

[2] See Things Japanese, second edition, pages 255, 256; article, Language.

beliefs, it has not been altogether irrational to seek in Confucianism for causes as well as for explanations. Far more irrational have been the charges of hasty critics against Shintō and against Buddhism as religious influences opposed to the natural rights of woman. The ancient faith of Shintō has been at least as gentle to woman as the ancient faith of the Hebrews. Its female divinities are not less numerous than its masculine divinities, nor are they presented to the imagination of worshipers in a form much less attractive than the dreams of Greek mythology. Of some, like So-tohori-no-Iratsumé, it is said that the light of their beautiful bodies passes through their garments; and the source of all life and light, the eternal Sun, is a goddess, fair Ama-terasu-oho-mi-kami. Virgins serve the ancient gods, and figure in all the pageants of the faith; and in a thousand shrines throughout the land the memory of woman as wife and mother is worshiped equally with the memory of man as hero and father. Neither can the later and alien faith of Buddhism be justly accused of relegating woman to a lower place in the spiritual world than monkish Christianity accorded her in the West. The Buddha, like the Christ, was born of a virgin; the most lovable divinities of Buddhism, Jizō excepted, are feminine, both in Japanese art and in Japanese popular fancy; and in the Buddhist as in the Roman Catholic hagiography, the lives of holy women hold honored place. It is true that Buddhism, like early Christianity, used its utmost eloquence in preaching against the temptation of female loveliness; and it is true that in the teaching of its founder, as in the teaching of Paul, social and spiritual supremacy is accorded to the man. Yet, in our search for texts on this topic, we must not overlook the host of instances of favor shown by the Buddha to women of all classes, nor that remarkable legend of a later text, in which a dogma denying to woman the highest spiritual opportunities is sublimely rebuked.

In the eleventh chapter of the Sutra of the Lotos of the Good Law, it is written that mention was made before the Lord Buddha of a young girl who had in one instant arrived at supreme knowledge; who had in one moment acquired the merits of a thousand meditations, and the proofs of the essence of all laws. And the girl came and stood in the presence of the Lord.

But the Bodhissattva Pragnakuta doubted, saying, "I have seen the Lord Sakyamuni in the time when he was striving for supreme enlightenment; and I know that he performed good works innumerable through countless æons. In all the world there is not one spot so large as a grain of mustard seed where he has not surrendered his body for the sake of living creatures. Only after all this did he arrive at enlightenment. Who then may believe this girl could in one moment have arrived at supreme knowledge?"

And the venerable priest Sariputra likewise doubted, saying, "It may indeed happen, O Sister, that a woman fulfill the six perfect virtues; but as yet there is no example of her having attained to Buddhaship, because a woman cannot attain to the rank of a Bodhissattva."

But the maiden called upon the Lord Buddha to be her witness. And instantly in the sight of the assembly her sex disappeared; and she manifested herself as a Bodhissattva, filling all directions of space with the radiance of the thirty-two signs. And the world shook in six different ways. And the priest Sariputra was silent.[1]

V.

But to feel the real nature of what is surely one of the greatest obstacles to

[1] See the whole wonderful passage in Kern's translation of this magnificent Sutra, Sacred Books of the East, vol. xxi. chap. xi.

intellectual sympathy between the West and the Far East, we must fully appreciate the immense effect upon Occidental life of this ideal which has no existence in the Orient. We must remember what that ideal has been to Western civilization, — to all its pleasures and refinements and luxuries; to its sculpture, painting, decoration, architecture, literature, drama, music; to the development of countless industries. We must think of its effect upon manners, customs, and the language of taste, upon conduct and ethics, upon endeavor, upon philosophy and religion, upon almost every phase of public and private life, — in short, upon national character. Nor should we forget that the many influences interfused in the shaping of it — Teutonic, Celtic, Scandinavian, classic or mediæval, the Greek apotheosis of human beauty, the Christian worship of the mother of God, the exaltations of chivalry, the spirit of the Renascence steeping and coloring all the preëxisting idealism in a new sensuousness — must have had their nourishment, if not their birth, in a race feeling ancient as Aryan speech, and as alien to the most eastern East.

Of all these various influences combined to form our ideal, the classic element remains perceptibly dominant. It is true that the Hellenic conception of human beauty, so surviving, has been wondrously informed with a conception of soul beauty never of the antique world nor of the Renascence. Also it is true that the new philosophy of evolution, forcing recognition of the incalculable and awful cost of the Present to the Past, creating a totally new comprehension of duty to the Future, enormously enhancing our conception of character values, has aided more than all preceding influences together toward the highest possible spiritualization of the ideal of woman. Yet, however further spiritualized it may become through future intellectual expansion, this ideal must in its very nature remain fundamentally artistic and sensuous.

We do not see Nature as the Oriental sees it, and as his art proves that he sees it. We see it less realistically, we know it less intimately, because, save through the lenses of the specialist, we contemplate it anthropomorphically. In one direction, indeed, our æsthetic sense has been cultivated to a degree incomparably finer than that of the Oriental; but that direction has been passional. We have learned something of the beauty of Nature through our ancient worship of the beauty of woman. Even from the beginning it is probable that the perception of human beauty has been the main source of all our æsthetic sensibility. Possibly we owe to it likewise our idea of proportion; [1] our exaggerated appreciation of regularity; our fondness for parallels, curves, and all geometrical symmetries; even our propensity to pair things, and our pleasure in rhyme, as distinguished from measure, in the architecture of verse. And in the long process of our æsthetic evolution, the ideal of woman has at last become for us an æsthetic abstraction. Through the illusion of that abstraction only do we perceive the charms of our world, even as forms might be perceived through some tropic atmosphere whose vapors are iridescent.

Nor is this all. Whatsoever has once been likened to woman by art or thought has been strangely informed and transformed by that momentary symbolism: wherefore, through all the centuries Western fancy has been making Nature more and more feminine. Whatsoever delights us imagination has feminized, — the infinite tenderness of the sky, the mobility of waters, the rose of dawn, the vast caress of Day, Night and the lights of heaven, even the undulations of the eternal hills. And flowers, and

[1] On the origin of the idea of bilateral symmetry, see Herbert Spencer's essay, The Sources of Architectural Types.

the flush of fruit, and all things fragrant, fair, and gracious; the genial seasons with their voices; the laughter of streams, and whisper of leaves, and ripplings of song within the shadows; all sights, or sounds, or sensations that can touch our love of loveliness, of delicacy, of sweetness, of gentleness, make for us vague dreams of woman. Where our fancy lends masculinity to Nature, it is only in grimness and in force, — as if to enhance by rugged and mighty contrasts the witchcraft of the Eternal Feminine. Nay, even the terrible itself, if fraught with terrible beauty, — even Destruction, if only shaped with the grace of destroyers, — becomes for us feminine. And not beauty alone, of sight or sound, but well-nigh all that is mystic, sublime, or holy, now makes appeal to us through some marvelously woven intricate plexus of passional sensibility. Even the subtlest forces of our universe speak to us of woman; new sciences have taught us new names for the thrill her presence wakens in the blood, for that ghostly shock which is first love, for the eternal riddle of her fascination. Thus, out of simple human passion, through influences and transformations innumerable, we have evolved a cosmic emotion, a feminine pantheism.

VI.

And now may not one venture to ask whether all the consequences of this passional influence in the æsthetic evolution of our Occident have been in the main beneficial? Underlying all those visible results of which we boast as art triumphs, may there not be lurking invisible results, some future revelation of which will cause more than a little shock to our self-esteem? Is it not quite possible that our æsthetic faculties have been developed even abnormally in one direction by the power of a single emotional idea which has left us nearly, if not totally blind to many wonderful aspects of Nature? Or rather, must not this be the inevitable effect of the extreme predominance of one particular emotion in the evolution of our æsthetic sensibility? And finally, one may surely be permitted to ask if the predominating influence itself has been the highest possible, and whether there is not a higher, known perhaps to the Oriental soul.

I may only suggest these questions, without hoping to answer them satisfactorily. But the longer I dwell in the East, the more I feel growing upon me the belief that there are exquisite artistic faculties and perceptions, developed in the Oriental, of which we can know scarcely more than we know of those unimaginable colors, invisible to the human eye, yet proven to exist by the spectroscope. I think that such a possibility is indicated by certain phases of Japanese art.

Here it becomes as difficult as dangerous to particularize. I dare hazard only some general observations. I think this marvelous art asserts that, out of the infinitely varied aspects of Nature, those which for us hold no suggestion whatever of sex character, those which cannot be looked at anthropomorphically, those which are neither masculine nor feminine, but neuter or nameless, are those most profoundly loved and comprehended by the Japanese. Nay, he sees in Nature much that for thousands of years has remained invisible to us; and we are now learning from him aspects of life and beauties of form to which we were utterly blind before. We have finally made the startling discovery that his art — notwithstanding all the dogmatic assertions of Western prejudice to the contrary, and notwithstanding the strangely weird impression of unreality which at first it produced — is never a mere creation of fantasy, but a veritable reflection of what has been and of what is: wherefore we have recognized that it is nothing less than a higher education in art simply to look at his studies of bird life, insect life, plant life, tree life.

Compare, for example, our very finest drawings of insects with Japanese drawings of similar subjects. Compare Giacomelli's illustrations to Michelet's L'Insecte with the commonest Japanese figures of the same creatures decorating the stamped leather of a cheap tobacco pouch or the metal work of a cheap pipe. The whole minute exquisiteness of the European engraving has accomplished only an indifferent realism, while the Japanese artist, with a few dashes of his brush, has seized and reproduced, with an incomprehensible power of interpretation, not only every peculiarity of the creature's shape, but every special characteristic of its motion. Each figure flung from the Oriental painter's brush is a lesson, a revelation, to perceptions unbeclouded by prejudice, an opening of the eyes of those who can see, though it be only a spider in a wind-shaken web, a dragonfly riding a sunbeam, a pair of crabs running through sedge, the trembling of a fish's fins in a clear current, the lilt of a flying wasp, the pitch of a flying duck, a mantis in fighting position, or a *semi* toddling up a cedar branch to sing. All this art is alive, intensely alive, and our corresponding art looks absolutely dead beside it.

Take, again, the subject of flowers. An English or German flower painting, the result of months of trained labor, and valued at several hundred pounds, would certainly not compare as a nature study, in the higher sense, with a Japanese flower painting executed in twenty brush strokes, and worth perhaps five *sen*. The former would represent at best but an ineffectual and painful effort to imitate a massing of colors. The latter would prove a perfect memory of certain flower shapes instantaneously flung upon paper, without any model to aid, and showing, not the recollection of any individual blossom, but the perfect realization of a general law of form expression, perfectly mastered, with all its moods, tenses, and inflections. The French alone, among Western art critics, seem fully to understand these features of Japanese art; and among all Western artists it is the Parisian alone who approaches the Oriental in his methods. Without lifting his brush from the paper, the French artist may sometimes, with a single wavy line, create the almost speaking figure of a particular type of man or woman. But this high development of faculty is confined chiefly to humorous sketching; it is still either masculine or feminine. To understand what I mean by the ability of the Japanese artist, my reader must imagine just such a power of almost instantaneous creation as that which characterizes certain French work applied to almost every subject except individuality, to nearly all recognized general types, to all aspects of Japanese nature, to all forms of native landscape, to clouds and flowing water and mists, to all the life of woods and fields, to all the moods of seasons and the tones of horizons and the colors of the morning and the evening. Certainly, the deeper spirit of this magical art seldom reveals itself at first sight to unaccustomed eyes, since it appeals to so little in Western æsthetic experience. But by gentle degrees it will so enter into an appreciative and unprejudiced mind as to modify profoundly therein almost every preëxisting sentiment in relation to the beautiful. All of its meaning will indeed require many years to master, but something of its reshaping power will be felt in a much shorter time when the sight of an American illustrated magazine or of any illustrated European periodical has become almost unbearable.

Psychological differences of far deeper import are suggested by other facts, capable of exposition in words, but not capable of interpretation through Western standards of æsthetics or Western feeling of any sort. For instance, I have been watching two old men planting young trees in the garden of a neigh-

boring temple. They sometimes spend nearly an hour in planting a single sapling. Having fixed it in the ground, they retire to a distance to study the position of all its lines, and consult together about it. As a consequence, the sapling is taken up and replanted in a slightly different position. This is done no less than eight times before the little tree can be perfectly adjusted into the plan of the garden. Those two old men are composing a mysterious thought with their little trees, changing them, transferring them, removing or replacing them, even as a poet changes and shifts his words, to give to his verse the most delicate or the most forcible expression possible.

In every large Japanese cottage there are several alcoves, or *tokonoma*, one in each of the principal rooms. In these alcoves the art treasures of the family are exhibited.[1] Within each *toko* a *kakemono* is hung; and upon its slightly elevated floor (usually of polished wood) are placed flower vases and one or two artistic objects. Flowers are arranged in the toko vases according to ancient rules which Mr. Conder's beautiful book will tell you a great deal about; and the kakemono and the art objects there displayed are changed at regular intervals, according to occasion and season. Now, in a certain alcove, I have at various times seen many different things of beauty: a Chinese statuette of ivory, an incense vase of bronze, — representing a cloud-riding pair of dragons, — the wood carving of a Buddhist pilgrim resting by the wayside and mopping his bald pate, masterpieces of lacquer ware and lovely Kyōtō porcelains, and a large stone placed on a pedestal of heavy, costly wood, expressly made for it. I do not know whether you could see any beauty in that stone; it is neither hewn nor polished, nor does it possess the least imaginable intrinsic value. It is simply a gray water-worn stone from the bed of a stream. Yet it cost more than one of those Kyōtō vases which sometimes replace it, and which you would be glad to pay a very high price for.

In the garden of the little house I now occupy in Kumamoto, there are about fifteen rocks, or large stones, of as many shapes and sizes. They also have no real intrinsic value, not even as possible building material. And yet the proprietor of the garden paid for them something more than seven hundred and fifty Japanese dollars, or considerably more than the pretty house itself could possibly have cost. And it would be quite wrong to suppose the cost of the stones due to the expense of their transportation from the bed of the Shirakawa. No; they are worth seven hundred and fifty dollars only because they are considered beautiful to a certain degree, and because there is a large local demand for beautiful stones. They are not even of the best class, or they would have cost a great deal more. Now, until you can perceive that a big rough stone may have more æsthetic suggestiveness than a costly steel engraving, that it is a thing of beauty and a joy forever, you cannot begin to understand how a Japanese sees Nature. "But what," you may ask, "can be beautiful in a common stone?" Many things; but I will mention only one, — irregularity.

In my little Japanese house, the *fusuma*, or sliding screens of opaque paper

[1] The *tokonoma*, or *toko*, is said to have been first introduced into Japanese architecture about four hundred and fifty years ago, by the Buddhist priest Eisai, who had studied in China. Perhaps the alcove was originally devised and used for the exhibition of sacred objects; but to-day, among the cultivated, it would be deemed in very bad taste to display either images of the gods or sacred paintings in the toko of a guest-room. The toko is still, however, a sacred place in a certain sense. No one should ever step upon it, or squat within it, or even place in it anything not pure, or anything offensive to taste. There is an elaborate code of etiquette in relation to it. The most honored among guests is always placed nearest to it; and guests take their places, according to rank, nearer to or further from it.

between room and room, have designs at which I am never tired of looking. The designs vary in different parts of the dwelling; I will speak only of the fusuma dividing my study from a smaller apartment. The ground color is a delicate cream-yellow; and the golden pattern is very simple, — the mystic-jewel symbols of Buddhism scattered over the surface by pairs. But no two sets of pairs are placed at exactly the same distance from each other; and the symbols themselves are curiously diversified, never appearing twice in exactly the same position or relation. Sometimes one jewel is transparent, and its fellow opaque; sometimes both are opaque or both diaphanous; sometimes the transparent one is the larger of two, sometimes the opaque is the larger; sometimes both are precisely the same size; sometimes they overlap, and sometimes do not touch; sometimes the opaque is on the left, sometimes on the right; sometimes the transparent jewel is above, sometimes below. Vainly does the eye roam over the whole surface in search of a repetition, or of anything resembling regularity, either in distribution, juxtaposition, grouping, dimensions, or contrasts. And throughout the whole dwelling nothing resembling regularity in the various decorative designs can be found. The ingenuity by which it is avoided is amazing, — rises to the dignity of genius. Now, all this is a common characteristic of Japanese decorative art; and after having lived a few years under its influences, the sight of a regular pattern upon a wall, a carpet, a curtain, a ceiling, upon any decorated surface, pains like a horrible vulgarism. Surely, it is because we have so long been accustomed to look at Nature anthropomorphically that we can still endure mechanical ugliness in our own decorative art, and that we remain insensible to charms of Nature which are clearly perceived even by the eyes of the Japanese child, wondering over its mother's shoulder at the green and blue wonder of the world.

"*He*," saith a Buddhist text, "*who discerns that nothingness is law, — such a one hath wisdom.*"

Lafcadio Hearn.

TOM O' THE BLUEB'RY PLAINS.

THE sky is a shadowless blue; the noonday sun glows fiercely; a cloud of dust rises from the burning road whenever the hot breeze stirs the air, or whenever a farm wagon creaks along, its wheels sinking into the deep sand.

In the distance, where the green of the earth joins the blue of the sky, gleams the silver line of a river.

As far as the eye can reach, the ground is covered with blueberry bushes; red leaves peeping among green ones; bloom of blue fruit hanging in full warm clusters, — spheres of velvet mellowed by summer sun, moistened with crystal dew, spiced with fragrance of woods.

In among the blueberry bushes grow huckleberries, "choky pears," and blacksnaps.

Gnarled oaks and stunted pines lift themselves out of the wilderness of shrubs. They look dwarfed and gloomy, as if Nature had been an untender mother, and denied them proper nourishment.

The road is a little-traveled one, and furrows of feathery grasses grow between the long, hot, sandy stretches of the wheel-ruts.

The first goldenrod gleams among the loose stones at the foot of the alder bushes. Whole families of pale butterflies, just out of their long sleep, perch

on the brilliant stalks and tilter up and down in the sunshine.

Straggling processions of woolly brown caterpillars wend their way in the short grass by the wayside, where the wild parsnip and the purple bull-thistle are coming into bloom.

The song of birds is seldom heard, and the blueberry plains are given over to silence save for the buzzing of gorged flies, the humming of bees, and the chirping of crickets that stir the drowsy air when the summer begins to wane.

It is so still that the shuffle-shuffle of a footstep can be heard in the distance, the tinkle of a tin pail swinging musically to and fro, the swish of an alder switch cropping the heads of the roadside weeds. All at once a voice breaks the stillness. Is it a child's, a woman's, or a man's? Neither, yet all three.

"I 'd much d'ruth-er walk in the bloom-in' gy-ar-ding,
An' hear the whis-sle of the jol-ly
swain."

Everybody knows the song, and everybody knows the cracked voice. The master of this bit of silent wilderness is coming home: it is Tom o' the blueb'ry plains.

He is more than common tall, with a sandy beard, and a mop of tangled hair straggling beneath his torn straw hat. A square of wet calico drips from under the back of the hat. His gingham shirt is open at the throat, showing his tanned neck and chest. Warm as it is, he wears portions of at least three coats on his back. His high boots, split in foot and leg, are mended and spliced and laced and tied on with bits of shingle rope. He carries a small tin pail of molasses. It has a bail of rope, and a battered cover with a knob of sticky newspaper. Over one shoulder, suspended on a crooked branch, hangs a bundle of basket stuff, — split willow withes and the like; over the other swings a decrepit bottomless three-legged chair.

I call him the master of the plains, but in faith he had no legal claim to the title. If he owned a habitation or had established a home on any spot in the universe, it was because no man envied him what he chose, and no man grudged him what he took; for Tom was one of God's fools, a foot-loose pilgrim in this world of ours, a poor addle-pated, simple-minded, harmless creature, — in village parlance, a "softy."

Mother or father, sister or brother, he had none, nor ever had, so far as any one knew; but how should people who had to work from sun-up to candlelight to get the better of the climate have leisure to discover whether or no Blueb'ry Tom had any kin?

At some period in an almost forgotten past there had been a house on Tom's particular patch of the plains. It had long since tumbled into ruins and served for firewood, and even the chimney bricks had disappeared one by one, as the monotonous seasons came and went.

Tom had settled himself in an old tool-shop, corn-house, or rude out-building of some sort that had belonged to the ruined cottage. Here he had set up his household gods; and since no one else had ever wanted a home in this dreary tangle of berry bushes, where the only shade came from stunted pines that flung shriveled arms to the sky and dropped dead cones to the sterile earth, here he remained unmolested.

In the lower part of the hut he kept his basket stuff and his collection of two-legged and three-legged chairs. In the course of evolution they never sprouted another leg, those chairs; as they were given to him, so they remained. The upper floor served for his living-room, and was reached by a ladder from the ground, for there was no stairway inside.

No one had ever been in the little upper chamber. When a passer-by chanced to bethink him that Tom's hermitage was close at hand, he sometimes turned in his team by a certain clump of white

birches and drove nearer to the house, intending to remind Tom that there was a chair to willow-bottom the next time he came to the village. But at the noise of the wheels Tom drew in his ladder; and when the visitor alighted and came within sight, it was to find the inhospitable host standing in the opening of the second-story window, a quaint figure framed in green branches, the ladder behind him, and on his face a kind of impenetrable dignity, as he shook his head and said, "Tom ain't ter hum; Tom 's gone to Bonny Eagle."

There was something impressive about this way of repelling callers; it was as effectual as a door slammed in the face, and yet there was a sort of mendacious courtesy about it. No one ever cared to go further; and indeed there was no mystery to tempt the curious, and no spoil to attract the mischievous or malicious. Any one could see, without entering, the straw bed in the far corner, the beams piled deep with red and white oak acorns, the strings of dried apples and bunches of everlastings hanging from the rafters, and the half-finished baskets filled with blown bird's-eggs, pine cones, and pebbles.

No home in the village was better loved than Tom's retreat in the blueberry plains. Whenever he approached it, after a long day's tramp, when he caught the first sight of the white birches that marked the gateway to his estate and showed him where to turn off the public road into his own private grounds, he smiled a broader smile than usual, and broke into his well-known song: —

"I 'd much d'ruth-er walk in the bloom-in' gy-ar-ding,
An' hear the whis-sle of the jol-ly swain."

Poor Tom could never catch the last note. He had sung the song for more than forty years, but the memory of this note was so blurred, and his cherished ideal of it so high (or so low, rather), that he never managed to reach it.

Oh, if only summer were eternal! Who could wish a better supper than ripe berries and molasses? Nor was there need of sleeping under roof nor of lighting candle to grope his way to pallet of straw, when he might have the blue vault of heaven arching over him, and all God's stars for lamps, and for a bed a horse blanket stretched over an elastic couch of pine needles. There were two gaunt pines that had been dropping their polished spills for centuries, perhaps, silently adding, year by year, another layer of aromatic springiness to poor Tom's bed. Flinging his tired body on this grateful couch, burying his head in the crushed sweet fern of his pillow with one deep-drawn sigh of pleasure, — there, haunted by no past and harassed by no future, slept God's fool as sweetly as a child.

Yes, if only summer were eternal, and youth as well!

But when the blueberries had ripened summer after summer, and the gaunt pine-trees had gone on for many years weaving poor Tom's mattress, there came a change in the aspect of things. He still made his way to the village, seeking chairs to mend; but he was even more unkempt than of old, his tall figure was bent, and his fingers trembled as he wove the willow strands in and out, and over and under.

There was little work to do, moreover, for the village had altogether retired from business, and was no longer in competition with its neighbors: the dam was torn away, the sawmills were pulled down; husbands and fathers were laid in the churchyard, sons and brothers and lovers had gone West, and mothers and widows and spinsters stayed on, each in her quiet house alone. "'T ain't no hardship when you get used to it," said the Widow Buzzell. "Land sakes! a lantern 's 's good 's a man any time, if you only think so, 'n' 't ain't half so much trouble to keep it filled up!"

But Tom still sold a basket occasionally, and the children always gathered

about him for the sake of hearing him repeat his well-worn formula, — "Tom allers puts two handles on baskets: one to take 'em up by, one to set 'em down by." This was said with a beaming smile and a wise shake of the head, as if he were announcing a great discovery to an expectant world. And then he would lay down his burden of basket stuff, and, sitting under an apple-tree in somebody's side yard, begin his task of willow-bottoming an old chair. It was a pretty sight enough, if one could keep back the tears, — the kindly, simple fellow with the circle of children about his knees. (Never a village fool without a troop of babies at his heels. They love him, too, till we teach them to mock.)

When he was younger, he would sing,

"Rock-a-by, baby, on the treetop,"

and dance the while, swinging his unfinished basket to and fro for a cradle. He was too stiff in the joints for dancing nowadays, but he still sang the "bloomin' gy-ar-ding" whenever they asked him, particularly if some apple-cheeked little maid would say, "Please, Tom!" He always laughed then, and, patting the child's hand, said, "Pooty gal! Got eyes!" The youngsters danced with glee at this meaningless phrase, just as their mothers had danced years before when it was said to them.

Summer waned. In the moist places the gentian uncurled its blue fringes; purple asters and gay Joe Pye waved their colors by the roadside; tall primroses put their yellow bonnets on, and peeped over the brooks to see themselves; and the dusty pods of the milkweed were bursting with their silky fluffs, the spinning of the long summer. Autumn began to paint the maples red and the elms yellow, for the early days of September brought a frost. Some one remarked at the village store that old Blueb'ry Tom must not be suffered to stay on the plains another winter, now that he was getting so feeble, — not if the "*se*leckmen" had to root him out and take him to the poor-farm. He would surely starve or freeze, and his death would be laid at their door.

Tom was interviewed. Persuasion, logic, sharp words, all failed to move him one jot or tittle. He stood in his castle door, with the ladder behind him, smiling, always smiling (none but the fool smiles always, nor always weeps), and saying to all visitors, "Tom ain't ter hum; Tom 's gone to Bonny Eagle; Tom don' want to go to the poor-farm."

November came in surly.

The cheerful stir and bustle of the harvest were over, the corn was shocked, the apples and pumpkins were gathered into barns. The problem of Tom's future was finally laid before the selectmen; and since the poor fellow's mild obstinacy had defeated all attempts to conquer it, the sheriff took the matter in hand.

The blueberry plains looked bleak and bare enough now. It had rained incessantly for days, growing ever colder and colder as it rained. The sun came out at last, but it shone in a wintry sort of way, — like a duty smile, — as if light, not heat, were its object. A keen wind blew the dead leaves hither and thither in a wild dance that had no merriment in it. A blackbird flew under an old barrel by the wayside, and, ruffling himself into a ball, remarked despondently that feathers were no sort of protection in this kind of climate. A snowbird, flying by, glanced in at the barrel, and observed that anybody who minded a little breeze like that had better join the woodcocks, who were leaving for the South by the night express.

The blueberry bushes were stripped bare of green. The stunted pines and sombre hemlocks looked in tone with the landscape now; where all was dreary they did not seem amiss.

"Je-whilikins!" exclaimed the sheriff as he drew up his coat collar. "A madhouse is the place for the man who

wants to live ou'doors in the winter time; the poor-farm is too good for him."

But Tom was used to privation, and even to suffering. "Ou'doors" was the only home he knew, and with all its rigors he loved it. He looked over the barren plains, knowing, in a dull sort of way, that they would shortly be covered with snow; but he had three coats, two of them with sleeves, and the crunch-crunch of the snow under his tread was music to his ears. Then, too, there were a few hospitable firesides where he could always warm himself; and the winter would soon be over, the birds would come again, — new birds, singing the old songs, — the sap would mount in the trees, the buds swell on the blueberry bushes, and the young ivory leaves push their ruddy tips through the softening ground. The plains were fatherland and mother-country, home and kindred, to Tom. He loved the earth that nourished him, and he saw through all the seeming death in nature the eternal miracle of the resurrection. To him winter was never cruel. He looked underneath her white mantle, saw the infant spring hidden in her warm bosom, and was content to wait. Content to wait? Content to starve, content to freeze, if only he need not be carried into captivity.

The poor-farm was not a bad place, either, if only Tom had been a reasonable being. To be sure, when Hannah Sophia Palmer asked old Mrs. Pinkham how she liked it, she answered, with a patient sigh, that "her 'n' Mr. Pinkham hed lived there goin' on nine year, workin' their fingers to the bone, 'most, 'n' yet they had n't been able to lay up a cent!" If this peculiarity of administration was its worst feature, it was certainly one that would have had no terrors for Tom o' the blueb'ry plains. Terrors of some sort, nevertheless, the poor-farm had for him; and when the sheriff's party turned in by the clump of white birches and approached the cabin, they found that fear had made the simple wise. Tom had provisioned the little upper chamber, and, in place of the piece of sacking that usually served him for a door in winter, he had woven a defense of willow. In fine, he had taken all his basket stuff, and, treating the opening through which he entered and left his home precisely as if it were a bottomless chair, he had filled it in solidly, weaving to and fro, by night as well as by day, till he felt, poor fool, as safely intrenched as if he were in the heart of a fortress.

The sheriff tied his horse to a tree, and Rube Hobson and Pitt Packard got out of the double wagon. Two men laughed when they saw the pathetic defense, but the other shut his lips together and caught his breath. (He had been born on a poor-farm, but no one knew it at Pleasant River.) They called Tom's name repeatedly, but no other sound broke the silence of the plains save the rustling of the wind among the dead leaves.

"Numb-head!" muttered the sheriff, pounding on the side of the cabin with his whipstock. "Come out and show yourself! We know you 're in there, and it 's no use hiding!"

At last, in response to a deafening blow from Rube Hobson's hard fist, there came the answering note of a weak, despairing voice.

"Tom ain't ter hum," it said; "Tom 's gone to Bonny Eagle."

"That 's all right!" guffawed the men; "but you 've got to go some more, and go a dif'rent way. It ain't no use fer you to hold back; we 've got a ladder, and by Jiminy! you go with us this time!"

The ladder was put against the side of the hut, and Pitt Packard climbed up, took his jack-knife, slit the woven door from top to bottom, and turned back the flap.

The men could see the inside of the

chamber now. They were humorous persons, who could strain a joke to the snapping point, but they felt, at last, that there was nothing especially amusing in the situation. Tom was huddled in a heap on the straw bed in the far corner. The vacant smile had fled from his face, and he looked, for the first time in his life, quite distraught.

"Come along, Tom," said the sheriff kindly; "we 're going to take you where you can sleep in a bed, and have three meals a day."

"I 'd much d'ruth-er walk in the bloom-in' gy-ar-ding,"

sang Tom quaveringly, as he hid his head in a paroxysm of fear.

"Well, there ain't no bloomin' gardings to walk in jest now, so come along and be peaceable."

"Tom don' want to go to the poor-farm," he wailed piteously.

But there was no alternative. They dragged him off the bed and down the ladder as gently as possible; then Rube Hobson held him on the back seat of the wagon, while the sheriff unhitched the horse. As they were on the point of starting, the captive began to wail and struggle more than ever, the burden of his plaint being a wild and tremulous plea for his pail of molasses.

"Dry up, old softy, or I 'll put the buggy robe over your head!" muttered Rube Hobson, who had not had much patience when he started on the trip, and had lost it all by this time.

"By thunder! he shall hev his molasses, if he thinks he wants it!" said Pitt Packard, and he ran up the ladder and brought it down, comforting the shivering creature thus, for he lapsed into a submissive silence that lasted until the unwelcome journey was over.

Tom remained at the poorhouse precisely twelve hours. It did not enter the minds of the authorities that any one so fortunate as to be admitted into their happy haven would decline to stay there. The unwilling guest disappeared early on the morrow of his arrival, and, after some search, they followed him to the old spot. He had climbed into his beloved retreat, and, having learned nothing from experience, had mended the willow door as best he could, and laid him down in peace. They dragged him out again, and this time more impatiently; for it was exasperating to see a man (even if he were a fool) fight against a bed and three meals a day.

The second attempt was little more successful than the first. As a place of residence, the poor-farm did not seem any more desirable or attractive on near acquaintance than it did at long range. Tom remained a week, because he was kept in close confinement; but when they judged that he was weaned from his old home, they loosed his bonds, and — back to the plains he sped, like an arrow shot from the bow, or like a bit of iron leaping to the magnet.

What should be done with him?

Public opinion was divided. Some people declared that the village had done its duty, and if the dog-goned lunk-head wanted to starve and freeze, it was his funeral, not theirs. Others thought that the community had no resource but to bear the responsibility of its irresponsible children, however troublesome they might be. There was entire unanimity of view so far as the main issues were concerned. It was agreed that nobody at the poor-farm had leisure to stand guard over Tom night and day, and that the sheriff could not be expected to spend his time forcing him out of his hut on the blueberry plains.

There was but one more expedient to be tried, a very simple and ingenious but radical and comprehensive one, which, in Rube Hobson's opinion, would strike at the root of the matter.

Tom had fled from captivity for the third time.

He had stolen out at daybreak, and, by an unexpected stroke of fortune, the molasses pail was hanging on a nail by

the shed door. The remains of a battered old bushel basket lay on the woodpile: bottom it had none, nor handles; rotundity of side had long since disappeared, and none but its maker would have known it for a basket. Tom caught it up in his flight, and, seizing the first crooked stick that offered, he slung the dear familiar burden over his shoulder and started off on a jog-trot.

Heaven, how happy he was! It was the rosy dawn of an Indian summer day, — a warm jewel of a day, dropped into the bleak world of yesterday without a hint of beneficent intention; one of those enchanting weather surprises with which Dame Nature reconciles us to her stern New England rule.

The joy that comes of freedom, and the freedom that comes of joy, unbent the old man's stiffened joints. He renewed his youth at every mile. He ran like a lapwing. When his feet first struck the sandy soil of the plains, he broke into the old song of the "bloom-in' gy-arding" and the "jolly swain," and in the marvelous mental and spiritual exhilaration born of the supreme moment he almost grasped that impossible last note. His heart could hardly hold its burden of rapture when he caught the well-known gleam of the white birches. He turned into the familiar path, boy's blood thumping in old man's veins. The past week had been a dreadful dream. A few steps more and he would be within sight, within touch, of home, — home at last! No — what was wrong? He must have gone beyond it, in his reckless haste! Strange that he could have forgotten the beloved spot! Can lover mistake the way to sweetheart's window? Can child lose the path to mother's knee?

He turned, — ran hither and thither, like one distraught. A nameless dread flitted through his dull mind, chilling his warm blood, paralyzing the activity of the moment before. At last, with a sob like that of a frightened child who flies from some imagined evil lurking in darkness, he darted back to the white birches and started anew. This time he trusted to blind instinct; his feet knew the path, and, left to themselves, they took him through the tangle of dry bushes straight to his —

It had vanished!

Nothing but ashes remained to mark the spot, — nothing but ashes! And these, ere many days, the autumn winds would scatter, and the leafless branches on which they fell would shake them off lightly, never dreaming that they hid the soul of a home. Nothing but ashes!

Poor Tom o' the blueb'ry plains!

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

IN THE FLAT-WOODS.

In going to Jacksonville by rail, the traveler rides hour after hour through seemingly endless pine barrens, otherwise known as low pine-woods and flat-woods, till he wearies of the sight. It would be hard, he thinks, to imagine a region more unwholesome looking and uninteresting, more poverty-stricken and God-forsaken, in its entire aspect. Surely, men who would risk life in behalf of such a country deserved to win their cause. Monotonous as the flat-woods were, however, and malarious as they looked, I was impatient to get into them. They were a world the like of which I had never seen; and wherever I went in eastern Florida, I made it one of my first concerns to seek out the readiest means of access to them.

My first impression was one of dis-

appointment, or perhaps I should rather say, of bewilderment. In fact, I returned from my first visit to the flat-woods under the delusion that I had not been into them at all. This was at St. Augustine, whither I had gone after a night only in Jacksonville. I looked about the quaint little city, of course, and went to the South Beach, on St. Anastasia Island; then I wished to see the pine lands. They were to be found, I was told, on the other side of the San Sebastian. The sun was hot (or so it seemed to a man fresh from the rigors of a New England winter), and the sand was deep; but I sauntered through New Augustine, and pushed on up the road toward Moultrie (I believe it was), till the last houses were passed and I came to the edge of the pine-woods. Here, presently, the roads began to fork in a very confusing manner. The first man I met — a kindly cracker — cautioned me against getting lost; but I had no thought of taking the slightest risk of that kind. I was not going to *explore* the woods, but only to enter them, sit down, look about me and listen. The difficulty was to get into them. As I advanced, they receded. It was still only the beginning of a wood; the trees far apart and comparatively small, the ground covered thickly with saw palmetto, interspersed here and there with patches of brown grass or sedge.

In many places the roads were under water, and as I seemed to be making little progress, I pretty soon sat down in a pleasantly shaded spot. Wagons came along at intervals, all going toward the city, most of them with loads of wood; ridiculously small loads, such as a Yankee boy would put upon a wheelbarrow. "A fine day," said I to the driver of such a cart. "Yes, sir," he answered, "it 's a *pretty* day." He spoke with an emphasis which seemed to imply that he accepted my remark as well meant, but hardly adequate to the occasion. Perhaps, if the day had been a few shades brighter, he would have called it "handsome," or even "good looking." Expressions of this kind, however, are matters of local or individual taste, and as such are not to be disputed about. Thus, a man stopped me in Tallahassee to inquire what time it was. I told him, and he said, "Ah, a little sooner than I thought." And why not "sooner" as well as "earlier"? But when, on the same road, two white girls in an ox-cart hailed me with the question, "What time 't is?" I thought the interrogative idiom a little queer; almost as queer, shall we say, as "How do you do?" may have sounded to the first man who heard it, — if the reader is able to imagine such a person.

Meanwhile, let the morning be "fine" or "pretty," it was all one to the birds. The woods were vocal with the cackling of robins, the warble of bluebirds, and the trills of pine warblers. Flickers were shouting — or laughing, if one pleased to hear it so — with true flickerish prolixity, and a single downy woodpecker called sharply again and again. A mocking-bird near me (there is *always* a mocking-bird near you, in Florida) added his voice for a time, but soon relapsed into silence. The fact was characteristic; for, wherever I went, I found it true that the mocker grew less musical as the place grew wilder. By instinct he is a public performer; he demands an audience; and it is only in cities, like St. Augustine and Tallahassee, that he is heard at his freest and best. A loggerhead shrike — now close at my elbow, now farther away — was practicing his extensive vocabulary with perseverance, if not with enthusiasm. Like his relative the "great northern," though perhaps in a less degree, the loggerhead is commonly at an extreme, either loquacious or dumb; as if he could not let his moderation be known unto any man. Sometimes I fancied

him possessed with an insane ambition to match the mocking-bird in song as well as in personal appearance. If so, it is not surprising that he should be subject to fits of discouragement and silence. Aiming at the sun, though a good and virtuous exercise, as we have all heard, is apt to prove dispiriting to sensible marksmen. Crows (fish crows, in all probability, but at the time I did not know it) uttered strange, hoarse, flat-sounding caws. Every bird of them must have been born without a palate, it seemed to me. White-eyed chewinks were at home in the dense palmetto scrub, whence they announced themselves unmistakably by sharp whistles. Now and then one of them mounted a leaf, and allowed me to see his pale yellow iris. Except for this mark, recognizable almost as far as the bird could be distinguished at all, he looked exactly like our common New England towhee. Somewhere behind me was a kingfisher's rattle, and from a savanna in the same direction came the songs of meadow larks; familiar, but with something unfamiliar about them at the same time, unless my ears deceived me.

More interesting than any of the birds yet named, because more strictly characteristic of the place, as well as more strictly new to me, were the brown-headed nuthatches. I was on the watch for them: they were one of the three novelties which I knew were to be found in the pine lands, and nowhere else, — the other two being the red-cockaded woodpecker and the pine-wood sparrow; and being thus on the lookout, I did not expect to be taken by surprise, if such a paradox (it is nothing worse) may be allowed to pass. But when I heard them twittering in the distance, as I did almost immediately, I had no suspicion of what they were. The voice had nothing of that nasal quality, that Yankee twang, as some people would call it, which I had always associated with the nuthatch family. On the contrary, it was decidedly finchlike, — so much so that some of the notes, taken by themselves, would have been ascribed without hesitation to the goldfinch or the pine finch, had I heard them in New England; and even as things were, I was more than once deceived for the moment. As for the birds themselves, they were evidently a cheerful and thrifty race, much more numerous than the red-cockaded woodpeckers, and much less easily overlooked than the pine-wood sparrows. I seldom entered the flat-woods anywhere without finding them. They seek their food largely about the leafy ends of the pine branches, resembling the Canadian nuthatches in this respect, so that it is only on rare occasions that one sees them creeping about the trunks or larger limbs. Unlike their two Northern relatives, they are eminently social, often traveling in small flocks, even in the breeding season, and keeping up an almost incessant chorus of shrill twitters as they flit hither and thither through the woods. The first one to come near me was full of inquisitiveness; he flew back and forth past my head, exactly as chickadees do in a similar mood, and once seemed almost ready to alight on my hat. "Let us have a look at this stranger," he appeared to be saying. Possibly his nest was not far off, but I made no search for it. Afterwards I found two nests, one in a low stump, and one in the trunk of a pine, fifteen or twenty feet from the ground. Both of them contained young ones (March 31 and April 2), as I knew by the continual goings-in-and-out of the fathers and mothers. In dress the brown-head is dingy, with little or nothing of the neat and attractive appearance of our New England nuthatches.

In this pine-wood on the road to Moultrie I found no sign of the new woodpecker or the new sparrow. Nor was I greatly disappointed. The place itself was a sufficient novelty, — the place and the summer weather. The

pines murmured overhead, and the palmettos rustled all about. Now a butterfly fluttered past me, and now a dragonfly. More than one little flock of tree swallows went over the wood, and once a pair of phœbes amused me by an uncommonly pretty lover's quarrel. Truly it was a pleasant hour. In the midst of it there came along a man in a cart, with a load of wood. We exchanged the time of day, and I remarked upon the smallness of his load. Yes, he said; but it was a pretty heavy load to drag seven or eight miles over such roads. Possibly he understood me as implying that he seemed to be in rather small business, although I had no such purpose, for he went on to say: "In 1861, when this beautiful war broke out between our countries, my father owned niggers. We did n't have to do *this*. But I don't complain. If I had n't got a bullet in me, I should do pretty well."

"Then you were in the war?" I said.

"Oh, yes, yes, sir! I was in the Confederate service. Yes, sir, I 'm a Southerner to the backbone. My grandfather was a ——"(I did not catch the patronymic), "and commanded St. Augustine."

The name had a foreign sound, and his complexion was swarthy, and in all simplicity I asked if he was a Minorcan. It was as if I had touched a lighted match to powder. His eyes flashed, and he came round the tail of the cart, gesticulating with his stick.

"Minorcan!" he broke out. "Spain and the island of Minorca are two places, ain't they?"

I admitted meekly that they were.

"You are English, ain't you?" he went on. "You are English, — Yankee born, — ain't you?"

I owned it.

"Well, I 'm Spanish. That ain't Minorcan. My grandfather was a ——, and commanded St. Augustine. He could n't have done that if he had been Minorcan."

By this time he had quieted down a bit. His father remembered the Indian war. The son had heard him tell about it.

"Those were dangerous times," he remarked. "You could n't have been standing out here in the woods then."

"There is no danger here now, is there?" said I.

"No, no, not now." But as he drove along he turned to say that *he* was n't afraid of *any*thing; he was n't that kind of a man. Then, with a final turn, he added, what I could not gainsay, "A man's life is always in danger."

After he was gone, I regretted that I had offered no apology for my unintentionally offensive question; but I was so taken by surprise, and so much interested in the man as a specimen, that I quite forgot my manners till it was too late. One thing I learned: that it is not prudent, in these days, to judge a Southern man's blood, in either sense of the word, by his dress or occupation. This man had brought seven or eight miles a load of wood that might possibly be worth seventy-five cents (I questioned the owner of what looked like just such a load afterward, and found his asking price half a dollar), and for clothing had on a pair of trousers and a blue cotton shirt, the latter full of holes, through which the skin was visible; yet his father was a —— and had "owned niggers."

A still more picturesque figure in this procession of wood-carters was a boy of perhaps ten or eleven. He rode his horse, and was barefooted and barelegged; but he had a cigarette in his mouth, and to each brown heel was fastened an enormous spur. Who was it that infected the world with the foolish and disastrous notion that work and play are two different things? And was it Emerson, or some other wise man, who said that a boy was the true philosopher?

When it came time to think of re-

turning to St. Augustine for dinner, I appreciated my cracker's friendly warning against losing my way; for though I had hardly so much as entered the woods, and had taken, as I thought, good heed to my steps, I was almost at once in a quandary as to my road. There was no occasion for worry, — the sun was out, and my general course was perfectly plain; but here was a fork in the road, and whether to bear to the left or to the right was a simple matter of guesswork. I made the best guess I could, and guessed wrong, as was apparent after a while, when I found the road under deep water for several rods. I objected to wading, and there was no ready way of going round, since the oak and palmetto scrub came close up to the roadside, and just here was all but impenetrable. What was still more conclusive, the road was the wrong one, as the inundation proved, and, for aught I could tell, might carry me far out of my course. I turned back, therefore, under the midday sun, and by good luck a second attempt brought me out of the woods very near where I had entered them.

I visited this particular piece of country but once afterward, having in the mean time discovered a better place of the same sort along the railroad, in the direction of Palatka. There, on a Sunday morning, I heard my first pine-wood sparrow. Time and tune could hardly have been in truer accord. The hour was of the quietest, the strain was of the simplest, and the bird sang as if he were dreaming. For a long time I let him go on without attempting to make certain what he was. He seemed to be rather far off: if I waited his pleasure, he would perhaps move toward me; if I disturbed him, he would probably become silent. So I sat on the end of a sleeper and listened. It was not great music. It made me think of the swamp sparrow; and the swamp sparrow is far from being a great singer. A single prolonged, drawling note (in that respect unlike the swamp sparrow, of course), followed by a succession of softer and sweeter ones, — that was all, when I came to analyze it; but that is no fair description of what I heard. The quality of the song is not there; and it was the quality, the feeling, the soul of it, if I may say what I mean, that made it, in the true sense of a much-abused word, charming.

There could be little doubt that the bird was a pine-wood sparrow; but such things are not to be taken for granted. Once or twice, indeed, the thought of some unfamiliar warbler had crossed my mind. At last, therefore, as the singer still kept out of sight, I leaped the ditch and pushed into the scrub. Happily, I had not far to go; he had been much nearer than I thought. A small bird flew up before me, and dropped almost immediately into a clump of palmetto. I edged toward the spot and waited. Then the song began again, this time directly in front of me, but still far-away-sounding and dreamy. I find that last word in my hasty note penciled at the time, and can think of no other that expresses the effect half so well. I looked and looked, and all at once there sat the bird on a palmetto leaf. Once again he sang, putting up his head. Then he dropped out of sight, and I heard nothing more. I had seen only his head and neck, — enough to show him a sparrow, and almost of necessity the pine-wood sparrow. No other strange member of the finch family was to be looked for in such a place.

On further acquaintance, let me say at once, *Pucæa æstivalis* proved to be a more versatile singer than the performances of my first bird would have led me to suppose. He varies his tune freely, but always within a pretty narrow compass; as is true, also, of the field sparrow, with whom, as I

soon came to feel, he has not a little in common. It is in musical form only that he suggests the swamp sparrow. In tone and spirit, in the qualities of sweetness and expressiveness, he is nearly akin to *Spizella pusilla*. One does for the Southern pine barren what the other does for the Northern berry pasture. And this is high praise; for though in New England we have many singers more brilliant than the field sparrow, we have none that are sweeter, and few that in the long run give more pleasure to sensitive hearers.

I found the pine-wood sparrow afterward in New Smyrna, Port Orange, Sanford, and Tallahassee. So far as I could tell, it was always the same bird; but I shot no specimens, and speak with no authority.[1] Living always in the pine lands, and haunting the dense undergrowth, it is heard a hundred times where it is seen once,— a point greatly in favor of its effectiveness as a musician. Mr. Brewster speaks of it as singing always from an elevated perch, while the birds that I saw in the act of song, a very limited number, were invariably perched low. One that I watched in New Smyrna (one of a chorus, the others being invisible) sang for a quarter of an hour from a stake or stump which rose perhaps a foot above the dwarf palmetto. It was the same song that I had heard in St. Augustine; only the birds here were in a livelier mood, and sang *out* instead of *sotto voce*. The long introductory note sounded sometimes as if it were indrawn, and often, if not always, it had a considerable burr in it. Once in a while the strain was caught up at the end and sung over again, after the manner of the field sparrow,— one of that bird's prettiest tricks. At other times the song was delivered with full voice, and then repeated almost under the singer's breath. This was done beautifully in the Port Orange flat-woods, the bird being almost at my feet. I had seen him a moment before, and saw him again half a minute later, but at that instant he was out of sight in the scrub, and seemingly on the ground. This feature of the song, one of its chief merits and its most striking peculiarity, is well described by Mr. Brewster. "Now," he says, "it has a full bell-like ring that seems to fill the air around; next it is soft and low and inexpressibly tender; now it is clear again, but so modulated that the sound seems to come from a great distance." [2]

Not many other birds, I think (I cannot recall any), habitually vary their song in this manner. Other birds sing almost inaudibly at times, especially in the autumnal season. Even the brown thrasher, whose ordinary performance is so full-voiced, not to say boisterous, will sometimes soliloquize, or seem to soliloquize, in the faintest of undertones. The formless autumnal warble of the song sparrow is familiar to every one. And in this connection I remember, and am not likely ever to forget, a winter wren who favored me with what I thought the most bewitching bit of vocalism to which I had ever listened. He was in the bushes close at my side, in the Franconia Notch, and delivered his whole song, with all its customary length, intricacy, and speed, in a tone — a whisper, I may almost say — that ran along the very edge of silence. The unexpected proximity of a stranger may have had something to do with his conduct, as it often appears to have with the thrasher's; but, however that may be, the cases are not parallel with that of the pine-wood sparrow, inasmuch as the latter bird not merely sings under

[1] Two races of the pine-wood sparrow are recognized by ornithologists, *Pucæa æstivalis* and *P. æstivalis bachmanii*, and both of them have been found in Florida; but, if I understand the matter right, Pucæa æstivalis is the common and typical Florida bird.

[2] Bulletin of the Nuttall Ornithological Club, vol. vii. p. 98.

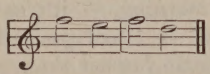
his breath on special occasions, whether on account of the nearness of a listener or for any other reason, but in his ordinary singing uses louder and softer tones interchangeably, almost exactly as human singers and players do; as if, in the practice of his art, he had learned to appreciate, consciously or unconsciously (and practice naturally goes before theory), the expressive value of what I believe is called musical dynamics.

I spent many half-days in the pine lands (how gladly now would I spend another!), but never got far into them. ("Into their depths," my pen was on the point of making me say; but that would have been a false note. The flat-woods have no "depths.") Whether I followed the railway, — in many respects a pretty satisfactory method, — or some roundabout, aimless carriage road, a mile or two was generally enough. The country offers no temptation to pedestrian feats, nor does the imagination find its account in going farther and farther. For the reader is not to think of the flat-woods as in the least resembling a Northern forest, which at every turn opens before the visitor and beckons him forward. Beyond and behind, and on either side, the pine-woods are ever the same. It is this monotony, by the bye, this utter absence of landmarks, that makes it so unsafe for the stranger to wander far from the beaten track. The sand is deep, the sun is hot; one place is as good as another. What use, then, to tire yourself? And so, unless the traveler is going somewhere, as I seldom was, he is continually stopping by the way. Now a shady spot entices him to put down his umbrella, — for there *is* a shady spot, here and there, even in a Florida pine-wood; or blossoms are to be plucked; or a butterfly, some gorgeous and nameless creature, brightens the wood as it passes; or a bird is singing; or an eagle is soaring far overhead, and must be watched out of sight; or a buzzard, with upturned wings, floats suspiciously near the wanderer, as if with sinister intent (buzzard shadows are a regular feature of the flat-wood landscape, just as cloud shadows are in a mountainous country); or a snake lies stretched out in the sun, — a "whip snake," perhaps, that frightens the unwary stroller by the amazing swiftness with which it runs away from him; or some strange invisible insect is making uncanny noises in the underbrush. One of my recollections of the railway woods at St. Augustine is of a cricket, or locust, or something else, — I never saw it, — that amused me often with a formless rattling or drumming sound. I could think of nothing but a boy's first lesson upon the bones, the rhythm of the beats was so comically mistimed and bungled.

One fine morning, — it was the 18th of February, — I had gone down the railroad a little farther than usual, attracted by the encouraging appearance of a swampy patch of rather large deciduous trees. Some of them, I remember, were red maples, already full of handsome high-colored fruit. As I drew near, I heard indistinctly from among them what might have been the song of a black-throated green warbler, a bird that would have made a valued addition to my Florida list, especially at that early date.[1] No sooner was the song repeated, however, than I saw that I had been deceived; it was something I had never heard before. But it certainly had much of the black-throated green's quality, and without question was the note of a warbler of some kind. What a shame if the bird should give me the slip! Meanwhile, it kept on singing at brief intervals, and was not so far away but that, with my glass, I should be well able to make it out, if only I could once get my eyes on it. That was the difficulty. Some-

[1] As it was, I did not find *Dendroica vivens* in Florida. On my way home, in Atlanta, April 20, I saw one bird in a dooryard shade tree.

thing stirred among the branches. Yes, a yellow-throated warbler (*Dendroica dominica*), a bird of which I had seen my first specimens, all of them silent, during the last eight days. Probably he was the singer. I hoped so, at any rate. That would be an ideal case of a beautiful bird with a song to match. I kept him under my glass, and presently the strain was repeated, but not by him. Then it ceased, and I was none the wiser. Perhaps I never should be. It was indeed a shame. Such a *taking* song; so simple, and yet so pretty, and so thoroughly distinctive! I wrote it down thus: *tee-koi, tee-koo,* — two couplets, the first syllable of each a little emphasized and dwelt upon, not drawled, and a little higher in pitch than its fellow. Perhaps it might be expressed thus: —



I cannot profess to be sure of that, however, nor have I unqualified confidence in the adequacy of musical notation, no matter how skillfully employed, to convey a truthful idea of any bird song.

The affair remained a mystery till, in Daytona, nine days afterward, the same notes were heard again, this time in lower trees that did not stand in deep water. Then it transpired that my mysterious warbler was not a warbler at all, but the Carolina chickadee! That was an outcome quite unexpected, although I now remembered that chickadees were in or near the St. Augustine swamp; and what was more to the purpose, I could now discern some relationship between the *tee-koi, tee-koo* (or, as I now wrote it, *see-toi, see-too*), and the familiar so-called phœbe whistle of the black-capped titmouse. The Southern bird, I am bound to acknowledge, is much the more accomplished singer of the two. Sometimes he repeats the second dissyllable, making six notes in all. At other times he breaks out with a characteristic volley of fine chickadee notes, and runs without a break into the *see-toi, see-too,* with a highly pleasing effect. Then if, on the top of this, he doubles the *see-too,* we have a really prolonged and elaborate musical effort, quite putting into the shade our New England bird's *hear, hear me,* sweet and welcome as that always is.

The Southern chickadee, it should be said, is not to be distinguished from its Northern relative — in the bush, I mean — except by its notes. It is slightly smaller, like Southern birds in general, but is practically identical in plumage. Apart from its song, what most impressed me was its scarcity. It was found, sooner or later, wherever I went, I believe, but always in surprisingly small numbers, and I saw only one nest. That was built in a roadside china-tree in Tallahassee, and contained young ones (April 17), as was clear from the conduct of its owners.

It must not be supposed that I left St. Augustine without another search for my unknown "warbler." The very next morning found me again at the swamp, where for at least an hour I sat and listened. I heard no *tee-koi, tee-koo,* but was rewarded twice over for my walk. In the first place, before reaching the swamp, I found the third of my flat-wood novelties, the red-cockaded woodpecker. As had happened with the nuthatch and the sparrow, I heard him before seeing him: first some notes, which by themselves would hardly have suggested a woodpecker origin, and then a noise of hammering. Taken together, the two sounds left little doubt as to their author; and presently I saw him, — or rather them, for there were two birds. I learned nothing about them, either then or afterwards (I saw perhaps eight individuals during my ten weeks' visit), but it was worth something barely to see and hear them. Henceforth *Dryobates borealis* is a bird, and not merely a name. This, as I have said, was

among the pines, before reaching the swamp. In the swamp itself, there suddenly appeared from somewhere, as if by magic (a dramatic entrance is not without its value, even out of doors), a less novel but far more impressive figure, a pileated woodpecker; a truly splendid fellow, with the scarlet cheek-patches. When I caught sight of him, he stood on one of the upper branches of a tall pine, looking wonderfully alert and wide-awake; now stretching out his scrawny neck, and now drawing it in again, his long crest all the while erect and flaming. After a little he dropped into the underbrush, out of which came at intervals a succession of raps. I would have given something to have had him under my glass just then, for I had long felt curious to see him in the act of chiseling out those big, oblong, clean-cut, sharp-angled "peck-holes" which, close to the base of the tree, make so common and notable a feature of Vermont and New Hampshire forests; but, though I did my best, I could not find him, till all at once he came up again and took to a tall pine, — the tallest in the wood, — where he pranced about for a while, striking sundry picturesque but seemingly aimless attitudes, and then made off for good. All in all, he was a wild-looking bird, if ever I saw one.

I was no sooner in St. Augustine, of course, than my eyes were open for wild flowers. Perhaps I felt a little disappointed. Certainly the land was not ablaze with color. In the grass about the old fort there was plenty of the yellow oxalis and the creeping white houstonia; and from a crevice in the wall, out of reach, leaned a stalk of goldenrod in full bloom. The reader may smile, if he will, but this last flower was a surprise and a stumbling-block. A vernal goldenrod! Dr. Chapman's Flora made no mention of such an anomaly. Sow thistles, too, looked strangely anachronistic. I had never thought of them as harbingers of springtime. The truth did not break upon me till a week or so afterward. Then, on the way to the beach at Daytona, where the pleasant peninsula road traverses a thick forest of short-leaved pines, every tree of which leans heavily inland at the same angle ("the leaning pines of Daytona," I always said to myself, as I passed), I came upon some white beggar's-ticks, — like daisies; and as I stopped to see what they were, I noticed the presence of ripe seeds. The plant had been in flower a long time. And then I laughed at my own dullness. It fairly deserved a medal. As if, even in Massachusetts, autumnal flowers — the groundsel, at least — did not sometimes persist in blossoming far into the winter! A day or two after this, I saw a mullein stalk still presenting arms, as it were (the mullein always looks the soldier to me), with one bright flower. If I had found *that* in St. Augustine, I flatter myself I should have been less easily fooled.

There were no such last-year relics in the flat-woods, so far as I remember, but spring blossoms were beginning to make their appearance there by the middle of the month, particularly along the railroad, — violets in abundance (*Viola cucullata*), dwarf orange-colored dandelions (*Krigia*), the Judas-tree, or redbud, St. Peter's-wort, blackberry, the yellow star-flower (*Hypoxis juncea*), and butterworts. I recall, too, in a swampy spot, a fine fresh tuft of the golden club, with its gorgeous yellow spadix, — a plant that I had never seen in bloom before, although I had once admired a Cape Cod "hollow" full of the rank tropical leaves. St. Peter's-wort, a low shrub, thrives everywhere in the pine barrens, and, without being especially attractive, its rather sparse yellow flowers — not unlike the St. John's-wort — do something to enliven the general waste. The butterworts are beauties, and true children of the

spring. I picked my first ones, which by chance were of the smaller purple species (*Pinguicula pumila*), on my way down from the woods, on a moist bank. At that moment a white man came up the road. "What do you call this flower?" said I. "Valentine's flower," he answered at once. "Ah," said I, "because it is in bloom on St. Valentine's Day, I suppose?" "No, sir," he said. "Do you speak Spanish?" I had to shake my head. "Because I could explain it better in Spanish," he continued, as if by way of apology; but he went on in perfectly good English: "If you put one of them under your pillow, and think of some one you would like very much to see, — some one who has been dead a long time, — you will be likely to dream of him. It is a very pretty flower," he added. And so it is; hardly prettier, however, to my thinking, than the blossoms of the early creeping blackberry (*Rubus trivialis*). With them I fairly fell in love: true white roses, I called them, each with its central ring of dark purplish stamens; as beautiful as the cloudberry, which once, ten years before, I had found on the summit of Mount Clinton, in New Hampshire, and refused to believe a *Rubus*, though Dr. Gray's key led me to that genus again and again. There *is* something in a name, say what you will.

Some weeks later, and a little farther south, — in the flat-woods behind New Smyrna, — I saw other flowers, but never anything of that tropical exuberance at which the average Northern tourist expects to find himself staring. Boggy places were full of blue iris (the common *Iris versicolor* of New England, but of ranker growth), and here and there a pool was yellow with bladderwort. I was taken also with the larger and taller (yellow) butterwort, which I used never to see as I went through the woods in the morning, but was sure to find standing in the tall dry grass along the border of the sandy road, here one and there one, on my return at noon. In similar places grew a "yellow daisy" (*Leptopoda*), a single big head, of a deep color, at the top of a leafless stem. It seemed to be one of the most abundant of Florida spring flowers, but I could not learn that it went by any distinctive vernacular name. Beside the railway track were blue-eyed grass and pipewort, and a dainty blue lobelia (*L. Feayana*), with once in a while an extremely pretty coreopsis, having a purple centre, and scarcely to be distinguished from one that is common in gardens. No doubt the advancing season brings an increasing wealth of such beauty to the flat-woods. No doubt, too, I missed the larger half of what might have been found even at the time of my visit; for I made no pretense of doing any real botanical work, having neither the time nor the equipment. The birds kept me busy, for the most part, when the country itself did not absorb my attention.

More interesting, and a thousand times more memorable, than any flower or bird was the pine barren itself. I have given no true idea of it, I am perfectly aware: open, parklike, flooded with sunshine, level as a floor. "What heartache," Lanier breaks out, poor exile, dying of consumption, — "what heartache! Ne'er a hill!" A dreary country to ride through, hour after hour; an impossible country to live in, but most pleasant for a half-day winter stroll. Notwithstanding I never went far into it, as I have already said, I had always a profound sensation of remoteness; as if I might go on forever, and be no farther away.

Yet even here I had more than one reminder that the world is a small place. I met a burly negro in a cart, and fell into talk with him about the Florida climate, an endless topic, out of which a cynical traveler may easily

extract almost endless amusement. How about the summers here? I inquired. Were they really as paradisaical (I did not use that word) as some reports would lead one to suppose? The man smiled, as if he had heard something like that before. He did not think the Florida summer a dream of delight, even on the east coast. "I 'm tellin' you the truth, sah; the mosquiters an' sandflies is awful." Was he born here? I asked. No; he came from B——, Alabama. Everybody in eastern Florida came from somewhere, as well as I could make out. "Oh, from B——," said I. "Did you know Mr. W——, of the —— Iron Works?" He smiled again. "Yes, sah; I used to work for him. He 's a nice man." He spoke the truth that time beyond a peradventure. He was healthier here than in the other place, he thought, and wages were higher; but he liked the other place better "for pleasure." It was an odd coincidence, was it not, that I should meet in this solitude a man who knew the only citizen of Alabama with whom I was ever acquainted!

At another time I fell in with an oldish colored man, who, like myself, had taken to the woods for a quiet Sunday stroll. *He* was from Mississippi, he told me. Oh, yes, he remembered the war; he was a slave, twenty-one years old, when it broke out. To his mind, the present generation of "niggers" were a pretty poor lot, for all their "edication." He had seen them crowding folks off the sidewalk, and puffing smoke in their faces. All of which was nothing new; I had found that story more or less common among negroes of his age. He did n't believe much in "edication;" but when I asked if he thought the blacks were better off in slavery times, he answered quickly, "I 'd rather be a free man, *I* had." He was n't married; he had plenty to do to take care of himself. We separated, he going one way and I the other; but he turned to ask, with much seriousness (the reader must remember that this was only three months after a national election), "Do you think they 'll get free trade?" "Truly," said I to myself, "'the world is too much with us.' Even in the flat-woods there is no escaping the tariff question." But I answered, in what was meant to be a reassuring tone, "Not yet awhile. Some time." "I hope not," he said, — as if liberty to buy and sell would be a dreadful blow to a man living in a shanty in a Florida pine barren! He was taking the matter rather too much to heart, perhaps; but surely it was encouraging to see such a man interested in broad economical questions, and I realized as never before the truth of what the newspapers so continually tell us, that political campaigns are educational.

Bradford Torrey.

HIS VANISHED STAR.

XII.

As the surveyor planted his Jacob's staff anew, he drew a long sigh of fatigue, and gazed out discerningly at the weather signs from over a craggy jutting precipice at one side, which in its savage bareness disclosed from the midst of the dense forest a vast expanse of the tremulous mountain landscape below. The uncertain flicker of the sunshine was now on the green of the wooded valley, which presently dulled to the colorless neutrality of the persistent

shadow, albeit the summits of the far horizon line gleamed delicately azure, as if the tint possessed some luminous quality and glowed inherently blue. To the right hung masses of vaporous gray; and beneath, fine serried lines were drawn in myriads against the darker tints of half-seen slopes, where the rain was falling. Still beyond, a great glamourous sunburst appeared in the mist, with so rayonnant an effect of the divergent splendors from its dazzling focus that it might seem a fleeting glimpse of the actual wheel of the chariot of the sun. It rolled away speedily. A rainbow barely flaunted its chromatic glories across the sky, and faded like an illusion, and all the world was gray again; from a dead bough starkly thrust out of the wooded slopes halfway to the valley a rain crow was calling and calling.

The other men, too, were looking over the valley, so long obscured by the dense forest trees and still denser undergrowth through which they had taken their way. It seemed much nearer than when they had last seen it from the dome, even allowing for the distance they had traversed, and they noted, with that interest always excited by a familiar scene from a new standpoint, the aspect of the well-known landmarks, all changed and strange. Kenniston had drawn near the verge; he stood sharply outlined against the sky, a field-glass in his hand, which again and again he brought to bear upon the smouldering black mass on the cliffs far below that once was the new hotel, but now could be located only by the thinly curling smoke from its ruins. The instrument was familiar enough to the mountaineers, who had most of them observed its use during the war; but to a certain type of rustic an affectation of ignorance is the prettiest of jests.

"Say, mister," Rodolphus Ross adjured him, with a show of eager anxiety, "air yer contraption strong enough ter view enny insurance on that thar buildin'?"

The echo caught his laughter and blended it with the rain crow's call. He was not sensitive himself, and he could not appreciate sensitiveness in others. The fact that the building had perished in the flames, without insurance, was well known to the community; and how could it help or hinder that he should sharpen his wits by a little exercise on the theme?

Kenniston made no reply, still sweeping the landscape with his glass. As the surveyor bent to take sight, Kenniston suddenly turned.

"Stop," he said; "you will stop this farce right here. This is a conspiracy!"

The surveyor, still in his stooping posture, looked at him in amazement.

"Hey?" he exclaimed, as if he did not believe his senses.

"A conspiracy!" Kenniston reiterated.

The surveyor, in the course of his brawny career, had been offered few insults, and these he had promptly requited with stout blows. But the sight of a man who has lost reason, temper, and policy together has sometimes a steadying effect on the spectator. Besides, he was in the performance of a sworn duty, and, being a faithful and efficient officer of the county, he had a high ideal of the functions of his office. He was nettled by Kenniston's self-magnifying attitude, but it was obviously in order to give him the correct measurements, not of himself, but of his land, and although he retorted it was in good enough temper.

"Conspirin' with the meridian line?" he demanded, with a sneer, thrusting his quid of tobacco into his leather jaw with a tongue grown expert by long practice in thus clearing the way for its own utterances. "Or maybe ye think the points o' the compass have got in a mutiny against ye?"

Captain Lucy came alongside the Jacob's staff, and gave Kenniston a rallying wink, sly, malicious, sarcastic, and

altogether unworthy of the fine eye that it eclipsed. "Conspirin' with a monimint o' boundary knowed ez Big Hollow Boulder?" he said.

Luther turned away suddenly, with an accession of hang-dog furtiveness in his manner, and Kenniston's fury was stemmed for the moment by his surprise and doubt and bewilderment. Still with choleric color mantling his face, his eyes bright and wide, his white teeth pressed on the lip which he was biting, — and it was visible despite the thick abundance of beard, — with all the fire eliminated from the angry facial expression he yet retained, he stared silently at Captain Lucy, who was scornfully laughing. The surveyor took advantage of the seeming lucidity of the interval to seek to rehabilitate pacific relations.

"I can't help *how* ye expected the line ter run out, Mr. Kenniston. I'm runnin' it 'cordin' ter the calls an' the compass. Ye an Cap'n Tems are here as owners o' the adjoinin' tracts, ter see it done fur yerselves."

"Not me!" cried Captain Lucy. "I ain't looked at yer durned bodkin" (thus he demeaned the magnetic needle) "sence I kem out. It mought waggle todes the north pole, like ye sez it do, — 'pears onstiddy enough fur ennything, — or it mought waggle todes the east pole. I ain't keerin'. It may know the poles whenst it sees 'em, — though I dunno ef that needle hev got an eye. My main dependence air in that monimint o' boundary knowed ez the Big Hollow Boulder — corner rock — corner o' the lines — oh my! — yes!"

The significance of this was hardly to be overlooked.

"See here, Captain Lucy," said Kenniston, dropping his aggressions even to the unusual point of giving the old man his accustomed title, "what do you mean by that?"

Captain Lucy gave him a broadside of big bright eyes.

"Why, don't you-uns know that monimint o' boundary knowed ez Big Hollow Boulder — corner mark — been thar so long?"

"Well, what about it?" demanded Kenniston impatiently.

"Why, it's *known* ez Big Hollow Boulder, 'cordin' ter yer own notice posted up at the mill," said Captain Lucy tantalizingly.

Kenniston still stared, and the surveyor, seeking to cut short a futile waste of time, bent once more to take sight. "The only way ter git things settled is ter run out the line 'cordin' ter the calls an' the compass, an' I'm a-doin' of it fair an' square."

"There is something radically wrong," persisted Kenniston angrily. Then turning to Captain Lucy, he continued vehemently, "I know — and *you* know — that Wild Duck River is on my land, and does n't touch yours in any of its windings; and look there! — Wild Duck Falls!"

He pointed diagonally across a ravine, where, amidst the dusky depths of green shadows, and close to a gray cloud that came surging through the valley, a narrow, gleaming, white, feathery mountain cataract, with an impetus and a motion like the flight of an arrow smartly sped from the bow, shot down into the gorge.

It transfixed Captain Lucy. He stood staring at it, motionless, amazed, it might seem aghast. For the boundary line that the surveyor was running according to the compass and calls had thrown within his tract this mountain torrent, this wayward alien, which he had known for many a year as the native of the Kenniston woods.

"It makes no difference, gentlemen, what ye hev 'lowed ye owned, an' what ye did n't," interposed the surveyor: "this boundary line I'm runnin' out will show ye the exac' extent o' yer possessions." And once more he bent to take sight.

Then he rose and stalked forward, his Jacob's staff held before him, his eyes

intent and fixed, the links of the chain once more dully clanking as it writhed through the grass, and the chain-bearers, with their cabalistic refrain, "Stick!" "Stuck!" bowing down and rising up, as they ever and again drew it out taut to its extreme length between them.

The spectators followed on either hand, plunging into the deeper woods, which, as they interposed before the cliffs, cut off the view of the wide landscape, that seemed lifted into purer light and more transparent color by the contrast with the bosky shadows as it disappeared, and again was vaguely glimpsed between the boles and hanging branches, and once more vanished, leaving the aspect of the world the bare breadth of the herder's trail through the laurel.

Two of the men — shaggy of beard and of hair, and shabbier far of garb than the others — gazed at the proceeding with the eyes of deep wonderment and reluctant acceptance, as if it were some incredible formula of necromancy. They were denizens of a deeply secluded cove near by, lured hither by the report of the processioning, and looking for the first time upon the simple paraphernalia of land-surveying, — the chain, the Jacob's staff, and the compass; even the surveyor and the chain-bearers were only the verification of wild rumors that had reached them. They were not unintelligent; they were only uninformed. The habit and knowledge and experience of the commonplace process which the others possessed might hardly be considered an adequate set-off against such fresh and illimitable capacities of impressionability. Few people can so enjoy a day of sight-seeing as fell to the share of these denizens of "Painter Flats."

Kenniston lingered for a few minutes with the field-glass, still sweeping the rugged ravine where Wild Duck Falls gleamed white, swift, amidst the deep, dusky green shadows: disappearing beneath the approaching gray cloud as its filmy gauzes expanded and floated into the larger spaces of the ravine, then piercing its draperies with a keen, glimmering shaft of white light, and vanishing again as the cloud thickened and condensed in its passage through the narrowing limits of the gorge. He turned away at last, the glass still in his hand, following hard on the steps of the surveyor, marking all the successive stages of the proceedings with a keen, alert, inimical observation. He wore a grim, set face, and his manner expressed a sustained abeyance, watchfulness, and a dangerous readiness.

The landmarks were such as were easily common to any line. When the deed had called for four hundred and fifteen poles northwest to a white oak-tree, the chain-bearers had brought up, without a link amiss, at the gnarled foot of one of a cluster of such trees. A half-obliterated indentation upon it the surveyor accepted as the specific mark of identification, although others considered it an old "blaze" indicating an ancient trail, and Kenniston declared it merely a "cat-face." Again, the line, diverging, ran due north eight hundred poles to a stake in the middle of Panther Creek. The chain found the middle easily enough, though not the stake, which was, of course, in the nature of things, a temporary mark, and liable to be carried away in a freshet, or broken down by floating logs or other obstruction. The stream, however, kept an almost perfectly straight line — barring the slight sinuous meandering inherent to a natural channel which did not affect the general direction — for more than a mile through a grassy glade almost free of undergrowth, purling along under the shadow of the great trees and rocks. Thus, if the previous markings were correct, this of necessity depended upon them. The surveyor had a stub driven down, in place of the missing stake, in the middle of the stream, thus re-marking the line according to the law. Once

more the chain-bearers, dripping like spaniels from their excursions into the water, began their series of genuflections and their ringing outcry, "Stick!" "Stuck!"

All had observed Kenniston curiously during the halt, and the doubt and discussion as to the missing mark, expectant of some wrathful demonstration. If he did not coincide with the surveyor's opinion, he made no sign. In one sense, his demeanor balked them of the amusement which they had ravenously looked for. He made no protest, which, reasonable or unreasonable, they would have relished. His attitude, his face, his words, were constrained to a stern neutrality and inexpressiveness. He seemed only grimly watchful, waiting. The change itself afforded food for speculation, an entertainment more subtle and of keener interest than his previous outbreaks, if less alluring to the maliciously mirthful spectator. It seemed, however, to disconcert the surveyor more than active interference and aggression. Submissiveness is so abnormal a trait in a man of Kenniston's type that its symptoms indicate a serious moral crisis. Now and again, the surveyor, pausing to mark the "out," appealed directly to him. To be sure, the remark was in relation to the weather, for the clouds were gathering overhead, a slate-tinted canopy, seeming close upon the summits of the tall trees, till a white lacelike film scudding across it in contrary currents of the wind served to show, by the force of comparison, the true distance of the higher vapors. Kenniston had only monosyllables for reply, and the man of the compass could but mop his brow, and listen anxiously to the distant rumblings of thunder, and wish this troublous piece of work well over, and take his bearings anew. When the call in the deed for a girdled and dead poplar-tree was found to have no correspondent mark on the face of the earth, being, as he observed, a mark bound to be obliterated in the course of time, since the tree was dead when the deed, which was of remote date, was written, Kenniston's silence seemed to have an unnerving effect.

"Why, look here," the surveyor broke out in self-defense at length. "I ain't got no sort o' interest in the line except to run it according ter the calls an' the compass. I 'll git my fees, whether or no. 'T ain't nuthin' ter me which gits the most lan', you or Cap'n Tems."

As Kenniston still continued silent, he looked appealingly at Captain Lucy, and, receiving no encouragement, set his teeth, addressed himself to his work, and communed thenceforward with naught more responsive than his Jacob's staff.

But what, alack, had befallen Captain Lucy? Did ever a game cock, that had never so much as felt his adversary's gaff, drop his feathers so suddenly? He was all at once old, tired, anxious, troubled. He tugged along at the rear of the party, lagging and flagging as he had never done on certain forced marches that had seemed a miracle of endurance. For Captain Lucy's frame had been upborne by his spirit in those ordeals, and now that ethereal valiance had deserted him. For what mystery was this? The moving of the monument of boundary "known as the Big Hollow Boulder" — he thought of it thus for the first time without the sneer of inscrutable offense which the rotund phrasing had occasioned — had, instead of stripping him of his possessions, resulted in throwing much land, which he doubted not belonged to his neighbor, within his own lines. That Kenniston had himself moved the corner landmark or connived at the commission of this felony, if not otherwise preposterous, was thus rendered absolutely incredible. But who, then, could have moved it? When? How? For what unimaginable reason? How strange that he should have discovered the change! And what mad freak of fate was it that it should be he,

he himself, who should profit by it, acquiring the legal title to hundreds of acres at Kenniston's expense? Captain Lucy was an honest man, and the thought made him gasp. Had it been possible, he would at that moment have flung all the Great Smoky Mountains at Kenniston's feet. No recantation was too bitter, no renunciation was too complete, rather than be suspected, with any show of reason, as he had suspected Kenniston. Not that he cared for the groundless suspicion, but for its justification. This consideration summoned his tardy policy. He must needs have time to think. Were he bluntly to declare the corner stone to have been moved, it might seem to criminate himself; for albeit the line was running to his advantage here, who could say how its divergences might affect his possessions lower down on the mountain? "Windin' an' a-twistin' like the plumb old tarnation sarpient o' hell!" Captain Lucy vigorously described it in a mutter to his beard.

Moreover, even if the later results were also to his benefit, as it had been notoriously contrary to his wishes that the land should be processioned at all, it might seem that moving the boulder had been his scheme to thus thwart any definite establishment of the line of boundary, — and this was a felony.

Captain Lucy experienced a sudden affection of the spine which appeared to him abnormal, and, at the moment, possibly fatal, so curious, so undreamed of heretofore, were its symptoms. A cold chill trembled along its fibres; responsive cold drops bedewed his forehead. His hand had lost its normal temperature, and was cold to the touch. For the first time in all his life Captain Lucy's nerves were made acquainted with the shock of fear. He did not identify it; he could not recognize it. He was spared this acute mortification. He only felt strangely ill and undecided and tremulous, and he doubted his survival. He began to wonder if Kenniston suspected aught. He no longer questioned the genuineness of his enemy's demeanor earlier in the day, when each unexpected divergence of the line had seemed by turns to perturb and to anger him. Captain Lucy noted the cessation of the protestations, the grimly set jaw, the smouldering fire of the eye, the attitude of tense expectancy and waiting. He wondered if Kenniston were "laying for" him now as he had been "laying for" Kenniston. He thought of the intention deferred from "out" to "out" loudly to proclaim his discovery of the removal of the corner landmark, of his relish of his enemy's fancied security in outwitting him. He had only given Kenniston a little line, a little more, as it were, that he might hang himself with it, and now, forsooth, this noose was at his own service.

He felt a moderate and tempered gratulation that he had not been precipitate in the matter; as yet no one knew of his discovery; but suddenly he remembered his ill-starred confidence to Luther. For the first time he marked his son's furtive, skulking, downcast manner.

"Like a sheep-killin' dog!" said Captain Lucy to himself, in a towering rage. "What ef he do know it 's been moved: did I move it?"

He remembered, too, his reiterated allusions to the perambulatory boulder, and Kenniston's amazement, which then he had thought affectation, but which he now believed to be quite genuine. Were they the exciting cause, so to speak, of that grim air of abeyance and biding his time?

"The boulder can't be put back," said Captain Lucy to himself, suddenly on the defensive. "Nobody could make out whar it kem from fust, 'kase it never lef' a trace on the rock; an' a dozen horse could n't haul it up sech a steep slope. It mus' hev been blowed down by dam-i-nite."

It was a fine illustration of a moral descent, impossible to be retraced; but Captain Lucy did not think of that. His

mind was full of the complications of his position, the dangers of disclosure, and the impossibility to him of accepting the boundary line, thus taking possession of another man's land, even if the owner would compose himself to sleep upon his rights. Judging from Kenniston's looks, it was easily to be argued that he would prove very wide awake in this emergency.

But for the changing weather signs the old man's altered demeanor might have encountered other notice than Kenniston's keen watchfulness. Now and again the thunder pealed among the mountain tops, and the slate-colored cloud had spread until it overhung all the visible world, when they once more drew so near to the verge of the precipice as to have glimpses of the densely wooded cove and the circling mountains. The ranges were all sombre gray or deeply purple, save far away, where some rift in the clouds admitted a skein of sunbeams suspended in fibrous effect over a distant slope that was a weird yellowish-green in this scant illumination that had fallen to its share, rendered more marked by the dull estate of its dun-tinted and purple compeers. Nearer at hand, the shadows were deepening momently in the forest. Once or twice, when the sharp blades of the lightnings cleft them, the lifeless bronze aisles of the woods sprang into a transient glare of brilliant green that was hardly less dazzling, and again the thunder pealed.

Two or three of the mountaineers left the party, evidently with no mind to be drenched. A man with a hacking cough remained, animated by that indisposition to self-denial, that avidity of enjoyment, that determination to seize all that niggard life holds out, characteristic of a type of consumptive invalids. "'T ain't goin' ter rain," he declared buoyantly. It might seem that nothing less potent than powder and lead could wean from the sight of processioning the land the two denizens of Panther Flats. They patrolled every step that the surveyor took. Whenever he paused, they came up and stared, fascinated, and at close quarters, at the Jacob's staff. They counted the chains from "out" to "out." As one of them observed to the other, he "was just beginning to get the hang of the thing." He could keep under shelter at a more convenient season.

A sudden flash that seemed to pierce the very brain, so did it outdazzle the capacity of vision, a simultaneous deafening detonation, beneath which the mountains appeared to quake and to cry out with a terrible voice, while again and again the echoes repeated the thunderous menace, and then all the air was permeated by a swift electrical illumination, visibly transient, but so instantly succeeded by a similar effect that it seemed permanent, — in this weird glare the surveyor bent once more to take sight.

"Old man sticks ter his contrac' like a sick kitten ter a hot brick!" cried Rodolphus Ross to one of the chain-bearers.

But the chain-bearers had scant sympathy for the spectators, and visited upon the company in general their displeasure because of the reflections upon the "old man's" work, for which Kenniston alone was responsible.

"Why n't ye wear yer muzzle, 'Dolphus?" the one addressed retorted gruffly.

Most of the party had now deserted the spectacle, in deference to a timely admonition as to the fate of the horses picketed on the "bald," and their peculiar susceptibility to the fear of lightning. When the progress of the surveying again brought its adherents to the verge of the mountain and an extended outlook over the valley, there remained only the two men from Panther Flats, Rodolphus Ross, Captain Lucy, the chain-bearers, the surveyor, Luther, and the owner of the tract at whose instance the processioning had been made.

As they looked out over the gray valley, distinct under the sombre sky, as

though only color, and not light, were withdrawn, — Captain Lucy's cabin, the inclosures, the grim black crags beyond, the smouldering mass of the ruins of the burnt building, even the shanties of the workmen in the gorge at the foot of the cliffs, all perfectly distinguishable in their varied interpretation of gray and brown and blurring unnamed gradations of neutral tones, all overhung by the storm-cloud definitely and darkly purplish-black, with now and again, one knew not how, fleeting lurid green reflections, — Kenniston, brisk and dapper, lightly tapping his spurred boots with his riding-whip, smiling debonairly, but with a dangerous sarcastic gleam in his fiery eyes, stepped up to the surveyor. He carried his field-glass in one hand.

"Now, if you will come a few paces this way, — and you, colonel," in parenthesis to poor Captain Lucy, — "and use your telescope, you are obliged to see that if you run out the line seventeen hundred poles to the north, according to the deed, you will go beyond the site of the hotel. I seem to have built my house on the colonel's land. It was *your* house that was destroyed, colonel. Let me beg you to accept my condolences, — ha, ha, ha!"

A flash brighter than all that had preceded it, and his satiric laughter was lost in the roll and the reverberation of the thunder. A sudden darkening overspread the landscape, like a visible thickening of the clouds; the form of a horse darted along the verge of the precipice, so swift, so gigantic, defined against the green suffusions of that purple-black storm-cloud, that it seemed like the materialization of the hero of some equine fable. A wild cry went up that the horses had broken loose, and were stampeding through the woods. A terrible wrenching, riving sound followed another flash, and they could see a stricken tree on the slope below, in the instant before the blinding descent of the torrents. The wind rose with a wild screaming cry; the forests bent and writhed; no one of the party could discern his neighbor's face; and, despite the pluck of the surveyor, the processioning of the Kenniston tract remained unfinished.

XIII.

Captain Lucy enjoyed in his own family an immunity from interference, criticism, and filial insurgency that was truly patriarchal. His word was law; his every thought was wisdom; all his dealings embodied the fullest expression of justice. Until his unlucky disclosure to Luther of his discovery of the strange removal of the Big Hollow Boulder, and the interpretation he placed upon it, imputing to Kenniston a crime of such importance, involving consequences so grave, his son had never entertained a moment's doubt of the sufficiency of his prudence, the absolute infallibility of his judgment, the integrity of all his prejudices, notwithstanding his arbitrary temper, his high-handed methods, and his frequent precipitancy. Such remonstrance as ever was ventured upon usually emanated from Adelicia, in the interest of her pacific proclivities; or to sue uncle Lucy's clemency for some object of his most righteous displeasure; or to prevail upon him blindly to consider some untoward chance a blessing in disguise. Now and then, too, she indulged in some solicitude lest the affluence of his courage should lead him into danger. But to his own children "dad" had always seemed more than capable of coping with all the forces of nature, animate and inanimate; and as the day of the processioning of the land wore on, Julia listened, with her silent smile of sarcastic comment, to Adelicia's monologue of arguments of alternate fears and reassurance for uncle Lucy's sake. First, lest Mr. Kenniston should succeed in unjustly wresting some of his land from him. "But," she declared buoyantly,

"the surveyor won't let him!" Then, lest a personal collision might ensue, to her bellicose relative's injury. "But uncle Lucy ain't been often tackled; ennybody kin see he 'd hev a mighty free hand in a fight." And again she was reduced to fear simply that things in general might fall out to the magnate's dissatisfaction. "But uncle Lucy 's been mighty mad a heap o' times before, an' 't ain't set him back none," she argued blithely. And so the atmosphere within cleared as the sky without darkened, and the domestic industries went forward apace.

It was during one of the deceptive withdrawals of the lowering storm-cloud, revealing great expanses of blue sky, when the sunshine was a-flicker once more over the landscape, albeit somewhat wan and tremulous, and a wind had sprung up, faint and short of breath, and disposed to lulls and sighs, but still setting mists and clouds astir, that Julia set forth upon an errand some distance up the Cove. It had chanced that a hen, with the preposterous hopefulness of the species, had gone to "setting" in the orchard upon an unremunerative assemblage of fallen apples, in default of more appropriate material; for, in ignorance of the fowl's intention, Adelicia had fried the last eggs for breakfast. Her momentary dismay was dispelled by the recollection that Mrs. Larrabee had promised her a "settin of special an percise tur-r-key aigs," and, equipping Julia with a basket, she sent her forth to claim this pledge.

But in lieu of the hospitable welcome and the eager fulfillment of the promise, the reminder of which Mrs. Larrabee would have regarded in the light of a courtesy and a favor, Julia encountered at the door of the queer little house Henrietta Timson, her snuffbrush, her small unlighted eyes, her narrow discontented face, and her little brief authority oppressively in evidence.

"Waal, I do declar'," she said, regarding Julia sourly, when the errand was made known. "I dunno what Sist' Lar'bee means," — for Mrs. Timson was unfailing in the sororal appellation of church-membership, since she enjoyed no closer relation to Mrs. Larrabee. "She done gone off a-pleasurin' an' a-jauntin', an' lef' me hyar with this whole houseful ter 'tend ter, an' ter work fur, an' ter feed, an' ter mend, an' the neighbors ter pervide with aigs, — an' tur-r-key aigs at that!"

Julia Tems's experience of life had been crude and scanty and monotonous. She had lived the successive uneventful years since her infancy at the little cabin down in the Cove in the humble domestic routine, without education of any sort, except perchance such as might be gleaned from the sermon of a stray circuit rider; without the opportunity of observation; with the simplest, most untutored, most limited association. It was to be doubted if she knew a score of people in the world. But this was her first encounter with discourtesy.

She flushed scarlet under the shade of her brown sunbonnet, not with anger, but with shame: she was ashamed for Mrs. Timson. She hardly felt the affront to herself at first; the flout at the proprieties in the abstract nullified for the moment all personal consideration. She was not conscious of a retrograde movement, for her instinct was to terminate the interview. She found herself murmuring, "It 's jes' ez well, — jes' ez well," in an apologetic cadence which would have befitted Mrs. Timson's voice, and moving backward continuously, in her eager haste to be gone. She could with philosophy have beheld every hen that had ever owned the Tems sway in the grotesque catastrophe of patiently seeking to hatch apples, rather than prolong the ordeal for a moment.

But Henrietta Timson had hardly anticipated routing the invader so promptly. Noting Julia's eagerness to be gone, she perversely thwarted it by stepping briskly down out of the door, remember-

ing to put her hand to her side, with a suffering look and an affected limp.

"I 'lowed ez I hed *hed* tribulation, but I never seen none sech ez now. Sist' Lar'bee gone, — tuck one o' my chil'n with her!" She shook her head with a dolorous accusation that might have become her if "Sist' Lar'bee" had been a kidnapper, and the hero of the rickets had gone for aught but to insure being properly fed and provided for. "Jasper Lar'bee 's disappeared; an' ole man Haight I do b'lieve hev gone deranged, — sets an' cusses the Lost Time mine all day; an' Jerushy's husband 's drunk, — 'pears like a rat-hole, ye can't fill him up; an' — hev ye seen Jasper Lar'bee down yer ways?"

"Not fur a long time," faltered Julia, still retreating a few steps at intervals down the rocky, ledgy dooryard.

"Waal, I 'll tell him ez ye war hyar, an' 'lowed it 'peared like a long time sence ye seen him," said Mrs. Timson perversely, with the air of taking a message. "An' " — her small eyes narrowed — "ef I find enny tur-r-key aigs, I 'll let ye know."

She looked with a sour smile after the girl's light figure, for Julia was now fairly in retreat.

"I 'll let ye know, too," she muttered, "ez we ain't got none o' Mis' Lar'bee's slack-twisted ways hyar now, — givin' away a settin' of tur-r-key aigs. I say! ef I find enny tur-r-key aigs, I 'll send 'em down ter the store ter trade. I be mos' out o' snuff now."

Then she meditated swiftly upon her theory that Mrs. Larrabee had reasons of her own for all her good works; that they were subtle investments, as it were, sure of a return in better kind, and quadrupled in value. She could evolve no view in which the promised "settin' of tur-r-key aigs" could figure as assets save for a general conciliatory purpose; and then she remembered that Captain Lucy was a widower. A sneering smile stole over her face, arrested suddenly by a grave afterthought: if for this reason the family were worth conciliating for Mrs. Larrabee's sake, surely more for her own. "Lord knows, I need a house, an' home, an' land, an' horse critters, an' cows, an' sheep, an' hawgs — he hev jes' two childern, an' them growed, an' that niece gal could be turned out" (she hastily ran over the list of Captain Lucy's earthly gear, omitting only that important possession, himself) — "a sight more 'n Mis' Lar'bee do, ennyhows."

With a sudden change of heart, she ran to the road, holding her hand to the level of her eyes to shade them from the glare of the sun; but look as she might, there was not a flitting vestige to be seen of the dark brickdust red, the color of the dress which Julia wore. She called again and again without response. She thought the girl must surely have heard; then she reassured herself by the reflection that the wind was blowing a gale, and doubtless the sound of her voice went far afield.

Its shrill pipe might have been easily enough distinguishable to ears that would heed, although the surges of the wind beat loud on every rock and slope. Julia took angry note as she went swiftly on and on, her skirts flying, her bonnet blown back, her heart hot with wrath against Mrs. Timson, against herself, against Adelicia who had sent her on so ill starred an errand. Her eyes and her gesture were singularly like Captain Lucy's, as, threading the narrow path above the precipice, she paused and flung the empty basket into the wilderness below, and then walked on less swiftly, her tense nerves relaxed by this ebullition of rage. Like Captain Lucy, too, she felt the better for it, albeit she realized as he never would have done that the basket would be sorely missed at home. With the riddance she somehow discharged her mind of the thought of the Larrabee threshold, of her inhospitable reception there, of the whole ignoble episode. She looked out with a sort of enjoyment at the muster of the clouds,

the gathering of rank after rank; ever and again her unaffrighted eyes followed the swift yellow lightnings darting through the gray masses, and, looking from the height of the precipice on the mountain side, she seemed to stand just opposite them. Lower down on the wooded slope across the narrow valley, she could see the track of wind, which never touched those silent, vaporous congregations, motionless, or coming with contrary currents from opposite directions. The trees below bent and sprang back into place, and she could hear the sibilant shouting of the leaves. It was like a myriad of shrill tiny voices, but they combined into a massive chorus. The growths hard by were adding a refrain; the wind was winning new territory as it came up the mountain. She could see far away a cloud torn into fringes, and presently the rain was falling. It was coming nearer and nearer; she would meet it long before she could reach home. She quickened her steps at the thought. Sometimes the growths intervened on both sides of the path, and shut out the observation of the coming storm. Whenever she emerged, she noted the darkening aspect. More than once the thunder shook the very mountains. Suddenly, a searching, terrible illumination, the rising of the tumultuous wind, a frightful succession of peals, brought her to a pause. She hardly dared to face a storm like this, shelterless, and the store at the Lost Time mine was close at hand. Nevertheless she hesitated for a moment. Captain Lucy's well-worn jest as to the "perfessional widower" was hardly so funny to her as to him. She stood, disconcerted, conscious, averse, in the teeth of the storm, her dress fluttering, her bonnet tossed back from her shining coiled hair, her eyes bright and wide and wistful, and the breath almost blown back from her lips. Then she noted suddenly the portal of the Lost Time mine. She did not pause to reflect; to dread the long, darkening, solitary afternoon in its dim recesses; to remember the terrors of the mine's traditions, and what ghostly presence she might meet, and what sepulchral voices she might hear, in the awful isolations of the coming storm, when all the laws that govern the outside world seemed set at naught; and if ever the supernatural should break bounds, it might be at a place like this. She ran against the wind as swiftly as she could; skirted the water on the stones in the channel at the mouth of the cave, now more deeply submerged than their wont, for the stream was rising visibly, its underground tributaries already fed by the rains falling elsewhere; felt with a shiver the chill of the place, as the high, grim, rough-hewn rocks towered above her head; climbed up on the inner ledges; and as the first floodlike outbreak of the torrents came down with a crash of thunder, and a glare of lightning, and a wild shrieking of swirling winds, she sat down, high and dry, and drew a breath of relief.

The next instant Julia's heart gave a great plunge, and then seemed to stand still. She was not alone. A man in a further recess appeared, approaching cautiously. He evidently had not seen her. Her entrance into the place had preceded his appearance only by a few seconds. He was watching the rain with intense interest. She would have said that he had been apprised of it by the rise of the water within. He bestowed an eager, careful, calculating scrutiny upon the stream below the high shadowy point where he stood; then he looked toward the portal where the descending sheets of rain cut off all glimpse of the world without. He was turning away, with the furtive, skulking, cautious air that had characterized his approach, when his eyes fell upon her. He dropped out of sight as if he had been shot.

She sat there, silent, trembling, her eyes fixed upon the spot where he had disappeared, her heart beating wildly. She heard the flow of the stream below,

its volume and momentum continually increasing, and the foaming turmoil where the currents met the dash of the rain at the outlet of the mine; now and again she was conscious that lightning flashed through the gray and white descending torrents without, and lit up this dreary subterranean recess with its uncanny glare for a space, till distance annulled its power, and she heard the thunder roar. But she did not withdraw her eyes, and she wondered if he had known her in that short moment as she had recognized him. For it was Jack Espey.

She sat there so long, waiting for some sign, or token, or further intimation, that she might have thought the apparition a mere illusion, had she ever heard enough of the tricks of the imagination to learn to doubt her senses. She was trembling still, although her voice was calm enough as at last she called his name.

"Jack Espey!" the echoes cried out, as promptly as if it were a familiar sound and long ago conned. They fell to silence gradually. She did not call again, but, with her slow and composed manner, she waited for him to answer.

When he finally approached, apparently ascending an incline from depths below, he met her intent gaze fixed upon him; but she seemed to him as impassive and as unmoved of aspect as if this were a daily occurrence in her life.

"I war in hopes ye did n't know me, Julia," he said, dully sad, as he came up near her.

He stood leaning his elbow on one of the ledges of rock, looking up at her, mechanically shielding himself behind the jagged edges from observation without, although it might seem naught could stand in the storm that raged beyond.

His plight was forlorn. His clothes were worn and torn, and miry with clay; it adhered in flakes and smears to his long boots, incongruously spurred. His face was lined and white. His hat was pushed far back on his black hair, as of yore, and his long-lashed grayish-blue eyes had an appealing look which she had not seen before.

"What fur ye wished I would n't know ye?"

He looked hard at her. "'Kase it 's dangersome. I 'm a man hunted fur my life, I reckon. It 's dangersome fur me, an' fur ye too, ter know I be hyar."

"It 's jes' ez well I ain't one of the skeery kind, then," said Julia hardily. "I be powerful glad I seen ye hyar."

She seemed curiously unfamiliar to him in some sort. So alert had his faculties become in the suspense of jeopardy that this slight point perturbed him, until he bethought himself that he had hitherto heard her speak so seldom, and had observed her so little, that the very inflections of her voice were strange. It was of a different timbre from Adelicia's. It did not vibrate. It had a conclusive flutelike quality, without a trailing sequence of resonance.

"Waal, I 'lowed ez mos' ennybody mought be sorry ter see me in sech a fix as this," he said dolorously.

The deliberate, impassive Julia appeared almost in haste to avert this apparent misconstruction. "Oh, I war glad ter view ye, 'kase a heap o' folks 'lowed ye could n't hev got away 'thout yer horse, him bein' kilt, an' ez ye war a-lyin' in the laurel somewhar, dead, yit."

She turned her head, and looked steadily at him. Her deep, dark, translucent eyes were full of shoaling lights of variant blue, like the heart of some great sapphire. The long curling lashes flung a fibrous shadow on her cheek; its texture, as the light fell upon it, was so fine, so soft, its tint so fair, its curve so delicate. Her lips, chiseled like some triumph of ideal beauty, but that no sculpture could express their mobile sweetness, parted suddenly in her rare and brilliant smile.

Many a man, under its glamours, might have taken heart of grace to be glad that he was alive; but Espey's face hardened.

"'T would be jes' ez well, jes' ez

well, lying dead in the laur'l," he said bitterly. Then, with an afterthought, "Let them folks stay 'feared. They won't spile thar health quakin' an' shudderin' 'bout me," he added cynically. As he marked her expression change, her smile vanish, he realized the necessity to please, to propitiate. He knew her so slightly, his temper must not be too savage and surly with so complete a stranger, and perhaps earn her antagonism, especially since he and his refuge were at her mercy.

"Course," he went on, with a clumsy effort at amends, "I don't mean Ad'licia. Ye knowed we-uns war keepin' comp'ny?"

She nodded gravely.

"I know Ad'licia hev quaked an' shuddered 'bout me a heap mo' 'n I be wuth," he continued.

Was the day darker outside, or how was quenched that subtle brightness of aspect that had made the girl's face radiant? It was beautiful still, that statuesque outline, but as chill and unresponsive as if indeed its every line had been wrought with a chisel. The smooth hair, with its sheen of silken fineness, caught the light on its coiled and plaited chestnut-tinted strands. One hand rested on her brown sunbonnet, laid on the ledge of the gray rock, and she leaned her weight upon it. Her head and her fair complexion — so fair that it transmitted to the surface an outline of the blue veins in her temple and throat, and even her eyelids — and the roseate fluctuations in her cheek were very distinct against the yellow clay of the bank of earth behind her. Her little rough low-quarter shoes and the brown stockings showed a trifle beneath the skirt of the brickdust-colored homespun dress she wore, as they were placed on a boulder that stood out of the tawny rushing stream below.

He noted the change. He could not account for it other than as a vicarious resentment.

"I ain't faultin' Ad'licia," he said, more emphatically. "She war tormented powerful 'bout me, war n't she?"

"A-fust," said Julia veraciously. Her voice was as inexpressive as her eyes. "But Ad'licia is one ez always hopes fur the best."

He drew back with a sudden recoil. "Waal, now, by the Lord!" he cried furiously, "she 's welcome ter her hope! Settin' thar in the house, warm, an' dry, an' fed, an' clean," — he looked down with a sort of repulsion upon his miry garments, — "a-hopin' fur the bes', an' makin' herself mighty comfort'ble an' contented, an' *me* hyar, freezin' in this cold hole, an' mighty nigh starvin', in rags an' mis'ry, an' sick an' sorry, an' lonesome enough ter die, an' shet out o' the light! My God, ef I war n't 'feared o' my life, I 'd let the off'cer take me! The State hain't got no sech term o' imprisonment ez this!"

Julia was leaning forward, each line of her impassive face replete with meaning, reflecting his every sentiment, but with the complement of sympathy and acquiescence and responsive anger in his anger.

He turned suddenly, lifting his arm with a scornful gesture toward the low vault with its dank, earthy odor, the ledges of barren, inhospitable rock, the cold stream rushing forth from the darkness within, seen in an appalling blackness adown the tunnel, against which his white-lined face looked whiter, his form taller in his closely belted garb and with his long boots drawn up to the knees. He waved his arm as if to include it all. "An' Ad'licia, — she hopes for the bes'."

He broke out into a harsh laugh, which the echoes repeated so promptly, and with apparently so malignant an intent, that he checked it hastily, and the sound died on his colorless lips; but far down the black tunnel something uncanny seemed to fall to laughing suddenly, and as suddenly to break off; and

again a further voice still was lifted in weird mirth, and the laughter failed midway.

He waited for silence, and then he leaned against a higher ledge near which she was sitting, and, resting his elbow on it, looked at her once more, wondering how he might best revert to his object of propitiation. He was remembering that Adelicia had told him how prone was Julia to notice slights, and how quick to take offense. He felt hardly equal to the effort of repairing the damage of his outbreak against her relative, so spent was his scanty strength by the violence of his anger and his agitation. He could only look at her silently, more forlorn, more pallid, more appealing, than before.

"I ought n't ter think hard o' Ad'licia," he said at last. "Nobody else would, I know. Would they?" he added.

For, with Julia's silent habit, conversation was somewhat difficult without a direct appeal. It was a direct appeal. She liked to remember that afterward.

"Waal," she said, slowly and judicially, as if weighing matters submitted for arbitrament, "I 'low Ad'licia treated ye right mean, fust an' las'."

"Why?" he rejoined, in genuine interest, his face resuming its normal expression before flight and hardship and darkness and loneliness and fear and privation had so marked it.

"'Kase," she went on in that soft, unfamiliar voice that the echoes seemed hardly to follow, so complete, so indivisible, was every flutelike tone, "she oughter married ye whenst ye axed her — ef she liked ye."

A faint surprise was dawning in his eyes.

"Cap'n Lucy would n't gin his cornsent," he said succinctly.

"I reckon he 'lowed 't war his jewty ter say no. But ef Ad'licia hed married ye ennyhows, do ye reckon dad would hev let that leetle fice o' the law, 'Dolphus Ross, jail *his* nephew-in-law 'kase a man he fought in Tanglefoot Cove *mought* die ef he did n't hev the industry ter git well? Naw, sir; ye 'd hev hed dad an' Luther fur backers, an' they air toler'ble stiff backers fur enny man. Dad would hev fixed a way out'n it fur ye, fur sure, 'count o' Ad'licia. She war a turr'ble fool not ter marry ye, an' I tole her so."

The surprise, the doubt, and at last the conviction successively expressed in Espey's face might have been easily discriminated by one skilled in reading the human physiognomy. But Julia possessed no such craft, and when he spoke she appreciated no change in his manner, albeit it was not guarded; for he did not conceive it necessary to screen the discovery of a secret of which he perceived that Julia was herself unconscious.

"Julia," he said appealingly, "ye see how I be hunted an' harried, an' nobody keers fur me. Jes' let the folks shudder an' quake fur a while longer 'thout knowin' what 's kem o' me. Don't tell nobody ez ye hev seen me hyar."

She was gazing out at the steely lines of the rain curtain, so dense as to be like a veritable fabric, as it swayed in the wind at the rugged mouth of the mine, and its foaming white fringes that seemed to trail upon the brown water where the continuous downfall splashed into its currents. The peculiarly clear, colorless light of a gray day, which, in its adequacy for all the purposes of mere vision, pointed the munificence and splendid lavishness of the sun's bestowals in the interests of beauty and growth and the gladdening of the heart of man, was upon her face, which responded with a sort of subdued glister like marble. Her eyes and the shadowy long black lashes were meditatively downcast. She was evidently reviewing the course of action which she had just sketched for him, for Adelicia, for Captain Lucy. He did not hold her undivided attention, and he realized that it was only a mechanical assent as she nodded, her face still reflective, absorbed.

"Not even Cap'n Lucy," he urged

cagerly. "Not Jasper Lar'bee" — He paused suddenly.

The word seemed to arrest, to enchain, her elusive attention. The delicate roseate tints of her fair complexion deepened from throat to brow; her cheek was vividly red. She was remembering the Larrabee threshold, the greeting she had encountered there, the grotesque indignity of Henrietta Timson's affronts. But hers was a reticent habit, and she had a reserved nature. She only said, conclusively, slowly, "Ye may be sure I won't tell Jasper Lar'bee."

Somehow Espey felt a sense of loss; and he had so little to lose, poor fellow, that albeit her affection was unsought, uncared for, unsuspected till a moment before, the doubt of it afflicted him as if his heart were cruelly rifled. That flush at Larrabee's name! To him it was conclusive. He had no other indication by which to judge. He had mistaken her sympathy, her idle talk; she was wont to talk so seldom that it was not surprising that he hardly knew how to take her words; he knew so little of her and her mental processes. She cared for Larrabee, not for him. Nobody cared for him. And Adelicia was hoping for the best.

"This be a mighty pore shelter an' home an' hope," he said, grimly looking about him. "I hed prayed I mought crope inter a hole ter hide or die, like a hunted fox or bar or painter be 'lowed ter do sometimes. That did n't 'pear ter me much fur a man ter ax of the Lord."

He stood off from the rock for an instant, his big white wool hat in one hand, the other in his leather belt where that formidable array of weapons still gleamed. His head was thrown back from the loose collar of his blue-checked shirt; his straight hair was tossed from his brow; his gray eyes, scornfully bitter, surveyed the dripping walls, — so dark that in the recesses here and there clusters of bats hung head downwards, dimly descried, awaiting the night, — the rugged obtrusion of rock through the clay, the chill, chill flowing of the brown water in the channel below, as ceaseless, as cold, as heedless, as relentless, as in the days of yore when it broke its allotted bounds, rose into alien hewn-out caverns, and flooded the mine, wrecking the humble industry of man, wresting away with its grasping currents two struggling human lives, and carrying not even a gruesome memory or token of its deeds upon its sleek waves out into the sunshine, and the free air, and the genial warmth of the upper world.

"'T ain't much I hev axed, — this hole ter starve an' die in, — but mebbe it 's too much!" Then, turning, with an eye alight, and a furious flush that made him look all at once well and strong and alert and reckless again, "But tell whar I be hid out — tell — tell who ye want! Tell ennybody — everybody! Cap'n Lucy! the sher'ff! Taft! Jasper Lar'bee!"

And what miracle was this! The silent, impassive, reserved, reticent Julia fixed her eyes upon him for a moment, amazed, troubled, and then, as she suddenly comprehended, full of a keen but tender reproach. And until that moment he had not known how beautiful those much-vaunted eyes could be. The next they were full of tears, and Julia, leaning back against the wall behind her, had burst into sobs.

"Tell! Why, Jack Espey, how kin ye think I could be made to tell whar ye be hid out?" She turned her head to look at him again with hurt and indignant amazement. "I 'd die first! Powder an' lead" — she hesitated for hyperbole that might express this impossibility — "all the powder and lead the men shot away in the war times could n't git a word from me o' what I hev fund out this evenin'!"

"I know it!" he protested, coming up close to her, as she sat on the ledge. "I ought n't ter hev said that, but ye see, Julia, I feel so s'picious, sometimes; I be so hunted an' harried, an' nobody

keers fur me or whar I be — 'ceptin' the sher'ff." He lifted his eyebrows, with a fleering laugh at his own forlorn estate.

"I keer," said Julia stoutly. "I won't tell nobody whar ye be hid out, — not even dad, nor Luther, nor nobody, 'ceptin' Ad'licia."

He gasped in haste for utterance. He caught at her hand as if he were drowning, — as if she might be gone before he could stay her for a word.

"Not Ad'licia! Oh my Lord, no! Jes' leave her a-hopin' fur the bes'!" He had hardly realized how deeply he had resented Adelicia's optimistic resignation to his fate. His sarcastic laugh was broken off halfway in his eager resumption of his argument. "Ad'licia mought feel obligated ter tell Cap'n Lucy, an' 'bide by his word. With her a-hopin' fur the bes', an' Cap'n Lucy's foolin' long o' his jewty ter his orphin niece, I 'll git the sher'ff's bracelets locked round my wrists; an' the jail ain't ez sightly a place ez this beautisome spot. I be a man fur myself, an' I can't ondertake ter cut out all my cloth with Cap'n Lucy's scissors. Ad'licia 's contented. Leff her be! She 'll hope fur the bes' with a twenty horse power."

He did not remember Mrs. Larrabee's astute remark in the advice she had given him to the effect that "perlitin' round the t'other gal would n't go so hard with him," if she were really a "gyardin lily" for beauty. He only felt vaguely that he had not heretofore appreciated the radiance of the face that Julia bent upon him; he did not understand that it was the moment, the unrealized thought, which so embellished it, as she said cogitatingly, "Naw, 't won't do ter tell Ad'licia. I won't tell her."

"See ter it that ye don't," he sternly urged her. And once more he was impressed with the idea that he really had not before known how singularly beautiful she was.

"Ye see, Julia," he said, lowering his voice confidentially, "I can't git away, 'kase I got no horse; an' ef I hed one, I hev got no money, an' I 'd jes' be tuk somewhar, now that the folks hev got sot onto the trail of me. So I 'lowed I 'd hide hyarabout till I git news from Tanglefoot ez that man hev got better. Ye see I be hopin' fur the bes', too," he said, with a pathetic smile. "It 's all I kin do."

"How do ye git suthin' ter eat?" she asked suddenly.

Espey looked embarrassed. "Oh, I makes out," he said evasively. "I gits out at night sometimes."

Julia assumed that he hunted or trapped at night for provisions. He noted that she did not argue nor contend, as Adelicia was wont to do. She accepted his arrangements as intrinsically the best.

"I could fetch ye suthin' wunst in a while," she suggested.

He looked aghast at the idea.

"Don't ye do that, Julia," he said warningly. "It mought git ye or Cap'n Lucy liable ter the law. Don't ye do it. I 'll make out somehows." Then seeing her reluctance, "Ef I need ennything, or want ter git communication with folks outside, I 'll let ye know. I 'll — I 'll put this hyar pipe in a nick in them rocks, jes' west, clost inter the freestone spring nigh yer dad's house."

She listened, breathless, and beamed with delight at the feasibility of this plan.

"An' whenever I pass hyar," she said, with wide, illumined eyes and a flickering flush of excitement, — "an' I 'll kem frequent, — I 'll drap a wild flower in the road. An' ye will see it, an' know I hev been by an' been a-studyin' 'bout you-uns. An' that will be plumb comp'ny fur ye."

"'T will that!" he cried. His eyes were soft and bright and dewy. Somehow it seemed to bind him — that chain of flowers — to the fair world without, which had been slipping away, away forever.

He turned, and looked out toward the rocky egress of the cave as if he almost expected to see already a cardinal flower flaming in the sun on the gray rock.

There was no sun. The rain fell, dense still, — dense enough, doubtless, to preclude all observation from without; but from among the shadows within his practiced eyes descried through the shifting, shimmering veil, now white and gray in shoaling effects, all blown aslant by the wind, a white-canvas-covered wagon lumbering by, albeit for the rush of the stream and the fall of the torrents he could not hear the slow creak of its wheels. His heart was a-flutter, although he knew that the danger of observation was past, as the swaying white hood had disappeared.

"That 's 'Renzo Taft," he remarked. "He 's gittin' back late from the cross-roads. I reckon the storm cotch him an' kep' him."

He hesitated. Then, with a sort of falter of humiliation, "I reckon I 'd better go back ter my hidin' place, Julia. The rain 's slackenin', so somebody passin' mought view me. Ye jes' set hyar right quiet an' wait fur the rain ter hold up."

He turned away; then looked back over his shoulder.

"Good-by," he said.

The girl's luminous eyes dwelt smilingly upon him.

"Good-by," she answered softly.

He took his way along the ledges above the treacherous stream to that blacker recess where the way deflected and the light failed; he turned once more.

"I 'll be a-watchin' fur them flowers," he said.

Her smile itself was like a bloom; he, unaware, treasured the recollection. He seemed to reflect it in some sort. He was smiling himself, as he went down into those sunless depths.

He could not forbear partly retracing his way once, and looking at her as she sat, quite still, gazing out with her eyes of summer and sunshine upon the rain, and the dreary, sad, tear-stained aspect of the world without, whence sounded the sobbing of the troubled wind.

When he came again yet another time, the rain had ceased, and she was gone.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

WESTERN LANDSCAPES.

ARIZONA.

Dun plains speckled with sagebrush and blue-gray clumps of weeds, levels that run to huge cliffs of orange-colored stone, — cliffs that rise against the deep blue sky like ruined walls of some gigantic cathedrals or fortresses or castles.

Dim with centuries of sun and wind; older than Thebes or Baalbec; loftier than the pyramids, soaring a thousand feet above the level sand; worn by wind and sun and frost and rain, till the handmarks of the builders have been utterly lost, and the primeval rock alone remains.

The clouds soared above the red and green and violet walls in mild majesty. The distant cliffs grew to deep blue, the shadows darkly purple. The plain became lilac, soft as air could dim and subdue it. The peaks that loomed high in the far-off sky were violet. Sand, sand, — everywhere sand. Gray sand, dove-gray sand, lilac in distance, shimmering in the hot, dry air. Every slightest weed, or rock, or squat low cedar threw a vivid violet shadow; the whole plain was radiant with color, and hot with unsuaged sun-rays.

The river ran a blue ribbon, laid be-

tween brick-red mud and flaming yellow gravel, — a vivid, curving, graceful steel-blue ribbon of mountain water that still bid defiance to the remorseless sun and the devouring earth.

How beautiful this ribbon of water might be, no one can tell but the hardy horseman faint with an all-day ride across these savage sands, under the parching, absorbing light of the unclouded sun.

SANTA BARBARA.

A curving line of beach, whereon a quiet, cool sea was breaking. In the midst of the sea stood dim blue peaks of mountain islands. To the left and near at hand, a semicircular line of peaks ran like a wall, so high the evening clouds hung on their tops like a roof. The green foothills rose like terraces.

There was something pictorial, strange, spectacular, in it all. The nearness of the mountains, their bleak, bare heights on which the sunlight struck beneath the roof of clouds, the sea glittering beneath, — all seemed unreal. It was so tropical by the beach, with its palms and bananas, so gigantic and barren of detail in the background, not without grandeur in its sweeping lines, hard and stern on the loftier unclothed heights.

The village itself lay squat upon the hillside, without character or fitness, as a toad might lie on the steps of a splendid cathedral.

OAKLAND FERRY.

As the boat pulsed slowly across the cool sea, the nearing dome of lights which marked the city grew more various in colors: green and red and yellow lights shifted and twinkled. The streets seemed to swing into position, and to order themselves for our inspection.

SAN FRANCISCO BAY (December).

A tossing spread of dull green water, lined here and there with white waves caught up by the powerful north wind. Out of this dull green level the brown and rounded hills lay, landlocking it. Behind this semicircular wall of hills, the mountains rose not quite to the region of snows.

Gulls wheeled and dipped plenteously, and the yellow-green waves sounded a brisk, not entirely angry note.

The mountains were a royal blue, but the hills and islands were stern and forbidding in color; barren and treeless except where the live-oaks and chaparral lay in patches, like cloud shadows.

It was all crisp, strong, invigorating; nothing soft, nothing rich. A flare of clear sunshine, and a pushing, sounding wind.

SUNSET AT SAN JOSÉ (Christmas).

The treeless hills rose above the level of the valley, a stately wall of rose-pink, accented here and there with plum-purple shadows. Above the mountains a cloud of dusty dull gold rose upon the otherwise cloudless concave of sky.

The glorious hills were based in the blue shadow-sea which fell away into the dusky green of near fields and farther trees.

As the sun sank, the deep purple shadows crept higher up the mountains, like an engulfing sea; but still the peaks blazed with color down to the edge of this inexorable shadow.

Windows caught and reflected the red light, like flaming jewels, — caught it and burned for a moment, and then died as the shadows rose. In the meadow near at hand lay winding tide-water creeks, in whose placid water these radiant mountains depended in replica still more ethereal in their brilliancy and delicacy of coloring. Their bosoms held great splashes of purple-green and opal.

The mountains became grayer as the light faded, became loftier and more savagely lonely. In the gulches dense shadows gathered. As night drew on,

these peaks dulled down, and became a massive and mysterious wall, over which the stars began to glitter.

AN OREGON LANDSCAPE.

A group of rough, unpainted cabins set in a space half cleared of trees.

A mat of fallen half-burned gigantic tree trunks, wherein cattle feed perilously seeking the short green succulent grass.

A few gardens fenced about with rails or wattled fir-tops. A few shops fronting upon a muddy street. And all about the cold dark green and gray, moss-bedrabbled trees stand, lifting their spear-like points, in serried, unending ranks, into the gray sky.

The unpainted houses have an old look. They are mossed on their roofs, and bleached gray as granite with a sort of feathery texture where the beating rains have worn into the fibre of the wood. Moss, everywhere moss! The trees dripped moss. On every projecting limb or knot, on every roof, on every twig, moss lay, green, — all shades of green, from gray-green to flaming emerald.

Forests on every hand, — wild, unmeasured, impenetrable forests, fire-scarred, matted with ferns and fallen trunks.

Forests that seemed old and hoary enough to date back to the carboniferous age, filled with swamps, and carpeted with russet-brown mats of ferns and green and red tangles of berry bushes.

Silent forests! Soundless except for the moan of the wind, and the wild crescendo snarling howl of the circular saw as it grapples with savage teeth upon the logs which the grim-faced, stalwart woodsmen thrust at it. Its imperious note was like the great trees finding voice.

In this land trees are an enemy. The axemen and sawyers go forth to battle with the gloom and terror of the swamps and fir-trees. To them the song of the saw is a song of battle, — a song that nerves their hands to do the will of their hearts.

As the trees fall, the sunlight comes in, but the moss remains.

WASHINGTON STATE.

Washington continues and deepens the impression of a moist and mossy land of endless forests.

Nothing in the world surpasses these mighty and gloomy forests of evergreen, except the forests of Africa or Brazil.

They lie here, covering with a seamless robe, a thousand miles long, valley, foothill, and mountain; comparatively unbroken, except where some peak lifts its head above the line of vegetation, up into the altitude where rains become snows.

No sun can penetrate these forests. The very life that is there seems a hushed, awed life. The birds are silent birds, as if the gloom and sunlessness of these endless spaces had silenced them.

All life is silent and shadowy. The deer melt away before the eyes like phantoms. Their feet make no noise on the soft, moist ground.

The heron or crane flaps noiselessly along the rivers, like silence taking wing. The bittern at night sends forth its harsh cry as if oppressed by the loneliness. Only the frogs seem cheerful and colloquial.

All animal life shuns the mid-heart of these wastes. The deer seeks the opens, and the bear follows the stream to feed upon the bruised and broken bodies of the salmon that push their fanatic way up the mountain streams to spawn and die.

The hunter may travel for days lost in ferns above his head, toiling over fallen tree trunks like walls, and hear no voice or step but his own in all that time; hearing no sound except the wind in the high treetops, or the voice of waters white with speed.

In the presence of such savage lone-

liness, one feels how like an acorn's fall and rotting man's death would be.

Everywhere are greens, — bronze-green of the firs, gray-green and emerald-green of the mosses, the yellow-green of the ferns, the blue-green of the pines, the pea-green of the little firs, and the tender timid grass blades. These are the colors; nothing brighter, nothing gay. All is sombre; all is oppressive.

It rains much, and then these forests become terrible.

They drip with gray globules. The firs shake, and the hunter is inundated with water. His feet splash in half-concealed pools, and slip in the spongy soil.

The wind moves the branches mysteriously in the mist which hides their tops, and which the wind cannot clear away.

A wild moaning snarl sounds down out of this mist, — a sound that reaches the soul, and shakes it, and sickens it.

The day comes tardily, and the night rushes upon the traveler like a vulture.

Each day is like the one which preceded it, differing only in the added gloom and despair which settle upon the heart.

Then comes a sudden change of wind at sunset. The air grows sweet and serene as May.

The sky clears swiftly. Toward the west a radiant wall of rose-pink and violet rises, incredibly beautiful, — the Olympic mountains!

A vast cone of rosy white, wearing a streaming hood of purple cloud, rises in the east. It is Mount Rainier.

The heart of the traveler leaps with an intoxication of pleasure; he lifts his arms to the blue sky and the falling sun. It seems as if he could not let the sun set, it is so beautiful!

But it sinks. The light goes out of the Olympic range. It grows dusky purple against the dull yellow sky. But Mount Rainier still catches the light of the fallen sun.

The frogs burst out in song; the farmyard fowls take on voice; children in the villages shout with glee.

The light leaves the kingly mountain, — the kingliest of all the coast, save Shasta, — and the damp, chill dusk comes to deepen the sombre forest into cold and desolate night.

A DAKOTA LANDSCAPE.

As the morning advanced, the sunshine grew to a white radiance that flooded everything in a blinding, shadowless light.

There was nothing to check it or temper it; no tree, no green grass, no hills. Only a russet plain set about with yellow or white little farmhouses. The town behind had no trees.

It was September, and Sabbath morning, and the silence was awesome. Only here and there a lone cricket creaked dryly, and far toward a distant swale the ear was aware of the lark's clear fluting.

Along the road a team of churchgoers moved slowly, a white steamlike cloud of dust rising behind them.

Men were sauntering about the farms with hands in their pockets, their meditative eyes studying the ploughing or the cornfields. On a steam thresher some boys were playing, with shrill shouts of laughter. Rough-looking hands, the nomads of harvest, were coming toward the railway station, on their restless journey.

The air was exhaustingly dry. The homes were like blocks of yellow pine, shadowless and without grace. But there was a fierce, devouring beauty in the plain. It allured with a strange, deep-seated power. It embraced, but it destroyed. It seemed to offer freedom in compensation for hills, and streams, and dappled pools, and lush meadows, and orange and purple autumn woods. It allured with the promise of freedom from man, and it gave it, in a way; but it enslaved its victim to wind and sky and the unspeakable domination of space.

Space, which made him a speck in a measureless prairie; which made his motions the crawling of an ant, his house

a withered leaf, his arm an infinitesimal thread.

Sky, that covered him with its cloudless arch like a shield, yet dropped hail and lightning and wild snows upon him without care or forewarning. A cloudless sky for months; a beautiful, sinister sky; a mystical, impassive, radiant, soaring sky, whose colors outstretch woods, whose midday dreams fling shadowy mocking lakes and cities on the hot sod to tempt, and lure, and make mad with longing and despair.

And the wind, — the greatest of the tragic, marvelous triad. Pushing, persistent, restless, — the wind of the plains.

It has no fellow in other lands. It dwells here alone. It is hungry, relentless, desolating, yet intimate; sad, sorrowful, anomalous in its utterance, intimate and terrible in its demands.

It has no far-off voice. When it speaks, it embraces. Its whisper or wail is in your hair, in the porch of your ears. It coaxes and threatens like a lover while its fingers are in your hair, while its dry lips burn your cheek. You hear its feet on the short dry grass, its wings brushing the scattered weeds — then it is upon you!

It is the voice of the sky, the felt presence of space. It is the menstruum of all life, the devourer of all flesh and blood, the purveyor of earth and sky.

In that close, confiding clasp, it fills the listener with vague forewarnings of death, of reabsorption into the mighty menstruum from which he came.

Hamlin Garland.

IDEAL TRANSIT.

THE ideal mode of transit for men and their belongings would be one that was safe, swift, without fatigue, noiseless, dustless, out of the direct rays of the sun, with air and light enough, — in a word, comfortable in all respects, and cheap.

It is needless to point out that none of the existing modes of travel combine all these conditions. We have only to pass them in review to be sure of this. Walking is usually safe, but is not swift. Riding is swifter, but is not always safe nor cheap. Driving is often very agreeable, but it is rarely dustless except when the roads are muddy, never noiseless, seldom entirely smooth except when sleighs are used, not always sunless, not always safe, and often it is anything but cheap. Moreover, whether for walking, riding, or driving with pleasure, well-built and well-kept roads are requisite, and these, especially in the newer parts of the country, are acquired and maintained only at very great expense.

Boats are often sailed in with great enjoyment, and some of them far outstrip carriages on the road in speed. They are free from the annoyance of dust, and can be shaded from the sun; they glide, and, under favorable conditions, smoothly. They are, however, rarely free from some one or other drawback, such as calms, adverse winds, rough seas, seasickness, collisions, defective seamanship, smell of tar or cooking, jar or noise of machinery; and, except where voyages are taken for pleasure, as in yachts or excursion steamers, there is often *ennui*, lack of congenial company, or else unpleasant company, and impatience at the length of the voyage, whether it be short or long. Besides, natural waterways are not found everywhere, and artificial ones afford pleasure only to eccentric persons who find joy in life on a canal-boat.

Velocipedes, bicycles, and the like are often swift; they are generally noiseless,

and raise but little dust; as made now, they are far safer than they were but a little while ago; once paid for, they can, with care, be kept in constant use at little cost. Perhaps they are the gout preventives of the future. But they cannot be used without fatigue, and they are not practicable for very heavy persons, the old, the infirm, the very young, and those whose personal belongings cannot be done up in a small roll and strapped to the handle.

Railroads are our swiftest form of transit, but they are seldom free from dust except when elevated, never noiseless. Traveling on them is said to be safer, on the average, than driving; but their lack of fresh, cool, dustless, cinderless air, and their jar and noise, create great drawbacks to comfort. The pleasure to be had from any of the previously mentioned ways of travel is generally felt to be absent from railway travel. The railway journey offers a convenient mode of changing one place and locality for another; few ever acknowledge that they travel longer or shorter distances by rail for the enjoyment of the thing. The excitement of a journey on the cow-catcher belongs to the ultra-sensational in life.

Elevated railways are less dusty than railways on the ground, and the cars rarely run over people who do not go quite out of their way to get run over by them; but still they are noisy, and it is a terrible strain on the legs for most people to mount to them.

Electric railways may be, nay, often are, swift; but if swift and not elevated, they cannot be made safe to those whose way lies necessarily, or even by choice or inadvertence, across their path. This drawback they share with all surface railways. The killing of three or four persons in a day is not an unheard-of record for the surface railways of one of our cities. Such is the complacence of some men that a noted electric railway has received high praise for its thoughtfulness and generosity in making permanent hospital provision for the persons it expects, as an incident to its career, to maim. Electric graveyards may yet form a graceful feature of our larger cities. Where electric railways are trolley roads, there is the further danger from the falling of the deadly wire when weighted with ice and snow in winter storms, or when loosened by any other cause. As to storage batteries, until they have been longer and more generally in use we cannot say that they are safe from the possibility of applying electricity to their passengers at some inopportune moment, under an untoward combination of circumstances. But the trolley roads are cheap, and are a distinct advance in human achievement in so far as they embody the principle of energy transmitted as needed, — though they suffer an inordinate waste, — instead of transmitted in bulk or given quantities, as, for instance, stored up in a steamship's load of coal, or a storage battery's charge of electricity. They are in the line of man's previous great achievements, — the steam engine, printing, gunpowder, letters, fire.

The flying-machine, to which some look for the ideal mode of transit of the future, would be dustless, indeed, and would be quiet, we suppose; but so far it has not proved so fully controllable as to be certainly safe, and for purposes of general use is ideal, indeed, but not an immediately realizable ideal.

Is there, then, no immediately realizable ideal mode of transit that shall be safe, both to its passengers and to those in the streets of cities and in the roads or fields of the open country; safe, producing little or no fatigue, silent, free from dust and direct sunshine, with air and light enough; in a word, comfortable, and yet cheap? We answer that a slightly elevated electric trolley road, so little elevated that there would be almost no fatigue in walking up an inclined plane or a few steps to reach its car-

riages, and just enough so that folk can walk or drive vehicles under it, could be made to meet all these conditions.

If the nickel-in-the-slot machine gave access, by turnstiles, to the platforms, admitting one passenger at each turn, no ticket-sellers, gatemen, or conductors would be needed. If the stations were at even distances apart, or even at known distances apart, no brakemen nor enginemen nor motormen would be needed. Each train, or, better still, each carriage, could have its motor apparatus. Sufficient electricity could be sent along the rail to carry the train to its destined station or platform, stop the train and open the carriage doors, and then be taken off until the train, after stopping a fixed time, be ready slowly to close its carriage doors and start again. This could be managed mechanically by contrivances that telegraphed back any defect in their action to the central or electric plant station. Such details are no more unachievable than many automatic and electric contrivances now in use. Even such automata could determine when not to send on the train, and as well when to send it on or stop it, much as pin-machines throw out defective pins, or screw-machines turn the heads of screws to right or left as needed to fit them neatly in their boxes.

If the electricity be sent along a stiff rail, as was done, for instance, with the intramural railway at Jackson Park, the swinging wire, with its liability to break under a coat of ice and snow, would be gotten rid of. The safety of the passengers would be further secured by making the floors of the station platforms and the floors of the carriages on a level, and, like the floors of the "moving sidewalk," fitting so close together that one could scarcely drop a pin between them, much less get foot caught or fall bodily between them.

If our electricians should not soon find a way to dispense with such frequent power houses as now, yet if a trolley road with its frequent power houses is cheaper than a steam road, the same would seem true of every like distance or collection of distances. And besides, with engineers or motormen or trolleymen and their attending brakemen, and the conductors, or their superseders, the gatemen and ticket-sellers, and their housing, all dispensed with, the cheapness of the transit would be indeed ideal. With the danger of running over people eliminated by the elevation of the road, and the danger from fall of the trolley wire eliminated by the substitution of something less liable to fall, like a rail, and with the danger of collisions eliminated by having all vehicles on one track always go in the same direction, continuing on around the circuit to form the home journey, as in cable roads, safety would be ideal as compared with the condition of things under present methods.

With all danger from collisions and running over people brought to an end, and all passengers, and even freight, running at the same velocity between stations, there would be no limit to the rate of speed possible, whether this refer to the rate of speed between stations near together in a town, or to stations far apart in the open country. There might be separate sets of rails for roads with their stations near together, and for roads with their stations far apart. Whether the two might not be combined is a question; but even with different roads and locomotors for town use and long-travel use, whether or no under one corporation, we should not be worse off than at present as to such separation of roads, while much better off in many other ways.

Now as to the rails and the carriages. How stupid it is to think that we must always be improving in but one direction! Doubtless, advantages are gained by continually making passenger cars and freight cars bigger and stronger and heavier, and making locomotives bigger and stronger and heavier, in order to draw ever longer and heavier

trains. But the English and continental European railways find an advantage in their smaller and lighter passenger coaches and goods-train vehicles. All big things have their uses, no doubt, but they have their drawbacks, also. Big steamers are an immense gain over small ones in many ways, but not in all ways, as the Great Eastern taught us. Big omnibuses, those in Paris that carry forty people, drawn by three horses, big street cars on grip-rope lines, and the like, have their advantages, their great advantages, certainly. But on the other hand, not only has the hansom, the gig, the buggy, the sulky, each its advantages, but what a lesson we get from the bicycle, double or single, of the value also of improvement in the opposite direction, — the making of things small and light, and though strong enough, yet not too strong for lightness and limited occupancy of space! The parcels that fly in light cradles, just big enough to contain them, along the ceilings of our great retail stores teach a lesson. What a lesson the tiny elevator, only large enough to carry two or three letters or a telegraphic message or two, that flies up and down in some great printing establishment, teaches, as well as the vast elevators in the Eiffel Tower or some huge twenty-story building!

What a lesson in the values of subdivision is also taught by our modern method, for example, of putting up provisions in small packages! How such subdivision has led to facilitating distribution, and so to vastly increased use! What a lesson as to the profits of the providers of these packages, as well as to the increased comfort and convenience to the users of them, we learn from the study of the system! It is in many respects a modern innovation. Once, for instance, each family did its own slaughtering. People had calf's-head soup or ox-tail soup say twice a year; and then too much of it, and with great trouble and possible waste. Now these things are put up in small packages, to the great convenience of consumers, and profit to the providers of them. Why should we have on railroads a few big trains, crowded with passengers, at hours inconvenient to many of them, instead of numerous small trains, with fewer passengers, but at more frequent intervals? Because of the conductors, the stokers, the personnel, the engines, required for each train. But if these are dispensed with, as suggested above, at any moment we could get a train or single carriage, and go whither we would.

And how light the carriages might be, especially if, instead of being supported on the rails, they were suspended from the rails! The difference in the amount of material needed to support a weight when hung and when supported in any other way, the difference in the amount of material needed to support a thing by tension as compared with other strains, is perceived when we think of the great weight of frame of timber and iron needed for the floor or platform to carry sixty passengers, a carful, on a railway, and then remember that each one of those sixty passengers could hang himself or herself up with his or her suspenders or garters. The merest baskets would carry people, if suspended; as we have seen proved by the persons carried formerly in Naples in nets hung under wagons. What a cheapening of travel there would be through the saving of force expended, electric or other, if the weight of the passenger carriages were reduced, as it might be if they were suspended!

Again, as to the fares. In Chicago, one can ride, it is said, on one line and its transfers, some fifteen miles for five cents. That is thirty miles for ten cents, or ninety miles for thirty cents. If this pays with the present methods, whether because the short riders at five cents make up the loss on the long ones, or because there is no loss, then surely, with the costs for conductors and brakemen

done away with, we could, by applying the Austrian radii system, go anywhere within a radius of twenty miles for five cents, within a radius of forty miles for ten cents, or within a radius of one hundred miles for twenty-five cents.

The roads, being elevated, could, by a little management, be led to pass over and under one another where they cross. Being elevated, there would be no cuttings and no fillings-in, no roadbed; beneath them the grain might still be growing. The roads would rest on shorter or longer columns, rising as needed at each point of support along the line. These could be spliced like fishing-rods, and be lighter or stiffer in section as the length called for. There would be better engineering, because inequalities could more easily be corrected; there would not be, as now, roads more costly in parts than they need be, because of the expense of correcting surveys and plottings.

To save fatigue in mounting to the stations, those in the country could be at points of least elevation of the road. In towns, the few steps needed could be in half-flights that doubled on themselves in adjoining buildings, leaving the streets unobstructed. The platforms here and there, being only over the sidewalk, would be no more noticeable or shadow-casting than the awning of the adjacent store, and the posts supporting the rails no more obstructive than awning-posts.

In the country, there would be no further use for wide, dusty, rough, ill-kept roads, but only shaded lanes for cyclists, for walking, pleasure driving and riding. How beautiful the country would be with hardly any signs of travel beyond a few almost invisible threads winding through the landscape, supported by their slender, low, dark green columns!

Freights would soon adapt themselves to this system of carriage. Packages heavier than a man, which could not be slung into the baskets as lightly and quickly as a passenger could enter them, would become rarer. Grand pianos, heavy machinery, and the fat woman could still travel by the old lines of roads. Heavy freights would still go by them, much as slow freights still go by the canals.

The suspended carriages or passenger baskets could be hung from one rail as well as, or much better than, from two rails. The speed and lessening of friction got from the single tracking of bicycles are well known. Possibly one column could support a pair of branches at its top which would carry the two rails, one for going and the other for returning, as has been already suggested by engineers. And why should carriages be so wide? The narrower, the lighter. We might go in single file, with probable advantage in construction, weight, and speed. But as man is a social animal, and, since Eden, has had a liking for travel in pairs, the gig, the buggy with its seat for two, might be our ensample in this respect.

Then as to night travel. I am shooting from Chicago to New York without stopping. I have paid for a compartment or basket; whether by itself, or one of a train, matters not. All go the same way, all at the same rate of speed; all maintain the same nearness of distance from one another fixed at the start. My basket would hold four persons seated as in a landau, two on the back seat and two facing them. But I am alone. I have paid for the four seats. At five hundred miles for a dollar, it is not so very expensive an indulgence. Night comes on. I turn down a *strapontin*, such as is sometimes found in aisles of theatres. It has been turned up out of the way against the side of the carriage opposite the side entered. Of course the baskets can be entered only from the side, and from but one side, that which is opposite the rail-supporting columns of the road. The side of the carriage opposite the entrance to it is

protected with wire netting, so that no one can lose his limb or his head by projecting it from the carriage on that side. The strapontin, when turned down, fills the space between the two seats next the wire netting. The end of the front cushion pulls around over it. I have now a mattress where I can lie at full length. I pull out a pillow, and perhaps a blanket, from under one of the seats. There may be a washing apparatus under the other. I lower the curtains, say of leather, like those of a traveling carriage, or house-cart, or gypsy van. I no more need a negro porter to perform these offices than I do to raise or lower the window, or otherwise make myself comfortable in my own coupé or brougham as I drive in the Park.

The air is delicious. I have as little or as much of it as I like, and no dust, no smoke, no noise. It costs but little. And whether I wake or sleep, it is an Ideal Transit.

DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA.

In the evolution of democracy in America, two large processes were to be worked out, — the utilization of the resources of nature, and the organization of civil affairs by means of a government adapted to such a country as ours. The industrial process has been coördinated with the civil, and democracy in America is the result. In Europe, since the heraldic summons of the Reformation, which came hard after the Columbian voyages, and in America, after the first quarter of the seventeenth century, the principles of government have shown a democratic application. It might be expected that Europe would anticipate America; that in the deep mine of Indo-European experience there should be worked out some of the principles of civil society as defined more clearly by modern tests. But in that process the toiler in the mine might miss the principles, though contributing by his labor to its definition in a later state of society, organized upon such an industrial and civil basis as has been built upon in America. The thought of More, of Milton and of Locke, of Montesquieu and of Penn, generalized upon the labor done in that mine, and grew into political systems, which, though differing from one another as their authors, agreed in placing a free man at the centre. It was too soon to find in any political system that modern correlative, free labor. The contradiction was sophistically avoided by denying manhood to the slave. The slave was a beast of burden. It is the function of the political philosopher, in the social economy, to anticipate results. Thought outruns performance. So Montesquieu anticipates the democracy of to-day, Hume anticipates the French Revolution, and Franklin the modern age of administration in government. Franklin finds the theory of the state made up, and he devotes himself to the next problem, — its administration. At times, from the close of the seventeenth to the close of the eighteenth century, the theory of the state was set forth. That definition remains in the dictionary of politics essentially unchanged, save as it has been modified by another century's experience. It was arrived at by successive processes in the evolution of democracy. Its elements are the individual, and that aggregate of individuals which we call the community: the one, and the many, and the many includes that one.

The history of that definition is a

portion of the history of the evolution of democracy. Rome evolved the idea of a legal body called a corporation; itself a fiction, but a useful legal convention. This legal fiction was the chief contribution of twelve hundred years' experience in government. It was a legal device capable of civil application; it was a discovery in politics. But while it was reaching perfection in southern Europe, among the Græco-Latin peoples, the Teutonic peoples, in northern Europe, were yet uncivilized. Communal and individual interests were at war in all that region north of the Roman world. Communal interests were there subordinate to individual interests. Between the Roman and the Teuton was the Celt, who adjusted himself to the military form of the Roman state and laid the foundations of feudalism. He divided the land into counties, and rudely began that communal organization which has survived in our local and county government. It was the Celt who first applied the Roman military idea in local government. He was the first to apply the administrative principles in the modern state, and his experience, chiefly military, bred in him slight respect for the form of government in the state. A king is as dear to him by any other name; but he prefers the other name. His idea of the administration of government is military: the citizen is first a soldier. The rude and individualistic Teuton saw in the Roman corporation not merely a legal fiction; it was a civil opportunity. Why not view that burdensome but necessary relation between individual and individual, between one and many in the state, as a compact? Why not conceive of the state as a civil resultant of these two factors, — make the many a corporation, a state-man, and yet not diminish the rights of individuals, the states-men? Between these legal parties a contract could be made, or could be conceived as made. By the terms of this contract civil rights should be guaranteed; the soldier should first be a citizen. Rome gave the world order without liberty. The Celt administers government with occasional sacrifice of order to license. The Teuton conserves liberty and order.

Democracy in America is the resultant of Roman, Celtic, and Teutonic ideas. It is a civil composite. Its evolution is recorded in a series of political adjustments. Political adjustment is the administration of government. It is that of which Franklin frequently speaks. It is a practical affair. It is the other half of the apple of civil discord, as the theory of the state was for ages the first half.

Democracy in America is but slightly original. It was latent in European life long before the colonization of America. But the adjustment of local and general interests in the state has developed before our eyes in this country, and therefore it seems new and peculiarly our own. So the fruit on the tree is the farmer's; the flower on the bush, the gardener's. Each wrought in sincerity, but the seed was before flower or fruit.

In the search after the genesis of government in America, there is no doubt that justice has not been done to English and to Dutch influence. It is the present that is hard to see. No new theory of the state distinguishes the political philosophy of our century. Philosophically, it has been a century with a backward look. It has explored the past to as great a distance as it has anticipated the future. It has set in order the genesis of our civil institutions, and has resolved us all into heirs-at-law. We have applied the past while working in the present. The style of the tool changes; but frost and rain and earth are, and weeds grow in spite of botany. But the apple on the tree is larger, fairer, and pleasanter to the taste than the wild apple; the flower on the stalk is the history of generations of gardeners.

Flower and fruit are come from fruit and flower, and the changes during that time register an evolution hastened by intelligent culture. The free man is a part of the system. At one time he was of opinion that he was at the centre of the universe, but a bit of glass and the fall of a Newtonian apple dislodged him. He has his place in nature, not in the worst rank. But he is a means of adjustment rather than a creator.

Democracy in America is another chapter in the history of that adjustment. There is no break in the continuity. Roman, Celt, Teuton, American, comes each in his time. No American colony broke wholly with the past. The necessity for unrestricted labor compelled a democracy. Had the vast area now comprised within the United States been occupied, at the time of its discovery by Europeans, by a wealth-accumulating people, however civilized, who permitted European conquest, the conquerors would not have set up a democracy. The story of Mexico and Peru would have been repeated of the Mississippi Valley. Had gold or silver abounded in New England, Pennsylvania, or Virginia, the evolution of democracy on the Atlantic seaboard would have been retarded for centuries. Had the mechanical devices familiar now in lumbering, in mining, in manufacturing, and in agriculture been familiar to the world at the opening of the seventeenth century, democracy in America would still be a matter of political speculation.

It was the necessity for labor that dethroned the king, and enthroned the people, in America. But the king is not dead. He never dies. We believe that we have crowned ourselves. We are Celtic yet. But our democracy is not wholly of our own having. It is our political weather. It does not give universal satisfaction. We have had it long enough to tire of some of its virtues, and, if not acquainted with some of its vices, to be suspicious of their existence. The foundation of democracy is the necessity for free labor. If that ceases or is circumscribed, democracy will cease or will be circumscribed. The fate of democracy hangs on free labor. As long as the free man can labor to the satisfaction of his wants in this country, democracy is a condition as well as a consequence of his labor. Remove the field or the rewards of his labor, and democracy will disappear. It will be named despotism, and it will go the way of other despotisms.

Its fall will be hastened by its complexity. Democracy is not so simple as monarchy. It was long ago pointed out by Montesquieu that in a democracy there is need of more virtue than in a monarchy; for a democracy depends upon the virtue of its citizens, while a monarchy depends upon the virtue of its ruling house. There is essentially the same requisite in both: those who rule must be virtuous. But virtue in a democracy lies close to industry. The state cannot get away from the soil, from the mine, from the factory.

The crises in the history of democracy turn on industrial adjustment. The American Revolution was a war for free labor; its political purposes and effects were secondary. The political rights of our grandfathers were scarcely changed by Saratoga and Yorktown; their industrial rights were in part secured by that war. The civil war was a process of industrial adjustment. A democracy must consist wholly of free men; the old idea of states-man and states-men must be realized. America was not a democracy until slavery was abolished. If it exists to-day in any form in this United States, then democracy does not obtain among us.

There is a record of the evolution of democracy in America which seems to escape common attention. It is a record written by hard experience. It is found in the declaration of rights of our four and forty state constitutions, and in the

amendments to the "supreme law of the land." For instance, the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth amendments to the national Constitution were necessitated by the industrial effects of the civil war. They record the national adjustment towards the close of the nineteenth century. Though recorded in political form, they mean an industrial and anterior fact. They are beyond repeal, just as the steam engine and the printing press are beyond repeal. Politics writes after them that their sanction is in Congress, which has power to enforce them by appropriate legislation. This provision is of vast legal import, but the necessities of industrial life are the fundamental indication of them. The necessary blending of industry and politics in a democracy is more frequently illustrated in the fundamental laws of the local governments, — the constitutions of the States. These are the most reliable history extant of democracy in America. There have been more than two hundred of these constitutions in this country since June, 1776. In the only one of the eighteenth century which continues in force, that of Massachusetts of 1780, the state is declared to be a contract. Each of the states-men makes a compact with the states-man, and the states-men with one another, that the government "may be a government of laws, and not of men." William Penn conceived of the state as a compact, but the government was to be a government of men, and not of laws. The evolution of these two ideas is the history of American politics. Democracy in America records the contest between laws — a conventional system of politics — and men struggling for industrial freedom. This is shown in the history of the franchise: from a franchise limited to white males, possessing a prescribed amount of real estate, confessing to belief in a prescribed creed, to a manhood and womanhood suffrage untethered by such limitations.

In these state constitutions the experience in administration has passed over into formal statements in the bills of rights. These brief clauses of 1776 have grown into a treatise on civil principles in the present state constitutions. Industrial life wrought this change. The provisions in these bills are the generalizations on industrial data which record the evolution of democracy in America.

Whatever discord may at present rage in the state, it is but the continuation of the old discord between desire and performance, between conditions in the evolution of government and the selfishness of men. But as liberty may run into license in politics, so it may in the industrial world. That world has its order and its chaos, its desire and its performance, its theory and its administration. Perhaps it is unfortunate for the fate of democracy in America that we have always attempted to interpret it politically. Our books represent it as a political device. It has become almost axiomatic with us to seek the solution of the questions in the state by a political agreement rather than by a better industrial organization. Politics and labor are the democratic team, but politics leads. The state, if corrupt, is regarded as politically corrupt. Industry has been the shuttlecock of politics, and those who labor have been viewed as the beneficiaries of the state, and not truly as the statesmen. The industrial discontents which characterize the page of the world's present history cannot be charged against democracy. They exist independent of the form of government. It was long thought that political equality would secure industrial equality, but the effort to read industrial equality into life has not yet been an unqualified success. At present, the theory is winning popular support that the government, the public business of the state, should be made an industrial, as long ago it was made a political copartner. Democracy is now construed towards communism, towards a labor copartnership. The political co-

partnership, on the basis of equality, having failed to make each of the statesmen rich, those who have not suspect those who have as robbers, and look upon the state as the chief robber of all. In other words, democracy, in America, is showing its material side. Men are not content with the mere blessings of political liberty; they demand wealth wherewith to enjoy the blessings. In a democracy Nemesis is active. The privileges of democracy breed discontent. Whatever the form or the idea of the state, man cannot get rid of himself. His philosophy, his vagaries, his stomach, are always with him. Democracy is not an insurance against the consequences of being born into the world. It is no panacea. It has been quite a fashion, in this country, to maintain that our political institutions are a providential device for "redressing the wrongs of the Old World." There can be no such device. The state is no better than the men and women in it; it can do no more than they.

A sound statesmanship starts with a sound man. If no such man exists, then he must develop before the healthy state can come. And the people know this; whence their lack of reverence for the state. It is a thing which they made, and they know its imperfections. "Vanitas vanitatum!" They have made nothing. Did the farmer make the apple, or the gardener the flower? It is not only political, but industrial honesty that we need. The coin that is current in a sound state has two sides. If on the one side there is to be read, "Man has by nature a political life," on the other it reads, "and an industrial also."

Two centuries ago, democracy was necessitated by forests to be cleared, mines to be worked, fields to be ploughed, things to be made. This was at the threshold of a material age in the evolution of democracy. Some rude adjustments must be expected in politics, while yet the industrial apparatus of the people is rude. The intricacies of democracy do not disclose themselves at first view. It is the administration of government in a democracy that tests its strength. An untouched continent afforded the material opportunity of the modern world. That opportunity was America. Now that the plough has furrowed across the continent, that the primeval forest has been cut down, that the first output of the mines has made this operation more difficult and less remunerative, an industrial adjustment is necessary. The process of that adjustment is complicated, because it involves both the politics and the labor of the states-men. It demands political recognition. Labor calls upon the state for a guarantee. Labor seeks a political formula by which every man may gain wealth. There is no doubt that this condition implies changes in the state. Is the state hereafter to be defined as an industrial corporation, a copartnership of men for things? Is the state to be conceived in this material philosophy as a factory for the general welfare? Is it a device to assist those to acquire wealth who are incapable of themselves to acquire it? Is society to be divided into two groups: first, the state and the poor; second, the rich? Or is the state, like war, to be the "corrector of enormous times," and the enormity of the times to be wholly adjudged by those who wage the war, and who expect to profit by it? Is democracy in America, like monarchy and aristocracy in Europe, to develop class interests, — those of the house of Have, and those of the house of Want?

Our democracy is evidently in a rudimentary stage. In spite of our suspicions of its defects, we like the reformers and their reforms no better. We are certain of one error, — the opinion that our democratic institutions would correct the ills of mankind. Now we cry to the oppressed of mankind, "Stay at home and endure your oppressions; we have our troubles, also."

Wealth brings leisure, and leisure

breeds criticism and discontent. A portion of our discontent arises from our limited notions of a democracy. It consists of more than meat and drink and a ballot. The whole man is involved in it. He is somewhat more than an economic integer. His world is also moral and metaphysical. Material results will never satisfy him. The range of his activities is beyond the merely industrial treadmill. Our boasted mechanical devices are in vain, if the gain by them is merely more material. Moses and Newton got on well without the steam engine or the telegraph. Comforts are forgotten when they only cry "more."

Democracy has for its ultimate that with which it begins, — man. It is doubtless productive of unexpected results. But in its evolution it must include the whole interest of man. Every actual state, says Emerson, is corrupt. The element of decay in our democracy is the cheapness at which it holds man. This evil has long been known. It was apprehended by the most democratic of American colonizers more than two centuries ago. William Penn had learned from Sidney; he instructed Locke and Montesquieu. "The great end of all government," William Penn declares, in his frame of government of 1682, for Pennsylvania, is "to support power in reverence with the people, and to secure the people from the abuse of power, that they may be free by their just obedience, and the magistrates honorable for their just administration; for liberty without obedience is confusion, and obedience without liberty is slavery. To carry this evenness is partly owing to the constitution [that is, the theory of the state], and partly to the magistracy [that is, the administration of government]. Where either of these fails, government will be subject to convulsions; but where both are wanting, it must be totally subverted; then where both meet, the government is like to endure."

The convulsion of 1861 was an instance in which one of these failed. That convulsion proved that American democracy could not be longer administered with its growth retarded by "obedience without liberty." Experience alone can correct the evils in the state. With the leisure of the twentieth century there come its political convulsions. If, in some way, men and women of leisure could see the necessity for labor, that government of a democratic kind may endure, they would find fields for their best efforts all about them. Municipal evils are not all in the city hall. Public charity is self-defense in disguise. If they who have amassed wealth desire its safety, it is better to make the use of that wealth a matter of public concern by bringing to its defense those who might destroy it. Time is the best friend of democracy. The canal-boy of to-day is the president of to-morrow. The sons of august senators become street-car conductors. The daughter of old Scrooge founds a hospital, or endows a school. Labor will have its own. In the evolution of democracy in America, industry shall receive its own, and no more. The administration of government is the chief public concern. But in that administration man must be credited to his full estate. Man, the citizen, must reckon with himself, and face his own destiny. Though crafty devices may seem to shift the burden of citizenship, the burden will always be found in the ever-increasing wants of the citizen himself. In democracy, as in other forms of the state, it is government of man for man that is wanted. Though the state be convulsed, though it be subverted, man will remain. The evolution of man is the hope of the state. In a democracy, it is better to have a government of men rather than a government of laws. Then, whatever the forms of the state, the great end of all government will be secured.

Francis Newton Thorpe.

"MERE LITERATURE."

A SINGULAR phrase this, "mere literature," — the irreverent invention of a scientific age. Literature we know, but "mere" literature? We are not to read it as if it meant *sheer* literature, literature in the essence, stripped of all accidental or ephemeral elements, and left with nothing but its immortal charm and power. "Mere literature" is a serious sneer, conceived in all honesty by the scientific mind, which despises things which do not fall within the categories of demonstrable knowledge. It means *nothing but literature*, as who should say, "mere talk," "mere fabrication," "mere pastime." The scientist, with his head comfortably and excusably full of knowable things, takes nothing seriously and with his hat off except human knowledge. The creations of the human spirit are, from his point of view, incalculable vagaries, irresponsible phenomena, to be regarded only as play, and, for the mind's good, only as recreation, — to be used to while away the tedium of a railway journey, or to amuse a period of rest or convalescence; mere byplay, mere make-believe.

And so very whimsical things sometimes happen, because of this scientific and positivist spirit of the age, when the study of the literature of any language is made part of the curriculum of our colleges. The more delicate and subtle purposes of the study are put quite out of countenance, and literature is commanded to assume the phrases and the methods of science. It would be very painful if it should turn out that schools and universities were agencies of Philistinism; but there are some things which should prepare us for such a discovery. Our present plans for teaching everybody involve certain unpleasant things quite inevitably. It is obvious that you cannot have universal education without restricting your teaching to such things as can be universally understood. It is plain that you cannot impart "university methods" to thousands, or create "investigators" by the score, unless you confine your university education to matters which dull men can investigate, your laboratory training to tasks which mere plodding diligence and submissive patience can compass. Yet, if you do so limit and constrain what you teach, you thrust taste and insight and delicacy of perception out of the schools, exalt the obvious and the merely useful above the things which are only imaginatively or spiritually conceived, make education an affair of tasting and handling and smelling, and so create Philistia, that country in which they speak of "mere literature." I suppose that in Nirvana one would speak in like wise of "mere life."

The fear, at any rate, that such things may happen cannot fail to set us anxiously pondering certain questions about the systematic teaching of literature in our schools and colleges. How are we to impart classical writings to the children of the general public? "Beshrew the general public!" cries Mr. Birrell. "What in the name of the Bodleian has the general public got to do with literature?" Unfortunately, it has a great deal to do with it; for are we not complacently forcing the general public into our universities, and are we not arranging that all its sons be instructed how they may themselves master and teach our literature? You have nowadays, it is believed, only to heed the suggestions of pedagogics in order to know how to impart Burke or Browning, Dryden or Swift. There are certain practical difficulties, indeed; but there are ways of overcoming them. You must have strength so that you can handle with real mastery the firm fibre of these men;

you must have a heart, moreover, to feel their warmth, an eye to see what they see, an imagination to keep them company, a pulse to experience their delights. But if you have none of these things, you may make shift to do without them. You may count the words they use, note the changes of phrase they make in successive revisions, put their rhythm into a scale of feet, run their allusions — particularly their female allusions — to cover, detect them in their previous reading. Or if none of these things please you, or you find the big authors difficult or dull, you may drag to light all the minor writers of their time, who are easy to understand. By setting an example in such methods you render great services in certain directions. You make the higher degrees of our universities available for the large number of respectable men who can count, and measure, and search diligently; and that may prove no small matter. You divert attention from thought, which is not always easy to get at, and fix attention upon language, as upon a curious mechanism, which can be perceived with the bodily eye, and which is worthy to be studied for its own sake, quite apart from anything it may mean. You encourage the examination of forms, grammatical and metrical, which can be quite accurately determined and quite exhaustively catalogued. You bring all the visible phenomena of writing to light and into ordered system. You go further, and show how to make careful literal identification of stories somewhere told ill and without art with the same stories told over again by the masters, well and with the transfiguring effect of genius. You thus broaden the area of science; for you rescue the concrete phenomena of the expression of thought — the necessary syllabification which accompanies it, the inevitable juxtaposition of words, the constant use of particles, the habitual display of roots, the inveterate repetition of names, the recurrent employment of meanings heard or read — from their confusion with the otherwise unclassifiable manifestations of what had hitherto been accepted, without critical examination, under the lump term "literature," simply for the pleasure and spiritual edification to be got from it.

An instructive differentiation ensues. In contrast with the orderly phenomena of speech and writing, which are amenable to scientific processes of examination and classification, and which take rank with the orderly successions of change in nature, we have what, for want of a more exact term, we call "mere literature," — the literature which is not an expression of form, but an expression of spirit. This is a troublesome thing, and perhaps does not belong in well-conceived plans of universal instruction; for it offers many embarrassments to pedagogic method. It escapes all scientific categories. It is not pervious to research. It is too wayward to be brought under the discipline of exposition. It is an attribute of so many different substances at one and the same time that the consistent scientific man must needs put it forth from his company, as without responsible connections. By "mere literature" he means mere evanescent color, wanton trick of phrase, perverse departures from categorical statement, — something *all* personal equation, such stuff as dreams are made of.

We must not all, however, be impatient of this truant child of fancy. When the schools cast her out, she will stand in need of friendly succor, and we must train our spirits for the function. We must be free-hearted in order to make her happy, for she will accept entertainment from no sober, prudent fellow who shall counsel her to mend her ways. She has always made light of hardship, and she has never loved or obeyed any save those of her own mind, — those who were indulgent to her humors, responsive to her ways of thought,

attentive to her whims, content with her "mere" charms. She already has her small following of devotees, like all charming, capricious mistresses. There are some still who think that to know her is better than a liberal education.

There is but one way in which you can take mere literature as an education, and that is directly, at first hand. Almost any media except her own language and touch and tone are non-conducting. A descriptive catalogue of a collection of paintings is no substitute for the little areas of color and form themselves. You do not want to hear about a beautiful woman, simply, — how she was dressed, how she bore herself, how the fine color flowed sweetly here and there upon her cheeks, how her eyes burned and melted, how her voice thrilled through the ears of those about her. If you have ever seen a woman, these things but tantalize and hurt you, if you cannot see her. You want to be in her presence. You know that only your own eyes can give you direct knowledge of her. When once you have seen her, you know her in her habit as she lived; nothing but her presence contains her life. 'T is the same with the authentic products of literature. You can never get their beauty at second hand, or feel their power except by direct contact with them.

It is a strange and occult thing how this quality of "mere literature" enters into one book, and is absent from another; but no man who has once felt it can mistake it. I was reading the other day a book about Canada. It is written in what the reviewers have pronounced to be an "admirable spirited style." By this I take them to mean that it is grammatical, orderly, and full of strong adjectives. But these reviewers would have known more about the style in which it is written if they had noted what happens on page 84. There a quotation from Burke occurs. "There is," says Burke, "but one healing, catholic principle of toleration which ought to find favor in this house. It is wanted not only in our colonies, but here. The thirsty earth of our own country is gasping and gaping and crying out for that healing shower from heaven. The noble lord has told you of the right of those people by treaty; but I consider the right of conquest so little, and the right of human nature so much, that the former has very little consideration with me. I look upon the people of Canada as coming by the dispensation of God under the British government. I would have us govern it in the same manner as the all-wise disposition of Providence would govern it. We know he suffers the sun to shine upon the righteous and the unrighteous; and we ought to suffer all classes to enjoy equally the right of worshiping God according to the light he has been pleased to give them." Now, the peculiarity of such a passage as that is, that it needs no context. Its beauty seems almost independent of its subject matter. It comes on that eighty-fourth page like a burst of music in the midst of small talk, — a tone of sweet harmony heard amidst a rattle of phrases. The mild noise was unobjectionable enough until the music came. There is a breath and stir of life in those sentences of Burke's which is to be perceived in nothing else in that volume. Your pulses catch a quicker movement from them, and are stronger on their account.

It is so with all essential literature. It has a quality to move you, and you can never mistake it, if you have any blood in you. And it has also a power to instruct you which is as effective as it is subtle, and which no research or systematic method can ever rival. 'T is a sore pity if that power cannot be made available in the classroom. It is not merely that it quickens your thought and fills your imagination with the images that have illuminated the choicer minds of the race. It does indeed exer-

cise the faculties in this wise, bringing them into the best atmosphere, and into the presence of the men of greatest charm and force; but it does a great deal more than that. It acquaints the mind, by direct contact, with the forces which really govern and modify the world from generation to generation. There is more of a nation's politics to be gotten out of its poetry than out of all its systematic writers upon public affairs and constitutions. Epics are better mirrors of manners than chronicles; dramas oftentimes let you into the secrets of statutes; orations stirred by a deep energy of emotion or resolution, passionate pamphlets that survive their mission because of the direct action of their style along permanent lines of thought, contain more history than parliamentary journals. It is not knowledge that moves the world, but ideals, convictions, the opinions or fancies that have been held or followed; and whoever studies humanity ought to study it alive, practice the vivisection of reading literature, and acquaint himself with something more than anatomies which are no longer in use by spirits.

There are some words of Thibaut, the great jurist, which have long seemed to me singularly penetrative of one of the secrets of the intellectual life. "I told him," he says, — he is speaking of an interview with Niebuhr, — "I told him that I owed my gayety and vigor, in great part, to my love for the classics of all ages, even those outside the domain of jurisprudence." Not only the gayety and vigor of his hale old age, surely, but also his insight into the meaning and purpose of laws and institutions. The jurist who does not love the classics of all ages is like a post-mortem doctor presiding at a birth, a maker of manikins prescribing for a disease of the blood, a student of masks setting up for a connoisseur in smiles and kisses. In narrating history, you are speaking of what was done by men; in discoursing of laws, you are seeking to show what courses of action and what manner of dealing with one another men have adopted. You can neither tell the story nor conceive the law till you know how the men you speak of regarded themselves and one another; and I know of no way of learning this but by reading the stories they have told of themselves, the songs they have sung, the heroic adventures they have conceived. I must know what, if anything, they revered; I must hear their sneers and gibes; must learn in what accents they spoke love within the family circle, with what grace they obeyed their superiors in station; how they conceived it politic to live, and wise to die; how they esteemed property, and what they deemed privilege; when they kept holiday, and why; when they were prone to resist oppression, and wherefore, — I must see things with their eyes, before I can comprehend their law books. Their jural relationships are not independent of their way of living, and their way of thinking is the mirror of their way of living.

It is doubtless due to the scientific spirit of the age that these plain, these immemorial truths are in danger of becoming obscured. Science, under the influence of the conception of evolution, devotes itself to the study of forms, of specific differences, of the manner in which the same principle of life manifests itself variously under the compulsions of changes of environment. It is thus that it has become "scientific" to set forth the manner in which man's nature submits to man's circumstances; scientific to disclose morbid moods, and the conditions which produce them; scientific to regard man, not as the centre or source of power, but as subject to power, a register of external forces instead of an originative soul, and character as a product of man's circumstances rather than a sign of man's mastery over circumstance. It is thus that it has become "scientific" to analyze language

as itself a commanding element in man's life. The history of word roots, their modification under the influences of changes wrought in the vocal organs by habit or by climate, the laws of phonetic change to which they are obedient, and their persistence under all disguises of dialect, as if they were full of a self-originated life, a self-directed energy of influence, is united with the study of grammatical forms in the construction of scientific conceptions of the evolution and uses of human speech. The impression is created that literature is only the chosen vessel of these forms, disclosing to us their modification in use and structure from age to age. Such vitality as the masterpieces of genius possess comes to seem only a dramatization of the fortunes of words. Great writers construct for the adventures of language their appropriate epics. Or, if it be not the words themselves that are scrutinized, but the style of their use, that style becomes, instead of a fine essence of personality, a matter of cadence merely, or of grammatical and structural relationships. Science is the study of the forces of the world of matter, the adjustments, the apparatus, of the universe; and the scientific study of literature has likewise become a study of apparatus, — of the forms in which men utter thought, and the forces by which those forms have been and still are being modified, rather than of thought itself.

The essences of literature of course remain the same under all forms, and the true study of literature is the study of these essences, — a study, not of forms or of differences, but of likenesses, likenesses of spirit and intent under whatever varieties of method, running through all forms of speech like the same music along the chords of various instruments. There is a sense in which literature is independent of form, just as there is a sense in which music is independent of its instrument. It is my cherished belief that Apollo's pipe contained as much eloquent music as any modern orchestra. Some books live; many die: wherein is the secret of immortality? Not in beauty of form, nor even in force of passion. We might say of literature what Wordsworth said of poetry, the most easily immortal part of literature: it is "the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science; it is the breath of the finer spirit of all knowledge." Poetry has the easier immortality because it has the sweeter accent when it speaks, because its phrases linger in our ears to delight them, because its truths are also melodies. Prose has much to overcome, — its plainness of visage, its less musical accents, its homelier turns of phrase. But it also may contain the immortal essence of truth and seriousness and high thought. It too may clothe conviction with the beauty that must make it shine forever. Let a man but have beauty in his heart, and, believing something with his might, put it forth arrayed as he sees it, the lights and shadows falling upon it on his page as they fall upon it in his heart, and he may die assured that that beauty will not pass away out of the world.

Biographers have often been puzzled by the contrast between certain men as they lived and as they wrote. Schopenhauer's case is one of the most singular. A man of turbulent life, suffering himself to be cut to exasperation by the petty worries of his lot, he was nevertheless calm and wise when he wrote, as if the Muse had rebuked him. He wrote at a still elevation, where small and temporary things did not come to disturb. 'T is a pity that for some men this elevation is so far to seek. They lose permanency by not finding it. Could there be a deliberate regimen of life for the author, it is plain enough how he ought to live, not as seeking fame, but as deserving it.

> "Fame, like a wayward girl, will still be coy
> To those who woo her with too slavish knees;
> But makes surrender to some thoughtless boy,
> And dotes the more upon a heart at ease.

. . . . . .

"Ye love-sick bards, repay her scorn with scorn;
Ye love-sick artists, madmen that ye are,
Make your best bow to her and bid adieu:
Then, if she likes it, she will follow you."

It behooves all minor authors to realize the possibility of their being discovered some day, and exposed to the general scrutiny. They ought to live as if conscious of the risk. They ought to purge their hearts of everything that is not genuine and capable of lasting the world a century, at least, if need be. Mere literature is made of spirit. The difficulties of style are the artist's difficulties with his tools. The spirit that is in the eye, in the pose, in mien or gesture, the painter must find in his color box; as he must find also the spirit that nature displays upon the face of the fields or in the hidden places of the forest. The writer has less obvious means. Word and spirit do not easily consort. The language that the philologists set out before us with such curious erudition is of very little use as a vehicle for the essences of the human spirit. It is too sophisticated and self-conscious. What you need is, not a critical knowledge of language, but a quick feeling for it. You must recognize the affinities between your spirit and its idioms. You must immerse your phrase in your thought, your thought in your phrase, till each becomes saturated with the other. Then what you produce is as necessarily fit for permanency as if it were incarnated spirit.

And you must produce in color, with the touch of imagination which lifts what you write away from the dull levels of mere exposition. Black-and-white sketches may serve some purposes of the artist, but very little of actual nature is in mere black-and-white. The imagination never works thus with satisfaction. Nothing is ever conceived completely when conceived so grayly, without suffusion of real light. The mind creates, as great Nature does, in colors, with deep chiaroscuro and burning lights. This is true not only of poetry and characteristically imaginative writing, but also of the writing which seeks nothing more than to penetrate the meaning of actual affairs, — the writing of the greatest historians and philosophers, the utterances of orators and of the great masters of political exposition. Their narratives, their analyses, their appeals, their conceptions of principle, are all dipped deep in the colors of the life they expound. Their minds respond only to realities, their eyes see only actual circumstance. Their sentences quiver and are quick with visions of human affairs, — how minds are bent or governed, how action is shaped or thwarted. The great "constructive" minds, as we call them, are of this sort. They "construct" by seeing what others have not imagination enough to see. They do not always know more, but they always realize more. Let the singular reconstruction of Roman history and institutions by Theodor Mommsen serve as an illustration. Safe men distrust this great master. They cannot find what he finds in the documents. They will draw you truncated figures of the antique Roman state, and tell you the limbs cannot be found, the features of the face have nowhere been unearthed. They will cite you fragments such as remain, and show you how far these can be pieced together toward the making of a complete description of private life and public function in those first times when the Roman commonwealth was young; but what the missing sentences were they can only weakly conjecture. Their eyes cannot descry those distant days with no other aids than these. Only the greatest are dissatisfied, and go on to paint that ancient life with the materials that will render it lifelike, — the materials of the constructive imagination. They have other sources of information. They see living men in the old documents. Give them

but the torso, and they will supply head and limbs, bright and animate as they must have been. If Mommsen does not quite do that, another man, with Mommsen's eye and a touch more of color on his brush, might have done it, — may yet do it.

It is in this way that we get some glimpse of the only relations that scholarship bears to literature. Literature can do without exact scholarship, or any scholarship at all, though it may impoverish itself thereby; but scholarship cannot do without literature. It needs literature to float it, to set it current, to authenticate it to the race, to get it out of closets, and into the brains of men who stir abroad. It will adorn literature, no doubt; literature will be the richer for its presence; but it will not, it cannot, of itself create literature. Rich stuffs from the East do not create a king, nor costly trappings a conqueror. There is, indeed, a natural antagonism, let it be frankly said, between the standards of scholarship and the standards of literature. Exact scholarship values things in direct proportion as they are verifiable; but literature knows nothing of such tests. The truths which it seeks are the truths of self-expression. It is a thing of convictions, of insights, of what is felt and seen and heard and hoped for. Its meanings lurk behind nature, not in the facts of its phenomena. It speaks of things as the man who utters it saw them, not necessarily as God made them. The personality of the speaker runs throughout all the sentences of real literature. That personality may not be the personality of a poet: it may be only the personality of the penetrative seer. It may not have the atmosphere in which visions are seen, but only that in which men and affairs look keenly cut in outline, boldly massed in bulk, consummately grouped in detail, to the reader as to the writer. Sentences of perfectly clarified wisdom may be literature no less than stanzas of inspired song, or the intense utterances of impassioned feeling. The personality of the sunlight is in the keen lines of light that run along the edges of a sword no less than in the burning splendor of the rose or the radiant kindlings of a woman's eye. You may feel the power of one master of thought playing upon your brain as you may feel that of another playing upon your heart.

Scholarship gets into literature by becoming part of the originating individuality of a master of thought. No man is a master of thought without being also a master of its vehicle and instrument, style, that subtle medium of all its evasive effects of light and shade. Scholarship is material; it is not life. It becomes immortal only when it is worked upon by conviction, by schooled and chastened imagination, by thought that runs alive out of the inner fountains of individual insight and purpose. Colorless, or without suffusion of light from some source of light, it is dead, and will not twice be looked at; but made part of the life of a great mind, subordinated, absorbed, put forth with authentic stamp of currency on it, minted at some definite mint and bearing some sovereign image, it will even outlast the time when it shall have ceased to deserve the acceptance of scholars, — when it shall, in fact, have become "mere literature."

Scholarship is the realm of nicely adjusted opinion. It is the business of scholars to assess evidence and test conclusions, to discriminate values and reckon probabilities. Literature is the realm of conviction and of vision. Its points of view are as various as they are oftentimes unverifiable. It speaks individual faiths. Its groundwork is not erudition, but reflection and fancy. Your thoroughgoing scholar dare not reflect. To reflect is to let himself in on his material; whereas what he wants is to keep himself apart, and view his materials in an air that does not color or refract. To reflect is to throw an atmosphere about what is in your mind, — an atmosphere

which holds all the colors of your life. Reflection summons all associations, and they throng and move so that they dominate the mind's stage at once. The plot is in their hands. Scholars, therefore, do not reflect; they label, group kind with kind, set forth in schemes, expound with dispassionate method. Their minds are not stages, but museums; nothing is done there, but very curious and valuable collections are kept there. If literature use scholarship, it is only to fill it with fancies or shape it to new standards, of which of itself it can know nothing.

True, there are books reckoned primarily books of science and of scholarship which have nevertheless won standing as literature: books of science such as Newton wrote, books of scholarship such as Gibbon's. But science was only the vestibule by which such a man as Newton entered the temple of nature, and the art he practiced was not the art of exposition, but the art of divination. He was not only a scientist, but also a seer; and we shall not lose sight of Newton because we value what he was more than what he knew. If we continue Gibbon in his fame, it will be for love of his art, not for worship of his scholarship. We some of us, nowadays, know the period of which he wrote better even than he did; but which one of us shall build so admirable a monument to ourselves, as artists, out of what we know? The scholar finds his immortality in the form he gives to his work. It is a hard saying, but the truth of it is inexorable: be an artist, or prepare for oblivion. You may write a chronicle, but you will not serve yourself thereby. You will only serve some fellow who shall come after you, possessing, what you did not have, an ear for the words you could not hit upon, an eye for the colors you could not see, a hand for the strokes you missed.

Real literature you can always distinguish by its form, and yet it is not possible to indicate the form it should have. It is easy to say that it should have a form suitable to its matter; but how suitable? Suitable to set the matter off, adorn, embellish it, or suitable simply to bring it directly, quick and potent, to the apprehension of the reader? This is the question of style, about which many masters have had many opinions; upon which you can make up no safe generalization from the practice of those who have unquestionably given to the matter of their thought immortal form, an accent or a countenance never to be forgotten. Who shall say how much of Burke's splendid and impressive imagery is part and stuff of his thought, or tell why even that part of Newman's prose which is devoid of ornament, stripped to its shining skin, and running bare and lithe and athletic to carry its tidings to men, should promise to enjoy as certain an immortality? Why should Lamb go so quaintly and elaborately to work upon his critical essays, taking care to perfume every sentence, if possible, with the fine savor of an old phrase, if the same business could be as effectively done in the plain and even cadences of Mr. Matthew Arnold's prose? Why should Gibbon be so formal, so stately, so elaborate, when he had before his eyes the example of great Tacitus, whose direct, sententious style had outlived so many hundred years the very language in which he wrote? In poetry, who shall measure the varieties of style lavished upon similar themes? The matter of vital thought is not separable from the thinker; its forms must suit his handling as well as fit his conception. Any style is author's stuff which is suitable to his purpose and his fancy. He may use rich fabrics with which to costume his thoughts, or he may use simple stone from which to sculpture them, and leave them bare. His only limits are those of art. He may not indulge a taste for the merely curious or fantastic. The quaint writers have quaint thoughts; their material is suitable. They do not merely satisfy themselves as virtuosi, with col-

lections of odd phrases and obsolete meanings. They needed twisted woods to fit the eccentric patterns of their thought. The great writer has always dignity, restraint, propriety, adequateness; what time he loses these qualities he ceases to be great. His style neither creaks nor breaks under his passion, but carries the strain with unshaken strength. It is not trivial or mean, but speaks what small meanings fall in its way with simplicity, as conscious of their smallness. Its playfulness is within bounds, its laugh never bursting too boisterously into a guffaw. A great style always knows what it would be at, and does the thing appropriately, with the larger sort of taste.

This is the condemnation of tricks of phrase, devices to catch the attention, exaggerations and loud talk to hold it. No writer can afford to strive after effect, if his striving is to be apparent. For just and permanent effect is missed altogether, unless it be so completely attained as to seem like some touch of sunlight, perfect, natural, inevitable, wrought without effort and without deliberate purpose to be effective. Mere audacity of attempt can, of course, never win the wished-for result; and if the attempt be successful, it is not audacious. What we call audacity in a great writer has no touch of temerity, sauciness, or arrogance in it. It is simply high spirit, a dashing and splendid display of strength. Boldness is ridiculous unless it be impressive, and it can be impressive only when backed by solid forces of character and attainment. Your plebeian hack cannot afford the showy paces; only the full-blooded Arabian has the sinew and proportion to lend them perfect grace and propriety. The art of letters eschews the bizarre as rigidly as does every other fine art. It mixes its colors with brains, and is obedient to great Nature's sane standards of right adjustment in all that it attempts.

You can make no catalogue of these features of great writing; there is no science of literature. Literature in its essence is mere spirit, and you must experience it rather than analyze it too formally. It is the door to nature and to ourselves. It opens our hearts to receive the experiences of great men and the conceptions of great races. It awakens us to the significance of action and to the singular power of mental habit. It airs our souls in the wide atmosphere of contemplation. "In these bad days, when it is thought more educationally useful to know the principle of the common pump than Keats's Ode on a Grecian Urn," as Mr. Birrell says, we cannot afford to let one single precious sentence of "mere literature" go by us unread or unpraised. If this free people to which we belong is to keep its fine spirit, its perfect temper amidst affairs, its high courage in the face of difficulties, its wise temperateness and wide-eyed hope, it must continue to drink deep and often from the old wells of English undefiled, quaff the keen tonic of its best ideals, keep its blood warm with all the great utterances of exalted purpose and pure principle of which its matchless literature is full. The great spirits of the past must command us in the tasks of the future. Mere literature will keep us pure and keep us strong. Even though it puzzle or altogether escape scientific method, it may keep our horizon clear for us, and our eyes glad to look bravely forth upon the world.

Woodrow Wilson.

OR

CHAUCER'S PARDONER.

CHAUCER, the critics tell us, possessed a genius eminently dramatic, and a matchless talent for story-telling, but frequently allowed his mediæval love of moralizing to defeat, for the moment, his narrative powers, and now and then grossly violated dramatic propriety, whether carelessly or from the exigencies of satire. As instances of the first of these sins are usually cited the self-satisfied speech of Nature in The Doctor's Tale, and the long soliloquizing excursus on free will and predestination in the Troilus. The most flagrant offense under the second head is commonly supposed to be the harangue of the Pardoner.

In The Doctor's Tale, Nature is produced in person, exhibiting her artistic masterpiece Virginia, and boasting of her in a showmanlike address to the public. The device may be granted absurd, and it certainly interferes with the flow of the narrative. But there is a further consideration, the character of the doctor. The doctor is a very formal person, from whom a degree of prosiness is to be expected. It was Chaucer's artistic duty, in the Canterbury Tales, — as it has clearly been his purpose, — not only to select stories appropriate to the several pilgrims, but to make the method of delivery correspond to the character of the teller. The offending passage in the Troilus must be justified, if at all, on other grounds. A long soliloquy on the foreknowledge of God, absolute necessity, necessity conditional, and free will is not quite what one expects from a Trojan prince whose love is going to the Grecian camp. But though a great anachronism, and though rather unskillfully brought in, the soliloquy is by no means an impertinence. The idea of fate is subtly insistent throughout the poem, — it is perhaps even the key to Cressida's character; and surely, at this juncture, if ever, Troilus may have his thoughts about the mysterious inevitableness that is governing his life.

These and other considerations make it worth while to look with some scrutiny at what passes for Chaucer's great sin against dramatic propriety, the confessions of the Pardoner.

The Pardoner, it is said, exposes himself with unnaturally frank cynicism. He might properly indulge in a sly sneer at the pretenses of his vocation; but to proclaim that his relics are a sham; to declare that his

> "intent is only for to win,
> And nothing for correction of sin,"

and that when once the penitents' money is in his pouch he does not care if their "souls go a-blackberrying" after death; to avow in a coolly casual way that he is himself "a full vicious man," — all this is dramatically impossible. But this is not all: after the tale is finished, the Pardoner, according to the usual view, is so foolish as to try his impostures on the very audience which he has just enlightened as to his own vices and the tricks of his trade.

An attempt is sometimes made to account for these absurdities by a reference to the Roman de la Rose. The character of the Pardoner is in part a reproduction of the False-Semblant of that poem, and False-Semblant, as an allegorical personage, is not bound by dramatic law. It is a convention of satire, illustrated in a drastic way by Garnet's speech in Oldham, to make an odious character describe himself unsparingly, — a trick absurd in itself, but no more absurd than such conventions as the long "aside" in the drama. This defense, or explanation, has always been felt to be unsatisfactory. Chaucer is not a reformer. He is not even, if rightly taken, a satirist. His aim is not to reconstruct the Church or to ameliorate

manity, but to depict certain characters, and to let them tell stories. He has no right to resort to conventions which, permissible to one who depicts a character *ad hoc*, are unjustifiable in one who depicts a character for its own sake. It is an equally weak defense to allege that the Pardoner is drunk. One draught of ale, however "moist and corny," would never fuddle so seasoned a drinker. Besides, he manifests none of the signs of intoxication. Unless, then, it can be shown that the character of the Pardoner is consistent with itself and with nature, the poet has blundered; and the gravity of his blunder is increased by the excellence of the Pardoner's Tale, perhaps the best short narrative poem in the language. In general, Chaucer shows exquisite delicacy in fitting the various Canterbury tales to the characters of the tellers. In the present case, we have a beautiful story, wonderfully told, put into the mouth of a vulgar, prating rascal, not only destitute of moral and intellectual dignity, but so lacking in common sense that he cannot hold his tongue about his own impostures. Yet the prologue, the tale, and the epilogue all show Chaucer at the height of his powers. It is possible that an explanation of the problem may be found by considering all the available evidence as to the Pardoner's character. It may appear from such an examination that his character is consistent throughout, and of a kind to make the apparent impropriety of the introductory confession in conformity to nature.

In the first place, then, we may be sure that the Pardoner is a thorough-paced scoundrel. His bulls of popes and cardinals may be genuine, — it would in any case not do for him to confess to the felony of forging the pope's seal, — but his relics are counterfeit, and he has no illusions about the holiness of his mission. He preaches for money, and has no concern for the reformation of morals or for genuineness of repentance on the part of those who offer to his relics and receive his absolution. He is skillful at his business: it has brought him in a hundred marks (almost seven hundred pounds in our values) a year since he first took it up. Like all clever impostors, he is proud of his dexterity. Under ordinary circumstances, prudence would constrain him to suppress the exhibition of this pride; but the circumstances are not ordinary. He is not on his rounds. The pilgrims are a company associated by chance, and likely never to assemble again after their return supper at Harry Bailly's. If they repeat his words, it will not much matter. He cannot labor in his vocation while he is with them, and none of them are likely to cross his path in the future. They are not of the kind among whom he is used to ply his arts. His best field is the country village. To be sure, the parson and the ploughman are from the country; but the character of the parson makes the parish which he administers a forbidden region to such loose fish as the Pardoner. One of the ordinary restraints on freedom of self-revelation, then, is wanting: he need fear no disagreeable consequences.

Further, the unsoundness of the Pardoner's morals is known to the company before he begins his cynical confessions. He may pose as a holy man when he is swindling the peasantry of some remote hamlet; but hypocritical airs and graces would be absurdly futile among his present companions. That there has been no attempt at such posturing is made clear enough by the host, the gentles, and the Pardoner himself. The host calls on the Pardoner for a merry tale; the Pardoner assents with an alacrity which warrants vehement suspicion, and the gentles protest that they want no ribaldry, and insist on something elevated and instructive. This is significant enough of the impression the Pardoner has made on his traveling companions. The Pardoner easily adapts himself to

the temper of his audience. It is his business to know moral tales. He has his sermons by heart, and most of these, as a matter of course, contain an *exemplum*, an anecdote which can be "improved" to the edification of a churchful of laymen. But before beginning he feels the need of refreshment.

"'I graunte ywis,' quod he, 'but I moot thynke
Upon som honest thyng whil that I drynke.'"

Not that he has "to think awhile before he can recollect some decent thing," as has been suggested. He is honestly thirsty, and glad of an excuse to quench his thirst, no doubt; but, being a man of ability and eloquence, he must have plenty of "honest things" at his tongue's end.

Perhaps we have now facts enough to explain the self-revelation of the Pardoner's prologue. He knows what his fellow-travelers think of him; he has just consented to tell an over-facetious story; he is now about to preach a highly edifying sermon. There is no opportunity to pull wool over the eyes of his hearers, even if there were any motive for it. Sure that they will perceive the enormous discrepancy between his character and his teaching, the Pardoner is impatient of occupying the position of a futile hypocrite. He is too clever a knave to wish others to take him for a fool. Hence these cynical confessions at the outset, the dramatic purpose of which is now clear. The Pardoner is, in effect, saying to the pilgrims: "I am about to tell you a moral tale. I am going to preach you one of my sermons. You will find the sentiments of this sermon unexceptionable. Do not think, however, that I expect you to believe me in earnest. You know what kind of fellow I am, and this is my trade."

With these feelings, then, the Pardoner begins his tale or sermon. Knowing it by heart, as he tells us himself, and being accustomed to preach with great unction, he is soon rapt into the same mood of conventional earnestness that he has found so effective in the pulpit. By the time he arrives at the ejaculations on the wickedness of sin and the horrors of homicide, gluttony, lechery, and gambling, which (though marked "auctor" by the officious stupidity of some scribe) form the "application" of the whole discourse, he is at a white heat of zeal. Forgetful of his surroundings, he does not stop with the "application," but goes on to the exhortation with which he regularly concludes his harangues: —

"Now, good men, God foryeve yow your trespas,
And ware yow fro the sinne of avarice!
Myn holy pardoun may yow alle warice,
So that ye offre nobles or sterlinges,
Or elles silver broches, spones, ringes.
Boweth your heed under this holy bulle!
Cometh up, ye wyves, offreth of your wolle!
Your name I entre heer in my rolle anon,
Into the blisse of heven shul ye gon;
I yow assoile, by myn heigh power,
Yow that wol offre, as clene and eek as cleer
As ye were born. — *And lo, sirs, thus I preche;*
And Jesu Crist, that is our soules leche,
So graunte yow his pardoun to receyve,
For that is best, I wol yow nat deceyve!"

The last four lines of this passage are particularly significant. The Pardoner's invitation to come up and offer to the relics and receive absolution is glaringly out of place in a speech to his fellow-travelers, to whom he has already made full confession of the emptiness of his pretensions. "Come up, ye wives, and offer of your wool!" has no appropriateness when addressed to the pilgrims. Perceiving the absurdity, the speaker pulls himself up with the explanatory "This is the kind of sermon I am in the habit of delivering." ("And lo, sirs, thus I preche.")

So far, all is plain sailing. We might suppose the preacher carried away by professional enthusiasm, and forgetting just where he ought to have stopped. We might suppose, on the other hand that he wished to give his hearer

complete specimen of his discourses, final invitation and all. But what shall we think of his next words? —

> "And lo, sirs, thus I preche;
> And Jesu Crist, that is our soules leche,
> So graunte yow his pardoun to receyve,
> For that is best, I wol yow nat deceyve!"

It may be that these words, apparently so out of consonance with anything we have yet heard from the Pardoner, furnish the key to his character. May we not believe that the beautiful and impressive story that he has just told — a story that no one can read without emotion — has moved even him, though he has told it a thousand times before in the way of his profession? The unusual circumstances under which he has preached his sermon may have assisted in producing this effect. For once, perhaps, the hideous incongruity between his preaching and the profligate invitation to come up and be pardoned through the efficacy of his trumpery relics has appeared to him. Possibly we may venture to think that the Pardoner, moved by his own tale, went on mechanically to this professional invitation, perceived its absurd inopportuneness with a start, and thus had its hypocritical villainy suddenly projected in his own mind against the beauty and impressiveness of his tale. This would still further increase his emotion, which, after an explanatory "And lo, sirs, thus I preche," finds vent in an ejaculation profoundly affecting in its reminiscence of the Pardoner's better nature, which he had himself thought dead long ago. "My pardon," he says, "is of no account, as you know. God grant that you receive Christ's pardon, which is better than mine. I will not deceive you, though deceit is my business."

Of course this better mood can last but a moment. There is no question of repentance or reformation, for the Pardoner is a lost soul. The reaction comes instantly, and is to the extreme of reckless jesting. Aware that the pilgrims know him thoroughly by this time, for he has even taken pains to reveal himself, he nevertheless impudently urges them to kiss the relics and make offering and receive pardon. The invitation has sometimes been taken as given in dead earnest; but this is inconceivable. It would imply superhuman folly on the speaker's part to try to deceive the pilgrims when he has just warned them against his own deceit. Besides, we have evidence that the Pardoner hurries into this strain of reckless jocularity to escape from the serious mood that has surprised him.

> "But, sirs, o word forgat I in my tale,"

are the words with which he begins the closing passage, and these very words indicate his confusion. For he has not forgotten his relics. On the contrary, he has just been talking about them, and praising their efficacy. The whole passage is jocose. At the end, he turns to the host, and pointedly suggests that *he* begin, as being the most sinful of the company. This remark alone would suffice to indicate how little serious purpose there is in the proposition of the Pardoner. The host is the last person to yield to seductive suggestions of this sort in any case, and it would be idle to expect him to do so after the full revelation of himself that the Pardoner has made.

The host, who of course has no knowledge of the conflict of feelings through which the Pardoner is passing, naturally replies in a strain of coarse raillery. Under ordinary circumstances, the effect of this jesting on the Pardoner would be to evoke a still more scurrilous response. He must often have bandied words in all good nature with persons of the host's freedom of speech, and there is no reason to suppose that he is constitutionally thin-skinned. Under ordinary circumstances, too, so fluent a man as the Pardoner, if he got angry, would have plenty of words in which to

vent his wrath. On the present occasion rage makes him dumb.

> "This Pardoner answerede not a word:
> So wroth he was no word he wolde seye."

The inference seems to be plain. The contest of feelings in the Pardoner's mind, the momentary return to sincerity, which must have been accompanied by profound emotion, the revulsion of feeling indicated by his jesting proposition to his fellow-travelers, are too much for his equanimity. When the host replies with a scurrile jest, he is simply too angry to speak. That this is the correct interpretation of the course of events is further substantiated by the surprise which the host feels at this, to him, inexplicable anger on the part of the Pardoner. He has not noticed the Pardoner's moment of emotion; he has, therefore, supposed the jesting to be of the ordinary sort, and he feels injured that his reply is taken in ill part.

> "'Now,' quod our host, 'I wol no lenger pleye
> With thee, ne with no other angry man.'"

The knight makes up the quarrel, which of course neither party wishes to prolong, and the company rides on as before.

If these considerations are sound, we have in Chaucer's treatment of the Pardoner no violation of dramatic propriety, but, on the contrary, the subtlest piece of character delineation the poet has ever attempted. The Pardoner is an able and eloquent man, a friar, very likely, who had entered his order with the best purposes, or, at any rate, with no bad aims, and with possibilities of good in him, and had grown corrupt with its corruption. His debasement seems to be utter, for one must not forget the picture in the general prologue. Nothing but a ribald story appears possible from him. But, by showing us the man in a moment of moral convulsion, Chaucer has invested him with a sort of dignity which justifies the poet in putting into his mouth one of the most beautiful as well as one of the best told tales in the whole collection.

If the considerations referred to be not sound, there is no explaining away the difficulties: the cynical prologue remains a monstrous absurdity; the error in tact involved in giving a despicable fellow a magnificent tale to tell seems ultimate; the earnest remark of the Pardoner that Christ's pardon is better than his is a piece of impertinence; the Pardoner's anger at the host's jesting is improbable; the dumbness of his wrath is out of character; and the surprise of the host at his losing his temper is nugatory. The interpretation suggested seems not only to be in harmony with all the phenomena, but even to explain some phenomena otherwise inexplicable except as blunders. That a fortuitous collection of blunders should combine to make up a subtle piece of character delineation is not impossible, perhaps, but is hardly what one would expect. Is it not reasonable, then, to accept an interpretation of the prologue and the tale which brings them into harmony with what we know of Chaucer's exquisite delicacy of portraiture, and wonderful power of dramatically adapting his stories to their tellers, particularly as the Pardoner's Tale must have been written when all his powers were at their height?

George Lyman Kittredge.

SOME NEW LIGHT ON NAPOLEON.

THE personality of Napoleon still overshadows Europe. We see plainly enough now that he was not the champion of the principles liberated by the French Revolution. If the course of democracy, of representative government, had been regular in France, there would have been no Consulate and Empire. The system which Napoleon erected was a personal system through which his Titanic egotism might operate. That he swept away many old abuses, that he decreed reforms which had a constitutional, or even a democratic tendency, was because he thought thereby to make his autocracy more sure. Sentiment in politics never governed him; nay, he never acknowledged any principle save self-interest. Of this he made no secret.

As early as 1797, in speaking of France to Melzi at Milan, he said scornfully, "A republic of thirty million souls, with our customs, our vices, — how is it possible? That is a chimera with which the French are infatuated, but which will pass, like so many others. They need glory and the gratification of vanity; but liberty, — they know not what it means." Three years later, shortly after he became First Consul, he frankly told the Council of State, "My policy is to govern men according as the greatest number wish. . . . By turning Catholic I put an end to the war in the Vendée, by turning Mussulman I established myself in Egypt, by turning Ultramontane I won over the priests in Italy. If I were to govern a Jewish population, I would reëstablish the Temple of Solomon. So, too, I shall talk liberty in the free part of San Domingo; I shall confirm slavery in the Ile de France, and even in the slave part of San Domingo, — reserving to myself the right to soften and limit slavery wherever I maintain it, to reëstablish order and to uphold discipline wherever I maintain liberty. That, I think, is the way to recognize the sovereignty of the people."

Self-interest being thus bluntly proclaimed the guiding motive of Napoleon's career, it is idle to search his acts for proofs of philanthropic or reforming intentions. What amelioration France and Europe enjoyed through his agency was incidental, and not due to any recognition on his part of abstract rights or duties. He adopted such methods as, he believed, would conduce to the realization of his dream of world-empire; that they pleased or aggravated the peoples of Europe was wholly immaterial to him. His dictatorship was a great interruption in the process of democratization, an interruption so stupendous that democracy has not yet recovered from it. Therefore the personality of Napoleon exceeds in significance that of any other modern ruler, perhaps of all other rulers except Cæsar; and though he has been dead threescore and twelve years, the world still catches up every detail, no matter how trivial, which may throw further light on his character. For from his egotism, from what, in current scientific dialect, would be called his psychology, sprang those purposes, desires, whims, which became embodied in a new system of government and in a new combination of kingdoms.

There has recently appeared in Paris the first volume of a series of memoirs[1] which promise to be among the most valuable ever published concerning the Napoleonic period. Readers familiar with Taine's mosaic portrait of Napoleon will remember that he quotes often from the

[1] *Mémoires du Chancelier Pasquier.* Premièro partie: Révolution, Consulat, Empire. Tome I., 1789–1810. Paris: Plon. 1893.

unedited manuscript memoirs of "M. X., a young magistrate under Louis XVI., high functionary under the Empire, a great political personage under the Restoration and under the July Monarchy," and "probably the best informed and most judicious witness for the first half of our century." This "M. X." turns out to be Étienne-Denis Pasquier, who was born of a noble family in 1767, rose to be Chancellor of France, and died a duke in 1862, the last conspicuous survivor of the generation which beheld the French Revolution and the rise and fall of Napoleon. His own life was of uncommon interest. In his twentieth year he was appointed a councilor to the Parliament of Paris; he witnessed the assembling of the States-General, the trial and execution of the king; proscribed as a Royalist, he concealed himself for some time, till, through betrayal, he fell into the hands of the Terrorists, and was locked up in the prison of St. Lazare on the 8th Thermidor, whence he and his wife would speedily have been sent to the guillotine but for the counter-revolution of the following day which overthrew Robespierre. Under the Directory and Consulate he lived aloof from public affairs, but not from intimacy with many prominent men of various shades. When the Empire was established, he deemed it more patriotic for the late Royalists to accept office under government, in order that they might, by their conservatism, counterpoise the Radicals, rather than to encourage, by the withdrawal of their influence, the latter in their constant revolutionist purposes. The Empire, though despotic, had at least put an end to anarchy and civil war; it offered a large measure of justice; and if it was despotic, it nevertheless opened the way to ambition, and shed upon France a flood of glory peculiarly fascinating to the French heart.

Pasquier had no difficulty in securing an appointment, for Napoleon welcomed every Royalist to his service. From master of requests, Pasquier rose to be *procureur-général*, and, in 1810, prefect of police for Paris. This last position unlocked to him many secret doors, through which he explored not only the immediate intrigues which it was his business to baffle, but also those which had been woven during the earlier years of Napoleon's domination. Besides examining at first hand many confidential documents relating to important affairs, he had, further, the verbal testimony of many men who had been engaged in those affairs, and whose association with him led them to speak freely. Add to this his own qualities, — clearness of vision, integrity, common sense, and candor, — and it will be seen that both fortune and temperament fitted him to be "a well-informed and a judicious witness."

We shall have space to give his version of only a few of the matters which directly illustrate Napoleon's methods of thought and action; but before doing this we cannot forbear quoting this description of the fall of the Bastille, on July 14, 1789. If Pasquier's memory is exact, what shall we say of those tragic, lurid descriptions which historians of the first order have given us of this event?

"I was present," he says, "at the taking of the Bastille. What has been called the *combat* was not serious; the resistance was absolutely *nil*. There were neither provisions nor munitions in the place; there was not even need to invest it. The regiment of French Guards which undertook the attack appeared from the side of Rue Saint-Antoine, before the principal door, closed by a drawbridge. A few gunshots were fired, to which there was no response, and four or five cannon-shots. It has been asserted that one of the cannon-shots cut the chains of the drawbridge. I did not perceive it, although I was placed very near the point of attack. What I saw perfectly was the action of the soldiers, *invalides* or others, ranged on the platform of the high tower, raising the butts

of their guns in the air, and expressing, by all the means used in similar circumstances, their willingness to surrender.... The truth is that this grand combat did not for an instant frighten the numerous spectators who had gathered to see its result. Among them were many very elegant ladies, who had, in order to approach more easily, left their carriages at some distance. I was leaning on the end of the barrier which shut in, on the side of the Place de la Bastille, the garden skirting Beaumarchais's house, and on which was put, a few days later, the following inscription: *This little garden was planted the first year of liberty.* Beside me was Mademoiselle Contat, of the Comédie-Française. We waited till the conclusion, and I gave her my arm to her carriage, which was in Place Royale."

How must our conceptions of history be revised, if we are to think of the capture of the Bastille as a holiday spectacle, which many elegant ladies drove out to see, as they might drive out to a tennis match or a meet of the hounds!

Pasquier has little to say about Napoleon before he became First Consul. Incidentally, we learn that the Egyptian expedition was considered at the time a mad enterprise, and that, contrary to Bonapartist historians, Napoleon's return from Egypt was not eagerly awaited by any large portion of the public, for his genius was not yet widely understood. But he gives full credit to the skill with which the young general compassed the overthrow of the Directory on the 18th Brumaire, a stroke in which Napoleon first displayed on a large scale that art, in which he had no peer, "of making the most contrary opinions march side by side to his end." The following fragment of the harangue in which he overwhelmed the partisans of the Directory needs no comment. The young military adventurer who could thus address the established government he was about to strangle might well fire the enthusiasm of Parisians, and justify almost any prediction as to his own future. "What have you done," he demanded imperiously, — "what have you done with that France I left you so brilliant? I left you peace; I find war. I left you victories; I find defeat. I left you the millions of Italy; I find everywhere despoiling laws with misery. What have you done with the hundred thousand Frenchmen, all of whom I knew, my comrades in glory? They are all dead! This state of things cannot last; it would lead us to despotism. We desire liberty, seated on the bases of equality."

From the moment when his dictatorship, under the thin mask of a plebiscite, was confirmed, Napoleon, as Pasquier testifies, wished to forget the past, and to treat as enemies only those who persisted in opposing the new government. He adroitly erased all but the ringleaders of the emigration from the proscription lists; he enticed Royalists to him by honors and offices; he struck a bargain with the Church, — all with a view to securing the support of that part of the community which, whatever the form of government, is by instinct conservative. And France benefited by this respite from civil war.

The explosion of the infernal machine gave Napoleon the chance he had been looking for to intimidate both camps of his opponents. Suspicion fell at first on the Jacobins, a goodly number of whom he had arrested; but when the real culprits were discovered to be Royalists, he did not release the former. Odium settled upon both, with the consequent increase of Napoleon's popularity. In the trial of Georges Cadoudal, Pichegru, and Moreau, sufficient evidence of guilt was produced to warrant the execution of Cadoudal. Nevertheless, as Pasquier remarks, it would have been more politic to have pardoned Moreau, in view of his recent military successes; the victor of Hohenlinden was too deeply involved to have been dangerous afterwards to

the victor of Marengo; but Napoleon, in pushing the proceedings, seemed to be actuated by the desire to get rid of a possible rival, and thereby he aroused sympathy for Moreau. Pasquier does not hesitate to affirm that Pichegru killed himself in prison. Had Napoleon wished to remove either of the conspirators by assassination, Moreau, and not Pichegru, was evidently the man. Pichegru was no longer to be feared. So far, then, as concerned this affair of the infernal machine, Napoleon, by Pasquier's showing, failed to be magnanimous where magnanimity would have been the shrewdest policy, but he was guilty of no crime.

This cannot be said of his action in the execution of the Duke d'Enghien, which Pasquier describes with great minuteness and with apparent frankness. No crime since the Reign of Terror had so shocked France and Europe as this; it was the first serious blot on Napoleon's reign; and though he disavowed it, his contemporaries and posterity have fixed the blame on him. The horror it excited was out of all proportion to any advantage that he could derive from it. How did it happen that he was so blind as not to foresee this? Pasquier, with free access to the police archives, and with information given to him by the participants in this affair at a time when they had no reason to lie, gives the following account.

During the trial of Georges Cadoudal and his accomplices, it was learned that an unknown stranger had come to Paris to confer with the plotters. That he was a personage of high mark could be inferred from the caution taken to conceal his name and movements, and from the deference paid to him. The police conjectured that he must be one of the royal family; by a process of elimination they concluded that it could only be the Duke d'Enghien; by means of a secret agent they learned that the duke had indeed made a mysterious journey at the time indicated. Persuaded by this evidence, Napoleon decided to seize him, despite the fact that he had taken refuge beyond the French frontiers, at Ettenheim, in Baden. The foreign territory was violated; the duke was arrested, and hurried to Paris as fast as the post could travel.

Before his arrival, Napoleon held a council to determine what should be done. Besides himself and the two other consuls, Cambacérès and Lebrun, were present Talleyrand, minister of foreign affairs, and Fouché, late minister of police. Lebrun and Cambacérès urged that the duke be held as a hostage; Talleyrand, on the contrary, recommended extreme rigor, and Napoleon agreed with him. When the meeting broke up, Cambacérès followed Napoleon into his cabinet, and again earnestly pointed out the immense imprudence of this step; but Napoleon repelled every plea. The duke's death, he said, would seem to the world a just reprisal for Bourbon conspiracies against himself; the Bourbons must be taught that he could overmatch them at their own weapons; he wished, finally, to open an unbridgeable chasm between his partisans and the Royalists. "It fits you well," he added, in a burst of sarcastic fury, "to be so scrupulous, so miserly of the blood of *your* kings, you who voted for the death of Louis XVI!"

On the morning of the day when D'Enghien was expected, General Savary — always the willing instrument of Napoleon's basest deeds — had a personal interview with the First Consul, and was ordered to take command of the garrison of Vincennes; further instructions he would receive from Murat. He reached Murat's just as Talleyrand was leaving; was informed that a military commission was convoked to try the duke that very night, and that he, Savary, should carry out without delay the verdict of the commission. When he came to the fortress of Vincennes, he found the commission, composed of officers who had been summoned without

being told the object of their summons, already at work.

Meanwhile, the duke, weary after long travel, had reached the fortress. The commission went to the chamber where he was in bed, and startled him by announcing that he was under trial for his life. He formally demanded to be taken to the First Consul. Some one proposed that a note should be sent to Napoleon for permission, but Savary vehemently objected, and the commissioners, after long demur, submitted to him, with the thought that their intercession might avail later. Then the duke was brought before them and subjected to many questions. Two, at least, of the judges made him understand the necessity of disavowing the charges against him; but, with reckless candor, he confessed that he wished to serve in the English army against France. He denied, however, any participation in the plot to assassinate Napoleon, and again demanded an audience.

The judges declared the charges established. "What shall be the penalty?" asked the presiding officer. The commissioners were in favor of imprisonment, but, remembering the tenacity with which the young prince had expressed his wish to fight in a foreign army against France as long as the usurper governed France, they at last pronounced the sentence of death. Within half an hour he was shot in the fosse of the fortress, just as the gray March day was breaking. Whether the verdict was just or not, the haste of the execution was illegal; for the death sentence, after being read to the condemned, ought to have been countersigned by the general of division. So little did the commissioners expect that the immediate reading of the sentence would lead to its being at once carried out that General Hulin, the presiding officer, was writing a letter to Napoleon, which they all intended to sign, asking that the duke's request for an audience might be granted, and that clemency would be shown, when Savary brusquely interrupted them with, "Messieurs, your business is done; the rest concerns me." A few minutes later they heard the volley of musketry.

His work finished, Savary started for Malmaison to inform his master. At the city barrier he encountered Réal, a councilor of state, driving in the opposite direction. "Where are you going?" Savary called to him, as their carriages stopped. "To Vincennes, by the First Consul's orders, to interrogate the Duke d'Enghien," replied Réal. "What!" exclaimed Savary, "does n't the First Consul know that the Duke d'Enghien was to be tried at midnight? He has just been condemned and executed." "How is that possible?" exclaimed Réal. "I had so many questions to ask the prince; his examination could have discovered so many things. Here 's another affair missed, of which we shall know nothing. The First Consul will be furious!"

Savary went on to Malmaison; but, as Pasquier asks, would he have returned with such confidence had he been unaware that his mission would commend itself to Napoleon? It is impossible, as Pasquier concludes, that Napoleon did not wish and command the execution. During the preceding day he had shut himself in his cabinet, refusing to see any one; apparently wishing to guard himself against any arguments such as Cambacérès had urged. Josephine, however, saw him, and begged him to reconsider; but he retorted curtly, "Go away; you are a child; you do not understand the duties of politics." Awaking at five the next morning, he said to her, "At this hour the Duke d'Enghien has ceased to be."

And what of Réal's tardy visit? What of the letter of instruction, four pages long, dictated by Napoleon himself? We are led, with Pasquier, to surmise that they were to serve as a blind, behind which Napoleon might, in some

fashion, escape the direct responsibility for the crime. The only other explanation is that he sent Réal on the chance that the order for immediate execution had not been obeyed. Against this militates the fact that he was not accustomed to brook lagging obedience, and that he knew his man when he chose Savary for such work. Certain it is that Savary suffered no eclipse; after Friedland he was made a duke, although the members of the military commission had to wait several years for their promotion. Moreover, Napoleon never expressed contrition. In his last testament he wrote, "I had the Duke d'Enghien arrested and tried, because it was necessary for the safety and interest of the French people, when the Count d'Artois [Charles X.] maintained with his consent sixty assassins at Paris; in a similar circumstance I should act likewise."

Nevertheless, the recollection of the crime, or of what, in Fouché's words, was worse than a crime, a blunder, rankled in spite of Napoleon's effort to forget it; and whenever any allusion was made to D'Enghien, his face darkened and his anger rose.

Pasquier's account of the Empire, its pomp and tyranny, its apparent strength, its hidden weaknesses, and its beneficent provisions, is surely one of the best that any contemporary has left us. Only a very just and intelligent man could describe as he has done the great events in which he participated. Of all the legacies of the Revolution, Napoleon, he says, defended only one with complete sincerity, — the guarantee given to the particular interests which the Revolution had created. But, although Napoleon diverted the other revolutionary bequests to his own use, the majority of Frenchmen accepted his sovereignty, and the system by which he supported it, as a preventive of something worse. The dread of a relapse into anarchy made his autocracy tolerable, and he gilded it by furnishing spectacular pomp and plenty of glory for that part of the French nation which craved both. Pasquier declares over and over again, however, that France as a whole desired peace, and that, if she exulted in the swift triumphs, her most earnest hope was that each campaign would be the last, till the time came when she realized that Napoleon's ambition made an enduring peace impossible.

We have not space to set forth Pasquier's narrative of Napoleon's relations with the Jewish Sanhedrim and with the Pope. He strangely underestimated the subtle power of the Roman hierarchy. Outwardly, of course, he could easily crush it; a single platoon of the Guards was more than a match, physically, for the entire Conclave. But though Pius VII. was under lock and key at Savona, and refractory cardinals were in exile or in custody, at the autocrat's will, his material blows did not reach the spiritual things of which those old men were the guardians. The Pope bent, but he did not yield; his compliance always had a reversible attachment. Yet we cannot but feel that, had Napoleon used more tact instead of coercion, he might have got the very real advantages he sought, without the loss of any of his own prerogatives. Once, at least, during the session of the Gallic Council, the end was in sight; but he dropped the reality to clutch the shadow.

The negotiations over the second marriage, as told by Pasquier, illustrate that mingling of finesse and self-will which stamped much of Napoleon's diplomacy. Having reluctantly decided to put away Josephine, — whose age now precluded the hope of her bearing him an heir, — Napoleon looked about him for another wife. An alliance with the royal family of Saxony would have been possible, but it would have brought little lustre; so he turned his eyes to Anne, second sister of Czar Alexander. Caulaincourt, French ambassador at St. Petersburg, was therefore authorized to make a for-

mal demand for her hand. After delays over matters of detail, Caulaincourt, on January 21, 1810, sent a dispatch announcing a favorable answer. The dispatch reached Paris on February 5. In the mean while, Metternich, the Austrian premier, alarmed at the prospect of a union which would make allies of the French and Russian empires, instructed some of his diplomatic agents to hint that had Napoleon asked for an Austrian archduchess, he would not have been refused. The affair was conducted adroitly on both sides, so that, in case of failure, the vanity of neither would be compromised. On the day after the arrival of Caulaincourt's message, Napoleon had secretly determined to accept the Austrian, Marie Louise.

"Russia doubtless offered him," says Pasquier, "a stronger alliance, and one which put a greater weight in the political scales of Europe; but his chief end was to enter the family of kings, and, in this great family, the House of Russia was new in comparison with the House of Austria. In choosing an archduchess, he united himself to the oldest sovereign race, after that of France. He married a granddaughter of Maria Theresa, whose daughter Louis XVI. had married. In France, there was no doubt that this alliance, wholly unhoped for, would make a much deeper impression than the Russian alliance could."

Not to appear too precipitate, Napoleon summoned an extraordinary council to discuss his intention. Talleyrand argued for the Austrian marriage. Austria, he said, was the only European power whose cabinet survived from reign to reign, and could consequently plan and pursue a fixed policy. In Russia, on the other hand, all depended upon the will of one sovereign. Engagements contracted with this Czar might be annulled by his successor. The council, as was to be expected, confirmed Napoleon's decision. Champagny, minister of foreign affairs, had the unpleasant duty of informing the Czar that his sister would not be Empress of France. The reasons he gave were not calculated to soothe that autocrat. The delay in accepting Napoleon's offer was, he said, more insulting than a downright refusal. Russia should have immediately grasped the honor tendered to her. The stipulation that the grand duchess should maintain her Greek form of worship might be regarded as implying that the Roman service, which Napoleon patronized, was inferior. Finally, the grand duchess being but fifteen, it was improbable that she could bear the Emperor an heir for several years. All the reasons were flimsy enough, but to the last the Czar might pertinently have rejoined, "Why did you not think of that before?"

Archduchess Marie Louise was escorted to Paris, and married with a degree of state which even her Hapsburg traditions could not find fault with. It seemed as if at last Napoleon's ascendency in Europe could not be shaken. Nevertheless, events soon justified the anxiety of Cambacérès, who had said to Pasquier, on coming out from the council at which the marriage was decided upon, "I am morally sure that before two years we shall have war with that one of the two powers whose daughter Napoleon does not take. Now, a war with Austria causes me no disquietude, but I tremble at a war with Russia; its consequences are incalculable." In the following year, the birth of the King of Rome was attended by such serious complications that it seemed at one moment as if the life of either the mother or the child must be sacrificed. When the court surgeon, Dubois, announced this danger to Napoleon, he replied, "Act, sir, as you would in the case of a peasant's wife." When we measure the eagerness with which he awaited the birth of a son, we shall not be wrong in deeming this the most generous and humane of Napoleon's recorded utterances.

Pasquier gives several examples of

Napoleon's violent temper, which used to explode the more easily when he knew that he was unjust, as in the dismissal of Portalis. On that occasion, the Council of State quailed; but though Pasquier had the courage to point out to the Emperor that Portalis had done nothing to merit his displeasure, he stormed on, and Portalis was cashiered. Two or three years later, however, Napoleon quietly took him back into his service. That was his method of seeming infallible.

To two men of much greater influence he behaved in similar fashion. Fouché, minister of police, was caught secretly corresponding with the English. In open council at Saint-Cloud Napoleon berated him, adding, as a sting to his rebukes, "You think yourself very shrewd, but, for all that, you are not. It is Talleyrand who is shrewd; and on this occasion he has fooled you like a child, he has made you his tool." The sarcasm was the more bitter because Talleyrand was already in disgrace, and Fouché prided himself on having learned the art of staying permanently in office.

Talleyrand's expulsion came about through his caustic criticism of the Spanish campaign, and through his intriguing to have Murat proclaimed Emperor, should the news come that Napoleon was overthrown. The wily and despicable diplomat always had his eye on his *next* possible master, and he succeeded, as we know, in holding office under a Bourbon as easily as under a Bonaparte. On this occasion, the news of his intrigues reached Napoleon's ears, and he lost no time, after his return to Paris, in letting loose his wrath. For half an hour Talleyrand listened, "without winking, without replying a word, to a torrent of invectives." Pasquier remarks, by the way, that Talleyrand was not ready at offhand repartee; his famous epigrams had usually to be sharpened in his closet, to be shot off at a favorable moment. No wonder that he had nothing prepared to parry the following fulmination, which he had not foreseen.

"You are a thief, a coward, a man without honor! You do not believe in God!" thundered Napoleon. "During your whole life you have failed in your duties; you have deceived, betrayed, everybody. For you there is nothing sacred; you would sell your own father. I have loaded you with wealth, and there is nothing you are not capable of doing against me. Thus, for the last ten months, you have the shamelessness — because you suppose, right or wrong, that my affairs in Spain are going ill — to say, to whoever will listen, that you have always blamed my enterprise in that kingdom; whereas it is you who gave me the first thought of it, and who have persistently pushed me on. And that man, that miserable one [the Duke d'Enghien], — who let me know where he lived? Who incited me to severity against him? What, then, are your projects? What do you wish? What do you hope for? Dare to say it! You deserve that I should smash you like a glass. I have the power, but I despise you too much to take the trouble."

Nothing revealed Napoleon's vast confidence in himself more than the recklessness with which he ousted tools like Talleyrand and Fouché, who had the key to many of his secrets, unless it were the assurance with which, when he saw fit, he reinstated them. He used men as an apothecary uses drugs; though he might rage because a given drug failed in a given instance, yet he had no hesitation in employing it again when he thought it would serve. There was no question of apology or explanation.

Of only one other of his traits, his obstinacy, have we space to borrow a fresh illustration from Pasquier. No man ever lived who believed more firmly than he that all was possible which he had determined to do. Therein lay his enormous strength; therein, too, lurked the sources of irretrievable blun-

ders. To accomplish his tremendous scheme, England, Spain, must be subdued. They could be subdued if they were what he imagined them to be; but, in fact, they were quite different, and he never could be persuaded that his imaginary England, his fictitious Spain, did not correspond exactly to the real ones. Even the forces of nature must obey his law, or be disregarded. Thus, in the winter of 1811–12, there was great dearth throughout France. Early in May, just before leaving Paris to take command of the Russian campaign, he had an audience with Pasquier, who, as prefect of police, had oversight of the provisions of the capital. "As for the scarcity of food," said Napoleon, "it is ended; we are on the eve of the harvest, and in a fortnight you will have no more trouble." In vain Pasquier assured him that the harvest could not be garnered before the middle or last of July; that there were, therefore, three months in which want might drive the masses to riot. The Emperor, having in his imagination got rid of that difficulty, would not see that it still existed in fact. Pasquier expressed his anxiety over the dangers of a possible insurrection during Napoleon's absence. "When I had finished," he says, "he kept silence, walking from the window to the hearth, his arms crossed behind his back, as a man who ponders deeply. I was following him with my eyes, when, turning quickly towards me, he uttered these words: 'Yes, without doubt there is some truth in what you say; it is one more difficulty added to all those which I must encounter in the greatest, the hardest undertaking which I have yet attempted; but we must finish what is begun. Good-by, prefect.'"

Here we must leave this remarkable book, from which we have extracted some of the more important passages referring directly to Napoleon; but it will be found rich in other material, concerning the imperial régime, and in portraits of Napoleon's family and associates. Not the least interesting figure is that of Pasquier himself, a man who could serve under the autocrat without becoming servile, and who regarded his office, not as a license to private aggrandizement, but as a means of promoting the public weal.

THE SON OF A PROPHET.

THE history that crystallizes itself in great events or great personages is mostly made in secret. Only a small proportion of it, and that the least vital, ever comes to the surface in the chronicles. Hence it is that the periods of history have always been so potent to set the busy imagination of the romancer at work speculating on those hidden forces and vitalities which, if their visible results are so great, must themselves be of as much deeper significance as life is deeper than show or speech.

The author of The Son of a Prophet,[1] while frankly avowing a purpose of this kind, has made a variation from the ordinary theme of the historical novelist which is worthy of special note. Instead of tracing the story of some renowned hero or of some important social and political period, he has undertaken to search out and reconstruct the history, with its influences, individual and national, mental and spiritual, that must have preceded the creation of a great

[1] *The Son of a Prophet.* By GEORGE ANSON JACKSON. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

work of literature. At the same time, the work which he has thus attempted to account for is a work that, in its wealth of world significance, is worthy of the romancer's best efforts, being that "noble book, all men's book," the book of Job.

"Books," says Milton, "are not absolutely dead things, but doe contain a potencie of life in them to be as active as that soule was whose progeny they are; nay they do preserve as in a violl the purest efficacie and extraction of that living intellect that bred them." True as this is of books in general, any one who has become deeply familiar with the record of the patriarch of Uz must see that this truth as applied to the book of Job is of well-nigh inexhaustible significance. By the law that involution must be equal to evolution, a book so vital as this has proved to be, so profoundly true to nature, human and divine, must have behind it and underneath it one of the greatest personalities of the ages, — whether of patriarch himself or of author it matters little. Certainly the book stands for great "searchings of heart" on the part of some transcendent soul; it could never have spun itself out of an idle brain and an empty heart, or flowed off in a drop of ink as the *tour de force* of a glib writer. "Behold the man who was in hell," people used to say of Dante. It was the piercing heart-life that vitalized his poem, not the mere genius, that extorted the remark. In such life as this the book of Job falls no whit below Dante; while in its sanity of spiritual insight, and in its truth to the heart of ancient and modern, of unlettered and scholastic alike, it stands far above the work of the Florentine. Nor is it in spiritual wealth alone that the book of Job repays investigation. Its author, whoever he was, must have had more than common endowments of mind and learning; he would have been recognized as a scholar in any age or country. The book is packed full of the fruits of wide travel, keen observation, sound and judicious thought. To account for these in some reasonable way is of necessity to become acquainted with a personage rich in the spiritual and intellectual heritage of a long life, and with an age and land full of vital forces and traditions.

Where so many threads of experience, contact with the world, suffering, and meditation unite in a great work of literature, the problem of tracing them back to their beginnings is confessedly no easy one; and yet the solution, when it comes, will be found to lie much nearer our common life than we are apt to think; so near, indeed, that the interpreter's chief success will be not to have stumbled over it and been broken in the reach after something more extraordinary. To seek it in psychology or dogma is to lead the reader into deeps that only the learned can explore; to interrogate merely the environment of art and thinking, custom and ceremonial, that surrounds the personages of a remote and alien age is to seek an interest that, for any but the antiquarian, can result at best only in galvanism rather than in life. After all, our hope is in the "russet-coated epic," which can deal not only with deep things, but with neighborhood and domestic affairs, with the small matters of village and market and hearth. The historical novel exists, indeed, in order to translate what is ancient and strange into the dialect of every day, the dialect in which men traffic and jest, and give expression to what Beethoven would call their unbuttoned moods. And it is no small thing to say of Mr. Jackson's book that it reads, as we say of good translations, not like a derived, but like an original work. The story in which he has embodied his study of David's and Solomon's time does much, alike in plot, incidents, and characters, to lend the interest of to-day to lives of long ago.

To take the word that comes most naturally to mind as we finish reading the book, and say that the author has done his work in an eminently workman-

like manner, is to leave so little said as to be misleading. The book is workmanlike, careful, true to historical fact and spirit; but it is more. If the story-taster who would be scared away by such a description will stay a moment, he will find it by no means lacking in the qualities that he desiderates in a story. It is a real story, and it is alive. The movement, it is true, is not rapid, not flippant and electrical; its deep and solemn theme would make such quality out of place. But neither does it halt, nor wait for antiquarian research and sermonizing: and this is a great thing to be assured of when we consider the peculiar nature of the undertaking. A well-studied plot, of deep and searching interest, rich not merely in thought, but in thought-provoking incident, with characters so real and individualized that we follow their fortunes, tragic or tranquil, with an absorption that we hardly realize until the last page is reached; and then, thinking back, we find that we have been looking with realistic eyes at a bit of the actual life of long ago, of that best life such as attended the genesis of great thoughts. There is tragedy here; there must have been in the life of that great man, whoever he was, that wrote the book of Job; but it is relieved by many a pleasant domestic scene, and by intervals where time and nature come in to medicine sorely tried souls. And not heroes alone, nor heroes only in their heroic moments, but womanhood and childhood, as well as every-day moods and life, do their part in making up the fabric of the story. Nor is the story wholly lacking in touches of gentle humor; such playful amenities as make us realize that the men whom we associate with the strenuous life of great affairs could also be genial and pleasant, and yet not be trivial or make a burlesque of history.

On the whole, then, we lay the book down with a deep respect not only for the historic imagination which has so successfully lived itself into a long-past age, but also, and not less, for the narrator's art which has embodied the results of its study into a whole so satisfying and consistent. It is a helpful book to those who love what is great and solemn and serious in life.

As we study the great literary works of the past, we easily get fallacious ideas of what we really want to learn concerning them. We attach great importance to an authorship or a date, as if everything were settled by pinning these down to stern exactness. But names and figures, after all, are barren things. It really makes no difference whether the man who wrote the book of Job was named Eleazar or Heman or Jeremiah; whether he wrote in the year 700 or 813 or 622 before Christ. What we really desire to know is something very different. The book before us is wise and able, it seems to us, in adhering to what is of true and universal interest. It does not attempt to settle date or authorship; it has larger work than this in hand. A date must needs be assumed, of course, or rather a *milieu*, for the germination of the book; but whether we would put it so early as our author does or not, we at least can agree with and profit by the general portrayal of influences here presented. The question is not of facts, but of spiritual principles and potencies. So far all will agree: that Job is a product, and the ripest product, of the Wisdom literature, — that literature which, in its beginnings, we identify with the reign of Solomon; and if we can see the spirit of Hebrew Wisdom rising and coming to expression, if we can get our imagination into the current of that important era of thought, as this story helps us do, it makes little difference whether we put its greatest monument one or two reigns earlier or later. The story affords its help just the same, and this is its service, — a service which is thoroughly, learnedly, and attractively done.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

History and Biography. Edward the First, by Professor T. F. Tout. Twelve English Statesmen Series. (Macmillan.) Professor Tout brings to his work wide and accurate knowledge, and he has produced an interesting, lucid, well-considered, and on the whole, in view of the limitation in space, well-constructed narrative. It hardly needs saying that here, as in any intelligent study of the character and achievements of the king who might well be called Edward the Great, the author must perforce be largely indebted to the masterly and authoritative work of the historian who has made this epoch peculiarly his own. A noticeable and much-to-be-commended feature of this volume is the attention given to Edward's career as Duke of Aquitaine and to his continental policy and influence, — subjects usually most inadequately dealt with. Other and better known aspects of the king's life, as the victor at Evesham, crusader, conqueror of Wales, overlord of Scotland, wise lawgiver, and defender of civil and national rights against the never-ceasing encroachments of the Church, are successively treated. The author's tone throughout is temperate and judicial, and his book worthily fills its place in the admirable series to which it belongs. — The reader of the interesting article in The Atlantic for October, 1891, on The Ascetic Ideal, by Miss Preston and Miss Dodge, will find in the sixth volume of A Select Library of Nicene and Post-Nicene Fathers (The Christian Literature Company, New York) ample material for satisfying the curiosity awakened by the article. This volume is devoted to the Letters and Select Works of St. Jerome, the great author of the Vulgate translation, and will surprise those who ignorantly suppose the Christian Fathers to be a sort of Desert of Sahara with occasional oases. Human nature in the fifth century was a very interesting study, and, for our part, we find St. Jerome vastly more interesting and instructive than that monitor of Christianity in the nineteenth, the religious newspaper. — History of the Jews, by Professor H. Graetz. (The Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia.) The second volume of this work, which we have already noticed, covers the period from the reign of Hyrcanus, 135 B. C., to the completion of the Babylonian Talmud, in the year 500. We are reasonably grateful that Jewish chronology is not used, and that we are let off with C. E. for A. D. It will be seen that this volume covers the advent of the Christ, and it is the portion devoted to the life, teachings, and death of Jesus of Nazareth which will naturally attract the Christian reader. To a superficial student, the most marked characteristic is the studious manner in which this incident is subordinated to the main purpose of the book, together with the exultant recognition of the fact that through Christianity Judaism burst its bonds, and became a message to all the world. — The Settlement of the Jews in North America, by Charles P. Daly. Edited, with Notes and Appendices, by Max J. Kohler. (Philip Cowen, New York.) Twenty years ago Judge Daly delivered an historical address, which was expanded by him in a series of papers in a Jewish journal. The book which contained these is now reissued, with a further contribution by Judge Daly, in which he gives entertaining sketches of prominent Jews of New York, and judicious notes by the editor. The work as now presented is an interesting monograph, which is at once scholarly and readable. — Women of Versailles. The Court of Louis XIV. By Imbert de Saint-Amand. Translated by Elizabeth Gilbert Martin. (Scribners.) From the rich and abundant material illustrating the period covered by this volume, M. de Saint-Amand could not fail to produce an entertaining book. He writes, too, *con amore*, and is indeed somewhat dazzled by the rays of the Sun-King. By way of compensation, perhaps, he indulges in much moralizing, both raptures and homilies being so characteristically French that they lose much of whatever impressiveness they may possess by being done into English. Vivid, though of necessity brief sketches are given of the women who, either by right or by the favor of the king, held court at Versailles during the reign of the most magnificent of monarchs. In the midst of

so much art and artifice, we feel that we have a most refreshing glimpse of nature when we meet, among more brilliant and seductive figures, the Princess Palatine, — that upright, generous, keen-witted, and plain-spoken granddaughter of Elizabeth Stuart, whom the author does not love, but whose personality has a unique interest. Despite certain inevitable limitations of her caste and time, she looks with such clear eyes on the world to which she never ceases to be alien that her strictures thereon might almost be called the verdict of posterity. — The Story of Mary Washington, by Marion Harland. (Houghton.) This narrative leaves the impression of Spartan strength rather than of womanly charm as the distinguishing quality of the grandmother of her country. It appears that the book was written at the request of the National Mary Washington Memorial Association ; and hence it may be that, as a piece of writing, it is not free from marks of haste and something like perfunctoriness. The nature of many of its details gives them an interest of their own. — Benjamin Franklin and the University of Pennsylvania, edited by F. N. Thorpe. (Government Printing Office, Washington.) This is one of the Circulars of Information which the Bureau of Education sends out, but the reader must not be misled by the term "circular." An octavo of four hundred and fifty pages might almost be called a book. Professor Thorpe has called to his aid various gentlemen connected with the university, and the volume, which begins with a rehearsal, in a fresh manner, of well-known facts in Franklin's life, glides almost imperceptibly into a pretty full history and analysis of the university. There is much that is worth preserving, but the government blight falls upon this book, also, and there is a dreary amount of matter which is old and of little value as soon as the document gets published. — The Poet and the Man, Recollections and Appreciations of James Russell Lowell, by Francis H. Underwood. (Lee & Shepard.) It is too much to ask that *the* biography of any great man shall not be preceded by a troop of little biographical books. This estimate of Lowell and his work comes from a friend and editorial associate, and therefore raises expectations of things not known before. It is hard to repress all disappointment, and the reflection that brevity and adequacy are not incompatible. Yet, if Mr. Underwood's book is not all unfamiliar, it leaves the reader with a strengthened sense of the poet's personal charm, and some new cause to care quite as much for the man as for all he did. — Famous Composers and their Works, edited by John Knowles Paine, Theodore Thomas, and Karl Klauser. (J. B. Millet Company, Boston.) Four parts of this serial work have reached us, and they promise an interesting and well-ordered library for the lover of music. The strength of the work appears to be given to the biographical studies, which are full, and plainly worked up with care. So far, Bach, Handel, Gluck, Mozart, and Haydn have been treated. Portraits and historical monuments form appropriate illustrations, and each composer is further set forth by means of characteristic selections from his music. A series of essays upon the development of music is promised, and it is clear from what has been shown that the work is not an omnium gatherum, but a choice and carefully studied artistic whole. — The second volume of Pepys's Diary, edited by H. B. Wheatley, carries the work from April 1, 1661, to the last day of 1662. The delicious old sinner gives one a tolerable notion of what "merry" England was in his days. We are not quite so outspoken now, and we do not treat our daily memorandum books with the same frankness ; perhaps our tomfoolery is more refined, but certainly the way Pepys goes on with "Mrs. Rebecca" and other friends of his gives a notion of the candor of social life which helps to interpret the plays of the day and the novels that followed. This new edition is publishing in Bohn's Library. (Macmillan, New York.) — Mary, Queen of Scots, and her Latest English Historian. A Narrative of the Principal Events in the Life of Mary Stuart, with Some Remarks on Mr. Froude's History of England. By James F. Meline. (Robert Clarke & Co.) A reprint of a work issued twenty years ago, with an introduction and additions to the appendix by the author's niece. Like the historian whom he criticises, the writer is a partisan, but a partisan who can usually quote chapter and verse for the faith that is in him.

Literature and Literary History. The Lit-

erary Works of James Smetham, edited by William Davies. (Macmillan.) The volume of Smetham's Letters was a contribution to the knowledge of a rare spirit. One would gladly see his paintings, because they must have been an equally high form of expression with his letters. The four essays on Reynolds, Blake, Alexander Smith, and Gerhard Dow, which make up the bulk of this volume, are interesting and readable, but only one of them, that on Blake, seems to test the writer's fine insight. The clear, sound judgment displayed in this paper furnishes an admirable interpretation of a man who needs to be looked upon with the eye which is at once poetic and sane. Some of the poems, for the most part grave, and often deeply religious, intimate the more recondite nature of the man. That called An Antidote to Care is rememberable. — The Highway of Letters and its Echoes of Famous Footsteps, by Thomas Archer. (Randolph.) In this handsome volume, Mr. Archer gives, in a sketchy and desultory way, what may perhaps be called a gossipy chronicle of Fleet Street, in its relation to English letters, from the time when, in imagination, he stands with Chaucer and Gower on Fleet Bridge, to the days of Punch and its journalistic neighbors. He touches upon the famous thoroughfare's historic associations as well, and glances at changing customs and manners. Fleet Street is sometimes to him but a point of departure, as he follows the fortunes of some of its *habitués* even past the limits of the City. The result is an entertaining medley, which yet is not without form and consecutiveness, and which in the matter of accuracy of detail will, on the whole, compare favorably with most works of the kind. So many of the landmarks of old London have disappeared during the last fifty years, and the existence of many that still remain is so constantly threatened, that a memorial of Dr. Johnson's "favorite street" is welcome. The volume is profusely illustrated, largely by reproductions from old books and prints. — The very pretty and readable edition of the Works of Charlotte, Emily, and Anne Brontë (J. M. Dent & Co., London; Macmillan, New York) has been further increased by The Professor, Wuthering Heights, and Agnes Grey, and the Poems of the three sisters together with Mr. Brontë's verses. The rage for completeness keeps even pace with the ascetic severity of selections, and one cannot find much fault with the zeal which has made this full edition, but we greatly doubt if the world will ever care for another. It would be hard for the world to get a prettier one, if it did have any such appetite. — Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co., London, have done another service to good letters in their reissue of the works of Henry Fielding in twelve volumes, nine of which have reached us, — two given to Joseph Andrews, four to Tom Jones, and three to Amelia. The series is edited by Mr. Saintsbury, who contributes to the first volume of each novel a characteristic essay, irritating by reason of its cocksureness, and the sort of obtrusion of the editor which is tolerable only because the editor really knows something about his subject. The volumes are much like the Brontë volume, though with a prettier binding; they are delightful in the hand, and have etchings which partake of the old-time flavor. And then, what a treat awaits one who has a genuine love of literature, and reads these books not so much as novels as splendid pieces of English literature, couched in a style so masculine, and yet so pliant, as to be the despair of the careful writer of to-day! — In the Cameo Edition (Scribners), Mr. Andrew Lang's Letters to Dead Authors appear in a new, attractive form, and are the better for the addition of four epistles, — to Maister John Knox, to the Reverend Increase Mather, to Homer, and to Samuel Pepys, Esq. Indeed, the letter to Pepys is one of the best of the entire series, for it enters as thoroughly into the spirit of the frankest of chroniclers as the verses Mr. Lang once mixed with those of Thomas Haynes Bayly caught the flavor of their model; and this, it will be remembered, they did to the desired point of bewilderment. It is something more than "the mock-bird's note" which enables Mr. Lang to address these dead worthies, not merely in their own outward mannerisms, but in a vein of approbation or remonstrance to which each of them in turn must have given heed, if he could have heard. — Messrs. Macmillan & Co. have issued a new edition of Coaching Days and Coaching Ways, by W. Outram Tristram. Illustrated by Hugh Thomson and Herbert Railton. It is uniform with the attractive series of which

Old Christmas was the first and best, and, like all its companions, is a charming volume to the eye. The author considers the seven great highways of England, the Bath, Exeter, Portsmouth, Brighton, Dover, York, and Holyhead roads, and his itineraries are a curious *mélange* of history, tradition, anecdote, legend, fact, and fiction. His lively description (following Ainsworth) of the ride of Dick Turpin we find has lingered longest in our memory, and it is a good specimen of his manner. But the writer is very much overshadowed by the artists, whose illustrations, over two hundred in number, are, as a rule, admirable, and give the book its principal value. — Windfalls of Observation, Gathered for the Edification of the Young and the Solace of Others, by Edward Sandford Martin. (Scribners.) One need not be a symbolist to catch from the title-page of this book a suggestion that it is of the Sandford and Merton variety. No first impression, however, could be more wrong, for the work consists of a number of very pleasant little essays, adapted to the last pages of magazines, on every-day topics of universal interest, such as marriage, death, horses, and climate. In his Little Brother of the Rich, Mr. Martin showed his power to amuse in rhyme. Here, with a very occasional tendency towards too deliberate funniness, he displays the same power in prose, and by its side exhibits a thoroughly assuring element of good sense. The book, in consequence, is a capital thing to be left lying where it may easily be picked up.

Poetry. Selections from the Verse of Augusta Webster. (Macmillan.) When a volume of Selections, very like a book in the Golden Treasury Series, can be made from the poems of one person, and stand clearly forth as a book of distinct merit, there can be no question of its writer's power. Mrs. Webster has published ten or a dozen volumes of verse, and yet, we venture to say, is less known in America than many a poetess of one or two books. Can the reason be that her Muse is not dressed according to all the fashions of the day? It is not necessary to join a cult in order to understand Mrs. Webster, but readers who do not yet know her, and care for poetical simplicity, sincerity and strength, will find them in this little book; and the rest of the world, which knows her already, will not grudge the wider spread of her name and work. — Wanderers, the Poems of William Winter. (Macmillan.) A single one of the new poems in this enlarged edition of Mr. Winter's Wanderers would have justified the appearance of the volume, and that is the poem on the death of George William Curtis. It is a beautifully simple and genuine lament, such as no common loss could have evoked, and no unsensitive pen could have written. The note of lament, indeed, sounds through the book, and few singers could have struck it so often with such constant sincerity as Mr. Winter has shown. — The Æneid of Vergil, Books I.–VI., translated by James Rhoades. (Longmans.) The translator disarms one sort of criticism by half acknowledging in his preface that his work is a labor of love, a thankless task, a "sum of more to that which hath too much." It would be pleasant to assure so modest a person that he is quite wrong. Unhappily, we find ourselves inclined to agree with him, and to lament this new instance of misdirected labor. Before people are old enough to print books, they translate Vergil with fidelity, and in maintaining this youthful standard Mr. Rhoades has permitted himself to write journeyman English verse. — Poems Dramatic and Lyrical, by John Leicester Warren, Lord De Tabley, with illustrations by C. S. Ricketts. (Elkin Mathews and John Lane, London; Macmillan, New York.) The liberal use of such words as "dædal" and "rathe," no less than the pale green and gold cover and the severely mediæval illustrations, set this book apart, beautifully made as it is, as belonging to the order of the precious, and crying out more than half in protest against what its author calls our "huckster age." Yet others than the *illuminati* can find something to enjoy in the vigor of portions of the dramatic poem Jael, and in such verses as A Song of Faith Forsworn and A Madrigal. In another way readers may find their appetites whetted by coming upon the poet's Arcadian landscape in which "crisp lambs are merry." Verily the cook is forestalled. — Columbian and Other Poems, by Francis Browning Owen. (Register Publishing Company, Ann Arbor, Mich.) The prose in this volume is quite as remarkable as the poetry. The author is at once in advance of his times and behind them. His innovation is a gen-

erously appreciative autobiography ; his return to the past, a revival of the eighteenth-century fashion of dedications. He has a separate patron for his collection, and for each of its longer pieces of verse. With a persistency which argues a guilty conscience, he trusts that these friends will not find the time given to the "perusal" of his works "entirely squandered." Of the works themselves it is needless to speak, except to say that a better poet than Mr. Francis Browning Owen might suffer something like a recoil from the guileless heading given to each page, to wit, Browning's Poems. — The Conquest of Mexico and Peru, prefaced by the Discovery of the Pacific. An Historical Narrative Poem. By Kinahan Cornwallis. (The Daily Investigator, New York.) What fun Mr. Cornwallis must have had writing this poem in the intervals of business ! The ticker may have served as a metronome.

Fiction. Two Bites at a Cherry, with Other Tales, by Thomas Bailey Aldrich. (Houghton.) Seven tales and fantasies, in which the reader will find not so much the story, which is supposed to be what he is after, and does not always get in modern fiction, but the whim, the expanded incident, the graceful embroidery of a character or scene. They are tales to be sipped, not gulped, and there are no dregs at the bottom. — The Petrie Estate, by Helen Dawes Brown. (Houghton.) The reader need expect no intricate legal problems in this carefully constructed story. The writer has chosen to interest herself rather in the development of the character of the heroine, who comes not only into the possession of the estate, but into that ownership of herself which is of vastly more consequence. There is no straining of situations or characters, and there is an undercurrent of serious meaning which gives strength to the book without intruding itself on the reader's notice. — In Blue Uniform, an Army Novel, by George I. Putnam. (Scribners.) Granting that one half of a novel should be dreary, is it better to have it the first or the second ? This question is not propounded for debating societies, but suggests itself to the reader of this story. He has to endure much until the romance and tragedy, which end the book, begin, and then he feels himself brought very near to the genuinely human life of a frontier post. There is comfort in the opportunity of saying these words even of a portion of an "army novel," for the common impulse is to admit at once that the sword is mightier than the pen, and have done with it. — Can This Be Love ? by Mrs. Parr. (Longmans.) The story of a will made in a passion, whereby a nephew is disinherited, and a little girl, the daughter of a poor clerk, becomes an heiress. That the child, brought up by a friend of the testator, a widow of good social position, should drift away from her kinsfolk, should fancy herself in love with her guardian's only son, and should finally marry the disinherited one, now a popular author, and become the benefactress of her family, is the natural sequence. The tale is entirely conventional, both in incident and character, barring certain unfortunate attempts at originality in the portrait of the æsthetic Vivian ; but it is pleasantly written and readable, and so youthfully ingenuous in tone that it will probably prove attractive to the unexacting young reader. — A Literary Courtship, under the Auspices of Pike's Peak, by Anna Fuller. (Putnams.) This trifle, by the clever author of Pratt Portraits, almost tempts one to think that her earlier book was taken from life, and this one from newspaper cuts. — Day and Night Stories, Second Series, by T. R. Sullivan. (Scribners.) The Spanish Doña of A Toledo Blade and the Italian Marchesa of The Anatomist of the Heart are women, different as they are in type, that one does not easily forget. Magazine readers will be glad to find them in a book, and to renew acquaintance with Mr. Sullivan's men, among whom, though the bachelor *malgré lui* is rather persistently in evidence, the gentleman, happily, is always present. It need not be said that the stories as a whole show skill and power of no mean degree. — The New Eden, by C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne. (Longmans.) A wholly unnecessary tale of a new Adam and Eve, — or a new Miranda who has not even had a father, and an aboriginal Ferdinand who drifts on a raft from his island to hers. They make proof of various human experiences, including drunkenness and fighting, and in the end become sun-worshipers. A mysterious archduke, who appears in the Prologue and Epilogue, is, with the exception of their little Cain, the only link between these "Probably Arboreals"

and the rest of the human race. — The Opinions of a Philosopher, by Robert Grant. (Scribners.) As a frivolous girl, Mr. Grant has confessed ; as a bachelor, he has reflected ; and now, as a philosopher, and of course a married one, he is entitled to opinions. The philosopher of his tale has formed them through the course of the pleasantest married life in the pleasantest Boston ; and when they are set forth in the manner of which Mr. Grant has command, it is no surprise that the result is agreeable. The quiet humor of normal, "satisfactory" life pervades the book, which ends with a page of such genuineness in its showing of what man and wife may be to each other that it may well produce in frivolous girls and bachelors alike a tendency towards turning philosophers. — The Story of a Story, and Other Stories, by Brander Matthews. (Harpers.) The line between realism and reality is drawn very taut in some of these stories, and the reader cannot help feeling that the writer half shirks the honest work of his imagination when he veils real people and places so thinly as in the instances of the Metropolis magazine office, of Mr. Laurence Laughton at "the club," with Mr. Booth in the cut illustrating the story, and of the nameless Spanish dancer, with a picture definitely establishing her identity. According to Mr. Matthews's own words, however, in the dedication of his book, it is "the trade of story-telling" which he practices. It is enough, then, that his stories should be well knit, workmanlike, and effective ; and all this, with here and there a touch of something better, many of them are. But "betarded dinners," — are they Americanisms or Briticisms ? — Late volumes in the new edition of William Black's works (Harpers) are : White Heather, the love story of Ronald Strang, gamekeeper and poet, whose verses are scattered through the tale, and who numbers among his friends a rich Chicagoan and his pretty daughter, who, in Mr. Black's hands, bear more resemblance to such characters in the flesh than they would be apt to do in those of most of his co-workers ; and Sabina Zembra, the history of a contemporary Cinderella, given to good works in contrast to her family's frivolities and worldly ambitions, who, after an unhappy matrimonial experience, is enabled, in the fifty-first chapter, to accept as her second husband the true prince. — Messrs. Lippincott have republished in holiday guise, and with illustrations by Edmund H. Garrett, four of the short stories of Louisa de la Ramé, — The Dog of Flanders, and Other Stories. Those who know Ouida only from her more popular novels have little conception of the beauty and pathos of some of her shorter tales, notably the title story of this volume, and one of its companions, A Leaf in the Storm.

Travel and Nature. The Wilderness Hunter, an Account of the Big Game of the United States, and its Chase with Horse, Hound, and Rifle, by Theodore Roosevelt. (Putnams.) Mr. Roosevelt has the advantage over many mighty hunters that he sallies forth from his own ranch, so that his hunting excursions are not so much special tourneys as the regular accompaniments of daily life. The spirited descriptions of his adventure, the graphic pictures of wild life, and the running commentary on men and classes of men combine to give this handsome volume the air of solid, substantial record of a manner of life which will one day be historic. The wholesome, virile force of the book is of a sort to stir the sluggard, and set him to a fresh valuation of his own powers of living. — A House-Hunter in Europe, by William Henry Bishop. (Harpers.) Readers of The Atlantic will recall with pleasure the narrative of Mr. Bishop's experience as he rambled up and down Europe, and even touched Africa, in his search for ideal conditions of modest housekeeping. He has brought his papers together, made valuable additions to them, and offers thus a most desirable handbook, in anything but the dry handbook manner, for the increasing number of sensible Americans who wish, when living in Europe, to worship their own household gods. — Blackfoot Lodge Tales, the Story of a Prairie People, by George Bird Grinnell. (Scribners.) Legend and history are judiciously mingled in this record of a man's intimacy with the Blackfoot Indians. The traditional tales of the tribe have their full share of interest as folk-lore, and startle the reader now and again with their close resemblance to the primitive stories of other lands. Mr. Grinnell puts them in effective form, and adds to them so straightforward and sympathetic an account of Indian life before and after its contact with "civilization"

that the saying, "The best Indian is the dead Indian," gains a new meaning, — it is best for the Indian. — The Shrubs of Northeastern America, by Charles S. Newhall. (Putnams.) Mr. Newhall has done here for shrubs what he has already done for trees, — made a sort of finding list, by means of which the student may identify through leaf and flower the shrubs he meets in his walks. The simplicity of the book, and the rudeness but intelligibility of the cuts, which are plain in both senses, render it a serviceable companion.

Politics. Practical Essays on American Government, by Albert Bushnell Hart. (Longmans.) The point of view of the writer of this book is an interesting one, and it determines largely the worth of the treatment. He is a student of history, especially of American history ; he is a teacher of it in Harvard ; he belongs to the group of students and teachers who seek to employ scientific methods. When, therefore, he applies himself to such themes as the election of a President, civil service reform, the functions of the Speaker, the course run by a bill in Congress, the exercise of the suffrage, he takes up matters of great import in legislation and administration, and studies them from a basis of historic investigation and philosophic analysis, but he uses actual, living conditions. Dr. Hart demonstrates by this book, as we think no one else has so well demonstrated, the possible close connection between academic study and practical politics. — History of Elections in the American Colonies, by Cortlandt F. Bishop. (Columbia College, New York.) A volume in the series of Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law, and a studious examination of general and of local elections as regards the qualifications required of electors and the management of elections, with an appendix of forms and unpublished statutes. The book is a welcome addition to the literature of the subject, which indeed we think never has been brought into so orderly and comprehensive a form.

Illustrated Publications. The Book of the Fair : an Historical and Descriptive Presentation of the World's Science, Art, and Industry, as viewed through the Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893. Designed to set forth the Display, made by the Congress of Nations, of Human Achievement in Material Form, so as the more effectually to illustrate the Progress of Mankind in all the Departments of Civilized Life. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. (The Bancroft Company, Chicago and San Francisco.) So reads the title-page of a work which has been projected to cover a thousand imperial folio pages, twelve by sixteen inches, and to contain over two thousand illustrations. It is issuing in twenty-five parts, of which two have reached us ; and if the other parts correspond in interest and beauty to these, the completed book will be a very substantial, and in many ways satisfactory record of the great fair. It is almost too much to ask that so splendid an achievement should be set forth modestly, but there are not many examples in these parts of that pernicious attempt to describe the big fair in words and sentences of exaggerated rhetorical splendor which has had so many illustrations in the correspondence of the day. If there is a single lesson to be drawn from the fair applicable to all arts, including the art of writing, it is the supreme value of proportion. The gigantic buildings do not impress the looker-on as gigantic, because the proportions are so fair and harmonious that size becomes subordinated to beauty, and we trust that this commendable record of the fair will preserve a like simplicity of line and dignity of proportion. — Picturesque Chicago and Guide to the World's Fair, issued by the Religious Herald, and presented to its subscribers as a souvenir of fifty years' publication of the paper. (D. S. Moseley, Hartford, Conn.) A collection of process cuts with such text as the pictures demand. Some of the narrative is flowing, but most of the explanations are of the dictionary order. Yet even the dictionary can be fervid, as witness this passage : "Among the many magnificent structures of Chicago, the Auditorium is the greatest. *It is the most famous building on the American continent.* [Italics ours.] At once a grand opera house, a superb hotel, and a mammoth office building, *there is not to be found on the face of the earth a pile that will compare with it.* [Italics again ours.] *It represents the modern idea, as the Coliseum at Rome represented the ancient. It is in construction representative of Chicago as a city, where art, beauty, and utility are so strongly defined, though* NEARLY ALWAYS BLENDED ON EVERY SIDE." All the rest of the italics

ours, faintly indicative of an admiration of the rhetoric. Small capitals mean great applause from us. — In turning over the numbers of L'Art, the fortnightly journal which, published in Paris, is supplied here by the Macmillans, one always finds interesting and well-studied papers and illustrations, and is quite sure now and then to come upon a thoroughly satisfactory etching, photogravure, or other reproduction of a work of art, historical or contemporary. In the half dozen numbers before us, closing with that for September 15, there are, for example, a Salon picture of 1893, Grande Marée dans la Manche, painted by Hagborg, in which the toilers by the sea are capitally rendered; an etching from Babieu's Bergerie, with an admirably reproduced interior of a sheepcote; and a spirited Relais de Chiens, by Hermann-Leon.

Ethics and Religion. Tasks by Twilight, by Abbot Kinney. (Putnams.) The special appeal of this book is to parents, that they will instruct their young sons and daughters explicitly in all that is involved in the true meaning and dignity of marriage. The writer speaks with sufficient directness, but whether dealing with his favorite theme, or making more general remarks upon education and life, he reminds one of Dr. Hale's Double; for on these topics, certainly, much has been said, and on the whole very well said. — Verbum Dei, the Yale Lectures on Preaching, 1893, by Robert F. Horton, M. A. (Macmillan.) The best type of English non-conformist thought upon the Christian ministry is represented in this book; and it is a very spiritual calling for which Mr. Horton pleads. Of necessity, the book's appeal is distinctly to the clerical class; yet no layman need be denied the satisfaction of knowing what sometimes he is inclined to doubt, — that standards as high as any the laity can set up for its spiritual leaders are earnestly urged by the leaders themselves. — Our Animal Friends is an illustrated monthly magazine issued by the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in New York, and its yearly volumes bound make evident the various and often ingenious modes by which the prophets of this calling encourage humanity in the treatment of animals, and especially awaken in the minds of the young a somewhat dormant sense of pity and kindness.

Books for the Young. A Child's History of France, by John Bonner. (Harpers.) As is usual in books of this class, the author lays stress upon dramatic and picturesque incidents, connecting them by a thread of narrative, thus giving a continuous history of France from the time of Clovis to the downfall of the Second Empire. The more salient points in this history have been judiciously selected, the work is well proportioned and readable, but the writer has not escaped some of the pitfalls lying in wait for the makers of such compendiums. The style is at times needlessly colloquial, some measure of grace and dignity not being out of place even in a child's history; and the tendency to offer simple and off-hand explanations of complex matters occasionally leads to questionable results, as in the remarkable reasons given for England's long life-and-death struggle with Napoleon. We are surprised to read in the preface that the book is not intended exclusively for children, but also for "boys and girls who are ready to enter college." We had imagined that young persons who had attained that degree of culture had left such elementary works far behind them, and were able to read histories that are also literature. The volume is attractive in its make-up, and is fully and well illustrated. — Heroic Happenings, told in Verse and Story, by Elbridge S. Brooks. With Illustrations by Garrett, Birch, Ogden Meynelle, Singren, and others. (Putnams.) The happenings date from Egypt B. C. 1310 to the present day. Mr. Brooks has caught up various incidents of history and common experience, and set them forth with that dashing style which seems, if not required, yet readily stimulated by heroism. — Topsys and Turvys, by P. S. Newell. (Century Company.) Most of us have learned in childhood to imagine in a vague way a world in which everything is upside down, but few have worked out for themselves a scheme of things in which objects inverted shall become no less objects of respect and proper formation. This is what Mr. Newell has done for us all in his colored pictures and the rhymes under and over them, which look and read as well one way as the other, if not better, — to adopt a topsy-turvy method of speech. The book is designed for the young, but possibly it may be found to resemble the circus in permitting many older persons to superintend the children's amusement.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

The Old Village Academy.

MAY I not say a word for the village academy, an institution that, like the little red schoolhouse, is growing more and more a thing of the past? I do not refer here to the large schools and seminaries in important towns, that draw their pupils from a wide range of country, and sometimes from half the States in the Union, but to the small academies, or "select schools," which used to be found in almost every moderately large township. These have been crowded out by the high school, with its corps of teachers, its costly apparatus, and all the paraphernalia of a modern institution of learning.

Far be it from me to say the change is not for the better. Very likely it is. Yet one thing is certain. The boys and girls of the old village academy were, in a certain sense, a picked set. They were fired with the love of learning. But the high school is a part of the system, the highest point in the grade. If the boy stays long enough, he gets hoisted up there at last, — sometimes by his own efforts, sometimes by those of his teachers.

I want to tell a little story of fifty years ago, when the red schoolhouse and the village academy divided the honors between them. Fifty years, did I say? Fifty-four, if you please, for it was the winter of 1838–39. It so happened that, in a certain New England neighborhood, where the daily stagecoach to Troy and another "over the mountain" were the only avenues of communication with the outside world, there was a group of four young persons, — three girls and one boy, — who concocted among themselves (with the aid and coöperation of their parents, of course) a plan for attending the academy in a village two miles off. They must ride; for winter pedestrianism was not to be thought of, through snow drifts and "mighty, rushing winds," with the thermometer far below zero. A real coöperative establishment was the result. Mr. A furnished the steady-going old gray mare. Mr. B provided a two-seated wagon, or sleigh, according to circumstances; for, unfortunately, our snow was fickle-minded. It could not be depended upon to come in November and remain till March. Mr. C paid for the "keeping" of old Dolly, and Mr. D did something, — I forget what. The one boy of the party was the charioteer; and, duly as the sun, he appeared at our respective gates every morning to gather up his merry comrades. Let me say here, by way of concession to the Goddess of Good Form, if there be such an one, that while I, who was the youngest of the quartette, was not quite fourteen, the eldest was a staid, womanly girl of twenty, who might have been forty as far as dignity of demeanor went. So our guardians, who were by no means forgetful of the proprieties in that fa day, considered us sufficiently chaperoned.

Well muffled in hoods, cloaks, and shawls, and each with a lunch-basket and a satchel of books, off we went, up hill and dow dale, in the clear, sparkling sunshine, or under lowering winter skies, — it did not matter which. What did we care for cold or dampness, in those days when rheumatism was not, and neuralgia had never been heard of?

The academy was in the second story of the old town hall, just within the shadow of the tall church steeple. The stairs were rough, and, if the truth must be told, not always over-clean. The one large room, with its whitewashed walls and its many shadeless windows, was as plain as a flagstaff. Two or three blackboards, dingy with long use, faced the five rows of dull-red desks that ran backward to the further wall. The teacher's platform was at the right of the door. In the middle of the room was a great box stove, and there may have been a chair or two for visitors. That was all. There was not a globe, nor a map, nor a picture. It seems to me there was a big Webster's Dictionary for the common weal, but I am not so sure of that.

As for the scholars, they were in appearance a motley group, — democratic to the last degree. As we crowded round the stove on a keen, frosty morning, when all the windows were like ground glass, and every nail in the heavy door was white, "cloth of frieze" touched "cloth of gold," and neither was disturbed by the contact.

But as I look backward to those busy, shining hours, my first thought is, "How we all studied! How eager we were! How joyfully we worked! What keen delight we took in construing an intricate sentence, or in solving a hard problem!" There were about fifty scholars, — possibly there were seventy-five, — and among them was a group of eight or ten bright young fellows who were fitting for college; preparing to enter as sophomores the ensuing autumn. What an ambitious lot we were, to be sure! I was the only girl in the "advanced Latin," and had the honor of occupying a seat on one end of the long, narrow recitation bench, a little withdrawn, as was proper, from those stars of the first magnitude. The problem of coeducation had not come up then. If a girl wanted to study with her brothers, cousins, or friends, she did it, and that was all there was of it. How we sought for the derivation of words! How we reveled in the classical dictionary, brought by one of us, and thrown into the common stock, passing from hand to hand, from desk to desk! The first word of greeting in the morning was a question about the coming lesson; the latest word at night was a reminder of the last one.

How many teachers did we have? Just one. At this distant day, I doubt very much if he was a marvel of learning, though I thought he was then. He was a young man, barely out of college himself; and he certainly could not have had very wide experience of books or men. But he had the rare gift of stimulating and inspiring his scholars, and of kindling every latent spark of enthusiasm in their natures. "Enthusiasm" is a better word than "ambition" in this connection. Study was a joyful labor, done for the pure love of it. It was its own end; not simply a means to some other end.

The village academy taught concentration and command of one's self, if it taught nothing else. Study and recitation went on in the same room and at the same time. We had but few ironclad rules of conduct. Whispering inordinately was, of course, not allowable. But if there seemed real occasion for speaking, we spoke, and no one was the worse for it. No one in that schoolroom had ever heard the expression "good form." It was not in vogue then. But if it had been, we should have announced with one voice that it was not good form to distur b others.

A good deal of latitude was allowed, also, as to morning tardiness, and the hours of coming and going. This had to be. Probably there were not a dozen of the boys who had not "chores" to do for somebody. And chores were very indefinite; they had a way of spinning out, now and then, of a short, dark winter morning, that was very exasperating.

In one important respect the village academy of half a century ago differed widely from the schools of to-day. Greek and Latin, algebra and geometry, the prescribed studies of the day, whatever they might be, were well taught, and possibly after a sturdier fashion than they are now. But in most cases — naturally there were exceptions to all general rules then as now — the wide, enchanting fields of English literature and history were left untilled. The average rural student could tell you the story of the Iliad, but not that of Hamlet and Macbeth. He knew all about Helen of Troy and Dido of Carthage; but the chances were that he had seldom so much as heard of Portia and Juliet, Rowena or Jeanie Deans. He had a parsing (not passing) acquaintance with Paradise Lost, and also with Pollock's Course of Time and Young's Night Thoughts. The loftiest passages in Milton were associated in his mind solely with the grammarian's dissecting table. As for the names of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, and Shelley, they were to him sounds, and nothing more.

Of art he knew absolutely nothing, — nothing of its birth, its growth, its history, its aspirations; hardly even of its great names. Very likely his whole idea of art centred in the fact that his sister "took" drawing lessons, or dabbled in pale watercolors, or perhaps, if she were very fortunate, had learned to paint velvet bags and cushions in stencil.

He knew the history of Greece and Rome fairly well, and could give you the dates of the Punic wars; but ten to one he did not know the date of the Norman Conquest, nor when nor where John signed Magna Charta.

All this, and much more that is taught the children of this day and generation almost before they are out of swaddling clothes, we older folk who were in school fifty years ago have had to pick up as we best could, — pick up in crumbs by the wayside, as it were.

And yet — and yet — I have sometimes

wondered if half the joy of life had not been in that very picking up! Our appetites were not satiated at the start. They were only whetted.

I suppose we had some sort of an examination, or exhibition, at the close of that winter term, but I have no recollection of it. I only know that it all came to an end at last: that old Dolly carried us over the winding road for the last time, and was turned out to graze in the spring pastures; that the coöperative quartette disbanded; that most of us have never met one another from that day to this; and that by far the greater part of the boys and girls who studied together that winter can never be seen again anywhere by mortal eye. Let us sing Auld Lang Syne by way of doxology, and pronounce the benediction over the old village academy.

A Bit of Pot Luck. — Besides the proverbs and catch-words which become the property of the state and part of the language, there are always innumerable family bywords, enriching their own little patch of soil, and allusions whereof the significance is keen to the few, and known to them alone. The members of our little party who made a European trip together not many years ago do not say, with the English, "to rough it on a beefsteak and a bottle of porter." Their equivalent for roughing it is "to eat a Bozen stew," the homeliness of that dish having impressed all their imaginations, though only one of the party could report of its flavor.

The experience was mine. We had stopped at Bozen for a Sunday rest, to break the journey over the Brenner Pass. It was in the last days of December. Two of us started for a walk in the direction of the Rafenstein, a gray ruin perched on the edge of the mountain, — just far enough off to promise an easy climb, with a view at the end of it. A steep road, roughly paved, led up the hill in the direction of the castle. The snow lay deep on the mountains, but near the town the frozen ground was scantily covered; and as the forenoon wore on, the ice began to melt, and flow in little rills between the cobblestones.

On our way we came up with a woman, and walked beside her for some distance. She had a long journey before her, to her home in a village among the mountains, seven good hours from Bozen. She was going to stop at an inn at Rafenstein for her dinner. The noonday meal at the hotel was already beginning to loom up in our minds as a bore. The air was so exhilarating, the sun already so warm; the freedom from city bonds in midwinter gave a sense as of a pleasure out of season. In fact, the view of those gray battlements and snow fields of the Dolomites took away all our desire for Italy. Why should we not get a day's delight, at least? Why not lunch by the wayside, and take a longer way back to Bozen? We asked the woman about the inn. She said it was a small one, frequented only by the people of the country. She was not sure that it would suit the ladies. We could not miss it, as it was close to the castle.

On arriving at the castle, we found a jumble of ruin and farmyard, and a shabby-looking farmhouse, which was without bush or signboard, but was nevertheless an inn. We devoted ourselves first to the castle, and "did" it thoroughly. We rambled through its cellars, climbed upon its walls, looked out at the Dolomites through its many apertures, and crossed gulfs that had been its rooms.

The tenants of the open, sunny, downstairs rooms of Castle Rafenstein were a set of ragged-looking hens, scratching ineffectually at the frozen ground between the patches of snow. Their presence no doubt suggested to my companion a whole menu. "If I eat anything in this place, it will have to be boiled eggs," she said, as she stood in the narrow passage of the inn, and looked, with a hesitation in which there was a considerable amount of firmness, into the room where our friend the peasant woman was already established. It was a large, bare room, not over-bright, with wooden tables and benches. In one corner a man was lying on the top of a porcelain stove, which afforded a surface about the size of a truncated double bed. The windows were small, and had probably not been opened since the summer; the atmosphere was as substantial as the rest of the furniture.

My companion, as I have indicated, was for staying outside; but hunger and the curiosity of a traveler impelled me to enter and sit down at one of the tables, and she gradually summoned courage to follow. The man descended, pipe in mouth, to survey us; a number of children came in to assist in the

operation ; also a woman, to take our order. We asked about fresh eggs. There were just two to be had. What else was there in the house ? They had nothing cooked, the woman said, except what they had had for their own dinner ; perhaps it would not do for the gracious ladies. The peasant woman was eating soup, with a dish before her reserved for a second course. I ordered, for the double satisfaction of my appetite and my curiosity, a dinner like hers, my companion secured the eggs, and we asked for bread and the white wine of the country.

This repast, after a reasonable interval, was set before us. The eggs fairly warranted the trust reposed in them ; the bread was black bread, hard and not sweet, but eatable ; the wine, a pure juice of the sourest kind of grape. My order consisted of a bowl of thick black bean soup and a dish of something equally dark and mysterious, but solid, massed in a large heap, on the top of which two little sausages, brick-red under their brown skins, reposed like lizards on a pile of stones. My hostess pointed them out with pride. "I thought you would like them," she said. I ate the soup, and then proceeded to investigate the other problem. It proved to be composed of portions of a fowl, though exactly what portions I was not anatomist enough to tell. The comb and claws were recognizable when picked out ; the rest I classed, in my ignorance, as "liver and lights." The dark brown liquid in which they had been cooked could scarcely have accounted for the dark hue of the whole dish, except on the theory of a very prolonged solution.

It was the Sunday dinner of the family, and it was mine. I will not say that the first step was the only one that cost, but we had a very cheerful, sociable little meal, and carried away a pleasant recollection of Rafenstein and its people. The host, whose siesta we had interrupted, came and sat near to talk to us while we ate, and his wife stood and joined in. He asked from what country we came ; and when he heard it was America, he began to make inquiries about a great flood which had overwhelmed our land. We were puzzled at first, supposing the disaster to be recent and as wide as the continent, but soon found he was talking of the Johnstown flood of a couple of years before, of which he had read in the newspapers. He was well up in all its details. What he could not understand was the situation of the reservoir, and the reason of its construction having been allowed in a position where it endangered the lives of the community. We had to confess that we did not ourselves understand it ; that it was an abstruse question, connected in some way with the sovereignty of the almighty dollar.

While we were talking, the children of the family, all sizes, ranging from a tall youth and a maiden with braided hair down to a tow-headed urchin, stood about the room, looking earnestly at us, and showing in their bright faces an interest in all that went on. There was nothing rude in their stare ; they were silent till they were spoken to, and then answered shyly, but with a pleasing manner. The elder ones went to school, and all could read. Their mother told us about them with apparent pride. She was a pleasant, evidently hard-working woman, and very anxious that we should be well served. Perhaps it was this anxiety of a hostess, perhaps a curiosity to know how they lived in barbarous lands, that prompted her to inquire, as I partook of the stew, whether I ate food like that in my own country. What can one do but give a pleasant answer ? I told her, nothing half as good. But any tendency to indisposition on my part, of any sort whatever, for months afterwards, was set down by all the rest of the party to the account of that Bozen stew.

Edmond and Jules de Goncourt.

— The readers of Daudet's Souvenirs d'un Homme de Lettres will remember the touching description he gives of Edmond de Goncourt reading to his friends the manuscript of the first book written by himself alone, after the death of his brother Jules ; how his glance wandered over to the empty place at the table, where for twenty years his "twin mind" had toiled and written with him, — two intelligences so bound together by love, by mutual sympathies and tastes, that, as they said of themselves, they could never tell which one of them had first thought or expressed the written word.

It was in the same room described by Daudet, in Goncourt's house at Auteuil, that I saw him. The sunlight, shining through the yellow leaves of the great trees in the garden, filled the room with golden light, touching the beautiful Japanese bronzes

and lacquers on the large writing-table before the window, and showing the rich and rare bindings of the books that lined the room. A tall, aristocratic-looking man, over whose whole expression and appearance was the shadow of an unalterable grief, came forward and greeted me with courtesy and simplicity. There is no doubt that at seventy years of age the life and thought of a man have left an indelible impression on his physiognomy. The ignorant and vulgar critics who call the author of La Fille Eliza and Germinie Lacerteux gross and brutal, those who pretend he is vain and egotistic, would not find a trace of any qualities such as these words imply in the melancholy and beautiful face of the most distinguished and interesting personality in modern French literature.

One feels in his manner the dignified ambition, the noble pride, of a man of letters, who for more than forty years has been a constant searcher after perfection of form and style, and has never sacrificed his high ideals of truth and beauty to those two modern literary divinities, money and notoriety. His large, brilliant dark eyes, with their keen regard, have an expression of kindly irony ; the long white mustache and imperial do not conceal entirely the delicate, sensitive lines of the mouth ; his hand, that part of us which expresses so much, is very beautiful, and the grasp, at once firm and delicate, reveals the artist and collector, — a hand made for the etcher's burin, or for handling rare and delicate objects. Together with his face of a poet and artist, the high, full forehead, the square, solid-looking head, give the idea of a man of science, a collector and classifier of facts. It is exactly this union of keen observation and scientific investigation with the imagination of the poet applied to his art that gives to the work of Goncourt so great a value.

Although it is more than twenty years since the death of the younger brother, one feels their common thought, and Edmond de Goncourt, in the journal begun in 1851 by the two, and continued by him since the death, in 1870, of his dearly loved companion, keeps the title Journal des Goncourt ; so that, when they are spoken of, it is always as if the two were still writing together, — it is always the brothers des Goncourt.

Fifty years from now, the Journal des Goncourt will be the most fascinating and vivid history in existence of the literary and artistic life of Paris during the last half of this century. Their intimate friendships with all the great writers of the time give to the volumes an enormous value for one who wishes to follow the history of modern French literature. But its supreme interest will always consist in its being that full and free history of the tender and intimate union of the two brothers who, from the time of their mother's death until the death of the younger, a period of more than twenty years, were never separated but once for twenty-four hours. Their work, their sufferings, their pleasures, were shared together ; no outside love or friendship ever came between them. It was the cruel fate of the elder to see the younger brother, so passionately and tenderly loved, with his brilliant, finely organized intellect, break down under the long-sustained effort for perfection in his art ("Il est mort du travail de la forme à la peine du style. — E. de G.") ; dying without having received the recognition or honors that were his due, and suffering all the torture and agony that a fine nature, a rare intelligence, can suffer in feeling his reason, his understanding, disappear, slowly but surely, from day to day, until death came. There is no antique tragedy, no modern drama, more heart-rending, more pathetic, than the story of the last months of Jules de Goncourt, as recorded by his brother, who gives his reasons for printing the account of those terrible days in the following passage : —

"Oh, there will be those who will say that I have not loved my brother, that one cannot describe a real affection. That affirmation does not affect me in the least, for I have the consciousness of having loved him more than those who will say that have ever loved a human creature. They will also say that, in illness, one should hide the weakness, the moral feebleness, of the patient. Yes, for a moment I felt I could not give to the public this part of the journal. There were words, phrases, that tore my heart in rewriting them ; but, repressing all sensibility, I have thought it would be useful in the history of letters to give this brutally frank study of the agony of a dying man, killed by devotion to his profession, and also, I can honestly say, by unjust criticism, by the insults, the hatreds, the jealousies, by which he has been pursued."

Aristocrats by birth, instincts, and tastes, no modern French writers have so entered into the lives and sufferings of the wretched, the miserable, with the sympathy and comprehension of real lovers of humanity. Solitary and austere in their lives, consecrated to their work and their artistic studies, no writers have suffered more at the hands of ignorant and malicious critics ; it has only been by the really great writers of the time that they have been understood and appreciated ; and it is good to note in Edmond de Goncourt's journal the full and free friendships, ended only by death, that he has enjoyed with Flaubert, Hugo, Gautier, Sainte-Beuve, and others. Long ago, in the preface to Germinie Lacerteux, written in 1864, the brothers wrote as follows : "To-day, when the novel is enlarged and more ample ; when it begins to be the serious, passionate, living form of literary study and scientific investigation in social questions ; when it is becoming, by its critical analysis, its psychological research, the contemporary history of morals and human life ; when the novel demands thorough and scientific studies, it has a right to claim a high place in the world of letters. If it seeks a form artistic and truthful ; if it show the misery that, the happy should not forget, exists ; if it picture to the world of fashion what the sisters of charity have the courage to see, what in olden times the queens essayed to cure with the royal glance, — the human misery which is always present, — if the novel have that religion which the past century calls by the grand and vast name Humanity, that consciousness is sufficient ; its right to exist is there."

It is this large and noble view of the duty of the novelist that the creator of the modern romance has always held, — the writer to whose works the future historian of this time will come for a knowledge of the art, the literature, the human life, of the last part of our century.

Fingers of the Holy Apostles.

— "Their old name was 'halters for priests,'" explains Donna Brigida, standing in the midst of her tiny but spotless kitchen, deftly rolling a creamy compound of *ricotta*, milk, sugar, and flavoring into thin wafers of fried egg. "But a dish of them was sent to monsignor, who asked, on tasting them, the name of this most toothsome sweet. The idiot who carried them replied, 'Eccellenza, these are *halters for priests*.' 'Diamini ! why should they not be halters for *nuns ?*' answered monsignor ; and after that, the name was changed to *fingers of the holy apostles*, as of a more pious sound. Eh, poor Don Filippo used to say that if these were the fingers of the apostles, he would eat even their thumbs. But, Agrippina mine, while thou standest there with thy mouth open, listening to me, time flies, and at this pace the lamb will not get roasted. What would Easter be without lamb ? Give the signorina the cinnamon, and run thou to the garden. Get the herbs for the roast, a good handful, and the salad ; be sure the oranges are blooded, and mind each one is as beautiful as our Signorina Maria herself. Now, child, when they are all rolled up, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon, and set the plate on a pan of boiling water until the sugar melts. Then they are done, and ready to set away to cool."

At this moment Don Francesco puts his head in at the door for the third time.

"Learning to make apostles' fingers, eh ? Brava ! brava, signorina ! Well, Brigida, are they not almost done ? It is as long as saying the rosary, and I want to show her the view from the terrace, and get her that certain thing I have been saving."

"Away with you, Francesco ! You men, you know when things are good to eat, but you think they can be made in the wink of an eye. This kitchen is not big enough for a conclave. Go ; we shall have finished pretty soon."

The skullcap and gray beard meekly disappear, leaving me to shape, with bungling apprentice hands, the famous sweet which is only one of a long repertory for which Donna Brigida's fame is proverbial.

It is Easter Day, and we dine on the traditional dishes of the season ; but each thing is of a succulence and flavor to be found only in Donna Brigida's domain.

First comes broth, clear and strong, but delicately seasoned, with *pasta* sliced in narrow ribbons of mathematical precision, and of a golden hue and appetizing lightness which show that fresh eggs have not been spared in the concocting. Savory sausages follow, with hard-boiled eggs and the creamy butter and cheeses which suggest endless green pastures and fatted kine. Next come artichokes, boiled, around beef ; lamb stewed to rare lusciousness, with artl-

chokes and chopped eggs ; roast lamb, and crisp lettuce dressed, by Don Francesco, with translucent olive oil and piquant aromatic vinegar. Agrippina enters, laden with big, homelike loaves and cobwebbed black bottles of old red Vesuvian wine. For sweets, we have the fingers of the holy apostles, *pastiera ;* the rich yellow pie peculiar to a Neapolitan Easter ; exquisite almond confections, whose secret is known only to the nuns ; and large, juicy oranges from the tallest tree in the garden. As a halo to the dessert, sunshiny Moscato wine is served ; and later, small cups of rich black coffee are handed around.

This is the material side of the meal ; the other is an atmosphere of hospitable loving-kindness. I am decorated with the "certain thing" Don Francesco has been proudly saving so many days on a sheltered little bush, — a stiff red camellia, which clashes violently with my gown, but has a beauty for me beyond form or color. Gentle gayety pervades our small party. Buxom Agrippina, with that mixture of affectionate familiarity and respectful deference peculiar to Italian servants, stands in the doorway, wreathed in smiles, absorbing the conversation, but ready to dash off eagerly to fetch another "certain thing" saved by Don Francesco for the Signorina Maria, — a phenomenal green branch which, by grafting, has produced a mammoth lemon and several twin oranges.

While Don Francesco gives the hundred and one turns to the salad which are *de rigueur* for its orthodox preparation, Donna Brigida entertains us with old world stories. We are told of that ancient count — "not one of the little counts of to-day, but a great one of once upon a time" — who needed fresh covering for his banquet-hall chairs, and, seeing six fat priests go by the castle, cried, "Ah ! those skins will be the very thing !" Thereupon, pumm ! pumm ! pumm ! the priests were shot, skinned, and the chairs were snugly covered. The stories have an ecclesiastical flavor, and the next is a pet tale of the Pope who complained of his new cook's Lenten macaroni, saying it was not the properly made *magro* dish he was accustomed to, and even went so far as to threaten prison for life if it did not improve. The poor fellow tried in vain to content his master ; but the magro was not to the Pope's mind, and capital punishment was threatened if one more attempt did not produce the proper fast diet his Holiness required. In desperation, the cook resorted to his predecessor to know how *tagliatelle al magro* could be made except by boiling them in water with the proper amount of salt. He was told to cook six large, fat capons for several hours, flavoring well, and with the broth resulting to make his *tagliatelle.* The enlightened cook departed, with the cynical ejaculation, "Ah ! if those be tagliatelle al magro !" The Pope was contented that day.

I am spending a little holiday here in a quiet village, two hours' ride from Naples, with old Don Francesco and Donna Brigida, who, for the nonce, are pretending they have a daughter of their own to pet and scold, while I, with youth's hungry heart for romance, spell out their life story.

In ancient Bari, down on the Adriatic, where tradition says St. Nicholas came floating over the sea from the East, there lived and loved, when the century was young, two little dark-eyed children. Their balconies were opposite each other, and the two lives intertwined from the first. Brigida, an only daughter, was the friend of Francesco's sisters, and spent whole days and nights with them, during which the brother gained the faithful heart which has known no other owner. But the longing to rove seems to be drawn in with the smell of salt water, and, as the boy grew, a wild, intense craving to travel sprang up in him. His mother, a widow, with reasonable caution, refused this ; but Francesco could not settle down, and, finding her obdurate, he at last took a friendly priest into his confidence. "Be a friar," quoth this adviser, "and then you can go where you like." At first the counsel was not welcomed ; but as time went by, and no other loophole offered itself, he thought, "Oh, well, I will say I am going to be a monk ; then I will see about it afterwards." He left home, and before he fully realized what he was doing he had pledged himself. Years went by, and he rose to a certain eminence in the order he had chosen. Superior of a large convent in Perugia, and then in Rome, his administrative talents led to his being appointed to regulate more than one disorderly monastery. Time rolled on, and he had left his youth behind him. In one of his journeys he stopped at a rich convent near his native

Bari, to see a relative who had become a nun. While there he was treated to most appetizing dainties, and, when he complimented them, was told by the abbess that they were made by a sister who was doing her best for him. Inquiring the name of the gentle ministrant, he heard, with a sudden thrill, that of the child-love of long ago, — little Brigida. The sober superior gave no sign. Before he left, the abbess said she was sorry to trouble him, but she wished to ask him a favor. As he was going on to Bari, would he mind taking under his charge one of the nuns, who was in rather poor health, and was to be sent home for a change? In fact, it was the very nun whose sweets he had been good enough to praise. Father Francesco gravely consented to mother abbess's request.

He took Brigida back to her father's house, but neither of them ever returned to the old convent life. Their agreement was, "You throw yourself on one side, I will cast myself on another; afterwards we will see."

It was just at the time of the dissolving of many monasteries and convents by the new Italian government, and all nuns and priests were free, if they wished, to cancel their vows. Francesco and Brigida were married. For a long time they were cut off from their respective families by this crime. His sisters, who had so loved Brigida in childish and girlish days, turned against her. As usual, the woman in the case was the more bitterly blamed; but Francesco was supposed to have damned his soul, and the two were shunned and condemned by those who had loved them best. Time, however, is a rare healer of sharp cuts. Gradually the breach narrowed, filled in, and now that the years have snowed the heads of both, but found the pair as loving and true as ever, old Donna Brigida and Don Francesco have all the love and confidence they can wish for. They have come to the Indian summer of life, here on the fertile slopes of Mount Vesuvius, where the air is so rarely pure that the place is prescribed as an infallible cure for throat and chest troubles. Donna Brigida spends the long, luminous days in her garden, rejoicing over the herbs and hyacinths, or in her particular sanctum, contriving good things for Don Francesco, who is still the sum of existence to her. He reads good books, and, in his daily life and words, sheds abroad that tender spirit of Christian charity which is the lovely flowering Heaven yields only to ripe old age. They are like "two young lovers lately wed;" but there is a shadow on the dial. Don Francesco has a terrible disease, and in the silent watches of the night my heart is strangely moved by the low words wrung out in his agony: "Lord, Lord, give me patience! My God, I cannot bear it! Oh, Brigida mia!"

It is the eve of my departure; I must return to Rome to-morrow. Downstairs, Donna Brigida is packing a box of her sweets for me to take with me, and choosing the finest oranges for my journey. Don Francesco and I pace the flat roof for the last time together at sunset.

"Ah," he says, "you cannot know how good my Brigida is, — what she does for the poor in this place! When we came here, the boys cried in the streets that she was an evil woman, an unfrocked nun. Every one avoided her. It hurt Brigida. She would close the shutters to keep out the pebbles they threw, and then sit in the darkness and weep. But now it is all changed. They revere my Brigida; they know she is a holy woman; they would cherish her as a flower. She is a 'keeper at home,' but all would gladly welcome her if she chose to go about."

The sky over the smoky mountain is all tender with violet, sapphire, and rose; far off to the left the blue waters of the bay shine like waves seen in some rare vision, and tiny sails, like half-uttered wishes, float along the horizon. The air is steeped with the perfume of orange blossoms, laurel, and the white flower they call "angel hands." It is the very heart of Mignon's song. Don Francesco lifts his black skullcap, and the breeze from the sea softly blows his sparse gray hair about. Again the shadow falls.

"Dear signorina," he continues, with a tense earnestness which is the more appealing because it is so restrained in voice and manner, "it cannot last long. My sufferings grow more terrible every day. God must take me soon, and I shall have to leave my Brigida. Will you think for her? I know she will not live many days when I am gone, but you will be good to her in that little while. . . . I trust you."

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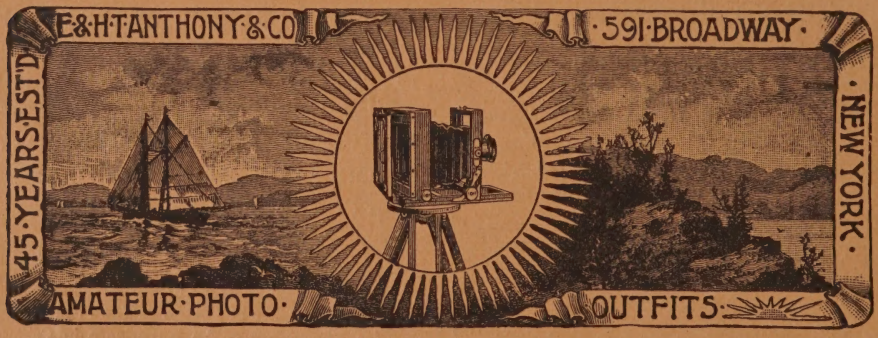

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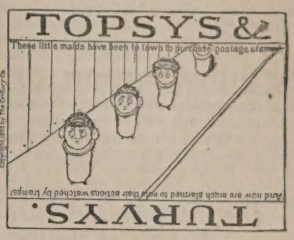

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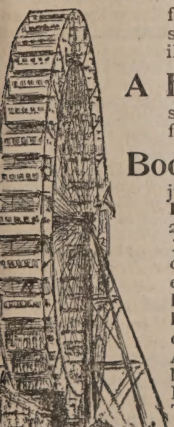

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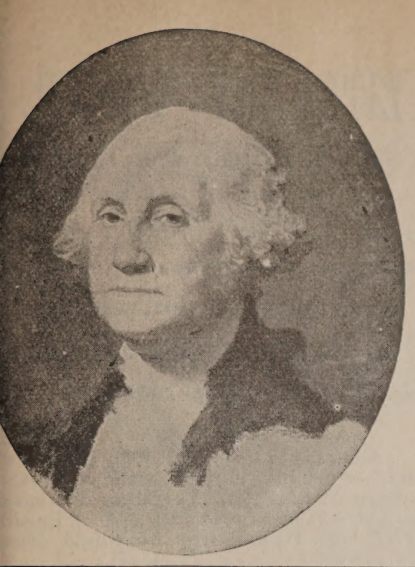

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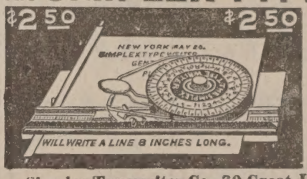

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. . . I have always considered the LITERARY WORLD of *special* value to a busy man of my profession, selecting for him in advance the wheat from the chaff. The art of printing is now so common that an unusual amount of the latter is always in circulation. — W. DUNCAN, M. D., Savannah, Ga., April 30, 1893.

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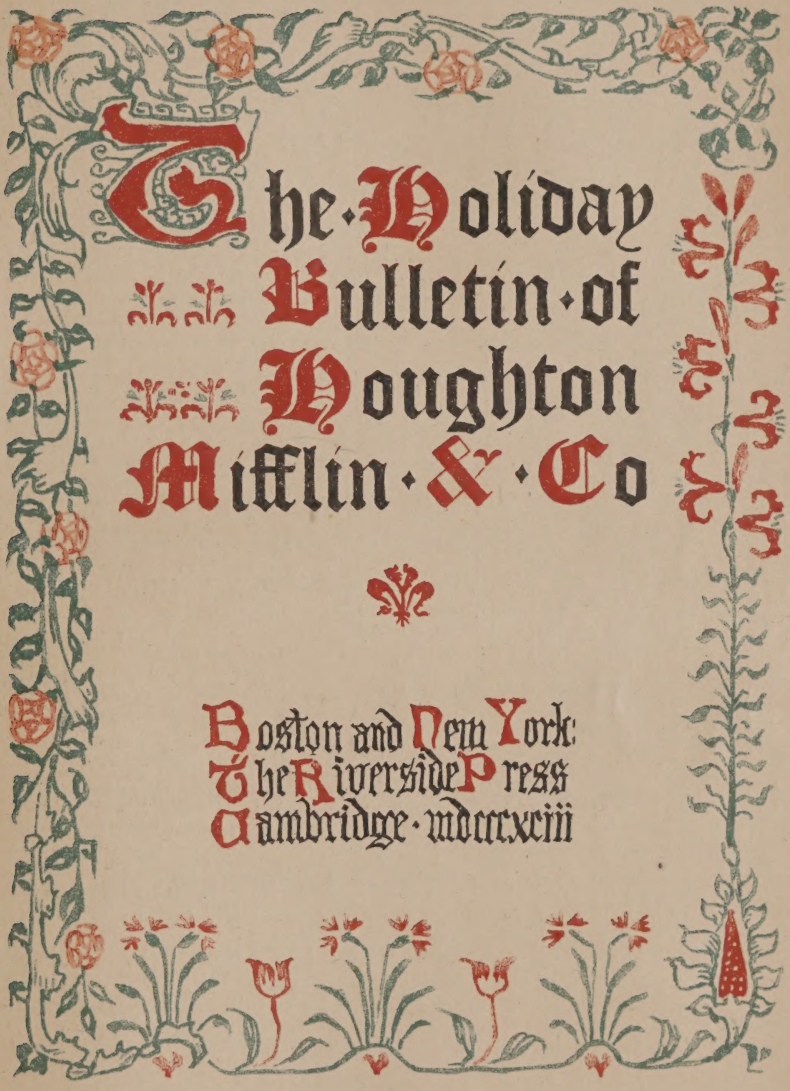
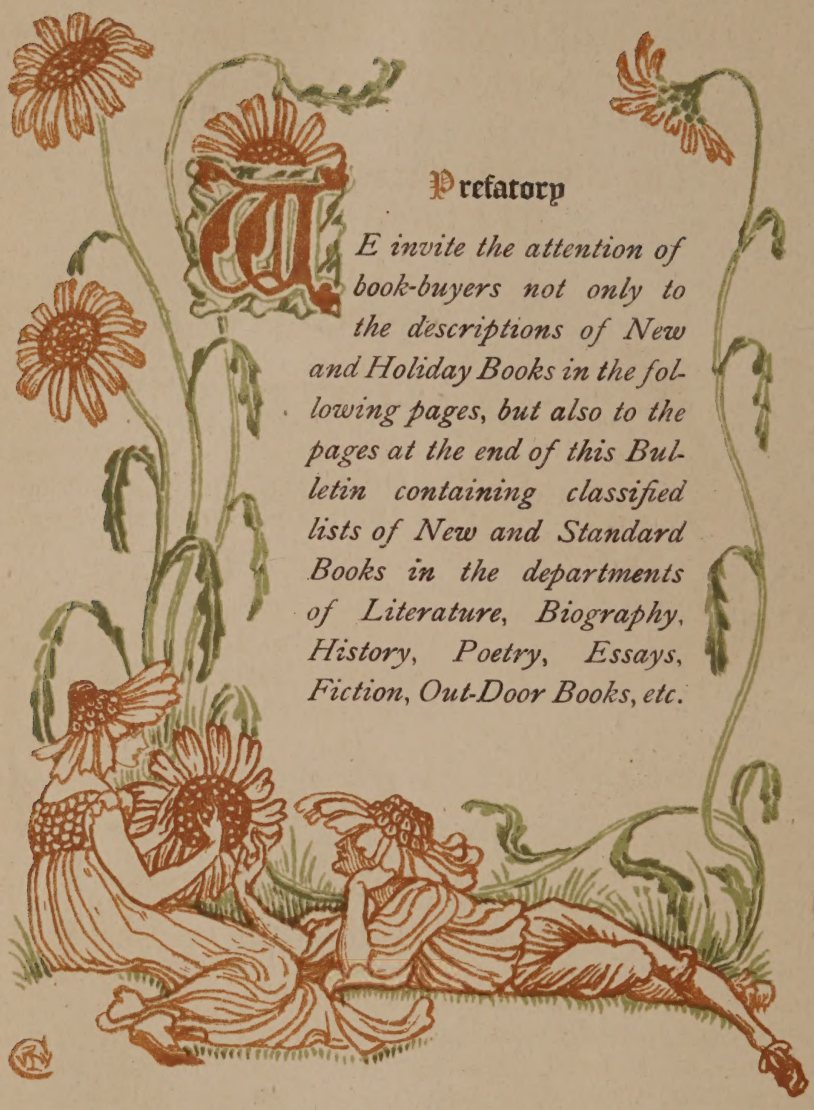
FOR THE

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS

MDCCCXCIII



A PORTRAIT CATALOGUE OF ALL THE PUBLICATIONS OF HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY CAN BE PROCURED ON APPLICATION TO 4 PARK STREET, BOSTON; 11 EAST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK; AND 28 LAKESIDE BUILDING, CHICAGO



Prefatory

WE invite the attention of book-buyers not only to the descriptions of New and Holiday Books in the following pages, but also to the pages at the end of this Bulletin containing classified lists of New and Standard Books in the departments of Literature, Biography, History, Poetry, Essays, Fiction, Out-Door Books, etc.

THE COLORED DECORATIVE DESIGNS USED IN THIS BULLETIN ARE FROM THE NEW HOLIDAY EDITION OF "THE OLD GARDEN," ILLUSTRATED BY MR. WALTER CRANE WITH A LAVISH WEALTH OF FIGURES, FLOWERS, AND FANCIES

Holiday Bulletin

OF THE PUBLICATIONS OF HOUGHTON MIFFLIN AND COMPANY, BOSTON NEW YORK, AND CHICAGO
The Riverside Press, Cambridge
MDCCCXCIII

From Dr. Holmes's "Autocrat."

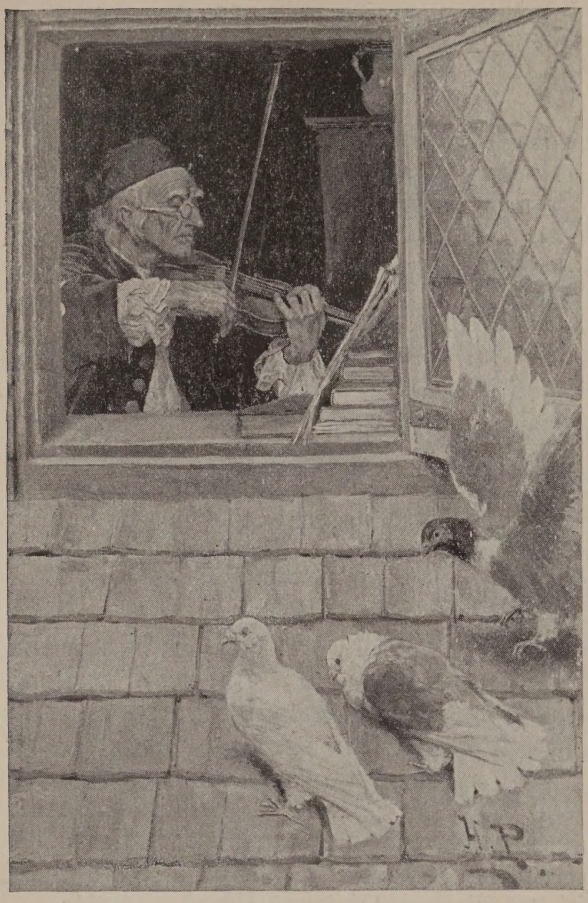
New Gift Books

OF the various books prepared at the Riverside Press for this Holiday Season, the place of honor belongs to The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. Dr. Holmes is now the Nestor of American writers, cherished and revered by all; and this particular book is the one by which he is most widely known. Indeed, he and the book seem one and inseparable, — wise, witty, sagacious, reminiscent, prophetic, scientific, poetic, and always delightful. The Doctor needs no aid to illustrate himself; he does this perfectly. But the Autocrat has many a scene, character, quaint conceit, which the right artist can depict for the entertainment of the reader. Manifestly Mr. Howard Pyle is the artist predestined to illustrate Dr. Holmes's books, and the humorous, fantastic, spirited, always artistic designs which he has scattered through the Holiday Edition of the Autocrat furnish the element needed to perfect the work for Holiday uses, — except that the Riverside Press must coöperate, and by printing it in the handsomest type, on the best of paper, and then binding it after Mrs. Whitman's felicitous designs, make it a complete, harmonious, delightful work of art — a beautiful Holiday gift.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table

MR. WALTER CRANE last year lent his cunning hand to the decoration of Hawthorne's Wonder-Book, and made it a real *wonder* book, "beautiful exceedingly." This year he has devoted his rare skill to the beautifying of Mrs. Deland's book of poems, The Old Garden, and Other Verses. Thousands of lovers of poetry have found these very satisfying in themselves. Now they will find them set forth with an

The Old Garden



THE OLD VIOLIN. *From Dr. Holmes's "Autocrat." Illustrated by Pyle.*

astonishing wealth of illustration and decoration; the flowers in Mrs. Deland's fragrant garden are here all in bloom, and with them are the fairies, the "rare and radiant maidens," whom Mr. Crane's magic touch evokes, and about them the twining, festooning, waving fancies, in which his genius delights. His designs, which are in color, have been very successfully reproduced. The book is of convenient size, and is bound in an attractive style after Mr. Crane's own design. A red-letter Holiday indeed will that be which shall be graced by a more exquisite gift-volume than this.

Miss Jewett's Deephaven

MISS JEWETT'S Deephaven having delighted a host of readers by its faithful, sympathetic, poetic portrayal of New England scenes and characters, will now delight them still more in the Holiday attraction in which it is arrayed. It is printed in large type in a crown octavo volume, and enriched with about fifty illustrations by Mr. Charles H. and Mrs. Marcia O. Woodbury. The artists know intimately the scenes, the types of characters, the very atmosphere, of Miss Jewett's stories; and this knowledge is supplemented by the power to depict them fitly. The result is eminently satisfactory, and the handsome book will commend itself to seekers after choice gifts in which literary charm, the artist's sure touch, and the bookmaker's skill combine in a symmetrical and beautiful product.

The Hanging of the Crane

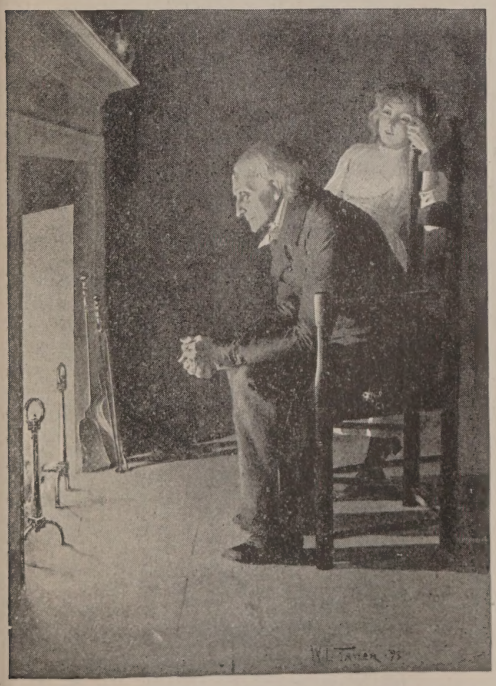
THE HANGING OF THE CRANE has enjoyed an unbroken popularity ever since it was first published. In a pretty illustrated edition it has had great vogue, and has assisted pleasantly at the starting of countless homes,—its domestic character, its sympathetic portrayal of the

sweet and tender household ties; its hearty appreciation of all homelike virtues, graces, and felicities, and its genuine poetic charm,—all these have given it a degree of popular favor accorded to few poems. Now nine other poems by Longfellow, kindred in character and rich in home feeling, are added to The Hanging of the Crane. Several very attractive pictures have been designed for it by Messrs. Garrett, Taylor, Merrill, Caliga, and Carleton, and the carefully printed and daintily bound volume is a fit companion for At Sundown of last year and Snow-Bound and The Vision of Sir Launfal of recent years, — each every way charming and very available for use as a gift.

BOATS GOING OUT. *By Charles H. Woodbury. From Miss Jewett's "Deephaven."*

SPECIAL attention is invited to the two entirely new editions of Longfellow's Complete Poetical Works. The Handy-Volume Edition is in five exquisite volumes, a little larger than the ordinary Handy volumes, printed from beautiful large type, on paper specially made with a view to opacity and printing qualities, and bound in a noticeably attractive style. Each volume has a portrait of Longfellow, the five representing him at different periods of his career. This is designed to be as perfect a product of book-making art as the Riverside Press can achieve, and is admirably adapted for Holiday uses.

Handy-Volume Longfellow



THE GOLDEN "MILE-STONE." *By W. L. Taylor. From Longfellow's "The Hanging of the Crane."*

The new Cambridge Edition is in a single volume, printed from large type on opaque paper, and attractively bound. It contains a portrait, an engraved title, a biographical sketch, some notes, and an index of first lines. It is the ideal one-volume edition of Longfellow's Poetical Works, and should not be overlooked at this season.

New Cambridge Longfellow

Margaret Deland

Perennial Holiday Books

THE policy pursued for several years at the Riverside Press in the preparation of Holiday Books, namely, to aim at securing works of permanent value in their art features as well as of excellence in the various elements of good book-making, has been amply justified by the result. The public appreciation of these volumes has been very marked, and they retain to-day no little of the popular favor with which they were greeted at first. Among these may be mentioned

The Marble Faun

Hawthorne's Marble Faun, with its fifty fine photogravures of sculpture, portraits, and scenes made familiar by the famous romancer, and its striking Roman binding. Not a few of the pictures represent scenes now only historic, as they have been much changed since Hawthorne looked on Rome from Hilda's tower. Very different in character, but in their way of perhaps equal interest, are Mr. Howells's delightful volumes describing in his inimitable way the

Venetian Life

features of Venetian Life, illustrated with aquatints from original water-color designs by Hopkinson Smith, Ross Turner, Childe Hassam, and Rhoda Holmes-Nicholls, — presenting in festal array "The Bride of the Sea." Entirely dissimilar in subject but no less impressive is the Holiday Edition of Mrs. Stowe's marvelous story

Uncle Tom's Cabin

of Uncle Tom's Cabin, with sixteen full-page and over a hundred and twenty

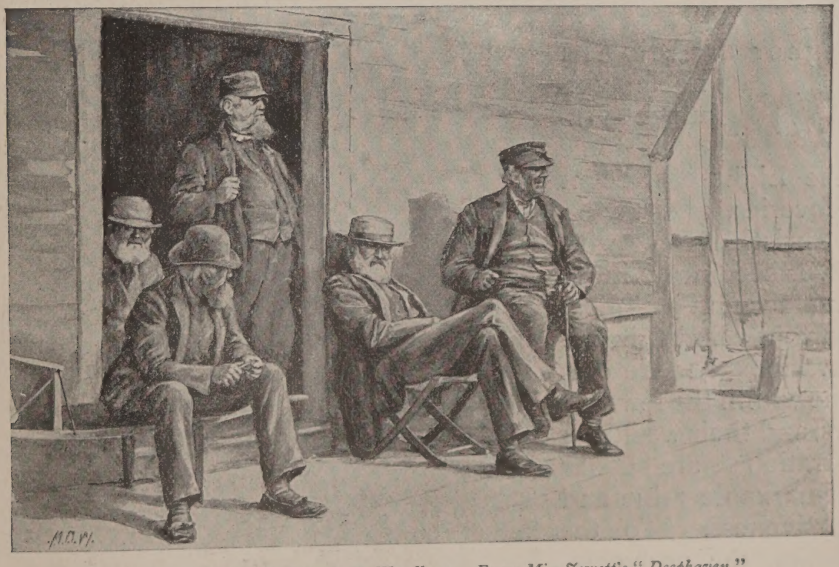
text illustrations by E. W. Kemble, depicting nearly every phase of negro life in slavery, the dramatic and humorous features of the great historic tale, and the nobility and saintliness which it celebrates. Of still another type and certainly equal importance is Longfellow's Song of Hiawatha, with Remington's remarkable and very numerous full-page and text illustrations of Indian implements, weapons, dress, and whatever throws light on the life and habits of Indians. Very unlike any of these is Hawthorne's Wonder-Book, with Walter Crane's exquisite full-page pictures, illustrating the most famous ancient myths, with airy, graceful, bewitching headpieces, tailpieces, and initials, all in color.

Song of Hiawatha

Walter Crane's Wonder-Book

Mr. Warner's admirable book on eastern travel, In the Levant, with its fine portrait and more than a score of full-page photogravures; and Hawthorne's delightful English

In the Levant



THE OLD CAPTAINS. *By Marcia O. Woodbury. From Miss Jewett's "Deephaven."*

sketches, Our Old Home, with thirty photogravures of English scenery, portraits, etc., are gift-volumes of permanent value and attractiveness. In a class by itself stands The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám, one of the world's literary wonders,

Our Old Home

interpreted by a series of fifty-six marvelous designs by Mr. Vedder, which have never been surpassed in imaginativeness, force, and beauty. This work, both in its original form and in the reduced size, is one that cannot become obsolete.

Vedder's Rubáiyát

Of smaller gift-books, less elaborate and costly, but not less attractive, mention should be made of Whittier's most famous volume, Snow-Bound, and his beautiful last book, At Sundown; Dr. Holmes's Dorothy Q., and One-Hoss Shay, which have been exceedingly popular; Lowell's Vision of Sir Launfal, a poem so noble and sweet "the world will not willingly let it die;" Longfellow's Evangeline, and Hawthorne's Scarlet Letter, with Darley's illustrations. Delightfully interesting books, supplemented with fitting pictures and attractive binding, are Hopkinson Smith's delicious Colonel Carter of Cartersville, a book that may well contribute to "the gayety of nations;" Joel Chandler Harris's Uncle Remus and his Friends, a most engaging volume of old plantation stories, songs, and ballads; and Mrs. Wiggin's irresistible stories, The Birds' Christmas Carol, The Story of Patsy, Cathedral Courtship, and her new book, Polly Oliver's Problem; and Blanche Willis Howard's new story for boys, No Heroes.

Snow-Bound, Dorothy Q., etc.

Colonel Carter of Cartersville

Uncle Remus

Mrs. Wiggin's Books, etc.

Signor Lanciani's noble volumes, Ancient Rome in the Light of Recent Discoveries, and Pagan and Christian Rome, with their exceedingly interesting account of most important "finds" in the excavations made at Rome within the few past years, and their wealth of illustrations, are books of remarkable value and attractiveness. To the historian, the archæologist, and the student of religion, they possess a fascination beyond that of almost any other books of recent years.

Lanciani's Books of Rome

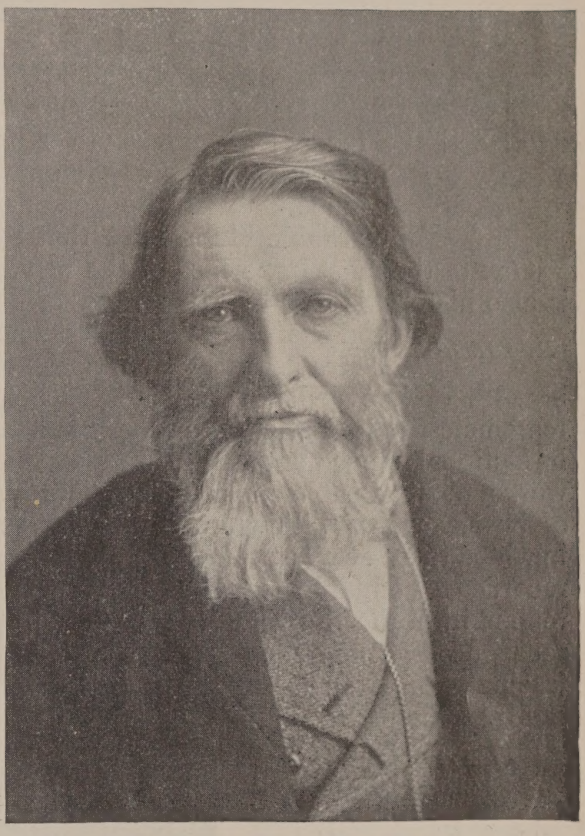
"IT IS SOME OF THE STUDENTS." *From Mrs. Wiggin's "Polly Oliver's Problem." Illustrated by Jessie McDermott Walcott.*

Books of Biography and History

A WORK of varied interest and peculiar value to students and lovers of art is Mr. Collingwood's Life and Work of John Ruskin, which gives not only the noteworthy facts of his unique career, but lets the reader into the secret of his genius and his character. The biographer's excellent story is supplemented by portraits, and other illustrations for which lovers of Mr. Ruskin will be grateful. Mr. John T. Morse's Life of Abraham Lincoln, written for the important series of American Statesmen, is recognized as a work of singular value. The *Harvard Graduates' Magazine,* in a very discriminating review, says: "We hope that we have indicated, for we could only indicate, the rare worth of Mr. Morse's book, which ought to be read by every American. As a Life of Lincoln, it has no competitors; as a political history of the Union side during the Civil War, it is the most comprehensive, and, in proportion to its range, the most compact."

John Ruskin

Morse's Lincoln



JOHN RUSKIN AT 63 IN 1882. *From Collingwood's "Life and Work of John Ruskin."*

The Life and Writings of Jared Sparks, by Professor Herbert B. Adams, can be commended as a judicious memorial of a man who can be regarded as a pioneer in the modern scientific method of writing history, a professor and president of Harvard University, and a friend or correspondent of a host of his illustrious contemporaries.

Jared Sparks

The Letters of Asa Gray are delightful reading for the vigor and charm of their style; they are highly interesting also for their range of subjects, and the revelation they afford of a man of the first rank in science hospitable to ideas, and very engaging in character.

Asa Gray

From Hawthorne's "A Wonder-Book for Girls and Boys." By Walter Crane.

Thomas Hazard

Thomas Hazard, son of Robt. called College Tom, is the subject of a biography by his great-great-grandaughter, Miss Caroline Hazard, who uses her ancestor's account-book and the records of the South Kingstown Meeting to give interesting views of Colonial life in Rhode Island, in connection with the personal career of one of the remarkable Hazards of that State.

Sam Houston

One of the most important of the new books of biography, which is also history, is that by Mr. Alfred M. Williams on Sam Houston and the War of Independence in Texas. The Boston *Beacon* says: "The task has been carried out with a breadth of knowledge, a grasp of events, a recognition of national tendencies, an impartiality of tone, and a perception of relative values in factional movements and contrasts of character that render the work a most valuable one as a source of instruction, while the variety of heroic events with which it deals and the clear and flowing style in which those events are recorded combine to render it, in the literary sense, nothing less than fascinating."

Adams's Massachusetts

Mr. Charles Francis Adams, in a volume entitled Massachusetts: Its Historians and its History, confesses with vigorous frankness the religious intolerance which beclouds the good record of the State, and sustains the confessions with ample proof from the documents. This he does, while claiming for his State leadership in the struggle for political freedom; and it is needless to say that he

John Fiske.

criticises many of her historians, or that he has written a book of marked value and interest, — like his Three Episodes of Massachusetts History.

Thatcher's Apostolic Church

Prof. Oliver J. Thatcher has condensed into a small volume the results of the researches of many scholars into the History of the Apostolic Church until the year 70 of the Christian era. It is scholarly, but is intended for popular use, and is admirably adapted to aid the studies of Sunday-school teachers.

Kate Douglas Wiggin

Thayer's Italian Independence

Mr. Wm. R. Thayer's work, The Dawn of Italian Independence, which treats of Italy, from the Congress of Vienna, 1814, to the Fall of Venice, 1849, is recognized as a work of signal value. The *London Spectator* says: "He has brought to his task great industry and patience, no small degree of political insight, and an exceptionally wide knowledge of Italian history and literature. . . . Mr. Thayer writes history in a broad and philosophic spirit."

"DON'T MOVE; IT MAY COME AGAIN." *From Mrs. Wiggin's "A Cathedral Courtship." Illustrated by Clifford Carleton.*

John Fiske's Books

Attention is invited to another page, containing a list of important books of history, a generous portion of which is devoted to the several volumes by John Fiske, which are based on the most careful research, which bring out luminously the causes producing the successive steps in the evolution of the history he writes, and which are written with the utmost clearness and remarkable charm.

Walter Scott's Familiar Letters

The Familiar Letters of Sir Walter Scott are two large and handsome octavo volumes, full of very delightful reading. Scott was one of the freshest and most charming of letter-writers, and these volumes contain letters to his intimate friends, with whom he felt free to be perfectly frank and playful; and while a large variety of topics is touched upon, the personal note is very marked, — the note of Scott's rich, noble, every way engaging personality.

"HE'S . . . THE WORST-LOOKING OLD CHAP ON EARTH." *From Blanche Willis Howard's "No Heroes." Illustrated by Jessie McDermott Walcott.*

The Old Colony Town

Mr. William R. Bliss has gathered in his Old Colony Town, and Other Sketches, some interesting facts and traditions relating to the Old Plymouth Colony, for which lovers of history and lovers of the Old Colony will be sincerely grateful.

Riverside Editions

THE best library editions produced by the Riverside Press for Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are called distinctively Riverside Editions. The name is reserved for the best literature in the best form. With evident propriety is it given to the noble editions which comprise the works of Hawthorne, the greatest American novelist; of Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, and Holmes, who are primates in the domain of American letters; of Shakespeare, Browning, and Tennyson, England's greatest poets. To these are now added the complete works of Thoreau, unsurpassed in his special department of thought and literature; and in the same category belongs the admirable edition of Shelley, brought out last year under the very competent editorship of Professor George E. Wood-

berry, and fitly called a Centenary Edition. On another page are given details concerning these Riverside Editions, which are in every way peculiarly available for gifts.

Excellent Books in Sets

OF other books by eminent authors, forming sets of great value for libraries and useful for gift purposes, special mention should be made of the Illustrated Library Edition of Thackeray's Works, containing material not before incorporated in any American or English edition, and enriched with biographical and bibliographical Introductions, a fine Portrait, and over 1600 Illustrations. The edition comprises twenty-two volumes, crown octavo, printed from large type, on good paper, and bound in a tasteful and substantial library style.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

The Silva of North America, including a description of trees growing naturally in North America, excluding Mexico, is a work of extraordinary scientific and artistic value. It is to consist of twelve large quarto volumes, prepared by Mr. Charles S. Sargent, Director of the Arnold Arboretum of Harvard University, undoubtedly the most competent man in the country for the work, illustrated with 600 beautiful figures and analyses drawn from nature and engraved by the most skillful artists. Five of these superb volumes are now ready.

The edition of English and Scottish Popular Ballads, of which eight parts have been published, is beyond comparison the best and most sumptuous work ever devoted to its subject. The editor, Professor F. J. Child, of Harvard University, is peculiarly fitted by scholarship, patience, and literary appreciation, to bring out the work. It is far more nearly complete than any previous edition, is equipped with all possible information, and is printed in very elegant imperial quarto form.

The important series of nearly sixty volumes devoted to American Statesmen, American Commonwealths, American Men of Letters, and American Religious Leaders, is full of interest for all who take patriotic pride in what is noblest in American history, statesmanship, literature, and religion. The volumes are of very convenient size, and as a whole are written by men conspicuously competent to make the work both interesting and permanently valuable.

Essays and Poetry

A VERY notable addition to the literature of Essays is the new volume of Emerson,

New Volume of Emerson

The Natural History of Intellect, and other Papers. This contains some matter never before printed, with essays reproduced from periodicals, a lecture on Memory which has a touch of pathos from the fact that Mr. Emerson delivered it after his own memory was impaired, and several papers which illuminated The Dial, the famous magazine associated with the Transcendental period in New England. A general index to the twelve volumes of Emerson's Complete Works adds not a little to the value of this book in the Riverside Edition; the same essays appear also in the Little Classic Edition.

From Dr. Holmes's "Dorothy Q." Illustrated by Pyle.

Essays in Idleness

Miss Repplier adds another to her volumes of bright, pungent, wise, sensible essays. This she calls Essays in Idleness, and it is quite worthy to be associated with her Books and Men, and Points of View.

Jebb's Greek Poetry

Professor Jebb, of the University of Cambridge, and a prince among living Greek scholars, has a book of great historic and literary value on the Growth and Influence of Classical Greek Poetry. It may not restore Greek to its old place in the college curriculum, but it will revive and render more discriminating the appreciation of the wonderful poetry of Greece among cultivated readers. Mr. Henry Van Brunt's Greek

Greek Lines

Lines, and other Architectural Essays, is a book which all architects and all persons interested in architecture will find peculiarly attractive. It discusses Greek and Gothic architecture, with reference to the development of the art in America. Some illustrations of the Château of Blois add to its interest.

Witness to Immortality

Rev. Dr. Gordon of the famous Old South Church in Boston has published a volume of essays on the Witness to Immortality in Literature, Philosophy, and Life. It is virtually an argument for immortality reinforced and illuminated by the thoughts of the great prophets, poets, and phi-

losophers, by the powerful statement of Paul, and the yet more powerful words and life of Christ.

Mr. Stedman's Nature and Elements of Poetry, published last year, and his noble books of criticism on Victorian Poets and Poets of America, which have passed through many editions, should be brought prominently to the attention of readers who value the best critical literature animated by the finest and most generous spirit. *Stedman's Critical Essays*

A little book of Prose Idyls published last year by John Albee has been greeted with so hearty cordiality by the most discriminating critics that it may well be mentioned as among the pleasant resources of the gift season. *Albee's Prose Idyls*

Mr. Frank Bolles's two out-door books, Land of the Lingering Snow, and At the North of Bearcamp Water, show so fine observation, are written so well, and have so much fresh air in them, that book-buyers and nature-lovers should make a note of them. *Frank Bolles's Out-Door Books*

Mr. A. P. Russell, whose In a Club Corner and other books have won him an interested audience, has meditated long on the conditions necessary to an ideal state of society and life; he thinks he has discovered these (they are remarkably like intelligence, common sense, and unselfishness), and he has incorporated his views in a book which he calls Sub-Cœlum, A Sky-Built Human World. *Sub-Cœlum*

Miss Alice M. Bacon's Japanese Girls and Women was a very valuable little work. She now gives us another of similar value, A Japanese Interior, which the New York *Observer* pronounces "the best picture we have seen of the habits, manners, and whole life of this interesting people." *A Japanese Interior*

There must be a considerable army of amateur photographers to whom Photography Indoors and Out will be very welcome. The author, Mr. Alexander Black, who has been President of the Department of Photography in the Brooklyn Institute, is an expert amateur; and in this book he gives a great deal of helpful information, indicating what the amateur photographer can well do and how he can do it well. Illustrations add to the practical value of the book. *For Amateur Photographers*

The transition from Essays to Poetry is very naturally made by a book of Mr. Aldrich's, An Old Town by the *Aldrich's "Rivermouth"*

From Dr. Holmes's "The One-Hoss Shay." Illustrated by Howard Pyle.

Sea, in which Portsmouth (the *Rivermouth* of his stories) is the theme of description in its various geographical and historical features, its odd characters, etc., all in Mr. Aldrich's delicious style. But Mr. Aldrich's poetry is even more poetical than his prose, which cannot be said safely of all who write verse. His Mercedes, however, is both excellent poetry and a successful play, as was proved by its production at Palmer's Theatre in New York last spring. It is now published in a very attractive volume.

Mercedes

White Memories

Mrs. Whitney publishes a dainty brochure containing three characteristic poems on Bishop Brooks, Mr. Whittier, and Miss Larcom. The little book has excellent portraits of these three, and is fitly entitled White Memories.

Parsons' Poems

The Poems of Thomas W. Parsons, which have just appeared in a tasteful volume, are easily among the best of this year's publication, — their imaginativeness, classical tone, and lyrical grace lending them a special charm. Dr. Parsons' translation of the greater part of Dante's Divine Comedy is of like excellence, having in addition to fidelity to the original a poetic quality as delightful in a translation as it is rare. Professor Norton furnishes an Introduction and Miss Guiney a bibliographical sketch.

Parsons' Dante

A Roadside Harp

Miss Guiney has a new volume of her own, A Roadside Harp, containing the poems she has written since the publication of The White Sail, including the striking poem beginning "Thabor of England," etc. It is one of the prettiest of new books, holding some of the most noteworthy of new poems.

Family Library of British Poetry

A volume which from its high character and the large amount of matter it contains is fitly called The Family Library of British Poetry, is in its way a royal gift book. It has over a thousand large octavo pages of the best poems written in the British Isles, selected by Mr. James T. Fields and Mr. E. P. Whipple, steel portraits of seventeen illustrious poets, and is finely printed and handsomely bound.

From Whittier's "At Sundown." Illustrated by Edmund H. Garrett.

Anything by Edith M. Thomas is sure to have thought, beauty, and a certain distinction. Her book of poems, Fair Shadow Land, possesses all of these, and is a beautiful volume, to be borne in mind at the gift season. And certainly at this season the hearts of many will turn affectionately to Miss Larcom's exceedingly good last volume, At The Beautiful Gate and Other Songs of Faith. The themes, the lyrical charm, and the tone of these poems are fitted for the highest and most sacred hours. Two volumes of poetic translations should not be omitted, — Horatian Echoes, an excellent translation of eighty-seven of the Odes of Horace by the late John O. Sargent, prefaced with a charming Introduction by Dr. Holmes, and Greek Poets in English Verse, containing the best Greek poems in the best translations, edited by Professor W. H. Appleton of Swarthmore College, a very handsome and valuable book.

Fair Shadow Land

Miss Larcom's Beautiful Gate

Horatian Echoes

Greek Poets

Editions of the Poets

To have any good degree of completeness, every library must have a fair representation of poetry. No American library, certainly, should fail to have the poems of those men whose poetry is one of the greatest honors of American literature and one of its surest elements of enduring fame. The work of these poets, with those of some of the most famous English poets, either in single volumes or in sets, are excellently adapted for holiday use, and we think we do our readers service in calling their attention to these.

The *Illustrated Library Edition* includes the poems of Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Holmes, Tennyson, Owen Meredith, Alice and Phœbe Cary, and The Songs of Three Centuries edited by Mr. Whittier. These volumes are printed with a red-line border, are bound in full gilt, and contain the portraits of the writers, with generally thirty or more full-page illustrations.

Illustrated Library Edition

The *Household Edition* is a compact and convenient form, excel-

lently suited for ordinary library use, and in its finer bindings is also excellent for gift purposes. It includes the poems of Longfellow and Mr. Longfellow's Christus, Lowell, Tennyson, Holmes, Owen Meredith, Bayard Taylor, Whittier, Whittier's Songs of Three Centuries, Tennyson's Idylls of the King, the Poems of Alice and Phœbe Cary, Bret Harte, and Saxe.

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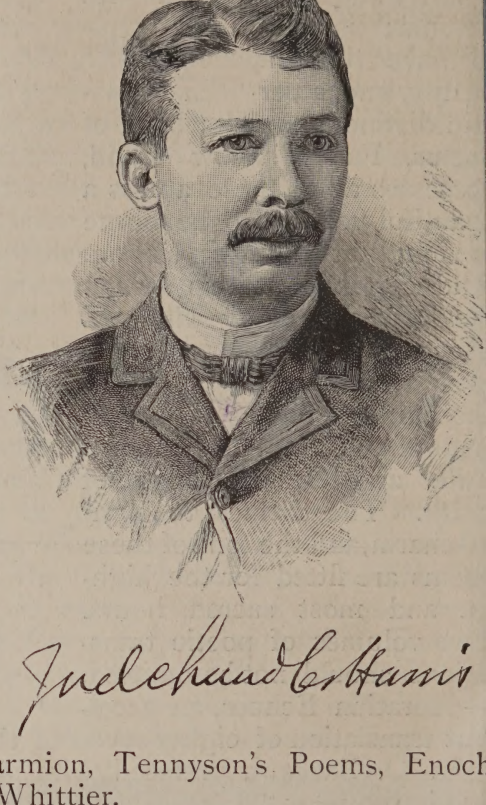

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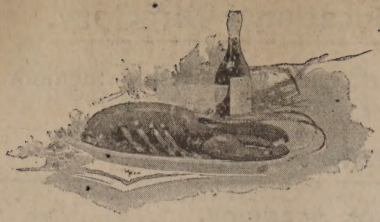

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